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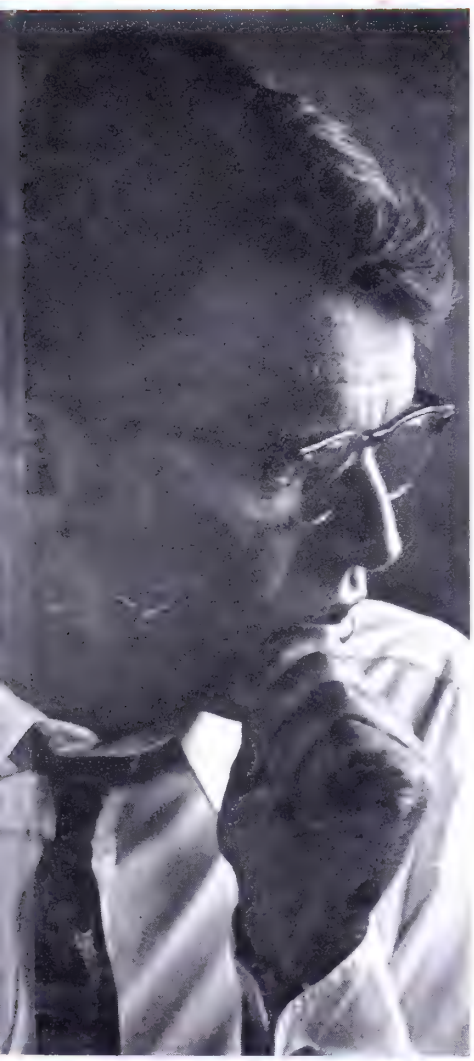
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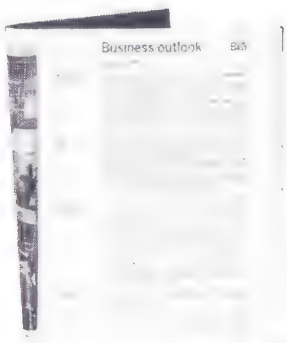
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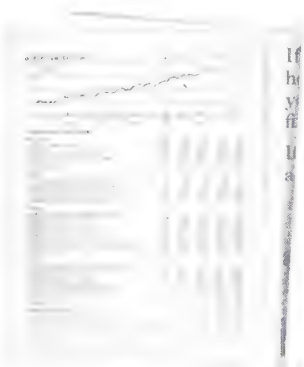
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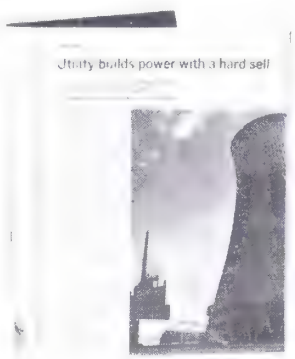
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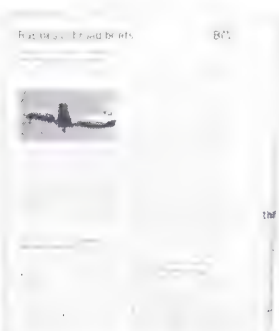


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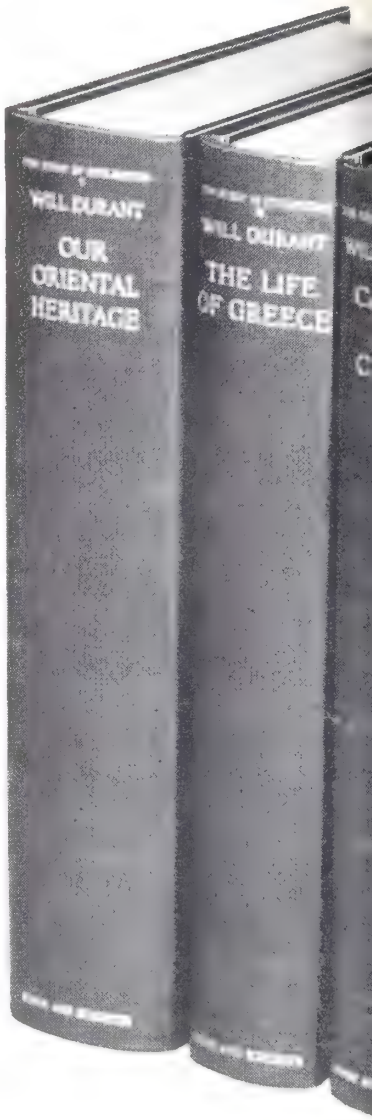
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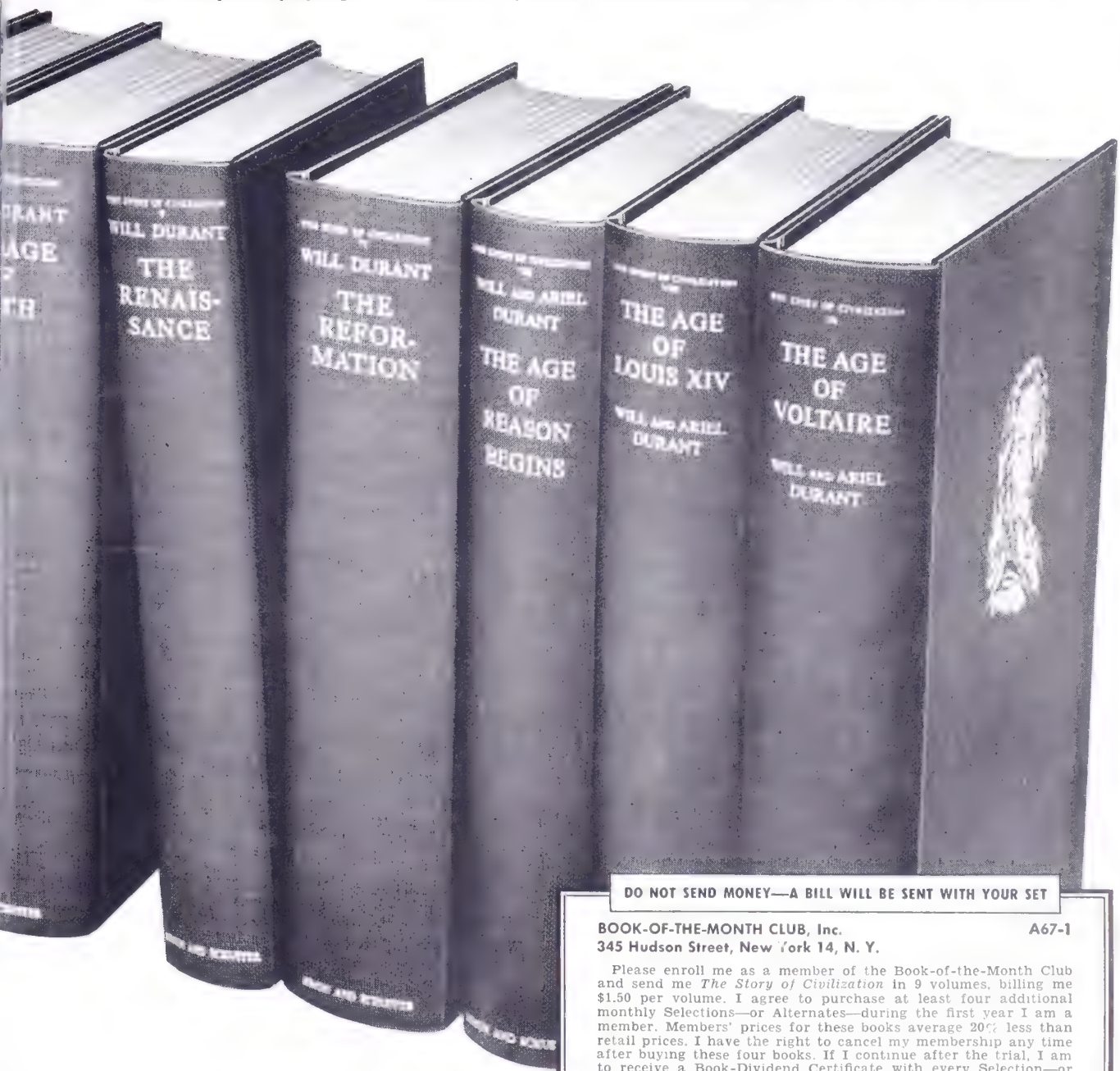
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Letters

Adlai: An Assessment

I liked John Fischer's piece on Adlai Stevenson ["A Footnote on Adlai E. Stevenson," Easy Chair, November], though I think he may have overdone Stevenson's indecisiveness. That seemed to me more an expression of his petulance than of a basic incapacity to make up his mind.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
Washington, D. C.

It pained me to read Mr. Fischer's Easy Chair in which so much emphasis was put on Stevenson's faults. . . . Stevenson was to me the outstanding figure in the sordid political life of the United States. No candidate for office of the Presidency since Woodrow Wilson so inspired many thoughtful people.

MARGARET H. S. SATTERTHWAITE
Tenafly, N. J.

Adlai was indecisive in unimportant ways on small issues. This was partly his habit of talking to himself. It was partly his urbanity and his *joie de vivre*. Shall I go to the theater tonight? Whom shall I take to dinner? Shall we play tennis next Sunday morning? His indecisiveness here was a product of his uncertainty as to which might be the most rewarding experience for him—and it gave to many people a sense that he had a "quality of indecisiveness." It was not true on things that mattered. . . .

I give you this conclusion based on long and intimate observation of the Governor. Indeed, it would have been politically greatly to my advantage in Connecticut in 1960 to join with Chairman John Bailey and Governor Ribicoff in support of Senator Kennedy for the Presidency at Los Angeles. . . . Instead, I supported Governor Stevenson to the very end. I shall never regret it.

WILLIAM BENTON
Publisher and Chairman
Encyclopaedia Britannica
New York, N. Y.

I enjoyed John Fischer's reminiscences about Adlai Stevenson. . . . In all of the discussions about whether Stevenson should have been made Secretary of State under Kennedy, most of the commentators seem to ignore the obvious point. It was unthinkable that President Kennedy would have as Secretary of State anyone who was a dominant figure in his own name. He sought a Secretary to work with a President who was obviously going to be his own foreign-policy maker to a greater extent than any President in the modern era. Stevenson was ideally suited for his role as Ambassador to the UN. Despite his disappointments, this was the one place in which he fitted at the time, and I think he more than did justice to his call for service here.

FRANK E. SMITH, Director
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tenn.

The Shame of Junior Village

I have read with interest J. W. Anderson's excellent article ["A Special Hell for Children in Washington," November]. This situation, which is best described as Dickensian, unfortunately exists not only in Washington, but in other parts of the country as well. . . .

It is hard to understand why one must still struggle to persuade the general public and public officials of the need for homemaker services and day-care services. These services reduce the number of family breakdowns and in the long run cost less than care of children in institutions or in foster homes. The prevention of emotional damage to the child, which often is permanent, makes these services an obviously important part of the entire child-care picture. New York City's Department of Welfare pays its Homemakers between $4,000 and $5,000 per year. These able women are capable of holding together large families for long periods of time. Mr. Anderson quotes the cost per child at Junior Village at $300 per month. A family of four children at Junior Village would then cost $1,200 a month or $14,400 a year. The financial saving alone in using Homemakers never ceases to stagger one, yet it is still a struggle to expand this program. . . .

I would like to commend the author for reminding us that removing children from unsuitable homes, only to place them in equally damaging and unsuitable institutions, makes public officials as liable for child neglect as is the neglectful parent!

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, Pres.
Citizens' Committee for Children
of New York, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Horrified readers of John Anderson's article will be heartened to have the facts updated. The population did reach a peak of 912 children in February of 1965, but last April the figure dropped to around 700 where it has remained. . . . Problems of overcrowding have been eased across the board, and the "cinder-block shed" has been unoccupied for some time. New Welfare programs initiated this year are expected to reduce the population further. For the first time, the Department is giving emergency assistance on a twenty-four-hour-service basis, and the temporary Shelter alone has kept fifty children out of Junior Village since it opened in early October. "Operation Head Start" there has reported success. And a grant from the William H. Donner Foundation will finance a psychological team project. . . .

The "four low-cost day-care centers" have increased to seven with six more about to open. . . . Total capacity will be more than six hundred. . . .

Many dignitaries have toured Junior Village. . . . Conspicuously absent among these visitors have been the members of Congress who sit in judgment on our requests for funds to alleviate a situation with which they are personally unfamiliar. We need many more foster homes, primarily among Negro families, and more adequate low-income housing in the struggle to remove Junior Village children to the home and family environment which is every child's birthright.

ALICE B. SPALDING, Chmn.
Public Welfare Advisory Council
Dept. of Public Welfare
Washington, D. C.

Paradoxically, child welfare is the only area in which the federal govern-

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ment does not share with state and local communities the cost of maintaining the nation's 300,000 dependent and neglected children. Local tax resources just cannot finance the services required to assure these children a decent chance. One graphic statistic is illustrative—if a child remains in foster care for eighteen months, the odds are that he will stay in foster care the rest of his childhood.

The Child Welfare League of America is currently campaigning for a federal program that will give dependent children the same financial support from the federal government as is now available for the aged, the disabled, and the blind; namely, a federal sharing of state and local costs on a 50-50 matching basis.

JOSEPH H. REID, Exec. Dir.
Child Welfare League
of America, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Pillar of State?

I could not help thinking as I read Joseph Kraft's panegyric on McGeorge Bundy ["The Two Worlds of McGeorge Bundy," Washington Insight, November] that he spoke in terms of processes because he could not decipher the policies. . . .

That process which we call "democratic" is severely impaired when political issues become the private domain of mysterious men (and Kraft all but admits [Administration] motives and policies are private when he writes off Hans Morgenthau as "so little instructed on so complex an issue" as Vietnam). It is an unfortunate accident that there is no opposition party as such in America today, but it is equally unfortunate that consensus politics is coming close to political hero worship. . . . Calling Bundy "A Pillar of State" is symptomatic of a trend that can only serve to becloud issues behind a smokescreen of egos.

ALLAN M. FELDMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Joseph Kraft discusses the television debate I had with Mr. Bundy and refers to me as "a person so little instructed on so complex an issue." Among the manifold attempts, public and private, to discredit me personally because I consider our Asian policy, of which our policy in Vietnam is a logical upshot, unwise and self-defeating, the attempt to present me as an ignoramus constitutes a new twist. I suppose, even though I cannot be sure, that Mr. Kraft has in mind the exchange between myself and Mr. Bundy in which I presented a number of facts, each of which Mr. Bundy declared to be untrue. May I say that each of these facts is supported by incontrovertible printed evidence. The sole exception is my statement that the defection rate of Vietnamese troops around Danang at that time amounted to 40 per cent. This information came to me from a high government source at the very day of the broadcast. I have encountered the technique of denying the existence of inconvenient facts in all my debates with official spokesmen. This technique sheds an illuminating light upon the intellectual and moral posture of our government; it cannot affect the existence of the facts denied.

What is striking and also ominous for the future of American democracy is the tendency, noticeable on all levels of American society, not only to give the government the benefit of the doubt but to endow it with a near monopoly of truth and virtue. Implicit in Mr. Kraft's argument is the attribution to the government of the power to make and unmake facts so that those who present another version of reality are by definition ignorant or worse. Fully developed, this is of course the vision of *1984*. If the present tendency of committing all critical voices to the intellectual and moral garbage heap continues, we shall arrive there considerably ahead of time.

HANS J. MORGENTHAU
Albert A. Michelson Distinguished
Service Professor of Political
Science and Modern History
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Our Image in Africa

The less enlightened among government officials often consider news and news agencies to be instruments of policy, or even weapons of propaganda. Such people are, however, not the best of allies for journalists and it is distressing to find John Strohmeyer taking up the cudgels on their behalf ["What Passes for Americ News in Africa," November]. To r gard news agencies as instruments propaganda is to debase them a to ignore their true function, which to bring about the greatest possi circulation of factual and objecti information. To regard them othe wise is to wish to manage news, a activity which all journalists right condemn.

Almost all the ills with which t news business is visited are caus by bad reporting, whether throug incompetence or ill will. In attackir Reuters for reporting the U. S. bad Mr. Strohmeyer presents as fac second-and-third-hand informatio mostly completely wrong. To the be of my knowledge he spoke with r responsible Reuters executive an studied no Reuters news service Africa, though he could readily hav done either or both. He still can, he values the truth as much as h protestations suggest. Detailed refu tation of his serious charges is avai able to him, to you, Sir, or to any o your readers who is interested enoug to want to see it. I do not include it i this letter only because its length i wearisome. It is always briefer—an easier—to attack without base than t disprove damaging generalizations.

Mr. Strohmeyer accuses Reuters o a malice toward the U. S. which h makes no attempt to explain. The in sidious suggestion is that Reuters i an instrument of British policy though why that should mean anti Americanism is hard to understand In fact Reuters is a newspaper coop erative, like the Associated Press, an its newspaper owners are pledged in formal charter to guarantee its inde pendence from all governments, inter ests, and groups.

GERALD LONG
General Manager
Reuters, Limited
London, England

MR. STROHMEYER REPLIES:

The point of the article was not to debase Reuters but to show the frustrating conditions under which American news agencies must compete in Africa. Nor was there any suggestion that news agencies become an instrument of foreign policy, although Reuters makes this possible by selling directly to certain African

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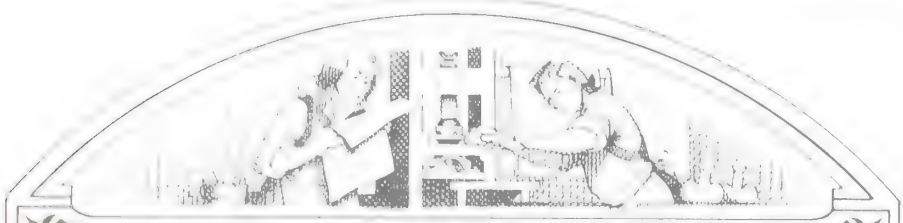
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governments which re-edit the news to their liking and then bar all newspapers in their country from subscribing to the complete Reuters file.

The article points out that Reuters does a superior job of covering Africa. Whether it is because of a too restricted news budget or simply editorial judgment which places an inordinately high priority on stories dealing with racial strife, the total picture of America is unbalanced.

The accusation that I take up the cudgels for certain government officials is absurd. The piece resulted from two seminars in which I worked with African newsmen, from visits to African newsrooms, and from probing interviews with African, expatriate, and American newsmen who work with the Reuters output.

New Towns Stateside

In a book which I have just published, *Dilemmas of Urban America*, I have a chapter on what I called "new communities." These are the American adaptations of the European new towns. Wolf Von Eckardt's article ["The Case for Building 350 New Towns," December] will be most helpful in developing the type of support that this new idea must have if it is to find reality in appropriate legislation.

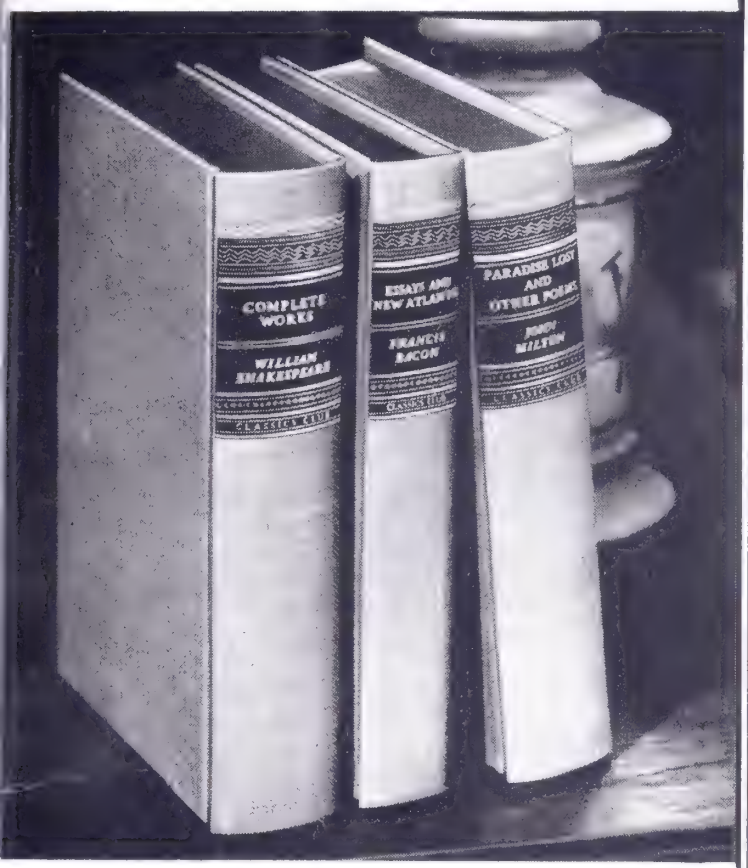
ROBERT C. WEAVER
Administrator
Dept. of Housing and Urban Devel.
Housing and Home Finance Agency
Washington, D. C.

Reviewer Reviewed

While it is not incumbent on any of the reviewers to like or praise a book, it is certainly necessary for a reviewer to take the trouble to grasp the basic outlines of a book's plot or story, and the incredibly garbled and distorted summary given in the review of Peter Matthiessen's *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* [Roderick Cook, Books in Brief, November] seems to indicate to me that your critic did little except to fumble through the pages. While the fact that I am a friend of Matthiessen's might lay me open to the charge of bias, I would nonetheless in any case not only resent the supercilious dismissal of so fine a book but would be outraged to discover that—praise or censure

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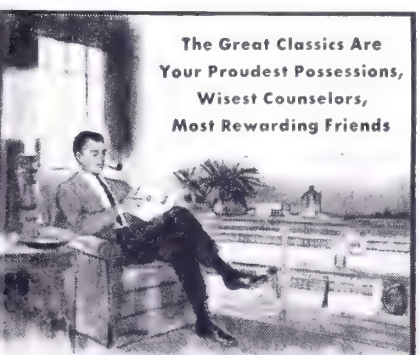
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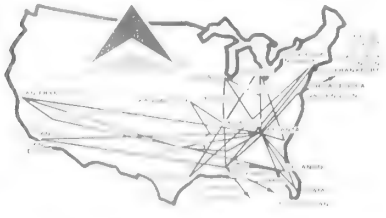
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aside—the reviewer had not really troubled to read it.

WILLIAM STYRON
Roxbury, Conn.

Perhaps ours cannot be considered the most objective of reactions, as we are the owners of the movie rights to Peter Matthiessen's *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*. However, your review of this book amazed and appalled us. . . . For your reviewer demonstrates unmistakably that he hasn't even read the book. His muddle-headed plot inventions woefully abusing elements of Mr. Matthiessen's own superb narrative suggest that at most he has merely thumbed through a few pages. . . .

ARTHUR PENN
STUART MILLAR
Stockbridge Productions, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

MR. COOK REPLIES:

There seems to have been more than one blackout in the Northeast this fall. I have just reread the book that I thought I had read, and am appalled that I could have blundered so carelessly in reporting the plot as I did. I would like to apologize unequivocally to Mr. Matthiessen and his publishers; and I would like to refer anyone who has been misled by my review to the better-informed reviews of this book that have appeared elsewhere.

Scholar from the North

Marshall McLuhan ["Canada's Intellectual Comet," Richard Schickel, November] has ideas so original and insightful that they are the basis of my courses this year in both psychology and art. . . .

DORELLE HEISEL
U. of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, O.

Richard Schickel's article is a really fine presentation of a man whose work has been unaccountably ignored in this country. This country, of all places, one might add, since nowhere else on earth is the extension of media so thoroughly immersed in our lives and fortunes. . . . I have myself asked Marshall McLuhan some questions in an interview which will soon appear in *U. S. Catholic Magazine*. I hope that many *Harper's* readers may find it an interesting supplement to Mr Schickel's excellent article.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL
Book Ed., Columnist, *The Pilot*
Boston, Mass

Preventing Suicide

We read with interest Maya Pines' article "The Coming Upheaval in Psychiatry" [October]. Since its inception in 1962, San Francisco Suicide Prevention Inc. . . . has used the carefully selected nonprofessional volunteer to carry out its work, under professional supervision, operating an emergency telephone referral service for suicidal persons, twenty-four hours a day. Our volunteers have been spectacularly successful in establishing rapport with suicidal callers and encouraging them to seek help from existing agencies in the community.

ANN SAWYER, Exec. Dir.
San Francisco Suicide Prevention Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.

Eloquent Art

The incisive portrayal of the human condition that is exemplified in Joseph Papin's drawings for your supplement on "The Writer's Life" [October and November] served as an embellishment to the articles. Furthermore, the drawings are able to stand alone as artistic achievements.

JAMES T. HAMILTON, Ph.D.
Eastlake, O.

Tears on the Sidelines

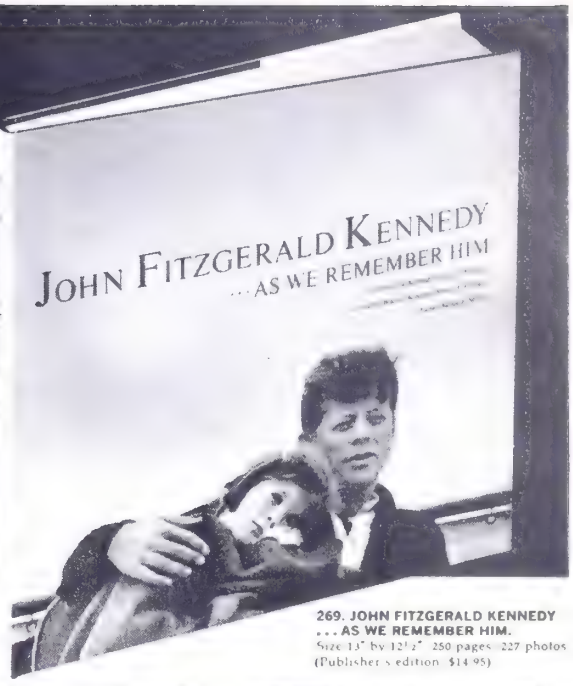
I enjoyed so much the article by Bud Davis ["Colorado Football's Galloping Disaster," October] and I am happy to know that someone else was as miserable as I was during the two games he mentioned between Colorado and Kansas State. I happened to be a cheerleader for K-State at that time and our football fortunes were so low (and still are) that we considered it a moral victory if we lost by a score of 20-0. . . . So thanks to Mr. Davis for adjusting his chin strap and pulling up his socks (just in time to allow us a touchdown). He cannot know what sunlight he brought into a Kansas State world of shadow!

SHIRLEY SIKES
Leonardville, Kans.

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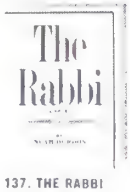
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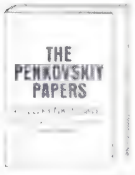
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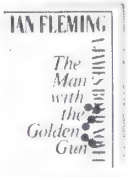
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Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamics

A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, *and* (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, *and* (3) strike supersonically at treetop height *or* dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first eight developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

The matter of flight envelope:

Every aircraft has a specific "envelope"—a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several possible purposes is most important.

A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, long range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high lift demanded, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to two miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound—can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or delta shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as drogue parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long-range, subsonic flight.





Top: The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.
Bottom: Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.

Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot *in flight* gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff or landing or high-load capacity. With the wings partially swept, efficient long-range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back to their smallest exposed area provides supersonic dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous and impractical attempts to achieve variable wing geometry go all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause an airplane to nose up and down sharply—become longitudinally unstable.

How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration conceive the answer to this instability—simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather

than having a single pivot in the center of the fuselage. The concept has been refined and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of wind tunnel testing, and more than 25 million man-hours of design and development.

The F-111's variable wing can be moved in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep measured at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5°, with the wings tucked back against (and much of them actually inside) the fuselage for a narrow delta shape. The position of the wings can be set and held at any position between these two extremes, with the pilot himself deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally lever the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

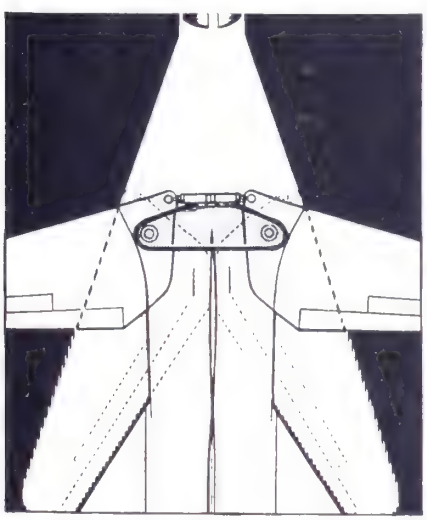
The precision of design is so exact and the wing so balanced that negligible elevator trim is needed to compensate for full sweep of the wing.

Heart of the system:

The heart of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

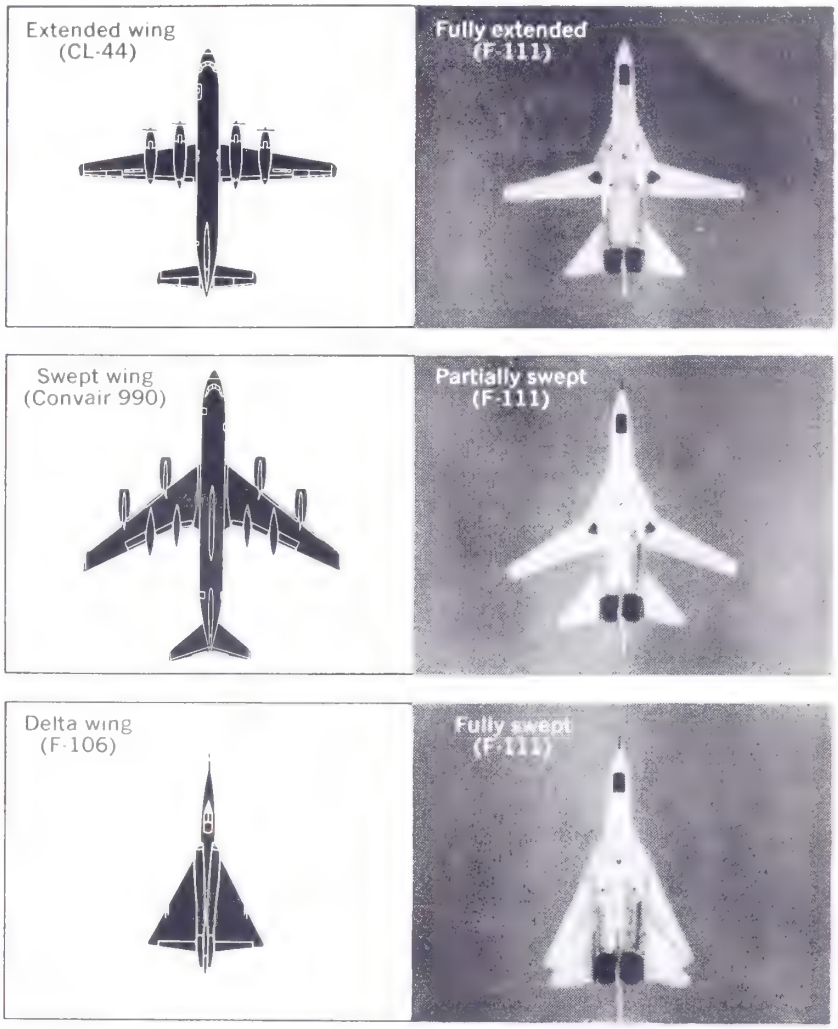
The movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by 8½-inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's control selection, move the wings from one position to another.

For additional high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing itself is ingeniously tapered so that much of its area when fully extended is highly cambered—that is, with a relatively thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.



How the wing works. A 14-foot steel yoke, with its 8½-inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and pins support the whole plane in flight. A jackscrew just forward of the yoke actuates the wings during sweep.

How wing configuration determines flight envelope



Left, top to bottom: Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

Right, top to bottom: Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination of very high-speed flight, long economic cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS



Substitutes for Violence

by John Fischer

> Scoundrels and in some cases even ruffians terrified the citizens. Young mothers had to take their babies to Central Park in armored cars. Old women went to the theater in tanks, and no pretty woman would venture forth after dark unless convoyed by a regiment of troops . . . the police wore bullet-proof underwear and were armed with mortars and fifteen-inch howitzers . . .
>
> —*James Reston*
> *The New York Times, Oct. 29, 1965*

Like most fables, Mr. Reston's moral tale exaggerates a little. But not much; for all of us are uneasily aware that violence is becoming a central fact of American life. Year after year the official graph for crimes of violence—murder, rape, assault, robbery, and riot—inches a little higher.* Many of these crimes seem to be entirely senseless: a California sniper blazes away at random at passing motorists . . . Bronx youngsters pillage the Botanical Garden and wreck their own schoolrooms . . . a subway rider suddenly pulls a knife and starts slashing at his fellow passengers . . . a gang of roaming teen-agers comes across an old man drowsing on a park bench; they club and burn him to death without even bothering to rifle his pockets.

It is hardly surprising, then, that violence is becoming a dominant concern in our politics, literature, and conversation. Every campaigning candidate promises to chase the hoodlums off the city streets. Murder and mayhem—usually aimless, inexplicable, "existential"—are a growing preoccupation of American novelists: witness the recent work of Norman Mailer, Nelson Algren, and a hundred less-publicized writers. And not only the novelists; one of the most memorable nonfiction books of the past year was Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, a factual account of the peculiarly brutal murder of the Clutter family by two young sadists. Significantly, the scene was not a city street but a Kansas farm.

Nor is the carnage limited to the United States. As *The Economist* of London pointed out in a recent article (reprinted in the November issue of *Harper's*), rioting and hooliganism are on the rise in nearly every country, including England, Sweden, and Russia. Bloodshed in the big cities naturally gets most of the headlines, but it seems to be almost as widespread in predominantly rural areas—the Sudan, for example, India, the Congo, and Colombia, where *la violencia* has taken hundreds of thousands of lives during the last two decades.

Explanations for all this are easy to come by, from nearly every clergyman, sociologist, and politician. Unfortunately they are seldom consistent. Some blame the miseries of slum life, others the breakdown of the family, or religion, or our national moral fiber. Racial and religious frictions apparently account for much free-floating hostility—in Watts and Calcutta, Capetown and Hué, even in Moscow and Peking, where African students report a lot of rough treatment from their hosts. Marxists, naturally, explain it all in terms of bourgeois decadence (although that would hardly account for the outbreaks in Prague and Novocherkassk, where the wicked bourgeoisie were liquidated long ago). While the Black Muslims decry police brutality, J. Edgar Hoover is prescribing more policemen, armed with wider powers. The Freudians suggest that sexual frustration may be the root of the trouble, while Billy Graham is just as sure that it is sexual laxity. Nearly everybody points an indignant finger at the dope peddlers, and William Buckley gets cheers whenever he proclaims that nothing will save us short of a universal moral regeneration.

Perhaps there is some truth in all these explanations. But I am beginning to wonder whether, far beneath them all, there may not lie another, more primordial reason. Just possibly the global surge of antisocial violence may result from the fact that nearly all societies—especially those we describe as "advanced"—suddenly have been forced to change a key commandment in their traditional codes of behavior; and many people, particularly the young males, have not yet been able to adjust themselves to this reversal.

That commandment was simple: "Be a fighter." Ever since human beings began to emerge as a separate species, something over a million years

*According to the annual reports of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. But its figures are based on voluntary reports by more than eight thousand local law-enforcement agencies, using different definitions of crime and widely varying statistical methods; therefore the FBI does not vouch for their accuracy. In fact, nobody knows precisely how much crime is committed in the United States, or its rate of increase, if any.



The nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. In Holland, everyone rides bicycles.

Everyone. Grandmothers, students, xecutives, nuns, doctors, lovers with heir arms around each other, farmers—ven Her Majesty the Queen.

Cycling is more than just a conven-ent way to get from one place to an-ther. It's a whole attitude about life.

First of all, it's pretty hard to be stuffy r pompous or pretentious pedaling down o the corner for a beer. And bicycles are eople-sized. They won't let you roar hrough life at sixty miles an hour ignor-ng everything in your way. Which might e why the Dutch insist on being sur-ounded with lovely houses, sparkling anals, and billions of flowers.

Cycling makes sure you don't get too big r your britches, too. And in more ways han one. It not only keeps your figure in hape, but it helps to keep you thinking oung. Holland is an old country but the Dutch have about the youngest ideas in the world. (Look at Holland's avant-garde painters, listen to Dutch jazz.)

Being on a bicycle also teaches a healthy respect for economy. The Dutch insist on value. You'll appreciate that the first time you stop in a broodjeswinkel for lunch. Broodjes, Dutch for delicious sandwiches, is hard to say, but all you'll have to do is point at what you want from the tempting display of cheeses, meats, fish and salads. Two incredibly thick sandwiches and a glass of great Dutch beer will run about 60c.

But the nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. But don't take our word for it. Join Holland's bicycle brigade (75c a day to rent a bike—we *told* you the Dutch were thrifty) and find out for yourself.

Find out how traveling in luxurious Dutch style aboard a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's hospitable entrance. Clip the coupon for a free copy of "Welcome To Holland."

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), it has been our first law of sur-
al. For the earliest men, life was
incessant battle: against the hos-
Pleistocene environment, against
er mammals for food, against their
n kind for a sheltering cave, a
ter hole, a hunting range, a mate.
e fiercest, wiliest, and strongest
ed to raise children. The meek,
ak, slow, and stupid made an
ly breakfast—for a local tiger or,
rhaps oftener, for a neighboring
mily, since archaeological evidence
ggests that cannibalism was com-
on among primeval man. The result
s that "our ancestors have bred
gnacity into our bone and mar-
w. . . ."*

As civilization began to dawn,
hting became more organized – a
mmunity enterprise rather than a
mily one. In addition to their daily
irmishes with wolves, cattle thieves,
d passing strangers, the able-
died men of the village (or polis,
ngdom, or pueblo) normally banded
gether at least once a year for a
int killing venture. The convenient
me for settled farming people was
rly fall, after the harvest was in;
en they had both enough leisure and
ough surplus food to mount an ex-
dition. So it was about September
hen the Assyrian swept down like a
olf on the fold, when Gideon smote
e Philistines, when Vikings ravaged
e Kentish coast, when the Greeks
oved off for Troy, when the Dorians
vept into the Argive plain, irre-
stibly armed with that first mass
eapon, the iron sword. (Because
on ore was much more plentiful
an copper, it could be used—once
e secret of smelting it was learned—
equip every man in the ranks. The
ctims of the Dorians, still lingering
the Bronze Age, normally armed
ly their officers with metal blades;
ie rest carried flint-tipped spears
id arrows.) Tribes in the preagri-
ltural stage sometimes found other
asons more suitable for rapine. The
ar Moon of the Great Plains In-
ans, for example, came in May—
nce the spring grass was then just
gh enough to graze the horses of
raiding party, and the full moon

*As William James put it in his clas-
essay, "The Moral Equivalent of
ar," published in 1910. His other com-
ents on this grisly topic will be noted
a moment.

made it easy to travel fast at night. Regardless of timing, however, warfare was for centuries the main social enterprise, absorbing virtually all of the community's surplus time, energy, and resources. "History," as William James put it, "is a bath of blood . . . war for war's sake, all the citizens being warriors . . . To hunt a neighboring tribe, kill the males, loot the village, and possess the females was the most profitable, as well as the most exciting, way of living."

As soon as warfare became socialized, the premium on belligerence was redoubled. Always highly favored by the processes of natural selection, it was now celebrated as a prime civic virtue as well. The Great Fighter was enshrined as the universal hero. His name might be Hercules or Rustum, Beowulf or David, Kiyomori or Hiawatha, but his characteristics remained the same: physical strength, reckless courage, skill with weapons, and a bottomless appetite for bloodshed. From earliest boyhood the males of the community were taught to emulate him. Their training for combat began as soon as they could lift a spear, and by eighteen they normally would be full-fledged warriors—whether in Athens or Cuzco—equally ready to defend their city's walls or to pillage a weaker neighbor. Success in battle was the basic status symbol. The best fighters were feted in victory celebrations, heaped with honors and plunder, endowed with the lushest women, both homegrown and captive. The weak and timid, on the other hand, were scorned by elders and girls alike, and in many societies cowardice was punished by death.

For nearly all of human history, then, the aggressive impulse – so deeply embedded in our genes—had no trouble in finding an outlet. This outlet was not only socially acceptable; it was encouraged and rewarded by every resource at society's disposal.

This remained true until roughly a hundred years ago. (When my grandfathers were boys, the martial virtues were still applauded about as much as ever, and both of them marched off to the Civil War with the joyous spirit of an Alcibiades bound for Syracuse.)

Then, with stunning abruptness, the rules changed. Within about a century—a mere eye-blink in terms of evolutionary development—the traditional outlet for violence closed up. Fighting, so long encouraged by society, suddenly became intolerable.

One reason, of course, was the industrialization of war. It not only made warfare ruinously expensive; it took all the fun out of it. Long before the invention of the atom bomb, farsighted men such as William James had come to see that war was no longer "the most profitable, as well as the most exciting, way of living"; and by 1918 the lesson was plain to nearly everyone. In retrospect, our Civil War seems to have been the last in which physical strength, raw courage, and individual prowess could be (sometimes, at least) decisive; perhaps that is why it is written about so much, and so nostalgically.

For there is a certain animal satisfaction (as every football player knows) in bopping another man over the head. By all accounts, our ancestors thoroughly enjoyed hammering at each other with sword and mace; it exercised the large muscles, burned up the adrenalin in the system, relieved pent-up frustrations, and demonstrated virility in the most elemental fashion. But nobody can get that kind of satisfaction out of pulling the lanyard on a cannon, pointed at an unseen enemy miles away; you might as well be pulling a light switch in a factory. Indeed, in a modern army not one man in ten ever gets near combat; the great majority of the troops are cranking mimeograph machines, driving trucks, and tending the PX far to the rear. As a consequence, warfare—aside from its other disadvantages—no longer satisfies the primitive instinct for violence as it did for uncountable thousands of years.

At about the same time—that is, roughly a century ago—the other socially approved outlets for pugnacity also began to close up. For example, so long as our society was mostly rural and small-town, a good deal of purely personal, casual brawling was easily tolerated. When Lincoln was a young man, the main public amusement seemed to be watching (and often joining in) the donnybrooks which boiled up regularly in the village street; and during his New Salem days, Abe more

It's a pity people aren't more discerning about liqueurs, for there is an ocean of difference between them. Consider what it takes to make a truly superb Blackberry Liqueur.

The thing to judge in Blackberry Liqueur is the fruit. Where it was grown. When it was plucked. How soon it was processed. Nowhere else do blackberries grow as ripe and tender as in Dijon, France. They are ripest and most fragrant in late August. And it is then that they must be plucked and immediately processed to preserve their true flavor.

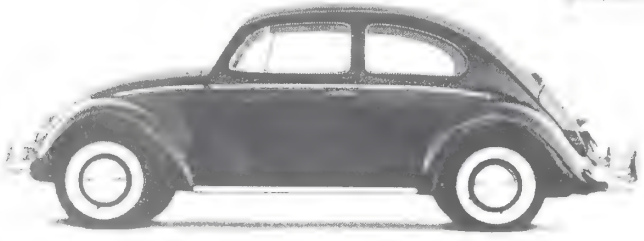
Berries, black and juicy, are not the only ingredient vital to a superb Blackberry Liqueur. Look also for infusions of natural Black Currant and Raspberry. Finally, make certain the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by the producer. For this is one sure way to lock in flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Blackberry Liqueur—and 18 other delicious flavors, all made and bottled in France.



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than held his own. Our literature of the last century, from *Huckleberry Finn* to the story of the OK Wagon Yard, is studded with this kind of spontaneous combat. And our chronicles memorialize the violent men (whether fur trappers, river boatmen, forty-niners, lumberjacks, or cowboys) in the same admiring tone as the sagas of Achilles and Roland. As recently as my own boyhood, fist-fighting was considered a normal after-school activity, like marbles and run-sheep-run; nobody thought of us as juvenile delinquents, in need of a corps of Youth Workers to hound us into docility. A tight-packed urban society, however, simply can't put up with this kind of random combat. It disturbs the peace, endangers bystanders, and obstructs traffic.

As we turned into a nation of city dwellers, we lost another traditional testing ground for masculine prowess: the struggle against nature. Since the beginning of history, when men weren't fighting each other they spent most of their time fighting the elements. To survive, they had to hack down forests, kill off predatory animals, battle with every ounce of strength and cunning against blizzards, droughts, deserts, and gales. When Richard Henry Dana came home after two years before the mast, he knew he was a man. So too with the striplings who rafted logs down rivers in spate, drove a wagon over the Natchez Trace, pulled a fishing dory on the Grand Banks, or broke sod on the Nebraska prairies. Not long after he started shaving, my father went off alone to homestead a farm in what eventually became the state of Oklahoma. If he had been bothered by an "identity crisis"—something he couldn't even conceive—it would have evaporated long before he got his final papers.

Today of course the strenuous life, which Theodore Roosevelt thought essential for a healthy man, has all but vanished. Probably not 5 per cent of our youngsters grow up to outdoor work, in farming, forests, or fisheries; and even for them, although the work may be hard, it is rarely either exciting or dangerous. (The modern cowboy does most of his work in a pickup truck, while Captain Ahab's successor goes to sea in a floating oil factory.) This final conquest of nature has had some results both comic

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and a little sad. Among the Masai tribesmen, for instance, when a boy comes of age it has always been customary for him to prove his manhood by killing a lion with a spear; but according to recent reports from Africa, there are no longer enough lions to go around.

In our tamer culture, we have shown remarkable ingenuity in inventing lion-substitutes. The most fashionable surrogates for violence are the strenuous and risky sports—skiing, skin diving, surfing, mountain climbing, drag racing, sailing small boats in rough weather—which have burgeoned so remarkably in recent years. When a middle-aged Cleveland copy editor crosses the Atlantic alone in a twelve-foot sloop, nobody accuses him of suicidal impulses; on the contrary, millions of sedentary males understand all too well his yearning for at least one adventure in life, however self-imposed and unnecessary. (Women, of course, generally do not understand; most of the wives I've overheard discussing the Manry voyage wondered, not how he made it, but why Mrs. Manry ever let him try.)

But these devices serve only the middle class. For the poor, they ordinarily are too expensive. When Robert Benchley remarked that there was enough suffering in life without people tying boards on their feet and sliding down mountains, he missed the point; the real trouble with skiing is that slum kids can't afford it. Consequently, they try to get their kicks vicariously, by watching murder, football, boxing, and phony wrestling matches on television. When that palls, their next resort usually is reckless driving. That is why access to a car (his own, his family's, or a stolen one) is as precious to the adolescent male—rich or poor—in our culture as possession of a shield was in fifth-century Athens. It is a similar badge of manhood, the equipment necessary to demonstrate that he is a fearless and dashing fellow. (It also is the reason why insurance premiums are so high on autos driven by males under twenty-five years old.)

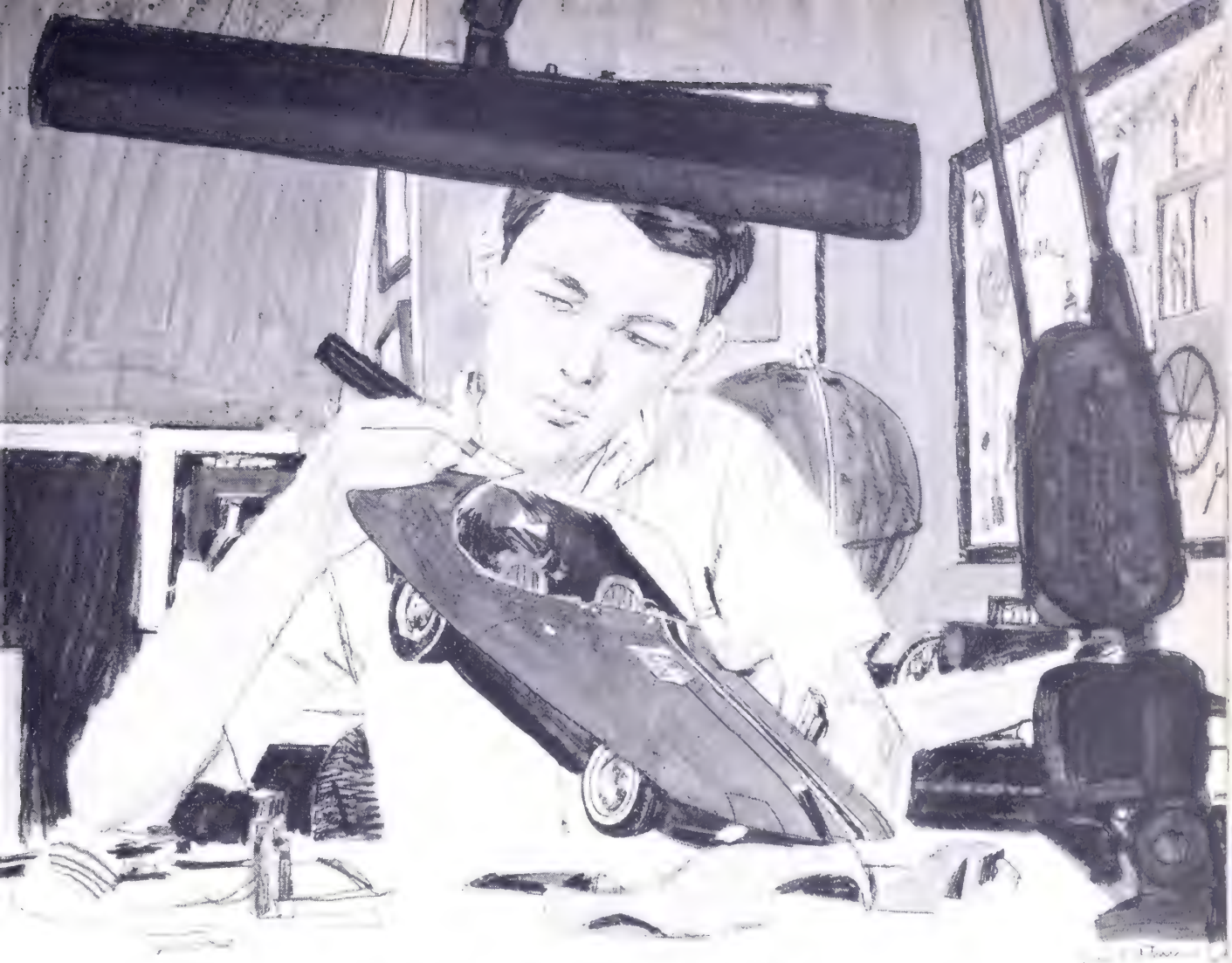
Such games are socially useful, because they absorb in a relatively harmless way some of our pent-up aggressions. But they all have one great drawback: they are merely games. They are contrived; they are artificial adjuncts to life, rather than the core of life itself. When our ancestors harpooned a whale, pillaged a city, or held the pass at Thermopylae, they knew they were playing for keeps. When our sons break their legs on a ski slope or play "chicken" on the highway, they know that the challenge is a made-up one, and therefore never wholly satisfying. They still yearn for a genuine challenge, a chance to prove their hardihood in a way that really means something.

Lacking anything better, some of them—a growing number, apparently—turn to crimes of violence. Gang fights, vandalism, robbery are, in an important sense, more "real" than any game. And for large groups of disadvantaged people, any form of antisocial violence is a way of striking back, in blind fury, at the community which has condemned them to disappointment and frustration. This is equally true, I suspect, of the Negro rioters in Watts and the poor whites of the South, who take so readily to the murders, church burnings, and assorted barbarities of the Klan.

This sort of thing may well continue, on a rising scale, until we can discover what James called a "moral equivalent for war." He thought he had found it. He wanted to draft "the whole youthful population" into a peacetime army to serve in "the immemorial human warfare against nature." What he had in mind was a sort of gigantic Civilian Conservation Corps, in which every youngster would spend a few years at hard and dangerous labor—consigned to "coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December . . . to road-building and tunnel-making." When he wrote, a half-century ago, this idea sounded plausible, because the need for such work seemed limitless.

Today, however, his prescription is harder to apply. In many parts of the globe, the war against nature has ended, with nature's unconditional surrender. Automation, moreover, has eliminated most dangerous and physically demanding jobs; our mines and freight trains are overmanned, our roads are now built with earth-moving machines rather than pick and shovel.

Nevertheless, so far as I can see



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A few have found personal, unofficial answers. The young people who join the civil-rights movement in the South, for example, are encountering hardship, violence, and occasionally death in a cause that is obviously genuine; they aren't playing games. But The Movement can accommodate only a limited number of volunteers, and presumably it will go out of business eventually, when the white Southerners reconcile themselves to rejoining the United States. In the North, civil-rights work has often turned out to be less satisfying, emotionally, because The Enemy is harder to identify and the goals are less clear. As a result its young partisans sometimes have drifted into a kind of generalized protest, carrying placards for almost anything from SNCC to Free Speech to World Peace: that is, they have ended up with another form of game playing.

President Kennedy, who understood thoroughly the youthful need for struggle and self-sacrifice, had the Jamesian principle in mind when he started the Peace Corps. It remains the most successful official experiment in this direction, and it led to the Job Corps and several related experiments in the domestic Antipoverty Program. How they will work out is still an open question, as William Haddad pointed out last month in *Harper's*. At least they are a public recognition that the country has to do *something*. If we don't—if we continue to let millions of young men sit around, while the adrenalin bubbles and every muscle screams for action, with no outlet in sight but a desk job at best and an unemployment check at worst—then we are asking for bad trouble. Either we can find ways to give them action, in some useful fashion, or we can look forward to a rising surge of antisocial violence. In the latter case we may, a decade from now, remember the Fort Lauderdale beach riots as a mere boyish prank.

What I am suggesting, of course, is that all of us—especially our businessmen, sociologists, and political leaders—ought to invest a good deal more effort, ingenuity, and money in the search for acceptable substitutes for violence. How many industries have really tried to create interesting and physically demanding jobs for young people? Have the paper companies, for instance, figured out how many foresters they might use, if they were to develop their timber reserves for camping, hunting, and fishing, as well as for wood pulp? And are they sure such a venture would not be profitable?

To take care of the population explosion, we are going to have to duplicate all of our present college buildings within the next twenty years. Has any university looked into the possibility of using prospective students to do some of the building? Maybe every able-bodied boy should be required to labor on the campus for six months as a bricklayer or carpenter before he is admitted to classes?

Cleaning up our polluted rivers is a task worthy of Paul Bunyan, and one we can't postpone much longer. What governor has thought of mobilizing a state Youth Corps to do part of the job? Has Ladybird Johnson calculated how many husky youngsters might be deployed, axes in hand, to chop down billboards along our highways and replace them with trees?

The possibilities aren't as easy to spot as they were in William James's day, but even in our overcrowded and overdeveloped society some of them still exist. No single one of them will provide the kind of simple, large-scale panacea that James had in mind—yet if we can discover a few hundred such projects, they might add up to a pretty fair Moral Equivalent. In any case, the search is worth a more serious try than anyone has made yet.

Why, my wife asks me, is all that necessary? Wouldn't it be simpler for you men to stop acting like savages? Since you realize that belligerence is no longer a socially useful trait, why don't you try to cultivate your gentler and more humane instincts? Are you saying that You Can't Change Human Nature?

No, that isn't quite what I'm saying. I recognize that human nature changes all the time. Cannibalism, for example, is now fairly rare, and polygamy (at least in its more ope form) has been abandoned by a nun ber of cultures. Someday (I hope an believe) the craving for violence wi leach out of the human system. Bu the reversal of an evolutionary pr cess takes a long time. For a goo many generations, then, the Old Adar is likely to linger in our genes; an during that transitional period, prot ably the best we can hope for is to kee him reasonably quiet with som varient of William James's prescrip tion. [



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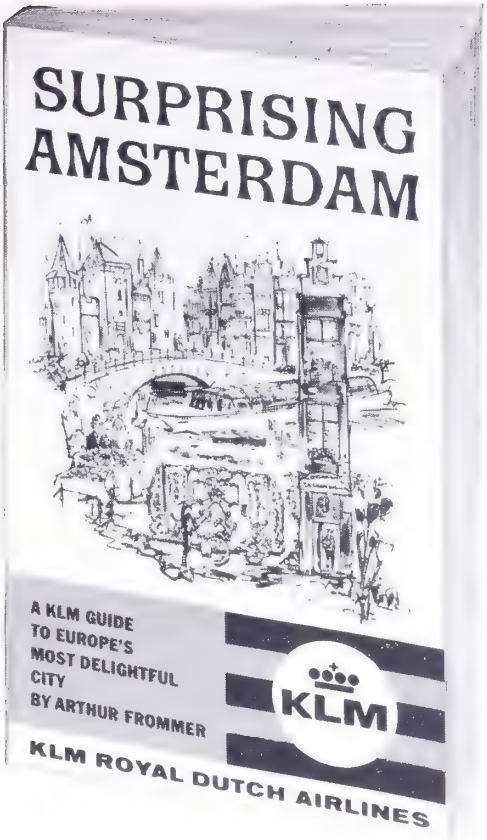
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After Hours



Fast Food and Footloose Americans

by Russell Lynes

The parlous state of service in America today disturbs no one as much as it does the moguls of what I have just recently learned to call the "fast-food" business.

I am not quite sure whether the fast-food industry gets its name from the speed with which the food is prepared, served, and eaten or, on the other hand, from the fact that it is consumed by feeders of all ages on the run and, quite literally, on the wing. Nineteenth-century accounts of our national habits and customs told with dismay of Americans who gobbled and ran; cartoons of early railroading mocked travelers in station restaurants, standing at counters bolting sandwiches and coffee while engines panted impatiently outside. Traditionally fast food was eaten in silence in accordance with the custom of our forebears not to interrupt their greed with anything so frivolous as conversation. We haven't changed greatly.

Last October I spent several days in Fontana, Wisconsin, at a conference in the Abbey hotel, which calls itself a "pleasure paradise." The hotel is on the shores of Lake Geneva, which at that moment was rimmed with dark purple oaks interspersed with maples as bright as bonfires and willows as pale as candles. Assembled in the hotel, which somehow manages to combine the currently popular (for roadside architecture) "A" frame with baronial chandeliers and massive fireplaces that spout gas flames through imitation coals, were what might appropriately be called the majordomos of the quick-lunch tradition. Fast food is now a major American industry with ramifications and problems which, until my encounter at the Abbey, was far beyond anything I had any notion of. It ranges from the edibles of "Mr. Donut of America" to school-lunch programs, from airplane meals to "Orange Julius." The fast-feeders were gathered in solemn conclave with a group of mass-housers of transients, whom I shall call "quick-bedders," and restaurant men to discuss the future of hungry and footloose Americans.

It was Mr. William R. Hoelscher, publisher of the trade magazine *Institutions*, who had invited the group to participate in what he called (a who doesn't these days?) a "dialogue on the problems of the Food Servic Industries. There were a hundred o them and each had paid $500 for th privilege of being there and bein bedded, fed, boozed, and lectured t for three days. There were president of hotel chains, executive officers o massive networks of restaurant (Howard Johnson's, for example and of motels (or "motor inns" a they seem more politely to be called that are parts of empires as vast a the Holiday Inns that span the na tion. There was the chief dietitian o the Pentagon, a lady colonel (who after the first session, doffed her uni form in favor of a pink dress), an the men responsible for feeding th schoolchildren of Chicago, Baltimore and Jacksonville and other thousand of hungry stomachs in colleges an universities. There were the owner of fashionable restaurants, chains o elegant restaurants, roadside stands and there were "franchisers"—wh are quite the thing today in the fast food and quick-bed industries. All i all, they were as intelligent, serious and amiable a group of men and wom en as one is likely to meet anywhere

The conference took place in wha is normally the Abbey's swimmin pool. The pool had been boarded ove and tiers of tables were set in risin horseshoes so that the room resem bled something rather like a very large operating theater on the on hand and the UN Assembly on th other. There were microphones fo each pair of conferees. There were two television cameras making, mind you, a visual and sound tape of the proceedings—"available for colleges," Mr. Hoelscher said. The conference was named "Reconnaissance I" and the converted swimming pool was referred to as "Reconnaissance Hall" on the programs. The lights were so hot at the first morning session that Mr. Hoelscher saw to it that a vast air conditioner was moved in. It was Indian summer in Wisconsin; the temperature was nearly eighty.

Mr. Lynes has conferred and written much on American manners—for example in his books, "A Surfeit of Honey" and "The Domesticated Americans."



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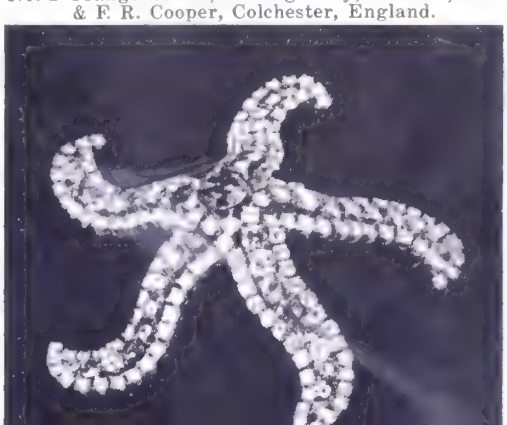
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"We want to keep this warm, informal, and friendly," Mr. Hoelscher said as he opened the conference proceedings. He then turned the meeting over to a young man, James Ward, an editor of *Institutions* and on this occasion the "Conference Director," who, in turn, turned it over to the vice-president of Hillsdale College who was the "Conference Technician."

"I'm Larry Taylor," he said, "I forgot to bring my hair piece."

He patted his bald head, which glistened under the lights. Laughter.

It was Mr. Taylor's job to keep the speakers to their time limits, to see that the discussion and questions stayed lively, pertinent, and not long-winded, and furthermore to dodge the TV cameras and see that the right microphone was turned on in front of the right person, all of which he managed with agility, good sense, and humor. At each place was a metal stein, a souvenir to commemorate the occasion. During the first morning session young ladies filled the steins with hot coffee, but the metal, an excellent conductor, got so hot one couldn't put one's lips to it. The fast-feeders were polite enough not to comment.

As at most such conclaves the observer (and probably the insider too) learns more outside the conference room than in it, but from the questions and the give-and-take under the lights of the operating theater, it emerged that the feeders and bedders are frightfully concerned about their status. Status seems to be at the root of all sorts of troubles that beset the food and sleep industry, including, of course, service. Essentially it is the status of the industry that is worrisome. (The word "image" got tossed about too, of course, but it appears to be blessedly losing caste as a business cliché.) The men and wom who sit on top of the food and b pyramid (now *there*'s an image, yo admit) are not concerned about th personal status, but they can't se to get bright young people interest in making careers in what they s is the fourth-largest industry in t country. They have trouble with h ing and recruitment. (Like other dustries today they "hire" employe and "recruit" executives.) There i lot of money to be made in the fa food and quick-bed industry by a bitious young men and women, a there were young men running tw million-dollar businesses at the c ference to prove it. The men wi whom I talked find it hard to und stand why others are reluctant join them. The most grinding probl of status, however, is at the low levels of employment among tho who serve, meet, and please—or infu ate—the public. How do you give waiter or a waitress or a chamb maid status?

There was a variety of answers this question, none of which seem to the assemblage to be satisfacto Why not follow the example of t airlines? That is all very well, b the rate of turnover of air hostess becomes increasingly discouragin the average hostess lasts only ni months. Mrs. Esther Peterson, A sistant Secretary of Labor and t President's adviser on consum problems, who was one of the spea ers, insisted on a decent wage le for waiters and waitresses as a w out of the tipping dilemma. She g little sympathy for that suggestio the industry is no friend of minimu wage laws, and no one seemed to ta kindly to the idea of adding a sta dard service charge to restaurant a hotel bills as they do in Europe. makes the bill look bigger and it tak the initiative away from the cu tomer.

I was surprised that in spite of the talk about service in an egalita ian society, the feeders and bedde should seem so defensive about t delicate problem of tipping. Th were unwilling, it appeared to me, concede that tipping should be for t quality of service rendered; the would prefer to see their help get t usual percentage no matter how ru or inadequate the service might b It is an arguable point (the serve

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Unwanted: A Villanelle

by Edward Field

In spite of all the attention I get
I am sure that nobody wants me:
You are what you are and I am unwanted.

You wake up in the morning and go about your day
not even dreaming or caring that I exist—
in spite of all the attention I get.

You are involved in the latest fashions
in literature or love, and why not?
You are what *you* are, and I am unwanted.

I want everyone to talk about me all the time,
even more than they do, and no one to mind,
in spite of all the attention I get.

I don't want to work for it, strive for it, sing for it.
If God meant me to have it, it would all come to me:
You are what you are and I am unwanted.

Give me pills, a fistful of daggers, the pipe from the gas jet!
I just don't want to go on living anymore
in spite of all the attention I get.

Somehow what you are is obvious from the start: Everyone knows!
Each soul has its rating, and mine's zero.
In spite of all the attention I get,
you are what you are and I am unwanted.



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can often be ruder than the server) but they seemed curiously uninterested in exploring it. Possibly I misunderstood their attitude.

It was generally admitted that women are more satisfactory waiters than men, except for that small band of professionally trained waiters who have come to this country from abroad. College students, it was also agreed, make excellent waiters if you can find them. They are ambitious; they are not bothered by their temporary status, for they know their real status and their futures are elsewhere.

As you would expect, there was considerable sociological and demographic talk handed out by professionals at the conference . . . talk about the future of the family, of the status of the aged, of the expansion of the population, about mobility, teen-age buying habits, and the rapidly growing middle-class Negro market and what it portends for the food and hotel industries. It was suggested that we can forget "togetherness" because "the home will increasingly become headquarters for activity outside the home." The aged, it appears, like to travel but they don't like to make new friends. Teen-agers are going to continue to rule their parents, but perhaps they will be more tolerant of them. One conferee asked the question: "Is our foreign aid going to feed the dog that'll bite us?" Another wanted to know: "What happens to the American family incomewise and educationwise?" And another asked: "In the society that is increasingly middle-class, are tastes going to become increasingly standardized?"

The answer to the last question, as it emerged, seemed to be yes.

But first there was talk about the effects of technology on the industry. They have, of course, been considerable already—consider the frozen foods and mechanical mixers for obvious examples—and so have the reaches of automation. Daniel Boorstin, historian from the University of Chicago, spoke of the possibility of the "fully automated hotel" and cited a few evidences of trends in that direction like coffee makers in rooms, ice cubes from vending machines, and so on. He suggested that airlines could cut down sharply on the menial work of hostesses by designing gadgets that would hold complete hot meals, inserted before flight into the backs of seats where trays holders now go. Professor Boorstin insisted that while it is charming to live in the nineteenth century, as he and his wife had done for several months recently in England, with all the luxurious service and personal attention that Victorianism implies, such amenities are not likely to last through the twentieth century.

This is a contention difficult to dispute, though there are those who say that if the status problem can be licked, automation is going to make a lot of people available for service jobs who will find them, if not attractive, at least entirely acceptable. Someone cited the Fred Harvey restaurants as getting somewhere with the status problem by calling their waitresses "Harvey Girls." The name, it was said, encouraged *esprit de corps* and removed the servant implication. Howard Johnson has tried it with "Johnson Girls."

There was another aspect of service, however, that seemed to me more interesting and more likely to have a lasting effect on the way the footloose will eat and sleep in America for a long time to come. It is the mathematically predictable food and service provided identically in hundreds of establishments all over the country by mass-feeders and quick-bedders.

I talked with two thoughtful and energetic men about this; they have been engaged in feeding millions of mouths for a long time. One is the executive vice-president of the Howard Johnson's chain of restaurants and motor inns (orange roofs, of course). He is Robert D. Parks, graduate in engineering from the University of Maine with an accent to prove it. The other is Jerome B. Temple, senior vice-president in charge of inn operations for Holiday Inns, whose headquarters are in Memphis.

I flew from Chicago to New York with Mr. Parks and had an opportunity to pick his brains. As nearly as Mr. Parks could remember, Howard Johnson's restaurants on that Tuesday numbered 738, but he had been away from the office for a few days and they proliferate at such a rate it is hard to keep track. Of these about 400 are owned and operated by Howard Johnson's (the president of this

:00 million corporation is Howard hnson, Jr., aged thirty-three and, cording to Mr. Parks, smart as a okie) ; the other 338 are franchised, at is, run under the Howard John-n's name on a royalty basis by in-pendent owners. In addition to the staurants there are 220 motor dges with 18,000 rooms. A great al of the food that is served in How-d Johnson's is made in the com-ny's own factories scattered about e country. They manufacture their n soups, salad dressings, gravies, llies, candies, and, of course, the enty-eight varieties of ice cream hich were initially responsible for tablishing their reputation.

The highly identifiable Howard hnson's are also highly standard-ed, presumably to suit highly stan-rdized middle-class tastes. No mat-r where you travel in America you n be sure that you can get the same nd and quality of food, and fur-ermore that it will look alike. Com-ny-trained experts help the food ndlers in franchised restaurants, in company-owned ones, to main-in patterns of uniformity. Pictures e placed over serving tables so that ch dish when it leaves the kitchen, hether in California or Maine, has e Howard Johnson's look. Mr. Parks pressed some surprise at a piece information about Californians. the company's California restau-nts customers seemed to prefer the ourmet" items on the menu, like *euf bourgignon*, to the specialties e fried clams for which, he said, e are famous."

"We have to replace all the silver-re about every year," he said. "Of rse, some of it gets thrown out th the refuse. We lose a lot of ash-ys, but we don't mind that because y are advertising for us. You'd surprised what people will take. I member once a long time ago in a taurant I was running we put ee big pumpkins for Thanksgiving the counter right next to the cash ister and they disappeared. How that be, right under the cashier's se?"

y conversation with Mr. Temple Holiday Inns was briefer than with . Parks. It took place over a drink ore lunch and was astonishing. In ew words he gave the impression a vast organization run with

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TRUMAN CAPOTE'S "IN COLD BLOOD" *by Rebecca West*

IGOR STRAVINSKY IN WARSAW *by Robert Craft*

splendid efficiency and growing at pell-mell but by no means uncontroll rate. He subsequently sent me mo detailed information.

The first Holiday Inn was built Memphis in 1952. As of October 1 1965, there were 628 Holiday Inn of which 109 are owned by the co pany and the others are franchise In all, the inns have 76,795 rooms a at least twice that many beds. It the boast of the company that whe ever you travel you will find exact the same kind of accommodations every Holiday Inn and the same kin of service and equipment. The co pany operates a computer system f handling reservations that is natio wide and so efficient that someone the conference suggested the co pany should take over the U. S. Po Office.

The identifying mark of Ho day Inns is what they call the "Gre Sign." It is a mammoth contrapti several stories high of yellow a green and red with a star looming its top. You can't miss it. (In n estimation neither should Mrs. Joh son—Mrs. Lyndon, that is, not Mr Howard—as a subject for consider tion in her beautification program. seems to me that a blow could struck for the national well-being roadside signs should be taxed on t basis of [a] their size, [b] the proximity to the highway, and [their candlepower.)

Holiday maintains a strict cont over the inns to which they gra franchises. A franchise could bought in 1964 for $10,000, plus royalty of 15 cents per room p night or 2.5 per cent of the gro earnings, whichever is greater. A plications for franchises (they used cost only $1,000 fourteen years ag come in at the rate of one every thr days or so; the applicants are go over with a fine-tooth comb and are the locations they propose. On in business, they are subject to fo surprise inspections a year and the performance and housekeeping a scored—so many demerits for no fl swatter in a room, so many for sticky hinge on a door, or a brok lock or a missing towel. Woe be those who flunk! The franchise is r voked, and the "great sign" is haul away.

The function of the Holiday In like the Howard Johnson's is, as nea

I can see it, to take the adventure of travel in America for those like to play it safe, and to substi- tranquillity. Wherever you are, find precisely what you would ex- to find—no surprises, nothing to your complacency, nothing to le you or feed your imagination. the same will soon be true for ricans traveling abroad. Holiday is building now in Europe. How did it will be to arrive in Venice feel as though you'd never left rosh! But that would seem to be rend. During a discussion period of the men at the conference ob- ed, "There is more status today t having gone to Europe than in ng gone."

ugh I thoroughly enjoyed the erence and the conferees, the e I heard about the immaculate dardization of the fast-food and k-bed industries as the likelihood ie future, the more eager I was et back to incorrigible New York. e are thousands of splendid small urants of every sort and descrip- and a greater variety of excellent estic and foreign cooking than in city in the world. I found it rather e comforting than otherwise that of the motel men commented, w Yorkers are outside the main am of American life." My feelings e confirmed by another member ie conference who recalled a sign small-town hotel that read: "This the Waldorf. If it was, you dn't be here." [ ]



"This ain't the Waldorf. If it was, you wouldn't be here."

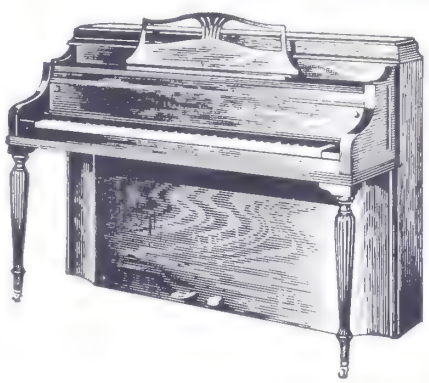


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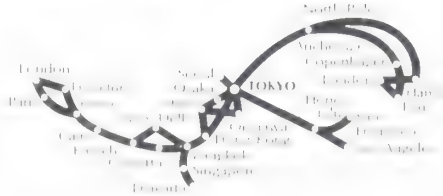
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Lindsay, Kennedy, and the Power Struggle in New York

By William V. Shannon

A city in deep trouble pins its hope on an Ivy League La Guardia . . . and the blessings of political competition.

In New York—where the governorship is the big prize this year—politicians are defying the law of supply and demand. The Republicans, the minority party, are overstocked with topflight talent. They have Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, Senator Jacob K. Javits, and Mayor John V. Lindsay—all able, willing, and accustomed to success. The majority Democratic party, however, though filled with contenders for the nomination, has only one sure winner—Senator Robert F. Kennedy. He is willing enough but cannot run this year since the state constitution requires five years of residence for Governors. This fact will defer a direct contest between the brightest young stars of both parties—forty-four-year-old Lindsay and forty-year-old Kennedy. It might come in the gubernatorial race of 1970. Or, since both men would like to be President and have a reasonably good chance of making it, their decisive encounter may not take place until November 1972.

Lindsay and the Republicans clearly bested Kennedy and the Democrats in the first round of their struggle for national power, the recent mayoral race in New York City. Kennedy's maneuvering during that campaign suggests that he is still thinking in terms of the relatively simple ethnic and machine politics of his native Massachusetts. New York is immeasurably more complex. Its politics are affected by several unique phenomena—among them the Liberal party and a vocal, undisciplined, yet important Democratic reform movement. The *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and other papers in New York exert an influence for political independence that the Boston press cannot match. There is also in New York a hard-core Conservative vote—mobilized with es-

pecial effectiveness last fall by *National Review* editor William F. Buckley—which is as much a threat to the Democrats as to the Republicans. There is the presence of ex-Mayor Robert F. Wagner—a force chronically underestimated by Kennedy. And finally there is the fantastic ethnic diversity of a city composed of Russian Jews, Italians, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Irish, Germans, and more than sixty other ethnic groups.

Yet the mayoralty was won by Lindsay, who comes from one of the smallest minorities—he is English-Dutch, Episcopalian, Ivy League. Furthermore he is a Republican in a city with a three to one Democratic enrollment. These were minimal handicaps in the predominantly middle-class Manhattan Congressional district where Lindsay had been rolling up increasing pluralities ever since his first victory in 1958. He topped this performance in 1964 by winning handsomely again—over an attractive Democrat—while Lyndon Johnson was sweeping the district.

Articulate, intelligent, and successful though he is, Lindsay seemed to be at a political dead end in early 1965. Javits and Kennedy occupied the two Senate seats and looked unbeatable for the indefinite future. Rockefeller, who looked a good deal less unbeatable, showed no disposition to give up the governorship in 1966. Nor—in the first months of 1965—was he inclined to encourage Lindsay's dawning ambition to make the long-shot try for Mayor of New York.

There were a number of reasons for the Governor's reluctance. Differing more by temperament than on principle, he and Lindsay have never gotten on well. Rockefeller, early in the year, needed the help of Mayor Wagner to get an unpopular tax program through a Democratic legislature and was loath to launch a Republican drive against him. And—more personally—there was the Javits problem. Rockefeller is in deep trouble with upstate Republicans because of his divorce and his stand against Goldwater. The high taxes he has had to request are unpopular. Plenty of Republican leaders would like to drop Rockefeller this year and nominate Javits for Governor. To forestall this possibility Rockefeller last winter repeatedly urged Javits to run for Mayor of New York City.

"Back in 1953 I wanted the nomination for Mayor so bad I could taste it," Javits is reported to have said angrily during one conference. "But the party wouldn't give it to me. Now when I don't want it, you and everybody else keep pushing it at me."

Throughout the spring, Lindsay had no firm commitments from his party as to money or support. Still the idea of running for Mayor would not down.

"He kept turning it over in his mind, and right up to the weekend before he announced his decision to run, it was yes and no, back and forth," Mary Lindsay, his wife and full-time political partner, recalled later.

On May 13, he announced his candidacy. Rockefeller, who had never slammed the door on him, let it be known through a friendly columnist that his guarantee of a $250,000 campaign contribution had been the crucial factor in Lindsay's decision. In fact, Lindsay was not dependent on Rockefeller's largess (having access to big Republican contributors through personal ties to former Governor Thomas Dewey and former Attorney General Herbert Brownell). His headquarters promptly and ostentatiously made known that $10,000 of a $100,000 Rockefeller loan had already been repaid. Lindsay decided to run because he and Robert Price, his campaign manager and closest adviser, had reached the conclusion that, at the least, he would make a good showing against Mayor Wagner and that even if he were defeated this show of strength would advance his career.

Not quite a month after he became a candidate—on June 10—Lindsay got his first big break: Wagner announced that, after twelve years in office, he would not seek reelection. To some wiseacres it seemed that Lindsay had thus been deprived of the obvious target of public disaffection. But events proved that the Democrats had lost their strongest candidate, the only one who could have held together the party's warring factions, particularly the Reform clubs which had fallen into near-anarchy since the death of their titular leaders, Senator Herbert Lehman and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Wagner bowed out chiefly because he had no stomach for a grueling three-month campaign against a first-rate adversary. Many party leaders, aware of his special political strength, tried to persuade him to run. Robert Kennedy, however, was not one of them. During the first half of 1965 Kennedy had deliberately undermined Wagner's leadership by intervening covertly against his candidates for leadership in the state legislature during a long squabble over organization. In the spring, when rumors of Wagner's retirement be-

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Now a Manhattan resident, William V. Shannon keeps track of national politics as a member of the "New York Times" editorial board. He was a Washington correspondent for fifteen years and wrote "The American Irish," to be published in a second edition by Macmillan in February.

gan to circulate, there were erroneous press reports that Kennedy had urged him to run. Kennedy promptly made it clear that he was not supporting a draft, although he would back Wagner if he ran. This was hardly a gracious stance toward a man who—whatever his failings—was the party's only functioning leader in New York.

Government by Procrastination

Wagner did not exactly leave office in a blaze of glory. But he did execute an orderly retreat and is in good shape to make a political comeback, conceivably by running for Governor this fall.

Leaving office voluntarily after twelve years, Wagner has a position analogous to Harry Truman's when he stepped down of his own choice in 1952. Just as people a dozen years ago complained of the Truman Administration scandals but added, almost in the same breath, their admiration for Truman as a "gutsy little guy" who took decisive action in Korea and stood up to Stalin in postwar Europe; so New Yorkers now grumble about rising taxes, crime in the streets, filthy, polluted air and the "general mess the city is in." But they also recognize that Wagner is personaliy honest and ran a comparatively scandal-free Administration, that he worked hard and is deeply devoted to the city. By the very act of leaving City Hall voluntarily, he boosted his own popularity because he spared his former supporters who had become disillusioned the painful ordeal of voting against him. Shortly after he pulled out of the mayoral race last June, he touched the city's sentiments again when he married for the second time (his first wife having died the year before).

Wagner governed through a partyless system (or one-party monopoly, which is the same thing) in which there is no effective partisan opposition. His genius was to accommodate every political faction, social group, and municipal tradition. Wagner had serving in his Administration at various times a local superman (Robert Moses) until a housing scandal blasted him out, a super-professional administrator (Dr. Luther Gulick), a personal friend (Edward Cavanagh—a Deputy Mayor and now Wagner's brother-in-law), a career civil servant-turned-politician (Paul Screvane), a lady reformer (Anna Kross as Correction Commissioner), and a goodly sprinkling of both clubhouse hacks from the old-line party machines and young, middle-class lawyers from the Reform Democratic clubs. Wagner eventually found a place in his Administration even for Newbold Morris (Parks Commissioner) who, as the unsuccessful Reform candidate for Mayor in 1945 and 1949, is the good gray link between the fusion movements of La Guardia and of Lindsay. If Wagner had stayed in office long enough, he doubtless would have found a job in the city's antipoverty administration for Jesse Gray, the Harlem rent-strike leader.

This mingling of all factions and traditions evolves out of the public-relations approach to government which is now endemic in this country. Significantly, two of Wagner's closest advisers during his last years in office were Debs Myers, a professional public-relations man, and pollster Louis Harris. In the public-relations approach to



government, every significant protest is accorded some gesture of recognition; issues, instead of being clarified and decided through conflict, are managed toward a consensus.

One of Wagner's real triumphs was to convince his rivals that New York is ungovernable. Certainly his style of governing was distinctive enough to deserve a name of its own, Wagnerism. It consisted of government by the least common denominator and by procrastination until that denominator was found. He appointed good department heads and listened to expert advice but, before taking action, he also listened to all interest groups, great or small, sensible or eccentric, tried to accommodate as many points of view as possible, and all the while kept a wary eye on the newspapers. Thus, fluoridation of the city's water system took ten years to accomplish; for twelve years there was recurrent controversy but no decision about the hideous proposal for a Lower Manhattan Expressway, an elevated truck route which would have been a Chinese Wall straight across the island of Manhattan. If nothing was ever dramatically won, nothing was ever irretrievably lost. Depending on one's mood or viewpoint, one could praise his patience and goodwill or denounce his interminable delays.

Romantics cursed him for his lack of style. Moralists were disappointed in his lack of crusading fire. Wagner clearly believes in Original Sin; as Mayor, he always seemed to be saying, by his actions if not his words, that human beings with their flawed natures should not expect too much of government or any other human institution in this imperfect world. No city in the United States inculcates that harsh lesson better than New York, but it does not fit the soaring mythology of a city of skyscrapers and success-haunted people. Wagnerism left the city psychologically vulnerable to the appeal for dramatic change which Lindsay offered.

A Rebuke to the Democrats

"Wagner's pulling out would have hurt us a lot if the Democrats had stuck together and come up with a good candidate," Lindsay said a few weeks after Wagner announced his retirement. "But they didn't. . . . Even more important—his getting out shook loose the Liberals."

To win in New York City, a Republican has to gain the support of several hundred thousand Democrats and uncounted independents. Before last year, only two Republicans had succeeded—Seth Low back in 1901 and Fiorello La Guardia in 1933. In pursuit of a nonpartisan identity, Lindsay rejected all offers of help from the Republican National Committee and his party's out-of-state luminaries. He also decided early to have at least one Democrat as a running mate. Wagner's retirement made it realistically possible to seek the support of the Liberal party, which in municipal affairs had endorsed Wagner for nearly a decade.

The Liberal party is a unique New York institution. It was formed in 1942 by a militantly anti-Communist faction which seceded from the American Labor party, a "united front" of trade unions created in 1936 to support Franklin Roosevelt without tying up with the local Democrats. For twenty-three years, two garment-industry unions —the large, powerful International Ladies Garment Workers (ILGWU) and the small Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers—have provided most of the party's members and money. ILGWU President David Dubinsky has been its grand chief and Hatters President Alex Rose its principal strategist. In national politics, the Liberals have always endorsed the Democratic ticket. In state and local races, they have zigzagged depending upon the candidates and the situation. In recent years, Rose became increasingly influential in Wagner's inner circle.

Amid the newly refurbished splendors of the Hotel Astor Grand Ballroom on Times Square, the Liberal party met in convention on June 28 to hear the report of its nominating committee. No Tammany clubhouse meeting was ever more effectively bossed. Everyone present knew that the committee, guided by Rose, had decided to endorse Lindsay and make a fusion ticket a reality. But the Liberals believe in open debate, and the evening's long discussion provided a preview of the stereotypes and prejudices Lindsay would encounter in a city where many voters equate the word Republican with "the boss" and "the landlord."

The first speaker from the floor read in a strong Italian accent a statement from Luigi Antonini urging the endorsement of Paul Screvane, a half-Italian contender for the Democratic nomination. The absent Antonini might be called "the Italian Vice-President" of the ILGWU. But despite their considerable numbers, the Italians have never played a sizable role in the affairs of this Jewish-dominated union. It was not to be Screvane's night, as it has never been Antonini's.

The next delegate said, "I do not want a man who is bigger than his party. I want a man who is rooted in his party. . . . I could not support someone who voted for Taft-Hartley." (Lindsay was not a Congressman when Taft-Hartley was enacted.

Another member attacked Lindsay simply because he was a Republican. "Mr. Rose says forget party labels. But once Mr. Lindsay is elected, the Republican party will not let you forget its label. The millions of dollars that Republicans are raising for him—they are not raising it for a Liberal."

A pro-Lindsay man urged his fellows to remember their past mistakes. He recalled the party's preconvention opposition to the nomination of Harry Truman in 1944 and of John Kennedy in 1960. "I wept when I read of Hugo Black's appointment to the Supreme Court, but he turned out in a way we consider satisfactory."

The last of nearly twenty speakers was seventy-three-year-old David Dubinsky. "DD" had recently left the hospital and still wore in his lapel, as the chairman pointed out, a flower from the bouquet that Lyndon Johnson had sent him during his illness. He began by observing that four speakers against Lindsay were members of the ILGWU. He was not angry, he said, and there would be no reprisals: "But I keep asking myself—what kind of a teacher have I been?"

He had met that morning with the managers of the twenty-seven union locals and they had voted twenty-four to three for Lindsay. The screening committee had voted for him, seventeen to one. Then he shouted, "But you have already decided they've made a mistake. They're wrong. You are the smart guys.

"The trouble with the Goddamned Democrats —forgive my language, I thought I was talking to the union—the trouble is that what we did to them in 1942 and what we did in 1952 was not enough.* If this party [the Democrats] could never be defeated, what corruption we would have!"

For some fifteen minutes, Dubinsky delivered his rambling talk in a guttural roar, lecturing the delegates as if he were their father and they unruly, ungrateful children. They accepted his mingled excoriation and exhortation with calm good humor, and some delighted in it, slapping their knees and shaking their heads with laughter. Of perhaps a thousand people in the ballroom, not more than a hundred were women, very few were under thirty-five, and, except for one on the platform, Negroes were not visible. The speeches were delivered in a marvelous medley of accents including Italian, Russian, Polish, Yiddish, and Brooklynese. One could not help wondering what will happen to the Liberal party a decade from now when Rose and Dubinsky have passed from the scene, and the garment unions are even more heavily Negro and Puerto Rican than they already are. But for 1965, the old order sufficeth. Lindsay was endorsed for the simple reason that if the Liberals were ever to assert their independence of the Democrats, they could not hope to find a more progressive Republican.

In the House Lindsay had been a member of a small "ginger group" of younger liberal Republicans who were effectively isolated by the plodding Midwestern conservatives who dominate the House GOP. His voting record was solidly progressive. In addition he has long waged a lonely battle on civil-liberties issues such as book censorship, the school-prayer amendment, and a proposed wide extension of the government loyalty-security program to employees on government contracts. In these fights he put to shame the bread-and-butter liberalism of the New York City Democratic delegation, most of whose members are tone-deaf on civil liberties.

The Liberals had no severe struggle of conscience in endorsing Lindsay. On election day, they did about as well as they have in recent years. Lindsay polled 293,000 votes on the Liberal line. Since he won by only 126,000 votes, the Liberals could not be said to have elected him singlehandedly but he could not have won without them.

In Search of a Brooklyn Jew

Lindsay's nomination by the Liberal party led to the next ritual—the organizing of the balanced ticket. It is one of the few triumphs of the good-government forces in New York that they invented the balanced ticket and managed to stick Tammany Hall with the opprobrium for it. Tammany slates—in that organization's heyday, from the Civil War to the New Deal—were unabashedly Irish. The bosses balanced the boroughs and picked a Dutch or English name now and then for window dressing. But they saw no need to nominate Jews, Italians, or other lesser breeds when there were deserving Irishmen available, as there always were. Fiorello La Guardia, that master politician, invented the ethnically balanced ticket in his first successful race for Mayor in 1933. It worked for him; it did not for Lindsay.

Rose and Dubinsky, overconfident in June about Lindsay's prospects, gave little thought to the political pulling power of his running mates as long as one of them was a Liberal. They blithely assumed that Lindsay would carry his ticket in with him. On this premise, they proposed Dr. Timothy Costello, a professor of psychology and business at New York University, as candidate

*In those years, the Liberals, dissatisfied with the Democratic nominees for major state offices, ran independent candidates, and the Republicans won.

for Council President. Because he is an Irish Catholic—a circumstance very rare among Liberal party members—he holds the ceremonial post of Party State Chairman. Costello had the "right" religion but he comes from Staten Island, the tiniest of the five boroughs (only 3 per cent of the vote), had been defeated in his two previous tries for elective office, and was virtually unknown to the general public. Lindsay, inexperienced and eager for Liberal endorsement, too readily agreed.

Having found a Catholic Lindsay and his manager, Price, were still in quest of that elusive Democrat who ideally should come from Brooklyn and be Jewish. They found him in the most unlikely place: the Office of Housing Coordinator in the Wagner Administration; his name, Milton Mollen. Republicans and civic groups had repeatedly attacked the outgoing Administration's housing programs. Lindsay had placed one such attack in the *Congressional Record* earlier in the year. His choice of Mollen was greeted with dismay by those who were looking to a Lindsay victory for a clean sweep at City Hall.

"Desperation is the only explanation of why Price settled on Mollen. Several better-known Jewish Democrats had turned the offer down. Time was moving along, and a decision had to be made. Everyone was obsessed with the idea that we had to have a Democrat and had to have a Jew. Mollen was the best available," so one Republican leader explained what was perhaps the most curious development of the campaign.

Within a few months, it was clear that the contest was going to be much too close for Lindsay to carry anyone in with him. Costello and Mollen were forgotten, as the question became: Can Lindsay save himself?

"I Know Your Neighborhood"

A 1965 mayoral campaign might have been expected to turn on the use of television. But Bob Price made a different decision. Lindsay regards thirty-two-year-old Price, who managed all his Congressional races, as a native political genius. There were many during the recent campaign who doubted it, but there is no answer to a victory cleanly won. Opinionated, hard-working, serious, sometimes brusque, Price is the epitome of the intense, dedicated staff man needed by every major politician. (If he had more smiles and bounce, he could pass for LBJ's ubiquitous Jack Valenti; if he were more intellectual, he could be JFK's devoted Ted Sorensen.) Eating sandwich-jello-coffee lunches at his desk and working eighteen hours a day, Price made all the key technical decisions of Lindsay's campaign.

Rather than gambling on a blitz of television spot announcements and telethons, he invested most of the available money in 117 storefront headquarters which became the neighborhood nuclei for the canvassing drives of thousands of Lindsay volunteers. It amounted to setting up an entire clubhouse network in three months in a city where the Republican organization, in the words of one of Price's aides, "has made a career out of losing to the Democrats. We've got to get our own people in there and make sure the work is done." It was a triumph of organization, and it delivered the votes on election day. Whether it can serve as the organizational framework during the next four years for a Mayor who has such a narrow political base in the city is one of the big question marks of Lindsay's future.

From June to Labor Day, Lindsay spent his time touring the city opening these storefronts. On a typical day, he left his headquarters in the Roosevelt Hotel on schedule at 10:30 A.M. The tour stayed almost precisely on time throughout the day. By the sixth stop in midafternoon, it had fallen five minutes behind, which caused the staff much concern. A shortwave radio kept Lindsay's car in continuous contact with the Roosevelt and his scheduled stops.

"Come in, Benjamin. Where are you? Over," a staff member queried from the Roosevelt.

Lindsay picked up the microphone: "This is Benjamin"—his code name. "We're five minutes out of the Midtown Tunnel. Over and out."

Whatever those Midwesterners in the House may think, Lindsay is Republican in his efficiency.

As the car drove through Queens, he talked about that borough, a thick slab of Long Island lying between older, apartment-house-lined Brooklyn to the west and the bedroom towns of Long Island proper to the east. Queens, the home of the recent World's Fair and La Guardia and Kennedy Airports, has swelled in the post-World War II boom into a jumble of one- and two-story houses, garden apartments, and sizable apartment-house developments almost uniformly middle-class. It is the only borough in which the two parties compete on equal terms. "You run into everything in Queens," Lindsay said. "Within ten minutes there, you can be—as I have been—heckled both by CORE and by PAT."

PAT is Parents and Taxpayers, a local organization formed to defend the neighborhood school against proposals, urged by CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) and other civil-rights groups, to bus students in order to achieve racial balance in the schools.

His research people had prepared a one-page data sheet about each neighborhood he was to visit, its ethnic makeup, income level, local grievances, and attitudes on issues. Lindsay kept close to these suggested topics in his five-minute, extemporaneous talks at each stop.

At each headquarters, he thanked the small shopkeepers who were its neighbors, sometimes adding, "I hope we bring you some business." Then into his local pitch: "I know something about your neighborhood. I know you have a growing crime problem. You are worried about the lack of street lights at some corners and have had some accidents. You have a protection problem." Then on to the need for more lights, more police, or a mention of potholes in the street or a junior high school that was overcrowded. And then the finale: "Friends, fellow New Yorkers, we have the possibility of creating something new and exciting and hopeful for New York. If you give me your trust, give me your confidence, together we can make New York the great Empire City again."

He spoke of it as an Empire City. But he campaigned as if New York were a thousand small towns. His campaign never "built" to any climax. Lindsay is one with Robert Kennedy in his disdain for the jargon about campaign peaks and troughs that Richard Nixon once made fashionable. There was enthusiasm for Lindsay at the outset and enthusiasm for him at the end. He, his staff, and his volunteers never expected to lose but were never quite confident of winning. They took the underdog position and stayed with it, straining every nerve and muscle all the way.

An able research staff headed by the candidate's brother George produced position papers on a wide range of problems from narcotics to housing to transportation to recreation. However, Lindsay never made any single issue the dominant theme in the campaign. Many suspected this would be a weakness. Stevensonian liberal Democrats complained that his campaign was too much image and too little issues. But, at the end, it was clear that his real theme was not an issue but a promise —the hope of change. Like John F. Kennedy in 1960 (whom Lindsay did not hesitate to paraphrase: "Let's get this city moving again" and "As a great American who was killed while serving his government said, 'Ask not what your government can do for you, but what you can do for your government and your city' "), Lindsay offered not a new program or a new set of answers to the old urban questions but a new perspective and a new source of energy. A stalemated, weary, cynical city decided on November 2 to give the fresh-faced new boy a chance.

When a party holds a three-to-one majority in voter registration, the opposition cannot win an election; the incumbents have to cooperate by losing it. The hidden half of the 1965 story in New York is how the Democrats lost the city they had ruled for twenty years.

There was no smooth Democratic succession to the mayoralty because only Wagner had the political skills and the requisite assets to hold his coalition together: name, family background, personal record, and connections with the trade unions, the Liberal party, the machines, and the Reformers. A bruising primary battle for the nomination was inevitable.

The Reform clubs in Manhattan splintered, some backing and some opposing maverick Congressman William F. Ryan. A few trade unionists and Irish sentimentalists rallied around labor lawyer Paul O'Dwyer, a beguiling talker and the brother of an earlier Mayor. With Manhattan Reform support scattered and the defection of the Liberal party, Wagner's political inheritance was considerably diminished when he finally passed it to the President of the City Council, Paul Screvane, a capable and articulate, if not exciting, public servant.

The Kennedy Hedge

Meanwhile the old-line Brooklyn organization headed by Stanley Steingut, which had been feuding with Wagner, lined up behind one of their faithful wardheelers, Wagner's Comptroller—Abraham Beame. So did former Congressman Charles Buckley's old-line Bronx organization and Congressman Adam Clayton Powell's Harlem machine. This three-way alliance had the block captains and the political muscle to win a primary, but the generally unsavory reputation of these kingmakers was to prove a deadweight in the race to City Hall.

This same triumvirate had provided the power base which easily won for Robert Kennedy the Democratic Senatorial nomination in 1964. In the mayoralty contest Kennedy seems to have been crafty in small ways, timid in the large. After Wagner withdrew he tentatively approached New York County District Attorney Frank Hogan and labor mediator Theodore Kheel as possible mayoral candidates. When each said he would run only if he could get the nomination unopposed, Kennedy dropped back. Although Beame was clearly not of leadership caliber, Kennedy refused to join Wagner in supporting Screvane and would not enter a candidate of his own. Instead he placed

a man on the ticket of each of the top contenders.

"That way, whichever ticket wins, I'll have a man in City Hall to look out for my interests," Kennedy is said to have explained privately.

It was Kennedy who persuaded Screvane to tap for President of the City Council Daniel P. "Pat" Moynihan, an Assistant Secretary of Labor, a writer, and the only Democratic candidate in memory to possess a Ph.D. degree. It was likewise Kennedy who persuaded Queens District Attorney Frank O'Connor to drop his own candidacy for Mayor and run for Council President on the Beame ticket.

O'Connor not only defeated Moynihan in the primary but ran 300,000 votes ahead of Beame and 200,000 ahead of Lindsay in the general election. If he had been the candidate for Mayor, the Democrats would probably not now be turning City Hall over to Lindsay. This fifty-six-year-old, spare, handsome politician is blessed with Irish charm and an old trial lawyer's volubility. He has always been a formidable vote getter in his home borough and is now the front-runner for the Democratic nomination for Governor this year.

Mayor Wagner's heir apparent, Paul Screvane, did not make it, thanks to a combination of bad luck and bad judgment. Among his many mistakes, in the course of the primary, was his decision, based on overconfidence, to conserve his television money for use in the campaign against Lindsay. When he did appear on TV, he came across as pugnacious, abrasive, and—quite inaccurately—as humorless.

"Lots of us could see what was going wrong," a top Democrat reminisced later, "but he always came back at you with those damned polls. No man since Dewey has believed in polls more and no one was ever more misled by them. Almost to the end, they showed him leading 50 per cent to Beame's 33 per cent, with Ryan and O'Dwyer almost nowhere. So Screvane would say, 'Why should I mess around with my style when I'm ahead?' "

Screvane was also the most luckless candidate of the year. On the day he announced his candidacy, two credit-rating agencies dropped the city's credit standing by one notch. Midway through his campaign, on August first, the city sales tax rose from 4 per cent to 5 per cent. And finally there was the water shortage. Screvane was in no way responsible but, as the Administration candidate, he got the blame.

Beame's surprising minority victory left the Democratic party's cause in the hands of a bossy, fussy, conservative accountant. With a bookkeeper's approach to government, he had no social vision to offer the city, no inspiration to lift its morale. He could only promise to administer the status quo in an economical manner. As with Nixon in 1960, where there is no vision, the people may not perish but the candidate surely does.

Beame was especially feeble in his several television debates with Lindsay. He had no program. Even on fiscal matters, he went no further than a promise to "roll back" the sales tax, repeal the gross-receipts tax for business, and "go to Washington, where I have friends and where I am sure I will be welcome as a Democrat." If he had gone to Washington, his Eisenhower-esque prose would have sounded familiar to the local press. Thus, Beame was fond of pointing to the "most crucial problem" (there proved to be several), seeking taxes that would be "less onerous and also less burdensome," and meeting needs that might cost "four and one-half billions a year annually."

"B Is Best!"

The unexpected public-relations success of William F. Buckley's mayoral candidacy on the Conservative party ticket severely exposed the flanks of both candidates, but he made Beame look worse. The editor of the *National Review* at first seemed to be running as a lark. However, the three-week newspaper strike in September gave added importance to television, on which Buckley was a polished performer. Since he had no expectation of winning, he could skip the artifices of campaigning (praising ethnic groups, eating ethnic foods, deploring slums and crime without offering a program to solve them, proposing costly programs without suggesting a tax plan to pay for them). His high-Tory style was perfect for pricking the solemnities of both candidates. Lindsay, his private amiability aside, is deadly serious about his ambitions and his public convictions. He was no match for Buckley in wit, but once he schooled himself to hold his temper under the needling, he was able to make broad, blunt counterattacks. He also exploited Buckley's reactionary proposals dealing with welfare recipients, drug addicts, and other unfortunates (most of them Negro), by playing to Jewish voters for sympathy since Jews are highly sensitized to any political theme of the Radical Right that they believe has racist undertones. All the while, the candidate of the Democratic party, whose founder crusaded against the Alien and Sedition Acts and whose chief glory in the 1950s was Adlai Stevenson's defense of civil liberties, was almost mute in response to Buckley's neo-McCarthyism.

Beame comes out of one of those solidly Democratic neighborhoods in Brooklyn where little children distinguish the Republican and Democratic columns on the voting machines with the chant: "A is awful, B is best! Vote B-B-B." At the end, he had two forlorn hopes. One was that Democratic party loyalty would carry him through. The other that Buckley's candidacy would hurt Lindsay more than himself. Neither hope was fulfilled. Even among the ethnic groups traditionally most loyal to the Democrats—the Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Jews—Lindsay made sharp gains. At the same time, Buckley's appeal drew as many votes from socially conservative Democrats (policemen, firemen, small homeowners, etc.) as from Old Guard Republicans.

An Odd Bonus for New York

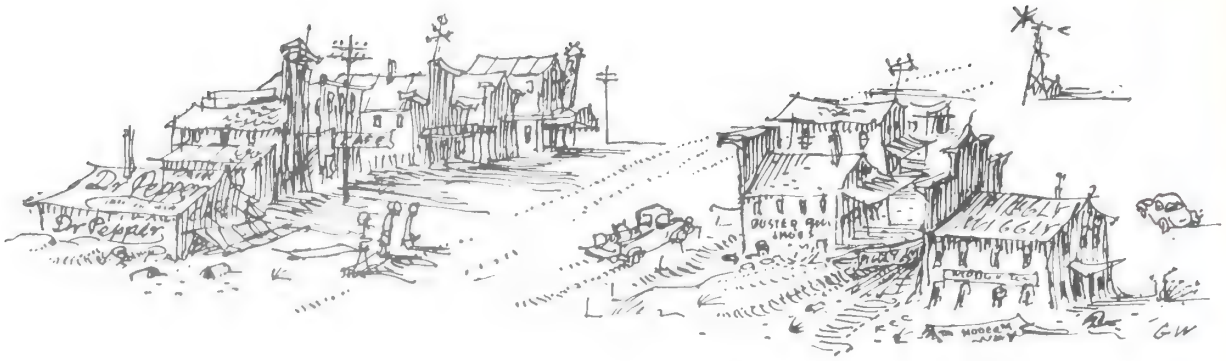
Lindsay's election was a severe defeat for Kennedy. Although Kennedy professes privately to believe that the Democratic loss did not damage him personally and many observers see him in a position to "pick up the pieces," the fact remains that when Wagner's retirement made the young Senator the dominant figure in the party, the first fruits of his leadership was the hapless Beame candidacy. It only served to remind liberal Democrats of Kennedy's ties to Charley Buckley and the other old-line bosses, exactly the memory he had spent a year trying to erase.

Despite all the easy talk about City Hall being a graveyard for those with higher political ambitions, the office of Mayor of New York is still a command post of enormous power and influence. For the Democrats to lose this command post during the first year that Kennedy became active as one of the party's movers and shakers does not speak well for his political acumen. Because he governs the city that is the nation's communications headquarters, any Mayor of New York has opportunities for publicity and for shaping public opinion surpassed only by those of the President. Lindsay is exactly the kind of alert, imaginative, telegenic politician who can be expected to exploit these opportunities to the limit. He is a competing attraction to Kennedy in a way that Rockefeller, battered by fate, and Javits, who will be sixty-four in 1968, are not.

As Mayor of a huge, trouble-prone city, however, Lindsay has formidable problems to solve and his rather free-and-easy campaign promises will not make his task any easier. He has pledged himself among other things to maintain the uneconomic fifteen-cent subway fare, undertake an ambitious program to reform narcotics addicts, spend two billion dollars on housing, and modernize and computerize the police force as well as increase its size. There is no money in the city treasury to meet these or any other increased costs. The city is running a capital-budget deficit on public-works projects already started and had to borrow money to balance its routine expense budget in the past year. The only hope is a giant infusion of federal funds—which the city could reasonably request, since New York, after all, was not responsible for annexing Puerto Rico and making its residents citizens. Nor was it responsible for the lack of education and mistreatment of Negroes in Alabama and Mississippi for the past hundred years. Were it not for the influx of Puerto Ricans and Southern Negroes and the cost of trying to meet their needs, the Wagner Administration in recent years would have had budget surpluses pleasing to the most orthodox conservative.

But standing at the gateway to federal funds is New York's Junior Senator, Robert Kennedy. Even under a Democratic Mayor he was already assuming a kind of viceroy role as the federal government's Mr. Big in New York City. Thus, in one week last June—the week when Wagner decided to retire—Kennedy made the front pages three times by his actions involving city problems. On Monday, June 7, he participated in a tour of the city's parks and recreation areas, bringing Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall in from Washington. On Wednesday, he and Javits introduced with considerable fanfare a bill providing a new approach to the treatment of narcotics addicts. The next day, he opened the antipoverty office in Harlem. If Kennedy was as active as this in the Wagner period, he is not likely to slack off during Lindsay's tenure. He chafes at the passivity of the legislator's role and simply has to have an outlet for his executive energies and talents. He is also drawn to the city and its agonizing problems because of his genuine sympathy and desire to help the really unfortunate: the slum family, the retarded child, the lost young Negro, and the defeated old people. When political self-interest reinforces instinct and concern, Kennedy cannot stay still in the sanctum of the Senate.

Kennedy's intervention, coupled with the still heavy Democratic majority in the City Council, may make life hard for Mayor Lindsay. But the City of New York, which has been becalmed for so long by the consensus of Wagnerism and ignored for so long by the benumbed native Republicans, can only benefit from the lively competition of these two ambitious, fiercely determined, and socially responsible young politicians.



Requiem for a West Texas Town

by Larry L. King

All the stores were dark and shuttered,
No scarlet ribbons in our town . . .

It was a very special place, and those of us lucky enough to live there felt somehow set apart. Many signs ratified our suspicions.

Didn't visiting politicians confess that reaching our town was the high point of their peregrinations? Of all the towns on the Texas & Pacific railroad, wasn't ours the only one through which the westbound Sunshine Special clattered at exactly 4:14 P.M.? The Stamps Quartet, Ringling Brothers Circus, Toby's Medicine Show—none dared pass us by. We had the word of our preachers that the Devil himself placed the highest premium on earthbound souls whose mail came addressed to Putnam, Texas.

Life had its absolutes: the world domino championship was settled behind Loren Everett's icehouse each Saturday afternoon. An aged citizen of ours had perfected the telegraph only twenty-four hours behind Thomas Edison. On evidence collected from all quarters of the town, no rational resident could doubt that in the tomb of the Unknown Soldier there slept in honored glory a Putnam [illegible].

If Notre Dame had its Four Horsemen, the Putnam Panthers had Jiggs Shackelford, Turkey Triplett, Tuffy Armstrong, and Hooter Allen. Where Bernard Baruch advised Presidents from Washington park benches, Ole Man Bob Head, perched on the ledge of sidewalk-level windows in the Farmer's State Bank, warned of hogs expiring of cholera and of our delivery to the Soviets in gunnysacks before FDR had completed the mischief of his first term. Even in our recreations we proved superior. Summer visitors were almost always treated to a "snipe hunt"; many an outlander, given the honor of holding the sack while other hunters fanned out to flush the "snipe" and drive it to him, figured out the game in strange pastures at dawn. More than one boy, taken by a carload of Putnam contemporaries to pick up his blind date—a bucolic beauty named Betsy, whose loose charms had been carefully advertised in advance—bolted for the woods in panic when Betsy's angry "father" fired a stream of oaths and a double-barreled shotgun into the night air.

Putnam was on Highway 80. Cisco was a dozen miles to the east, Dallas 159 miles in the same direction; New York was rumored just a little beyond that. To the west, Highway 80 curved around Utility Hill before winding eleven miles through wooded rangeland offering protection from our natural enemies in Baird, running thence to a mysterious land called California

where Tom Mix, Tarzan, and my Aunt Dewey lived. Nothing much was to the immediate south or north of Putnam, though Mississippi presumably occupied acreage somewhere over Harper's Hill, and if you struck out toward the water tower you'd eventually stumble onto the North Pole.

It was here I had discovered the magic little Ulysses Macauley knew in Saroyan's *The Human Comedy,* when upon finding a hen egg he presented it to his mother, "by which he meant what no man can guess and no child can remember to tell." Here I had known the pains and pamperings attendant to that universal distemper, whooping cough; shivered at my first funeral; and roamed rocky foothills in search of Indian arrowheads and in honest fear of God.

I was born in Putnam on New Year's Day, 1929. The oil boom had peaked out a few months earlier, yet the familiar sound of hammer-on-anvil could still be heard in my father's blacksmith shop. Roadwise drummers in straw boaters and polka-dot bow ties still brought their sample cases into our two hotels to stay the night. The cotton gin ran in season a dozen hours a day, during which a good gin hand could make three dollars. On Saturday nights, when the feedstore turned into a magic palace by the mere hanging of a bed sheet, addicts of the silent flicks came with their dimes. Though Ole Doc Britton had owned the town's only automobile in 1910, dozens of Tin Lizzies were backfiring in the streets by the time of my bones. For some five thousand salts-of-the-earth Putnam would still be standing when Rome had only a general store and an old stadium.

II

That was almost forty years ago as the life flies. Now the faded sign pointing vaguely north of Interstate Twenty proclaims: *Putnam. Pop. 203.* But even this is a gentle fiction. "You might dredge up that many," old-timer Ellison Pruett says, "by countin' chickens, dawgs, and Republicans." Probably no more than a hundred survivors could be mustered for all-day singing with free dinner on the grounds.

The new slab that is Interstate Twenty, down which traffic thunders at terrible speeds, rises thirty feet above what once was the familiar town square with its pick-up baseball games, mineral-water wells, and ancient hitching posts. I had always assumed a stone monument would one day be raised there to commemorate my triumph as All-Pro Quarterback, America's Most Decorated Marine, Famous Arthur, and Richest Man in the World. But the square is gone, along with those dreams, and so for that matter is most of Putnam. The skeleton that is the business district—a dozen sad, sagging buildings, half of them wearing padlocks—faces bare dirt walls serving to underpin the overpass forty yards away.

Putnam had been sick for more than twenty years, but it took Congress to kill it. The Federal Highway Act did it in. Supposedly the Interstate System prevents congestion in our towns and cities, speeds commerce, and strengthens national defense. Perhaps more money will be made faster, and bigger bombs hauled over better roads, with Putnam out of the way. But I have wind of darker plots involving jealousy in high places, and possibly Castro's land reforms.

Whatever the motive, some invisible bureaucrat with an operable slide rule (but with no operable heart) decided an imposing overpass, or viaduct, would look good at a given point on proposed Interstate Twenty. He laughed madly, no doubt, as he made his fatal mark on the map. Four-fifths of my birthplace rested on the mark he made.

One day two years ago the growling machines came. An iron ball swung its fist, and bulldozers with metal jaws took bites from the earth. The barbershop, that exciting Istanbul of spicy tonics, racy stories, and old shaving mugs—where my Uncle Claude cheerfully and for two bits skinned young heads before drenching them in Red Rose Hair Oil—fell under the assault. So did the offices of the weekly Putnam *News,* where my first literary work appeared—a bit of doggerel called "The Indian Squaw," sufficient to crown me undisputed poet laureate of the third grade and to inspire several fistfights seeking to prove the scientific fact that all poets are born sissies. The wonder that had been, in turn, the Hotel Carter-Holland, the Mission Hotel, and finally the Hotel Guyton was reduced to rubble along with its splendid sunken rose garden. DeShazo's Variety Store, famed for its square deals on pocket knives, Halloween masks, and sacks of shiny marbles, came down. Pierce Shackelford's Farm Implements, the corner "filling station" where you could pump up your bicycle tires with free air or flag the Greyhound, my father's blacksmith shop, the telephone exchange where my Aunt Flora was the friendly Central who answered when you cranked out one long ring—all are no more. When the bulldozers were gone so was the town square,

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Larry L. King, now free-lancing in Washington, has appeared three times in "Harper's" in the past year, and in other national magazines. His first novel, "The One-eyed Man," will be published soon by New American Library.

and everything to the east, west, and south of it. All for an overpass.

Alton White, suspecting his hometown held little future for grocers, moved twenty-two miles down the highway to Eastland. When progress wiped out Charlie Davis' service station, he moved to Cross Plains. Mrs. Bess Herring went 225 miles west to live with her widowed sister. The Sandlin Brothers sold their farm and used the money to buy another two counties away. You can't boss a ranch or tend cattle by long distance, so it became R. D. Williams' lot to suffer the greatest indignity. He moved to Baird.

The government man sent to pacify the survivors told them the town was lucky to have held losses to a minimum. This is roughly comparable to congratulating Whitey Ford should he lose only three fingers on his pitching hand. Local citizens were gratified when they learned the government man wasn't one of our leading diplomats, Averell Harriman, perhaps, or Henry Cabot Lodge, but a representative from the Bureau of Public Roads.

III

I. G. Mobley thinks Putnam is coming back. Richard Nixon may come back, Khrushchev conceivably could, and some say Jesus Christ surely will. But Judge Crater is not coming back, nor Benito Mussolini, and neither is Putnam.

Sitting in I. G. Mobley's air-conditioned living room on a modern farm near Putnam a few months ago, I could not tell him that. His roots go deep in home. He pays his debts, lives by his labor, and keeps his barn painted. He has served his neighbors as county commissioner and member of the school board.

Mobley sat on the edge of a rocking chair, tensely unfolding his slender hands and long legs. "I tell 'em," he said, "that it's up to the people of Putnam whether we have a town here or not. We're the only town *on* Interstate Twenty from Fort Worth to Cahoma and—why, that must be over three hundred miles! Other little towns are *off* the highway by a right smart. Folks are gonna need gasoline, food, rest rooms. Maybe they'll want to mail a letter." I thought of how, earlier in the day, I had clocked traffic speeding along Interstate Twenty at an average of 72 miles per hour, and of the small sign warning of Putnam's decaying carcass down there beneath the slab.

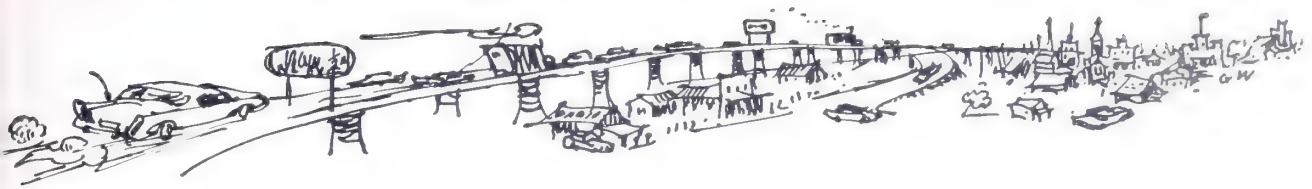
I. G. Mobley took no note of these facts. Miracles were like buses: if you missed one, you simply caught the next. "The gloom merchants have prayed over Putnam's remains before," he said. "When I was a small kid things were slow as winter molasses. Then the mineral-water boom hit."

That was in 1908. People swarmed in to bathe their tortures—lumbago, gout, arthritis, rheumatism. The Carter-Holland Hotel was built: a mission-style palace of forty-six rooms, and a polished ballroom for dancing if you weren't bedeviled by lumbago or Fundamentalist parsons. For three dollars a day you could bathe in Putnam's miracle waters, have meals in your room, and take treatment from the well-known "rubbing doctor," Doc Milling. By 1912 completion of three red-brick buildings of two stories each—a bank, Yancy Orr's drugstore, the new school with its imposing bell tower—gave the town a slight case of skyline fever. An Opera House was opened over the protests of the preachers, and traveling shows took away dollars Heaven had earlier designated for the collection plates. When, almost without warning and for no obvious reason, the mineral-water craze ended in 1916, nobody had to ask why. The preachers told them.

For the next few years Putnam was in the doldrums, though crops were generally fair. Then came the drought of 1917-18. Creeks, tanks, and cisterns dried up. Water was hauled twelve miles from Cisco by wagons and teams. But May of 1919 brought a new miracle. "It rained frogs and fishes," I. G. Mobley recalls. Wheat made fifty bushels to the acre that year and each bushel sold for $2.75. The following season Putnam's two gins handled 5,000 bales of cotton. On top of the agricultural prosperity came the oil boom of 1922. Wildcatters fogged in to drill shallow wells, and the rocky foothills around Putnam seemed loaded. Once again the hotels were filled. Tom Davis operated a flourishing wagon yard; in my father's blacksmith shop fires were seldom banked. Yancy Orr got competition from the new Black's Drugs, and the Putnam Supply Company was founded.

I. G. Mobley had put himself through Draughton's Business College in Abilene through clerking part-time in one of the hotels, before a few producing wells blessed his acres. "Everybody was drilling for oil and swinging big deals," he recalls. "We had more paper millionaires than Carter had little liver pills."

The boom had almost everything associated with booms—inflated prices, muddy streets, the tents and shacks of nomadic "boom hands." Everything, in fact, but open saloons. Saloons weren't really needed; drugstore counters did a booming business in a patent medicine of high alcoholic content said to cure nagging coughs, chest colds, and other convenient ailments. Old heads recall



that one of the parsons who fought so fiercely against the Opera House developed the most persistent cough in town.

In 1928, with no more warning than might be given by the rattlesnakes on Harper's Hill, the boom went bust, and the Depression followed. Oil dropped to thirty cents a barrel, a lease pumper was grateful to keep his job at $30 per month, and fly-by-night oil operators left town by the dozens even if their unpaid bills didn't. My father could only sigh and write off the $10,000 due him for services rendered. Putnam Supply Company and Black's Drugs folded, and the movie house cut its schedule to Saturday Nights Only. Men who had swarmed to town for good-salaried jobs, or to wheel-and-deal in oil speculation, went back to farms long lying fallow where they could at least grow food for their families. Some left for good, riding the rails in search of jobs or dreams, or joining the westward migration of jitneys laden with household goods in the manner of Steinbeck's Joad family.

Putnam had one more opportunity to snap back. About 1932, as New Deal pump-priming measures brought faint signs but great hopes of relieving the misery, a stranger came to town from "across the waters"—though no one seems to have pinpointed his sources better than that. The foreigner charmed Putnam's ladies with deep bows, pretty speeches, and hand-kisses. Somehow he also charmed the town's businessmen. Within a few months he promoted money from hard-pressed Main Street merchants to finance what he envisioned as "the largest automobile dealership in Texas." The daughter of a prominent citizen consented to be the go-getter's wife. She sold her diamond rings and persuaded her father to add $5,000 to her fiancé's venture. After hot excitement and speeches at the depot, the promoter left by train to arrange for the first shipment of cars. He was slightly delayed to the extent that he has not been heard from again. Even I. G. Mobley gave up hopes of his coming back about three years ago.

Not all Putnam natives share I. G. Mobley's optimism for the future. "She's about dried up and blowed away," grocer Charley Odom says of the town. Some worry about losing their churches. On a typical Sunday there had been eight, nine, and eleven worshipers at the Campbellite, Methodist, and Baptist Churches, respectively. One recent collection plate at the Methodist Church brought in $3.48. You can't keep a preacher on that.

Miss LaVerne Rutherford has worked in the post office almost since graduating from high school in 1943. She was appointed Postmaster by John F. Kennedy, and she now worries over the possibility of the office being closed. She would be transferred to a larger office, reduced to clerk, forced to live away from Putnam for the first time. Hopefully she says, "These people have to get their mail *somewhere!*"

The title of chief optimist of Putnam, and maybe of the world, must go to Jim Meador, a newcomer. He opened J. E.'s Steak House, at a reported $5,000 investment, *after* the bulldozers had done Putnam dirt. The J. E. Steak House sign is new, orange and green, made of a glittering substance which dazzles the eyeballs in the sun. It cannot, however, be seen from Interstate Twenty.

IV

Putnam cannot fairly lay all its troubles at the feet of Washington. Its alternating cycles of boom and bust are common to many of the nation's small towns. Census figures show the startling migration from rural to metropolitan areas. In 1940, some 43.5 per cent of Americans lived on farms or in rural hamlets. By 1960, only 30.1 per cent did.

Rural America is full of towns dead or dying. In Texas alone there are examples without end. Take Thurber, for instance. In 1887, after the discovery of a rich bituminous coal vein, it grew into a city of 10,000. For several years it supplied all the coal or building bricks used in the state. Thurber grew its own Nob Hill of haughty homes, a spacious Opera House, a man-made lake stocked with fish or suitable for boating. The local Pooh-bah of commerce and industry tooled about in his own plush railway car and handpicked his mayor. When the coal supply and brick orders ran out, so did Colonel Pooh-bah and everyone else.

The death blow fell in 1933. General offices of the Texas & Pacific Coal and Oil Company were ordered to Fort Worth. Stocks were sold from store shelves; buildings were wrecked and moved away; wires and poles came down; water and gas mains were removed. Where in 1930 Thurber had

almost 6,000 people, it was virtually gone by 1935. The population in 1960 was eighty. Today it is exactly zero. All that is left is the remnant of an old smokestack bearing a bronze marker saying in twenty-five words or less that Thurber once knew glory.

Shafter and Terlingua, in the Big Bend Country, were booming mining towns as recently as the mid-1940s. Now they are ghost towns, too. Wink, in the western sands of what has been called "the Texas Sahara," was born with the oil strike of 1926. Little more than two years later it was a shack-and-tent Baghdad of 7,000 people, mud-bog streets, and open saloons serving up red-eye whiskey and sudden death. It knew a decade of stability, during which its Wink Wildcat football teams earned the reputation of being meaner than your ex-wife. But oil production petered out. By 1960 the federal government decided to restore Wink as a model city in the new urban-renewal program. At a cost of only two million of your tax dollars, planning geniuses replaced rusty tin pool halls and dilapidated sandwich shops with modern, sanitized miracles of glass, brick, and fluorescent lights. The scheme didn't work. Too many of Wink's 1,863 remaining citizens used profits from condemnation proceedings to hightail it to where the action is.

Ranger, in Eastland County, reached 16,205 in 1920. Old-timers swear its oil boom of that era pushed it 5,000 higher than that. Drinking water fetched ten cents a glass in restaurants, and special policemen who dealt in mayhem were hired to handle street rowdies. Long on the wane, Ranger today claims only 3,113 residents.

Even home bogs of Great Men and their ladies have declined. Only one member of Lyndon Johnson's 1926 high-school graduating class chose to build a future in Johnson City. The President has said, "I go back to my hometown and I find difficulty locating anyone under twenty-one years of age that has finished high school. They have moved on."

Jefferson, a bustling seaport of 38,000, was Texas' second-largest city from 1867 to 1873. Then Jay Gould, the genius of the T & P, incensed when he had trouble getting right-of-way through the town, ran his railroad tracks *around* it. Jefferson started to wither. Soon the natural dam that backed the water up and made Big Cypress Bayou and the lakes navigable was removed. Jefferson is now a sedentary village of 3,000. The biggest attraction is the birthplace of a local girl everyone remembers as Claudia Taylor, now Ladybird Johnson.

Putnam, too, knows the loss of its young. In the words of one old nester, "Every kid with good sense and the price of a bus ticket leaves." Figures back him up. Where Putnam High School graduated twenty-six seniors in 1941, it conferred degrees on only eleven a decade later, and the Class of '64 consisted of Doris Lee Donaway, Charlie Ivie, and Farrell Thorp.

The bottom dropped out of Putnam for good about 1942. The peak population of 5,000—reached during the oil boom of the 1920s—shrank to less than half that figure by 1936. In 1940, the census counted only 1,403 people. When World War II came, Putnam had no munitions factory to brighten the times and nobody looked after it when military bases were passed around in Washington. Following Pearl Harbor Putnam boys answered the call to arms; fat paychecks lured their elders to shipyards and factories. Seventy-five houses moved away in the single year 1942, and a dozen more were shuttered. A dozen cousins of mine joined the military that year, Uncle George Gaskins sold his grocery store and moved to California, and my father took a job with a New Mexico oil company. The exodus was on.

V

It was a broiling-hot day when I went home again last summer. My head was full of memories and my car full of kinfolk. The air conditioner was on full volume, while on the car radio T. Texas Tyler sang "When I Look Up My God Looks Down on Me."

We flashed by Baird (Pop. 1633) at a high speed, and it seemed but a couple of minutes before my father said dourly, "You better slow this thing down to about a thousand. It's right down yonder."

But we had gone past the sign pointing north to *Putnam. Pop. 203.* Seeking a spot on Interstate Twenty to turn around, I noted Harper's Hill with shock. In my youth it had towered over the countryside, and probably no man had scaled it, even if Lem Harper did grow peaches and apples up there. I recalled when a committee of jelly-smeared faces had solemnly judged it three million feet high. But now. . . .

"Look at Harper's Hill," I said. "Somebody's sawed the top off."

My father chuckled. "Naw, it never was anything but a little ole mound of dirt."

Where the depot had been was only the wooden platform on which it had rested. The platform seemed no bigger than a life raft. I complained that not only was the depot gone, but part of the platform as well. My father enjoyed another laugh. No, the depot had been that exact size. I didn't

dispute him, though I clearly recalled when dozens of us—Benny Ross Everett, Bobby Gene Maynard, Kenneth Gaskins, Humph Weeks, Buck Yarborough, a barefoot army—had stood on that platform with acres of wooden boards running in all directions, and the yellow depot looming grandly behind us like Convention Hall in Atlantic City.

As I U-turned on Interstate Twenty, my mother fretted how this was the exact spot where so-and-so got killed turning *his* car around in March of 1926. There was little point in reminding her this particular highway had not existed then, for my mother is blessed with an infallible memory for tragedy. Nobody got killed this time, much to her surprise and, perhaps, slight disappointment. I followed the highway signs as we tooled under the viaduct and drove by sixteen strange white pillars supporting it like sentinels of an enemy army.

That couldn't be Putnam there! Not that collection of frayed little buildings, bare and huddled against the sun, where once had been a proud line of stores grandly sending forth all the world's good smells. There were skips between buildings: vacant lots overgrown with weeds and Johnson grass. Grass poked up through the sidewalks, cracking and crumbling them. A patch had burst through almost at the exact spot Ole Man Bob Head had angrily scuffled his feet while warning that grass would grow in the streets should FDR be much longer tolerated. In the silence my father said, "It was a purty good town, once."

On this hot Saturday afternoon only two cars, one ancient pickup truck, and absolutely no human beings were visible on the single, one-block business street. In Putnam's salad days the sidewalks would have been crowded with round-eyed urchins, women sampling cloth bolts in Norred's Dry Goods, farmers hustling to sell their butter and eggs in time to sweat the domino matches. While my father conducted a door-to-door search for friendly natives, I explored the short stretch of sidewalks in pursuit of memories.

Orr's Drugs was padlocked. Peering through the glass I could see, under layers of dust, the marble soda fountain with its brass-headed spigots, three marble-topped tables with wire wicker chairs, the cumbersome upright scales that for a penny had given your weight and the bonus of a small trinket. Long, narrow shelves held ancient concoctions Putnam mothers had sworn by: Dr. Caldwell's Syrup-of-Pepsin, a bitter brew called Al-Da-Eureka (once assumed more vital to health than sunshine or surgery), and I wondered if in the clutter there remained that miracle cure for coughs, Jamaica Ginger.

I walked over to the lonely site of Uncle George's grocery store, where the Candy Bandits of 1936 did their work. Cousin Kenneth would enter a rear storeroom, banging among crates and boxes, whooping like an Apache until his father rushed back to deal with the menace. With the candy case unguarded, I would scoop up jawbreakers, peanut brittle, chocolate bars, and peppermint sticks in quantities that would have foundered all the inhabitants of Boy's Town. We divvied up in a jungle of back-alley weeds after each successful foray. But the community's leading busybody entered the store one day to buy some baking powder and caught the bag man of the duo. The flogging administered by the village blacksmith to his youngest son was painful, though less so than Cousin Kenneth's bawled denials that the conspiracy involved him. The final indignity came when my blood cousin publicly forgave me for swiping from his daddy's store, then led the First Baptist Church Sunbeams in loud, pious prayer for my long-range rehabilitation. This act of charity was enough to win for Kenneth the Jesus' Little Helper Award. I was delighted when his prize proved to be nothing more interesting than a New Testament.

VI

My father's return interrupted this reverie. He complained over having recognized three people who had not recognized him. Nor had he found any of his old cronies. Morosely we ambled toward Tood Cunningham's service station. As a battered pickup truck rattled down the street my father bellowed in a bass key that was stunning for lungs pushing eighty years' service: *"Ellison!"* The truck faltered, zigzagged, and stopped. The driver gazed out suspiciously.

"Don't set there with egg on your face," Dad called. "Get down outta there."

The old man didn't budge from the truck. "Says who?" he demanded.

"By durn, says *I*."

That seemed to settle something. Ellison Pruett climbed stiffly down, a large, raw-boned, red-faced man who probably tended his own fractures with cow-chip poultice. He wore a Western-cut shirt, khaki pants, scuffed boots, and the cattleman's coiled hat.

"You know me?" my father demanded.

Ellison Pruett studied my father's face. He probably recognized that it had known hard work and the outdoors, but that was all. "Naw." Then his shotgun-eyes moved over and got the drop on me. He jerked a thumb like Randolph Scott uses in warning bad-hat gunslingers to hit the road.

"Don't know the feller with hair on his face, neither."

"That's my son." The beard needed some justification. "He's a writer."

"*Hell* he is." Ellison Pruett examined me down to the skin pores. He nodded, slowly and with stern sympathy. He watered the dusty earth with a golden stream of tobacco juice. "He uses a name when he writes?"

"Yeah," said my old man. "Same one I do. Leastwise, the *last* name." He chortled in delight, slapping his knee. Ellison Pruett grinned, shoving his hat to the back of his head. Knowing when he'd met his match he said, "Thunder, I give up. I couldn't name you if I was a-gonna be hung."

"Well, I worked for you once upon a time."

Light dawned in Ellison Pruett's old eyes. "You ain't Clyde *King*?"

"I reckon I am. What's left of me."

"Naw. *You* ain't Clyde King!" This time it wasn't open to question. "Why, Clyde King weighed over two hundred pounds and was stout as a mule. He wasn't no little ole dried up nobody like you!"

They gurgled in delight, embracing in the street. "Clyde King!" Ellison Pruett repeated. "By *damn*!" He slapped his old comrade on the back, then whirled on me. "Boy, I seen this man lift a whole barrel fulla water from the ground and set it *flat-dab* in the bed of a wagon without straining hisself."

My father grinned. "Can't do much anymore. I'm kinda like Putnam. Too old and wore out."

"Why," Ellison Pruett said, "this burg never amounted to much, anyways." Then his eyes walked slowly along the solitary main street, as if he'd noted its diminution for the first time. "Things change," he said. "I don't care for some the changes, neither. Do you, Clyde?"

"No," my father said. "I'll betcha there's one thing hasn't changed, though."

"What's that?"

"I'll bet you still can't play dominoes!"

"Why, I'm *teachin'* dominoes. Got a beginner's class you might be able to get in." They whooped and hoo-hawed, and when the mirth died down Pruett said, "We been playin' all afternoon up in the old Odd Fellows hall."

My father was chagrined. "Why, durn it! Who all played?"

"Same ole bunch. Me and Lee White. Elmer McIntosh, Walter Caldwell. Feller named Truman Blaylock, from over at Scranton."

"I sure wish I'd knew it," Dad said. "It wouldn't of taken much to clean *that* bunch's plow."

They talked then. Of crops and the Bible and men a long time dead. When Ellison Pruett took his leave my father watched the dust of his pickup as far as the eye could see.

VII

Though the school house was locked for the summer, an official yielded to my attack of nostalgia and provided a key. "Look around," he said. "Likely there's not much in there you'd have."

Yet the place held many treasures. In a glass display case was the silver-plated trophy won by the Bi-District football champions of 1937. Misshapen and deflated but awesomely majestic was the historic football Oliver Davis had romped with for the 65-yard touchdown that had brought Putnam its championship—and, far more important, a 13 to 6 victory over the loathsome Baird Bears. Had I not feared the grip of Superintendent R. F. Webb reaching from out of the past, I might have copped it like Murph-the-Surf.

The grandfather's clock in the principal's office had ticked off doom while I once awaited judgment for having talked in assembly. President Johnson's portrait was next to the one of Franklin D. Roosevelt, hung when Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works Project No. 1295, more commonly known as Putnam High School, had been dedicated. We had been proud when we moved into the shining new palace of cream-colored bricks in 1937. It was a showplace. Even ill-at-ease farmers had shuffled in to view the Central Sound System (*i.e.*, a public-address hookup to every room) dedicated at a cost of $200 by the Class of '37 to give "our Beloved School access to the diffusion of knowledge that will aid pupil advancement." Some of the charm wore off when school authorities failed to pipe Jack Armstrong or Amos 'n' Andy into the classrooms.

It wasn't a showplace anymore. Cracks ran through its bricks in several places, the summer grounds were a jumble of grass and weeds, a disreputable car with three flat tires sat near the flagpole. The auditorium, where I had played Grumpy in a very swinging one-night production of "Snow White" to the applause of several thousand people, now seats only a couple of hundred and doesn't need half that. They have lowered the drinking fountains three feet each. The walls of my old classroom have been moved in by several feet, and the wall lockers are scaled for midgets.

Nor were outside objects in their rightful places. The pine-board lunch stand, where I had violated home training by first buying on credit, is no longer there as a temptation to hungry schoolboys. The football field—where I played two

heart-bursting minutes in my first "real" game as the Putnam Grammar School Pussycats routed Scranton, 28 to nothing—is grown over with alfalfa. Missing, too, was the clump of trees where ranch boys had tied their horses and fed them bundled roughage during the noon hour. My father counted the absence of nineteen houses he recalled near the school. In a growth of mesquite bushes stood the concrete steps which once led to the house where I was born.

VIII

Was Putnam just another of man's experiments gone bad, no better than those tens of thousands of isolated villages where people had dandruff and gas pains and warts on the nose?

What we had produced in the way of native sons and daughters would not cause the earth to move. Statesmen? Billie Mack Jobe had served two terms in the Texas legislature and called the Governor by his first name, but his name appears in no histories I have read. Athletes? Stanley Williams played pro football with Dallas and Baltimore, but his name became a household word only in Putnam. The arts? Lewis Nordyke published a couple of books and several articles in *Saturday Evening Post*, not quite enough to rank with Sartre or Faulkner. Most ex-Putnamites were safe in the anonymity of our society, working for a weekly wage in undistinguished jobs, watching "Bonanza" on television, and fretting over income-tax forms. This knowledge was painful for me, and altogether new.

Our town had not been a complete one—not even an "average" one by national standards. No Negroes lived in Putnam within the range of my memory, nor Jews, and the only Catholics had been Mexicans who lived in converted railroad boxcars for a few weeks each year when their work as itinerant section-gang hands brought them briefly our way. We were, I could now acknowledge, a bigoted town. I remembered the despair of local people when Joe Louis knocked out Jimmy Braddock to win the world heavyweight championship in 1937. I had learned of this the morning following the fight, when a gentle Putnam lady remarked to a companion in the post office, "Well, the ole nigger is champion." And the other woman answered, "I guess they'll be pushing white folks off the streets and into the gutters now." In November of 1937, when the Japanese seized an American vessel, tore down our flag, and tossed it in the Hwang Pu River, many of our natives said the U. S. could "whip those little brown monkeys in ninety days"; Japan wasn't even as big as Texas. We were narrow in politics: you were a Democrat because Daddy was, and his father had been before him. Our theology fell just short of teaching a flat earth, and in some cases it did teach that eternal damnation followed infant baptism. Sin had meant the strict idea of the word: drinking spirits, dancing to music, or wearing lip rouge. The more destructive sins—gossip, bigotry, indifference to injustice, oppression of free thought—were cheered in the streets.

Man being the weak creature he is, no doubt Putnam had known its share of commerce in Prohibition dew, its backstair romances, small larcenies or other transgressions that I had always assumed to be the property of New York, Washington City, or Baird. We were not rampant with wrongdoing, but for the first time I questioned whether we had been creatures of Utopia.

We left in the late afternoon. I stopped by the only business house open, J. E.'s Steak House, for cigarettes. Four men in work clothes sipped coffee while on the jukebox a cowboy singer urged us to "Cross the Brazos at Waco." I wondered how long it might take Jim Meador to get his $5,000 investment back at ten cents a cup.

As I drove away into the sun, the loss of the town saddened me beyond the telling of it; it may not have been anything unusual, but it had been home. Suddenly I was angry—at Congress, the Bureau of Public Roads, the Depression-makers on Wall Street, the greedy oil speculators, the foreigner who had failed to open the biggest automobile dealership in Texas. How could a place be allowed to die?

But the anger passed, for I knew I would not find the answer—not this side of whatever Heaven there is that has rewarded all Putnamites who lived by the code. And even then the answer would probably lie on the farther slope of the last holy hill, guarded by a mean old dog.



Portrait of Gabriel

A Puerto Rican Family in San Juan and New York



Concluding a Series

by Oscar Lewis

Introduction: *This tape-recorded excerpt from my forthcoming book* In the Life, *to be published by Random House later this year, presents the observations of a seven-year-old boy who lived in a San Juan slum and then moved to New York City. Gabi is the eldest son of Felicita Ríos,* whose story appeared in* Harper's *last month. Gabi and his twin brother Angelito were born when Felicita was fifteen. By the time she was twenty-two, Felicita had three more children by two other husbands.*

Gabi is an attractive, bright child with a ready smile. His experiences are typical of children who grow up in the culture of poverty. They really have no childhood as we know it. Prematurely burdened by heavy responsibilities, exposed to violence, promiscuity, drunkenness, and vice at a tender age, and subject to unstable and immature adults, these children develop an incredible precocity and a superficial maturity which is damaging to their personality. Psychological tests suggest that Gabi is a lonely, confused, and frightened child who depends upon conning, denial, fantasy, and escape to survive in his hostile and overwhelming world.

The most remarkable thing about Gabi is how well he manages to cope with a difficult and pathological environment. Those who define mental health as the ability to adapt would have to conclude that Gabi has excellent mental health. However, his adjustment is achieved at a high price. His own dream, in which he sees himself at age twenty, may foretell his sad destiny. Gabi's story illustrates the terrible abuse and waste of talent and human resources which are the real tragedy of the culture of poverty. **—Oscar Lewis**

* The names of all persons have been changed to protect the subjects of this study.

Gabriel

I

I love Felicita very much because she borned me, but I wish she behaved herself. I want her to be good, not to run around with men like she does and to pay more attention to her children than to the fellows she goes with. She used to live with Rosario, who beat her a lot. He didn't beat me, though. If he had I would have taken a stick to him. I'd have taken a club and bashed his head in.

Sometimes, when I'm alone, Felicita comes to me and says, "Listen, you, don't you dare go saying I have a man or I'll slap your mouth hard enough to make the blood come." When she says that, I always answer, "And why do you spend all your time with men instead of taking care of your children? You better pay some attention to us because if you don't I'm going to go live with Fernanda."

I think my *mamá* doesn't love us. When children are left alone all the time, it means their *mamá* does not love them. Isn't that right? Look, she would get up and go away and when I asked her, "Where are you going?" she answered, "To hunt goats."

"What! You really mean it? If you are going to hunt goats you'll have to take the children along. Those kids are badder than the Devil and I'm not going to look after them for you. If you go out, you'll have to take us all with you."

Then Felicita went to New York, so Grandma Fernanda took me to live with her. It was swell, living with Fernanda, she's nice. She used to buy us sneakers and lots of other things. She gave us toys for the Day of the Three Kings—and put up a Christmas tree. That was when I met Hector, Grandma's husband. He was nice. He gave me nickels. He was crazy about me. You know what he said to me? He said, "I love you so much I don't ever want to lose you." He took me to parks, he took me to the merry-go-round, he took me to the beach.

Afterwards Felicita came back from New York and took us to live with her, but she has never taken care of us. What she did was leave us at my Aunt Crucita's house and give her money to buy malt beer* for us.

You know, Cruz sometimes plays dirty tricks on me. She locks me up and makes me work. But I don't sleep there, I sleep at Fela's house. Sometimes Cruz bolts the door so that the kids can't go out. When she does that I take something to cover myself with and I go to sleep in a car that's parked beside the house. It's better out there. Like last night, Cruz didn't put a diaper on her baby girl and I rolled over in my sleep and got her shit all over me. And then Cruz quarrels with me because she thinks I'm the one that shits on the bed. But I don't do that. I help clean up the house.

What happens is that Felicita works in a bar giving people things and all that. She leaves home at about five in the afternoon and comes back at midnight. We have to stay in the house all by ourselves but that's all right. I myself told her to get a job because she doesn't have a husband to give her money. Edmundo, the husband she used to have, behaved real well. He worked on a coffee plantation doing all kinds of work with a *machete*. He had us kids with him, in a room in Salinas. The house we lived in was little, like an ant, and the sink was broken. There were woods near the house and we used to go there to get firewood, yams, bananas and all that. Sometimes I pulled off a banana and ate it. When we got home, Felicita put firewood in a stone hearth and she'd light the wood with a match and cook there.

Ah, how I liked the country. There were rivers where I could bathe and everything was nice and clean. And I knew a pretty girl with white skin and black hair who lived there. Her name was Carmen Rosa. I whistled when she went by because I was in love with her. She was my sweetheart.

Edmundo wasn't bad, he behaved well. But one day Felicita said, "I'm going to visit my *mamá*." Edmundo had given her five dollars to buy food but she used it to pay the fare to San Juan, without even asking his permission. A few days later, Edmundo showed up at La Esmeralda,* hopping mad, and said he never wanted to see Felicita anymore. That was just what Felicita wanted, so then they broke up and she went and got herself a room at Papo's and moved in there with all us kids.

Well, so now Felicita doesn't have a husband anymore. She has to hustle to get money for breakfast. She usually prepares our breakfast herself. But sometimes she doesn't have money and then I take a nickel and get myself some bread and butter and coffee.

One bad thing Felicita does is to bring men to the house. She's always going out with Cuco. And she often asks me, "Have you seen Cuco?" I always answer, "No." Because you know, when Cuco goes to the house he gets into bed with Fela and they do bad things. I say to him, "If you can sleep

*A nonalcoholic beverage.

*An old and colorful slum in San Juan, built between the ancient fort walls and the sea.

in my *mamá's* bed, I can too." Then they pull the sheet up over my face. I can't breathe like that, so I soon pull it off and catch them screwing. So I cover my eyes with my hand and move to the couch.

There's an American she also takes home to screw. I cover my face when they are at it but I peek at them through my fingers. They begin to play in the bed and after a while they start jumping. Then I know what's coming—oops! they throw me down on the floor. I pick myself up and go to sleep on the couch. Then they have the bed all to themselves. Sometimes it comes over me all of a sudden "How terrible—Felicita doing bad things." But nobody dares tell me anything like that about her. Besides I'm always alone.

One night I had gone to bed when I heard men laughing in my house. When I see what they are up to I try to make them go away. I pull the man's legs to make him fall, Puerto Rican or American, it's all the same to me. Then I take a piece of charcoal and paint my face black as I can. I put on a pair of old gloves and take a stick to carry over my shoulder. I think maybe they'll get scared and run away, seeing me like that. I wish Felicita would stop doing the things she does with men. Those things are bad and God will punish her.

I don't even like to have her do it with Cayetano who gives her five dollars every time she goes to his house. Cayetano is a long, skinny old man who has lots of money. One day he bought thirty dollars' worth of food for Felicita. I don't know where all the money comes from. Maybe he gets it from a cave, or from the bank. The thing is, he gives me money too, quarters. And pomade for the hair and for the face. Last year, the Three Kings left presents for me at his house—balls, a machine gun, a revolver. They left a revolver for Mundito and a tea set for Tany. Angelito got a holster and Evita a doll that said, "Eeeee."

The trouble with Cayetano is that when Felicita doesn't go to him, he gets mad and comes and complains to me about her. "I'm angry with you," he says; "I don't want to see that tramp in my house ever again." But that's a lie. He's never stopped being interested in her. When he gets to talking like that, I always tell him, "I don't know anything about that. You and Fela solve your own problems, I'm fed up. Some day I'm going to sneak out when you aren't looking and never come back again."

When I see a ship coming I say to Felicita, "Look, see what's coming? A *gringo* ship. Just the thing for you." That makes her laugh. "All right, tell me when it comes in, maybe one of my Americans is on it." When she says that, I run out into the street and play until I tire myself out. That way I can't see the ship come in.

An ugly, thick-lipped American called Walker comes in one of those ships. He comes to our house and goes to bed there and everything. "Look," I say to him, "I don't like you, so there." He's mean to me, you know. Sometimes he curses me out and other times he scares me.

There's a picture of him and Fela with their arms around each other. I'll have to tell Fela to get rid of that picture. If Edmundo should ever come to the house and see it, he'll chop Felicita's head off with his *machete*.

II

Felicita was going to take Angelito and me to our *papá* and leave us with him because he stopped sending money to buy us clothes and shoes. Someone told him something bad about Felicita and the money stopped coming. Felicita went to Court so they would make Angel take us but he didn't want us either.

Angel is my *papá* and sometimes I think I would like to stay with him. But no, he doesn't like children. Besides I won't go there to stay because his house looks like a worm and the roof is all black. He lives way off, in Culebra, where it's as cold as the inside of a refrigerator and muddy all over.

I didn't want her to, but Fela took us to Culebra anyway. It turned out we all had to go back home with Fela because Angel had the chest sickness and couldn't keep us. It got to be almost five o'clock, time for the ferry to start back to Fajardo and his *mai* bawled him out because he hadn't given us money for the fare until he finally gave Felicita five dollars, which is what it cost.

We got back to La Esmeralda and I was mad as hell because of what Felicita had done. I don't want her to do that to us. I stayed out in the street until it was dark. Then I got hungry and went over to Crucita's for a malt beer.

That night I said to myself, "Oh, if I could ever have some peace!" Sometimes I don't like being alive. I lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. Suddenly I woke up because something was going boom, boom. "What can that be?" I asked myself. "Could the door be banging like that?" Then I looked outside and saw Nanda and Hector fight-

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ing. "Listen," I jumped up fast and yelled at them, "don't fight!" Then I ran out. I thought, "Well, they had to fight some day. But this fight is something people will talk about because Nanda and Hector are really hitting each other hard." Hector was all bloody where Nanda had scratched him with her long fingernails. Right in the middle of the fight, a cop walks by and sees them.

Those cops! They are the real bad ones. Bullies, that's what they are. When I see a cop, I feel like snatching away his club and bashing him over the head with it. They are like the undertow, because the undertow carries people away and so do the cops, only the cops are worse.

Well, the day of the fight, late in the morning, I see Hector around there and ask him, "What happened in Court? Say, what's the matter with you, fighting like that? Don't you know they can lock you up in jail and then you won't have anybody to get you out?" It's expensive to get someone out of jail. It costs a hundred dollars.

Felicita wants me to go to school. But sometimes she sends me there at one, knowing that it's too late, or at nine, which is too early. I don't like school because it's so big. And the bell rings so early it makes me mad because I know I can't get out again until five. Sometimes the teacher hits me right on top of those infected boils I have, thinking I have done something bad. I never do anything bad. I just sit there quietly without saying a word. All they do at school is to study and read books, and I can hardly read at all. I would like to learn but I don't know how.

Felicita beats us for any little thing. One day she made me bleed, she hit me so hard with a stick. She thought I had socked Tany but it was the other way around: Tany hit me and bit my ear. I cried a lot that time, not because my feelings were hurt but because I was so mad.

III

I don't love my brothers and sisters. Angelito, well, he's my twin and is just like me but Cousin Catín used to say that Felicita loved him more than me. When she said that I'd answer, "Well, what can I do? But if she loves Angelito how can she help loving his twin?" Angelito has "bad" hair and thick lips. He and I used to go out together and defend each other. One day I was fighting four boys and Angelito came up and gave one of them a black eye. I socked another one so hard that he bled. But then Angelito and I separated. He would go one way and I another. But when I got something he claimed it had to be for both. If I got myself a girl, Angelito would say, "She's my sweetheart." One day we fought and I made one of his eyes all puffy. We fought all the time.

I don't like my other brother, Mundito, either, that goes without saying. He's bad as they come. If he wants a penny, you have to give it to him, whether you want to or not. When I'm eating, he sits there and stares at me. And he won't let me sleep. With Felicita away, drinking beer and then coming home so drunk and sleepy that I have to take her shoes off because she isn't sober enough to do it herself, I'm the one who gets screwed. I say to Mundito, "Look here, if you don't let me sleep with your shitting and yelling, I'll beat you up." He steals Fela's money too. He once took a dollar from Fela's purse and lost it. She beat him up for that. And then she tells me to watch Mundito. "Listen," I say to her, "I'm not supposed to be the watchman around here. Take your purse with you. Don't leave it lying around if you don't want your money stolen."

The only one I love a little bit is Evita. I saw her being born. It was on a Friday. Fela was lying in bed, with the curtain drawn so nobody could look in. A nurse-doctor came to take care of her and put on some gloves of the kind that don't make any noise. I was out in the porch when they called me to see my new baby sister. I looked at her a long time. She was crying. They slap newborn babies, you know, to make them cry. Sometimes I take care of Evita, a little bit. But for all of that, I still don't want to live with Felicita because of the things she does. I'd rather live alone and work in the docks, like Hector did when he left Nanda.

Listen, I can take care of myself. I don't get lost and I'm not afraid of cars. I go all over San Juan and Felicita doesn't even know it because she isn't at home. I'll tell you one thing, though, I always walk alone.

There's one good thing, I haven't gone hungry too often. Lots of the people around will give me something to eat. There's *don* Luis. I always get food when I go to his house. Bertha, *don* Luis' wife, feeds me too. So do a lot of other people. I go there to watch TV and they give me dinner.

When I'm hungry and no one gives me anything to eat, I go buy a malt beer before going to bed. If I have no money, I hang around a little longer to see if someone will offer me food. If not, I go to Crucita's house. But if Felicita hasn't given Cruz money to buy malt beer that day, I go hungry, because Cruz doesn't have any money herself.

When I'm hungry I get mad. I don't say anything about it and I get into bed. But then I begin crying and picking quarrels. Oh, how I wish *don* Luis were my *papá*! Then he would give me lots of food and I would grow big like him.

I would like to work, but I enjoy playing too. I play horsie—you hold on to something and go running and yelling, "Hee, haw, hee, haw, horsie." I would love to have a swing. I asked the Three Kings for one, but they don't come until you fall asleep so I didn't get to see them and tell them.

I like to go to church. I go every Sunday, to that one on Tetuan Street. The captain (the chaplain) is there and a Dominican woman. We can paint there, with crayons or brushes. And they give us food, too, ice cream and lots of things. I also go to Father Ponce's church. *Don* Luis and Bertha often pray to God there, together with the Sisters of Charity and Father Ponce. They help one to get into Heaven. You need a lot of help to get there and sometimes you have to help your friends get there, too. They put something white in your mouth and then it disappears. You aren't supposed to swallow it.

I know a prayer: the one you say before going to sleep. It goes like this, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death. Amen." I learned it hearing people say it when someone dies. Did you know that when someone dies he comes back as a monster? I have seen that on TV, in "The Premiere of the Beyond," and in the movies. People pray for the dead and go to church to keep the monsters from coming back.

God is good to me. He's always following me around to see if I can go to Heaven. Christ is good. He comes from Heaven. Sometimes I dream I am there with him, as an angel. It's so nice to see myself in Heaven.

IV

Felicita told me she was going to send me to New York to live in Uncle Simplicio's house. He wants me there. In New York, I can go to school and learn English to speak with Americans. Then I can get a job as a cook or get a job at the docks and earn lots of money. That way, when people are broke, I can give them money for food.

I want to grow up so they'll quit screwing me. Grown-ups are big bullies. When I'm grown up I can lift weights and drive cars because by then I will be earning money. And then I can get married. I'll find me a grown-up girl so I can be a real man and have sons and daughters. I'll have a job and give her money so she can make our dinner. When I get home from work, I'll hand her the money and kiss her. If she gets sick, I will send her to a doctor. When she's going to have a baby I'll take good care of her. And we will never quarrel or anything.

I told everyone I was going to New York and it was true. Felicita bought all new clothes for me. She bought me a suitcase and it was packed and ready. On Sunday we were supposed to go. I said, "Okay, I'm leaving." By seven I was all dressed.

I got to the airport at around nine. My grandmother, my *mamá,* and my Aunt Crucita went to see me off. When I said goodbye, I kissed my mother and grandmother and said to them, "Your blessing." Then I was sorry for them because they were crying. But I wasn't sad, I was happy.

I was thinking, "Maybe I'll never go back again so at Christmas and for Mother's Day, I am going to send my grandmother perfume and powder, the kind that smell a lot. Or maybe Uncle can save enough money to bring my grandmother up to New York for Christmas."

Well, the plane took off about ten and we didn't see each other anymore. The plane was so full that it looked as if it would fall down. I wasn't a bit scared because I wasn't alone. An American was taking care of me. And when we landed I'd be with my Uncle Simplicio and Aunt Flora.

I arrived at twelve. Oh, I felt happy! I didn't know what New York was like. In Puerto Rico the trees were full of leaves, all green and pretty. Here, they looked dried up, as if they had been through a hurricane. I asked Aunt about it and she said, "Oh, no. It's because of the cold."

"Ah," I said, "then it's all right."

We took a bus, which cost a lot of money—eight dollars. Eight dollars to get in! Then we had to get off and take a taxi for five dollars and finally change to another bus which charged six and took us all the way to Uncle's place.

I feel very happy here with Uncle and Flora. They treat me well. Here I dream that this is a royal palace and I'm the prince and that's why they love me so much. But my mother Felicita told me before I came, "Be careful what you say about me up there." She thought I was going to tell everybody that she spends her time hanging around bars and leaves us all alone. But I said to her, "Oh, no, I won't say anything. I'll tell lies there." I had forgotten all about it when she sends a letter here saying that at home I used to run off to the beach and never paid any attention to her. And she wrote too, "Goodness knows what he says about me up there."

She was scared, you see, because she was living with an American. Felicita thought I was going to tell that up here. But all I did was to tell my aunt, "When you write, tell that rat I'm not saying anything bad about her. Tell her too that I am never going back to Puerto Rico until I grow up and that I'm going to school already."

What I'd like is for Uncle and Aunt to have a baby in the house. I soon outgrow my shoes and

if they had a little boy, he could wear them. I wish Angelito were here with me. My mother just has to send him because we are twins and if we aren't together we miss each other. I'd like to have lots of sisters too . . . nice sisters who would write to me. So that when I'm grown-up they'll be my family. But the trouble is that if my mother goes and has a lot more children, there won't be anybody to help her support them and then I won't be able to buy food for all of them.

Aunt Flora has a job at a factory. She sent for her sister Irene. She's not related to Uncle at all but he paid her fare over so that she could come take care of me. One hundred dollars it cost us.

I took all my things out of my suitcase so Irene could use it and I put my stuff in an old suitcase. I even went to meet Irene at the airport. And after all I did for her, you should hear the way she insults me now. She tells me to go to hell but I get right back at her. I say, "Go to hell yourself! I have more right to be here because I got here before you did. You shouldn't curse me like that because I'm not bad. I am a good boy. If I were bad, I would have kicked you out of here already."

She slept in my bed and I'd say to her, "You'd better lie with your head to the footboard and I'll lie with my head up." Then, after I fell asleep, she'd take my pillow away from me. What a witch!

They said someone had to go with me the day I enrolled in school, so she took me there. Then she went and said I was in first grade. I said, "No, I am in *second grade*." She didn't do anything right. And on top of everything, she beat me. She hit my fingers and made my nails black. She even cut me up.

I like going to school here because this place is new to me. The school would be really good if they spoke Spanish as well as English. I don't like to be spoken to in English because I don't understand it. People speak English in such a way that one can't understand anything. I tell the teacher, "*I don't speak English.*" If she gives me a paper and I don't understand what's written on it, I say, "*Teacher, I don't know.*" She gives me low marks because I don't know anything. There's one teacher who knows Spanish, but even she teaches in English. All, all of them teach in English.

The kids are bad as the Devil. They push me. There are all kinds of kids there, Americans, Chinese, Puerto Ricans, Negroes. Those Negroes hide so they can stick out their leg and trip you. The Chinese pull my ears. There's a real mean kid called Bushelman who grabs my little ass. So, you see, I don't have any friends in school.

There's a little girl called Karen—I wasn't doing anything bad to her, just touching her under the table, when she suddenly kicked me in the ribs with the heel of her shoe. I don't know how to speak with her because I don't know English. Then I called a little boy and told him, "Say something to her." You know what he did? He burst out laughing. "Haw, haw." I waited until school let out at three, then I really got hold of him. I hit him so hard, he bled. Teacher didn't see us. I never fight in front of her because if I did, she'd take me to the Principal's office.

I like it here, no matter if I don't speak English. I speak English just anyhow but now people understand what I say. I can ask to leave the room in English and then I go to the toilet. I repeat whatever I hear the other kids say and that way I learn quickly. I hear something today and keep repeating so by tomorrow I'll have learned it. A *gato* here is a "cat," the *mesa* is called "table." This morning I wrote, "Today is Monday" in English. "Monday" means *lunes*. They call the *ventana* "window," and the *casa*, "home." Isn't it true that I am beginning to learn?

In the afternoon I usually go with my Uncle Simplicio to his girlfriend's house. She lives way off in Brooklyn. You have to take the Lexington Avenue train. When we get there we find all the rest of them drinking. I would have liked to stay outside. I didn't want to see what went on in there.

I wish I were a grown man. I dreamed that I was twenty years old. I bought myself an apartment, a bed, and a chest of drawers with a mirror. The bathroom was next to the bed. I lived with Carmen Rosa and got up early to go to work.

Then it was Saturday and I went out to buy the food, corn flakes and oatmeal, meat and milk, chicken, canned spaghetti, sausage, bread, sugar, laundry soap, well, everything. After that, I went to pay the furniture store. And when my wife was sick, I did the cooking. I was always good to her. I'm telling you, though, if she does anything to me, I'll have a fight with her. You know what women are—when a man is all screwed up and doesn't have a house and lots of things, that is when they walk out on him. Well, if my wife does that to me, then I'll really beat her.

In my dream I walked and walked until I met some people. I asked them the way to the Bronx and they told me to turn and keep walking until I came to a hill. So I kept going until I got to Aunt Soledad's house but nobody was home. I went into several bars. In one of them I played pool. A man came and bumped against me. I said to him, "No, no, I don't want to fight," because he had a gun. But I had a knife, so the other man gave up. I was big already.

Harper's Magazine, January 1966



An Off-Campus Love Story

A story by Margaret Dursin

My Aunt Fern tended to concentrate heavily on whatever she did; it made her a famous scientist. In later years, we joked about the time she split the ovary, but back in 1938 nobody had yet thought to split the atom, and we referred to her work as developing multiple ovulations in the little brown bat.

Actually her popularity problem was quite as severe as that later suffered by the United States when it experimented with nuclear devices. Fern had to listen to quite as much comment, not in the daily newspapers, but at home in New Amherst, Indiana. Grandfather Winston was professor of Latin at the same university where Aunt Fern was associate professor of biology. Grandmother, Mother, Aunt Ellen, and I were all interested spectators in her social problems.

Aunt Fern had never led a wildly romantic life, but there had always been plenty of available young men doing gymnastics on the lower rungs of the teaching profession. If she wanted to go to the arts-department ball, she probably couldn't look for love, but she could easily locate some chemistry goon or a medieval French type.

Aunt Fern was tiny, and hadn't a physical flaw except that she wasn't beautiful. She had regular features and china-blue eyes and brown hair fastened in a bun. She always looked very presentable in a low-pressure way, like a movie heroine before she takes off her glasses—but Aunt Fern didn't wear glasses. Nobody ever minded taking Aunt Fern out until she got promoted. But if you put a tall young English instructor next to a tiny associate professor who doesn't much care, the instructor begins to feel like a big dumb cluck who hasn't made the most of himself; he doesn't call back. Aunt Fern began to sit at home being an associate professor.

Grandmother said that maybe Fern had a subclinical vitamin deficiency, but Mother said the only deficiency she saw was of eligible men. Aunt Ellen said that Fern would have an ideal life if she had a physiological husband. Mother said all husbands were physiological, and Aunt Ellen said she was referring to scientific couples like the Curies, who had dedicated their lives to science.

Aunt Fern, who was reading a detective story in the corner, closed her book with a bang and

said, "When Pierre Curie reincarnates in New Amherst without his wife, and makes me an offer of marriage, I'll accept." Then she swept out of the room looking very attractive. It made me wonder whether rouge or emotions would do her the most good in the long run.

Grandmother quickly apologized by saying poor Fern was lonesome. Thirty was an awkward age although not recognized as such in child-care books, and she hoped Gesell would keep going until he reached the ages of her children, as the parent-child relationship could be very difficult between the ages of thirty and fifty, and we need a scientific guide for the period when parents are turning childlike, and children parentlike.

Grandfather, when consulted, saw no need for Fern to marry. He pointed out that she had a good job, a happy home, and financial freedom among friends. He said he felt it unfortunate that superior people so often became emotionally entangled in marriage when the clean straight lines of personal freedom might have led to greater happiness. Grandmother hoped in a clenched voice that he was merely quoting from a minor Latin poet.

"Henpectus, my dear," said Grandfather, hastily, but the next week he brought home to dinner an assistant college-textbook editor from a New York publishing house. Mother and I sat on one side of the table across from Fern and the Young Man, and we ate pot roast and drank Dago Red out of a Chianti bottle, and lit the ceiling with a crackling display of Winston wit and erudition with pauses for the Young Man to contribute drab personal experiences in the big city. Fern was just as charming as if he had been the grocery boy, and just as detached. It wasn't my fault that he asked me to go for a walk around the campus after supper. I was fifteen and a juicier type than Aunt Fern. Furthermore, I liked men.

Mother said that I had dealt a death blow to Aunt Fern's confidence in her sex appeal. Grandmother said that of course if Fern had cared to take the trouble—but it was the principle of the thing, Dear, and I would never be popular unless I maintained a ladylike approach.

"Like Aunt Fern?" I asked, and they gave me reproachful looks and left. Aunt Ellen later told Grandmother I should be gotten out of the house until Fern was unsettled, and I think she was right.

Fern settled down to fourth-quarter review in advanced physiology, embryology, and assorted cold cuts with the biology majors. Weekends, she set up experimental work for metabolism studies on bats.

"Nobody," she said to Grandmother late one afternoon in May, "can say that breathing is not respectable." The family was not very sympathetic with her work on bats' ovaries.

"It is not sensational," said Aunt Ellen.

"It is not even very interesting," I said.

"It is useful," said Aunt Ellen, "and traditional and if you grow up to be as sensible as your Aunt Fern, we can all be grateful."

At that moment a terrific chugging was heard on the street, and a large piece of machinery ground to a stop directly in front of where we were sitting on the front porch. It ejected a gorgeous hunk of man in dirty work clothes who came up the walk. His hair was curly black, and so was the hair on his chest because his shirt was open. One cheek had a smudge of oil, but on the other, you could see that he needed a shave. He walked like a man who was tired in all his muscles, but not so tired that he couldn't keep walking for a long time yet.

"Hi, Fern," he said. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm perfectly all right, thank you," said Fern in a very small voice. It had an odd squeak in it, and she was hunched down in her chair blushing. All her Aunt Fern-ness was gone, and I'd never seen her look so pretty. It came to me that he ought to be wearing a sash around his waist and a dagger in his teeth. He ought to pick up Aunt Fern, sling her over his shoulder, throw her into the maw of the machine, and drive off into the sunset.

Fern sat up with a great effort. "Mother," she said, "This is Edward Wycoski; my mother. And this is my sister Ellen and my niece Diane."

He nodded to us, but kept his eyes on Fern.

"Ed saved me from a fall today," explained Fern. "I was collecting bats from the old house on Route 21, one of those they're tearing down to widen the road."

"Fern," said Grandmother, "where are you hurt?"

"No place," said Fern impatiently. "I fell off the ladder and Ed caught me."

"You wouldn't think a hundred pounds could land so hard," said Ed. He held up his forearm where a dark bruise was swelling. "I bet you got

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Margaret Dursin, whose earlier story called "The Bat Lady" also dealt with the family in this one, is herself from an academic background in Akron, Ohio. Now living in Pleasantville, New York, she has taught at Westchester Community College, and written four novels.

Privacy *by David Shapiro*

The ocean is full of flowers that betray me
because your unhappiness has a hospital in it
with vacillating doctors who care about everyone.
Even with patience like slow music we won't be well again
and here are the shades closing, the doors closing.

When it was winter outside I played master.
The grapes were frozen and my own jaws
tightened around a really beautiful piece of flesh.
I couldn't stop in the motion I was falling.
Can I brush back your hair which is falling?

Can't I live nearby you when the river
is settled and the sunlight too?
I could pay for comfort and your chairs.
I have removed all the evidence that you were here
except when I tremble, when I dream, when I breathe I bleed.

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one, too." Their eyes held for a moment, and Fern's dropped.

"But Fern, you never fall off ladders," said Grandmother, "and I think you ought to tell me these things," and with a nod to Ed, "not that we aren't very grateful."

"A ten-foot drop," said Ed, admiringly to Grandmother. "And she stays as cool as a cucumber until she finds out that she smashed a bat. So she cries about the bat."

Grandmother and Aunt Ellen and I carefully did not look at each other. Aunt Fern cries when she is angry, and if she needed that bat for her experiment, she wasn't weeping tender tears.

"Uh, won't you sit down, Ed?" said Grandmother. "Diane, bring the pitcher of grape juice from the refrigerator."

When I got back the inquisition was going full swing. The Winstons are very democratic about whom they talk to the face, and behind the back, of. You might say we were not snobs, only perfectionists.

"Hot compresses," said Aunt Ellen, "are the very best thing for bruises. You must have your wife put on hot compresses."

"I'm not married," said Ed.

"It must be dusty, driving that—er—vehicle," said Grandmother, sympathetically rocking back and forth. "Do you do it all day?"

"Well," said Ed, "it's like if I asked you if you worked that rocking chair all day. Some days you do and some you don't." He took a sip of homemade grape juice as though it were what he drank every day.

"Is your home around here?" asked Aunt Ellen.

"My folks come from Chicago," said Ed. "I live where the job is."

"Road building," supplied Aunt Fern. "Ed's a contractor."

"You folks want a reference," said Ed, "call Mr. Beatty at the First National Bank." He turned to Fern. "How about going out to dinner tonight if you really feel okay?"

"It's our Daughters of New Amherst night," reminded Grandmother.

"Oh, Mother, I don't always have to go to that," said Fern.

Sometimes, I admired the way the Winstons operated. In one sentence, Grandmother had established that Fern was a socially eligible girl who wouldn't be spending the evening at home in any case, and Fern had let Ed know she was dying to go out with him without having to say a word directly.

That evening, he showed up at the house properly dressed. He took Fern out to a very expensive dinner, and a few nights later to a carnival. He took her places she would not ordinarily go, because they were not cultural and they were expensive. Grandmother looked at the large panda Fern brought back from the carnival, and told her she should not let Ed spend so much money on her. Fern explained that in Ed's business, he owed so many people so much money, and others owed him so much back, that he didn't count money like ordinary people.

Ed took Fern to Churchill Downs, and they got

back from the long ride very late. At breakfast the next morning Fern said there was more to horse racing than she had supposed when a physiologically sound beast could be beaten by a nag who had nothing to recommend him except a hereditary record for running well in mud. She said there seemed to be a number of scientific records kept on racehorses including physical histories and mental traits and moods. She thought that mental records on other animals might be interesting, provided they were correlated to physical condition. When she had finished her metabolism study, she might run a series relating the happiness quotient of the little brown bat with his physical functions, provided, of course, that psychology could give her insights into the possible satisfactions of brown bats.

"What did Ed think of this idea?" inquired Mother.

"That isn't what we talked about," said Fern and staggered off to a nine o'clock class.

Grandfather said it was hard enough to raise a child into physiology without having her go around in a road scraper. Aunt Ellen said if he'd noticed lately, it was a Cadillac convertible, and she didn't see why there always had to be something wrong with men with beautiful cars. Mother said there wasn't a thing the matter with Ed except that he was migratory, uneducated, and ineligible. Grandmother said that every girl should have a rich suitor once in her life, and Fern deserved some relaxation after all the years she had studied so hard.

Ed brought Fern a box of chocolates, two fashion magazines and a best-selling novel about sex life in small towns. We all ate the candy and read the book, and Mother sent away for a dress pattern that made up very becomingly. Grandfather did not like the novel. He said the Romans did that kind of thing much better because they were at ease with their bodies. He said between the Post Office and modern plumbing, there was no really natural school of literature in America. Grandmother said it was nice to have read a book ahead of all her friends who signed up on the library list, but that she personally preferred books with fewer bodies and more love. Mother said she was under the impression that the two often went together, but Aunt Ellen said that what Grandmother meant was emphasis, and that sex scandals were very tragic for everyone concerned. Aunt Fern said she did not think that true love was ever tragic, because no matter what came after, you had had it.

"Most people want to keep it," said Mother, who had lost my father.

"I would think of love as a loan from heaven," said Fern. "It doesn't seem to me that anybody keeps it very long."

It was then that Ed Wycoski ceased to be an interesting type, and became the man who might make Fern non-Winston. But I don't think Fern even noticed the closing of the family ranks against them. She must have been occupied with the diversities of love.

This probably accounted for her inviting Ed home to a company dinner. Grandmother was in the kitchen frying chicken. Fern was setting the table with the best china, which almost matched a bouquet of pink roses she had picked from the vine on the front porch. Aunt Ellen was in the library with the encyclopedia and the business section of the Sunday *New York Times*, looking for information on road construction in order to carry on polite conversation with Ed. Grandfather had put on his oldest tweed jacket which had worn through the elbow patches, and muttered, "Lot of damned nonsense," at intervals. As he adored Marcus Aurelius, it couldn't have been the book he was reading. It was going to be an awful meal.

"I don't understand," I said to Mother, "why the family dislikes Ed so much. He's the handsomest man I shall ever know."

"Have you ever thought about all Fern's defects?" asked Mother. "She isn't athletic or artistic or domestic or a leader. She isn't even average. Fern has a high IQ and an ability to exploit scholastic achievement. How can she make Ed happy with that?"

"You're all afraid of Ed."

"I expect we're a little neurotic about the common man," said Mother. "We wish it weren't so lonely in the ivory tower. We wish the foundations weren't rocked by what the least educated man wants for the United States—or what a half-educated man might want for Fern."

"I'd rather be romantic," I said.

Dinner started off politely. It was cream of asparagus soup, and Grandfather discoursing on his grandfather who had been a tin peddler in Vermont. I removed the soup plates as he established the common touch, although I happened to know that great-great-grandfather only peddled two summers while working his way through Harvard Divinity. After I'd brought out the dishes of chicken and peas and mashed potatoes and canned corn and spiced peaches and homemade rolls and currant jelly, I set the plates in front of Grandfather so that he could ask each person what he wanted. Aunt Ellen was wrestling with road construction, and you could tell that the encyclo-

pedia didn't know the same things about it that Ed did. Fern sat there looking dreamy. Grandmother kept pressing currant jelly on Ed in between the macadam and the cement.

The conversation ran down, and for the first time I could remember there was nothing but the sound of chewing at the Winston dinner table. Ed swallowed a large bite and initiated a sentence.

"I'd like to speak to you after dinner," he said to Grandfather.

When we got up from the table, I dashed for the sewing room upstairs. If you stick your head in the fireplace, you can hear everything that goes on in the library.

I wished I could have seen Ed walk into Grandfather's library, which I have always been convinced was designed to make intellectuals feel ill at ease. The shelves were loaded with used great books, and used books that would have been great if anybody had read them, and used books that were curiosities, and used books that Grandfather just happened to like. There was an authentic smell of leather and furniture polish and dust.

Then Ed spoke. "Ars gratia artis?" he said firmly. I nearly fell into the grate.

"In a way," said Grandfather, "but the effect is nice, don't you think?" He never went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movies, or any other kind for that matter. I could hear them sitting down, Grandfather in his brown leather chair; Ed in the wooden captain's chair, which had a lovely patina from students having wriggled their bottoms in it over the years.

"You wanted to see me," said Grandfather.

"Fern and I would like your permission to marry."

"And—"

"Habeas corpus," said Ed.

There was a short silence while Grandfather digested a remark that was rude, but indubitably Latin.

"You find yourself forgetting your Latin?" he said at last.

"I never had any," said Ed. "I only know what you hear around."

Grandfather snorted. "You were asking for my daughter's hand."

"In toto," said Ed.

"Not bad," said Grandfather, getting into the spirit of things. "But what can you offer her?"

"Sigma Chi?" said Ed.

"Wrong language," said Grandfather.

"In deo speramus?"

"You're getting there."

"E pluribus unum?"

"The aim of all good marriages," said Grandfather, "but no bigamy, mind."

"Nihil desperandum," said Ed, making rustling noises as though wiping his forehead.

"I had not realized," said Grandfather, "that Latin could be considered a functional language in the United States—it might make an interesting paragraph in *The American Scholar*. Do you know any more?"

"Pax vobiscum, if it's all right with you," said Ed getting up.

"It's Fern's decision."

"Exit," said Ed.

They were married very quietly at the end of June. Grandmother said that Ed was a very unusual young man. Grandfather said that it isn't the amount of education, but the ability to correlate what we didn't know we knew that makes the difference. Aunt Ellen wrote all her friends that since Ed had nothing to recommend him but money and good looks, she could only suppose that Fern had married for love.



Harper's Magazine, January 1966

Chicago's Miracle

How a unique railroad man is making money out of commuters—and makes them like it

by Andrew Schiller

The poor and the wealthy sleep side by side in the cities; the middle classes run back and forth to suburbia. The only trouble with the arrangement is that the cities are being strangled in ribbons of concrete and choked by automobiles. For most Americans, the really dramatic challenge of the twentieth century is not how to establish a colony on Mars but how to find a parking place downtown; the threat that hangs over us is not instant annihilation by the atom but slow strangulation by the auto. Commuter railroads, instead of expanding prosperously to meet the burgeoning need for transportation, are collapsing one by one, victims of the automobile, the bus, the tides of history, and sometimes of downright mismanagement. The plight of the New Haven railroad (and of its passengers) epitomizes the problem. Without transportation a city perishes. If private industry cannot do the job profitably, must the government take it upon itself, as it must provide water and collect garbage?

The answer almost everywhere is yes. But in the generally dismal scene there is a bit of cheer. One commuter line—only one—has transformed itself in a few years from a hopeless loser into a profitable business which is a model for the railroad industry. And the man who did it, Ben W. Heineman, was no railroad man at all but a successful corporation lawyer who fell into the job almost by accident. How was this miracle accomplished? Was it a freak, or is it possible that commuter traffic can make money, and nearly all the railroad presidents have been wrong all the time?

Ben Walter Heineman, boss of the Chicago and North Western Railroad, is a complicated man who fits no stereotypes. He is balding, middle-aged, pleasant of face, but in no way striking. Ben Heineman is not obviously anything. He could be your corner druggist, but he happens to be the most successful railroad executive in the United States. But to say so does not describe him. His colleague, Wayne Johnston, president of the Illinois Central, is as archetypal a railroad tycoon as Everett Dirksen is a Senator. He travels about in his private railroad car—a relic of Chester A. Arthurian splendor—and in his office, encrusted with railroading prints and equipped with a working cuspidor, he is attended by a solicitous Negro in a white porter's jacket. (I waited to hear Mr. Johnston call him George, but it never happened.) The Heineman office bespeaks the longhair—sleek furniture, abstract and Impressionist paintings, an astounding collection of pipes.

He is an authentic intellectual, a trustee of the University of Chicago, and chairman of the state Board of Higher Education, not to mention an impressive catalogue of civic responsibilities for which he somehow makes time. He lives in Kenwood, an integrated neighborhood in the University of Chicago area, in a handsomely restored old brick mansion. He is even a Democrat, who served as a special prosecuting attorney under Governor

Stevenson and later as an organizer in his Presidential campaigns. There is a persistent, uncontradicted rumor that he was offered, and refused, a high post in the Kennedy Administration.

But he eludes the stereotype of the intellectual Democrat. In command of the North Western he has behaved, at times, more like old Commodore Vanderbilt than W. Averell Harriman. He has slashed ruthlessly at payrolls and he shows little sympathy for workers whose jobs have become obsolete. "The unions claim that the fireman is necessary for safety. But in the old days, when the fireman had his head down shoveling coal, he wasn't a lookout. And you have only one man in the cab of a subway, or an electric train. Nobody complains about that!"

When I asked him what, if anything, the government ought to do to help the North Western, his answer was quick and sharp. "Get off my back!" He is a man who, as the saying goes, would rather do it himself. And when he took over the line in its bleakest days he proved that private enterprise could go it alone.

She Was Dying Unloved

A decade ago the CNW commuter line was like an alcoholic duchess expiring on Skid Row, still attired in silks and tiara. Riders with a taste for the antique loved the ancient intercity cars. The comfortable plush seats were stuffed with real horsehair, and through crazed, glass-thick varnish one could still see faintly the original walls, an exquisite mosaic of inlaid woods. Up ahead, a venerable coal-burner huffed and puffed grandly through the suburbs.

But most commuters were not nostalgic rail fans, and the old lady was dying ignominiously. Over the generations the car interiors had absorbed a hopeless quantity of soot and cinders. The windows were broken and the doors came off in your hand. The sheet-metal roofs were cracked. On a rainy day passengers sat under umbrellas—or if they had none, huddled miserably in the wet green velvet. Timetables were a gallant fiction. The first snowfall each year was enough to cause operations to collapse into a snarl. But in any weather, scheduled runs would simply be scratched because the engines could not be repaired in time. Nor did departure guarantee return. The leaking locomotives ("Old Soaks" the crews called them) would fall apart so regularly that the enginemen carried baling wire to hold the machinery together. On one famous day the cab fell off, leaving the engineer and fireman naked to the world.

The North Western was not a carefree, romantic, bohemian railroad. The keynote was irritation and surliness, shared alike by passengers, crews, and management. When a train was canceled the next would be so crowded that the conductors couldn't get through the crowds in time to collect all the fares. Some of the conductors, in any case, were pocketing fares and the management was quite helpless to do anything about it. Morale was low. Trainmen didn't bother to wear white shirts; their vests were unbuttoned and their uniforms unpressed. Sometimes there were fistfights among the crewmen, and between passengers and crew. Unexplained stops were commonplace. Passengers were so accustomed to them that they didn't even bother to ask why the train wasn't going anywhere. But on one occasion, in 1952, after half-an-hour, even the North Western commuters began to wonder. Passengers wandered out to investigate and discovered that the cab was empty. The engineer and fireman were finally discovered in a nearby diner, eating their dinner. They explained to the angry passengers that, according to their contract, they were entitled to a bean hour and, by God, they were going to have it. The fact that they were only twenty minutes from the end of their run was just tough. The train could wait. The fury of the passengers was matched by the management, and the union as well, when the story broke. But what was there to do? The whole line was on the verge of collapse.

By 1956, bankruptcy was imminent. The North Western was $212 million in debt while its common equity was worth only $22 million. Cash was draining out by unaccountable millions each month. At this desperate point a group of investors, who held among them 30 per cent of C & N W voting shares, demanded representation on the board of directors. To this end, they engaged a young lawyer, Ben W. Heineman, who had made a reputation for himself in railroad circles by having won, two years earlier, an unprecedented victory in a proxy fight against the Minneapolis & St. Louis. ("Misery and Still Limping," they called that one.) When, in January of 1956, Heineman walked into the boardroom the stage was set for an explosive meeting and the beginning of a bitter battle for control of the dying railroad. Incredibly, no such thing happened. Heineman was able to convince the board of directors that he did not represent a group of financial ghouls who wanted

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only to pick the bones of the business before abandoning it—"special-situation men" is the euphemism of the trade—but a group, rather, which intended to revitalize the road. Adding conviction to the argument was Heineman's own astute management during the past two years of the M & St L. By the time he walked out of the room, the attorney had brought the board and his group to peaceful terms. A few weeks later, they came to a final agreement: the investors were to get five of the seventeen directors' seats, and Ben W. Heineman was named chairman of the board on April first. He was just forty-two.

First, Turn Off the Faucets

Things began to happen fast. Heineman's first step was to bring in as president and chief of operations Clyde J. Fitzpatrick, a veteran of thirty-one years on the Illinois Central, but himself only forty-seven years old. Together they went on a six-week inspection tour. They looked, listened, and learned that the railroad was in an unbelievable mess. The patient, they decided, could be saved—but only if major surgery were performed immediately.

Close to home was the sprawling Proviso freight yard. A sign boasted that it was the largest in the world. The new boss said, "Tear it down!" He didn't want the biggest yard, but the most efficient. Part of the yard was dismantled, and the scrap brought in welcome cash. More important, 74 acres were released for valuable industrial development. But that was only the beginning. The North Western, since its chartering in 1836 (it is Chicago's oldest railroad), had acquired a considerable amount of real estate. The new management instituted a survey to find out just what they had (nobody really knew) and how to convert land holdings from tax eaters to income producers.

The repair facilities were as outmoded as outhouses. Of fourteen repair shops, only two were roofed. Expensive mechanics had to shovel snow to get to their work and then lie down in the slush to do it. In one shop the new managers found that the pistons of a diesel were being overhauled, even though they were barely broken in, simply because the company policy was to overhaul the engines every three years. Maintenance was promptly changed from a calendar to a mileage basis, and the scattering of inadequate repair facilities was scrapped. At a cost of $6 million, a modern assembly-line shop was built in Clinton, Iowa. The investment yielded a quick return. The new shop could do everything, from overhauling the delicate, watch-like mechanisms of air brakes to building entire freight cars. Cars came out worth more than when new. There was even a school for mechanics.

As for organization, Heineman's comment was succinct: "Too damned much management!" The North Western was the last major railroad which still retained a departmental structure. Under this system, if a section of track in Wyoming, let us say, needed repair it would be reported to the head of maintenance of way in Chicago, and not to the local superintendent who was responsible for getting trains over that track. Heineman reorganized the railroad on a divisional system, in which the superintendent of each geographical division was totally responsible for everything within his purview. Whole echelons of administration were eliminated and control was tightly centralized. There was bloodletting on the bottom as well as the top. By the end of a year, one out of every six employees had been dropped from the payroll. One of the survivors, an engineer, put it this way. "It was a quick, rough change. We can't get away with what we used to."

In those first few months, Heineman and Fitzpatrick were busy diagnosing the North Western's ailments and making long-range plans. But the urgent need was to stay alive long enough to put the plans into effect, running around and turning off faucets. The railroad, in those dying days, was so close to the bone of bankruptcy that the new management was reduced to selling rails for scrap simply to meet the payroll, which is like a starving man amputating his own leg and eating it.

In this appalling situation, the new management decided to invest $50 million—much of it borrowed from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—to acquire new equipment for the commuter service. On the face of it, this was a lunatic act. No railroad had ever succeeded in making suburban service profitable. Even the North Western's prosperous neighbors—the Burlington, and the Illinois Central—were just breaking even on commuters. But for Heineman it was an inevitable decision. He gave his staff three alternatives. First: Get out of commuter service. But this was politically almost impossible, and socially unthinkable. Second: Go on as before. But this was economically impossible. Third: Since you're stuck with the job, do it right. It was a daring gamble.

At the time of the take-over, suburban equipment consisted of cars and locomotives which had been demoted from the intercity trains. Scarcely anything was less than thirty years old and some cars were of turn-of-the-century vintage. Every major railroad had been dieselized by 1956—but

not the North Western. Or so it seemed. But the fact was, as President Fitzpatrick put it, "They were dieselized and didn't know it." Diesel locomotives were laid up in the shops; two or three were being used as switch engines where one could have done the job. By keeping them running around the clock and using the rest elsewhere, by more efficient servicing and assignment, the line was dieselized in forty days without buying a single locomotive.

Even the old steam locomotives turned out to be an asset. Each one represented about $6,000 in scrap. But the old iron mastodons were relics, too, with a cash value to sentimentalists. The bells were advertised for sale—about 250 of them—and they can be seen and heard now all over the world; one, for example, became a dinner bell in a Michigan hunting lodge, another went to a bombed-out church in Greece.

How to Impress a Commuter

But you can't attract commuters simply by switching from coal to oil. You have to offer them transportation attractive enough to get them out of their automobiles. The odds against it are admittedly enormous. A recent Harris survey revealed that 90 per cent of the nation's commuters actually preferred to drive, even when public means were available. Heineman's gamble (and what would a horseplayer say of a $50 million bet against such odds?) was that commuter tickets can be sold by vigorous merchandising, just like soap flakes. But where the contents of one box of soap is largely indistinguishable from another, the commuter knows precisely what he is getting for his dollar. Trains either do or do not run on time; they are air-conditioned or they are not. All the services are tangible. "To make matters more difficult," as Ben Heineman points out, "we get the commuter at the two worst times of his day—early in the morning when he's grouchy, and in the evening when he's tired. How do you impress a commuter?"

You give him swift, unobtrusive, and dependable service, more comfortable than his own car, and cheaper. And how do you achieve *that?* In the first place, it is necessary to decide what a commuter line is not. It is not, for example, a city bus or streetcar. It is not designed to stop every half-mile, nor to service in-city passengers. Accordingly, the North Western eliminated 22 of its local stations, almost all of them inside Chicago, over the objections of the affected neighborhoods. Merchants lost money and their aldermen made speeches, but Heineman got away with it. Why should his railroad, he asked, do the work of the Chicago Transit Authority? The North Western quite deliberately gave up 3,000 riders in order to give better service to the suburbs.

A simple innovation—Clyde Fitzpatrick's idea—added trains to the timetable without buying a single car. Once a train had pulled into the final station, the "relay" operation to get it headed out again required a switch engine, a turnaround, and a five-man crew working for half-an-hour. Why not equip the cars with little cabs for the engineers, like subway trains, with remote controls? Today the locomotive always stays at one end of the train, pulling on the trip out, pushing on the trip in. When the train gets to the station, or the end of the line, it's ready to go again in ten minutes, and the relaying requires no switch engine or extra crew. The same number of trains are now able to make extra runs during the peak hours.

The old coaches, too, were discarded, and new ones were designed to North Western specifications. They were double-decked, air-conditioned, well-lighted, comfortable, and meticulously clean. A typical six-car train has 960 seats; it had required a ten-car train of the old coaches to provide the same number. And—very important—the dead weight per train was decreased by about 130 tons. In short, these new trains were hauling not equipment, but people.

But would the people pay to ride these splendid new trains? In the age of the freeway, railroads have a precarious hold on their commuters. With each fare increase a certain number of passengers abandon the train for the highway, and the attempt to raise fares to a profitable level becomes a self-defeating treadmill. Once again, Ben Heineman took a step which flew in the face of all past experience. He raised the price of commutation tickets, not inch by inch over a period of years, but in one bold thrust.

The pricing system is an antique—in fact, an accident. A century ago the railroads, which were then entirely in the business of hauling freight and intercity passengers, began the practice of picking up passengers at nearby stops as they approached the cities. The fare was set at an appropriate fraction of the distance traveled by the through passengers, and hence very low. But as the metropolises grew, two things happened. The little town became a suburb, and the casual pick-up became a scheduled stop. During the same period, the private auto virtually destroyed the intercity passenger business.

And so it came about that commuter service, which had begun as a bit of frosting on the cake,

:holas Monsarrat
runs away to sea
ith P&O-Orient



Author of The Cruel Sea

"People lose strange things on board ship; books and spectacles one can understand. But a guitar? Six pairs of men's underpants?"



ng people were already exchanging long glances, scouting the prospect an agreeable voyage. Making friends oard ship happens so easily and rally there isn't really any limiting or except one's own stamina.
n can meet shipmates from all six ments on P&O-Orient's giant liners.)



We steamed westwards from Australia, passing nothing but a handful of ships, flying fish by the hundred, and one island. The weather was fair, the ship steady and smooth as that painted ship upon a painted ocean which so impressed the Ancient Mariner."
(Every P&O-Orient liner has underwater stabilizers that smooth oceans into millponds.)



Giving a party is easy. You tell your steward 'Canapes and drinks for ten at 7 PM' and promptly on the dot the whole thing is ready for you. Of course one is spoilt; and that's yet another aspect of going by sea.
(On P&O-Orient liners there's a crewman for every two passengers.)



We were ploughing a long straight furrow towards a blank horizon, and there was, uncannily, no one at the wheel: the whole 45,000 tons of her controlled automatically by what looked like a tricycle wheel.
(P&O-Orient's modern liners also have radar sets that can print a picture of your ship's position every 30 seconds.)



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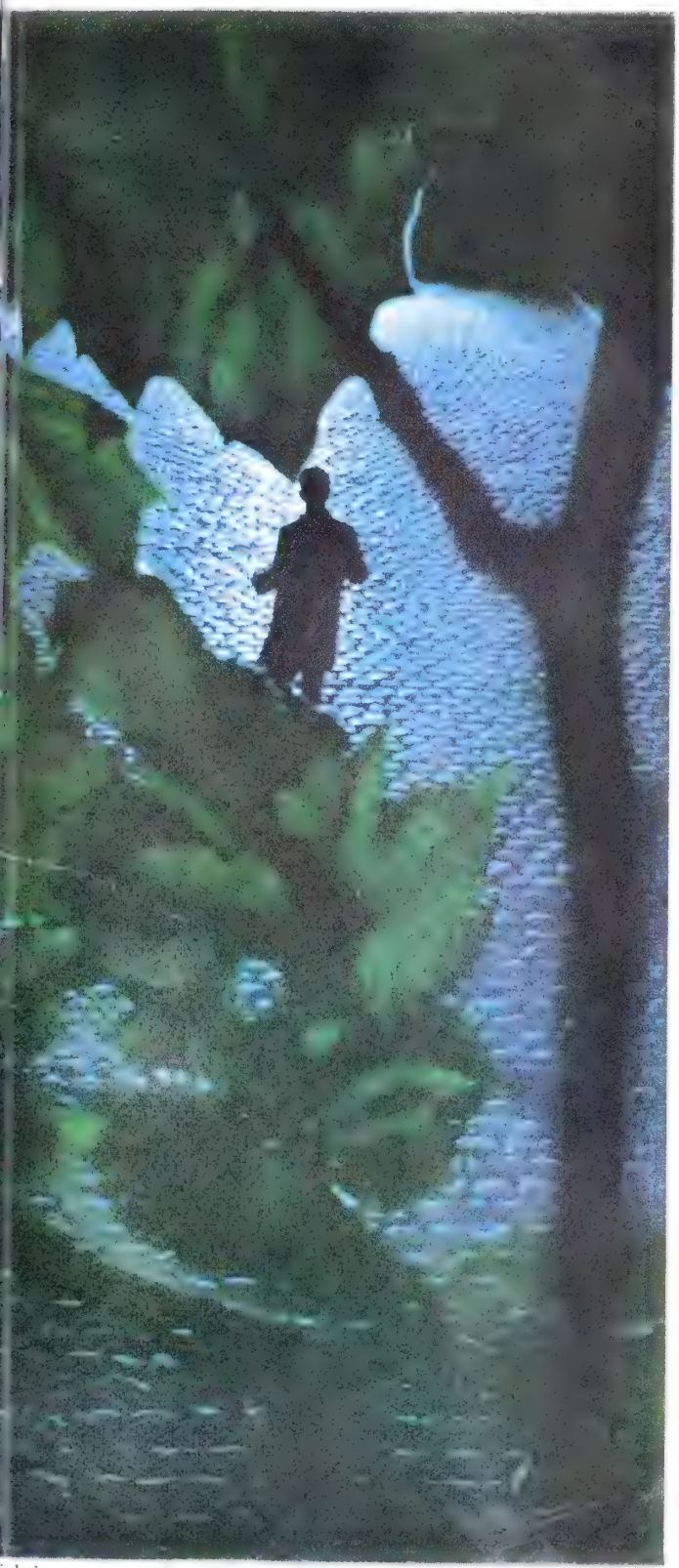


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Gad is my co-pilot.

by Captain Tom Jones,
Deputy Director of Operations, EL AL

I have the best flying job that EL AL Israel Airlines has to offer.

My sleeves have 4 stripes.

Gad Katz is a 4-striper, too. (Gad is the serious-looking one standing right behind me.)

Yet none of us is so high and mighty that he's above being checked up on, just like everyone else.

Normally, of course, Gad flies in the pilot's seat. But when his check-up times come due, Gad gladly puts himself into the right-hand seat and flies co-pilot. And he isn't ashamed to learn something new. And neither am I.

When my turn comes, I do the same. We fly our flight simulator on the ground and our Boeing 707s in the air. Nobody gets excused, even if he brings a note from his mother.

And if he misses his checkouts, l doesn't fly. Period.

We go by the book because it just happens that I wrote the book.

What it boils down to is that ever EL AL supervisor is always beir supervised.

Everybody up there is always beir watched. And somebody up ther is always watching.



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turned out to be the whole meal. And the railroads got sick on the diet. The fares had been frozen into a basic price structure which now turned out to be inadequate. What Heineman asked—and in December of 1958, got—from the Illinois Commerce Commission, was not merely a fare hike but a fundamental change in the concept of what a commuter is supposed to get for his money. The decision marked a turning point in the historic function of the railroad as a passenger carrier. It is a revolutionary change which most of the railroads and the state regulatory bodies of this country do not yet grasp.

Seats by the Month

Traditionally, when the passenger bought a ticket he was paying for a ride, and the cost of the ride (setting aside class) depended simply upon distance. But this won't work for a commuter line for the simple reason that every morning you must carry a great number of passengers into the city, and back again every evening—but in between, and on weekends, most of the equipment is doing nothing but adding to the total cost. The North Western's innovation was not to sell rides by the mile, but transportation by the month. When a man owns an apartment house he figures his total operating cost, and with this as a base he determines what a monthly rent must be. It is none of his business whether his tenants occupy their apartments constantly or leave them empty part of the time. And so when the North Western commuter buys a monthly ticket, he is entitled to unlimited access. He has rented a seat for the month.

The theory is logical, but the question was, could the riders be persuaded to buy it? Heineman bet all the stockholders' money that they could. In the first place, he sought to stabilize the price charged for a ride. Since December 1963 the commuters have found Christmas cards on their seats each year, telling them that their Christmas present from the line was that there would be no rise in fares for the coming year. Furthermore, he promised that the money would be used to improve equipment and service; and that promise was kept. Finally, the new ticketing system turned out to be irresistibly convenient. If you are a North Western commuter, the mailman brings you your ticket a few days before the beginning of each month (and you have until the tenth to pay for it). The ticket has your name, address, and phone number on it, in case of loss. (One lady brought in a wad of gooey pulp, which was all that was left after her baby had chewed up her ticket. The ticket agent decided it was the right kind of paper and issued her a replacement.) The ticket itself is an IBM card, part of which goes into a computer. You merely show it to the conductor, who has no tickets to punch, no stubs to count. Now a train with 1,400 passengers can be operated by a few crew members. Some conductors resisted the change to flash tickets, not because it threatened technological unemployment but because the ticket punch (and the calloused hand) had been a status symbol.

Aggressive advertising brought in new riders. For example, the North Western sponsored the traffic helicopter on radio station WGN. Twice a day the motorist, inching along miserably in a solid mass of metal from his suburb to the Loop, is given a collision-by-collision analysis of the tangle, followed by a suggestion that he'd really be better out of it if he rode the train. Many, in this period of maximum frustration, got the message.

And the passengers were courted. Trainmen, who had to lose their old churlish ways, were sent through "charm school." There is no advertising in any North Western train. There isn't even an advertising slogan on the outside of the train for the line itself! There is no piped-in music, either in the train or in the stations. Each rider, having rented his space, is entitled to privacy, and to being treated like a trusted member of the family. For instance, on rainy days a cart full of umbrellas is set out in the center of the North Western Station—"Rainstick Junction"—and any passenger is entitled to help himself. Also, he is expected to return it some sunny day. Only one out of twenty does so. Since these are unclaimed umbrellas from Lost and Found (and hence in endless supply), the company doesn't worry about it overmuch. "Look at it this way," one official told me. "These people are stealing their own umbrellas. Maybe the fact that we stamp them makes them souvenirs, like hotel towels."

But the North Western steadfastly held to its policy of acting toward its patrons like a well-bred chauffeur rather than an ill-tempered landlord. It was a daring gamble—the $50 million invested was an important outlay—but it paid off. North Western riders today are like members of a club. Talk to any of them and they have nothing but admiration and praise for Ben Heineman. He runs *their* railroad.

And it all translated into money. In 1956, the suburban service had a deficit of $2.1 million, but in 1964 it made a net profit of $706,000, and it is expected to earn over a million for 1965. This has happened despite the fact that in 1960

Chicago opened two major expressways, now called the Eisenhower and the Kennedy, each of which parallels the North Western tracks. As a result, revenues dropped sharply in 1961. Then, in 1962, just when the railroad was winning back some of its lost passengers, the telegraphers struck. Ben Heineman, despite his politics, behaved exactly like a railroad executive. He stubbornly refused to give in to telegraphers who, he said, had no messages to send, and he endured a thirty-day shutdown. During this period he was cheered by letters of support from his suburban Republican patrons. He won the strike but lost the revenues.

He also lost some of his employees' good will. Efficiency, like all beautiful things, has a sad underside. You don't hear it from the crewmen—not at first. Fremont Schultz (his real name), an engineer in whose cab I rode, admitted that the Heineman regime was tough and uncompromising. But he said it proudly; it reflected his own professional code. He understood that the rules of survival were stern. And, like Heineman himself, he saw things from the top. Engineers are the leading tenors of the company. But the chorus of lesser employees is all but mute.

1962 was a bad year, but not altogether unlucky for Heineman and the stockholders. The expressways which hurt the North Western were actually fatal for two small commuter lines, the North Shore, and the Chicago, Aurora and Elgin. Upon their demise, the North Western inherited most of their passengers. Since 1963 the news has been progressively more cheerful. While the profits have been modest—and by General Motors standards even minuscule—the importance of this success story is not to be measured in money. Commuter rail transportation is the only basic industry in the United States which is actually going out of business. As our country is becoming more urbanized, transportation—upon which urban living utterly depends—is collapsing. Railroad men everywhere have given it up as hopeless and, as in the case of the Long Island and the New Haven, have sought government support. If in a single case anyone can demonstrate that hauling passengers can be made profitable—as Ben Heineman has—then this is news of acute importance, not just for the railroads but for all of America, and indeed the world. Perhaps it is possible for cities to break free of the concrete noose in which they have been strangling themselves and to breathe again.

With this in mind, I asked Mr. Heineman if the unprecedented success of the North Western suggested some formula that all other railroads could apply. Had he, in short, found "the answer"? He looked amused at the question. (He has a reputation for brashness, in railroad circles, and of being overquick with advice. But this time—per-

The Other Side . . .

I sat down next to a passenger one day and introduced myself as a writer who was gathering material for a story about the North Western, and how did he like the service . . . ? His instant response was to snap his pass out of the ticket clip and thrust it out of sight into his shirt pocket. Then I saw the white piping on his conductor's trousers, and I understood his alarmed and suspicious glare. I told him, all right, I didn't want to know his name. Just talk. At first he only shook his head in the presence of what he took to be a company spy, but he was too full of simmering anger to remain silent. He seized upon my promise to tell "the other side."

"Oh, sure, things were bad. It was a sloppy operation and some things had to be changed, and some people had to go. But those guys up there don't know anything but account books."

What about featherbedding, I asked. Wasn't it true what we all read in the papers?

"No. It's hardly ever true what you read in the papers. They just give the big-business side. Talk about featherbedding! You should see how many big shots pull down fat salaries for doing nothing." I told him that Heineman had fired plenty of those, too. He'd heard about it, but he knew what he knew. And now there was this merger coming up with the Milwaukee, and maybe more after that. And what would it mean? "You put in ten, fifteen years, and you wake up each morning wondering whether you've still got a job. Railroading is your business. It's all you know. And you're no kid any more. Now what do you do?"

I put it to him, that if the whole line goes out of business, doesn't everybody lose? "Sure, sure. But these guys don't know what it is to work in the yards, the limits of a man's muscles, how many ways he can look. Dammit, they just don't know. A railroad man's a walking encyclopedia. This job may not look like much to you, but every day we're on the job we're working every minute to stay alive. We watch out for hotboxes, loose gear, defective brakes, signals—a million things you wouldn't dream of. We have to know every inch of the division, how many cars each siding will take, where the crossovers are in case we get in trouble . . ."

When we got to the North Western Station he shook my hand, relieved and a bit worried that he had talked too much. "You gonna write all that?" And he answered himself. "They never do." And he concluded, not irrelevantly, "You say you're a college professor? One of my kids is a senior in high school. I'm forty-two years old and I've got four kids."

haps because he was speaking to an innocent layman—his answers were undogmatic.)

"No," he said. "There is no easy answer. No formula. What we've done here has worked here. It might be all wrong someplace else. For example, you couldn't use our double-decker coaches in New York. They wouldn't fit through most of the tunnels."

And what, I asked, about intercity passenger trains? Could the same good management revitalize that part of the industry? Here the answer was a flat no. "Ninety-one per cent of all intercity travel today is by automobile, so that the whole transportation industry is fighting over just nine per cent. Airplanes are faster, buses are cheaper. All we have to offer is standby service. There's no future in the intercity train."

It was the only gloomy statement I heard from the lips of Ben Heineman—and history may soon prove him to be wrong. The new Tokyo-Osaka train, which attains speeds up to 130 mph, may yet find its counterpart in a Boston-Washington train. The United States government, at any rate, has allocated funds to study the feasibility of such a project. The significance of such superspeed trains is clear: just as the commuter train satisfies a need in the metropolis of connecting the city with its outlying suburbs, so the trains of the future must satisfy a similar need for the megalopolis. A half-century ago it was unthinkable to commute from thirty miles out; in a few decades people who live in, say, the Gary-Chicago-Milwaukee area, or the Boston-New York-Washington area, will be commuters within those complexes.

But if time proves Heineman wrong in this, he will admit it very quickly, and go on to profit by his error. "We examine postulates," he once said. "We don't fall in love with them." He is the kind of realist who wasn't too proud to buy a couple of airplanes in order to run his railroad.

Despite his hopeless view of intercity train travel, Ben Heineman is a practical visionary. "It isn't enough to run a railroad well," he said. "The average rider lives within two-and-a-half miles from the station. When he gets to the city, he probably needs to ride a bus or a subway to get to his office. We need a transportation system that interlocks. We should have feeder buses, taxi stands, and parking lots at each suburban station. In the city, we need a subway belt that connects all the railroad stations. Ideally, there should be a transfer system so that a single fare takes a man from end to end with no fuss."

"Can we do this in Chicago?"

"Absolutely. In fact we must. The Mayor is for it. It's just a matter of getting moving."

As it turned out, this was no idle talk. Shortly after our interview, in October 1965, Mayor Richard Daley announced that the federal government had granted the city a million dollars to study a plan to tear down the Elevated (that famous Loop!) and to rebuild the subway so that it would link all the city's railroad stations. Ben Heineman had been preaching this for years.

Could We Junk It All?

And so I asked him: if he had it in his power to build a dream railroad, what would it be like?

"Go to San Francisco," he said, "and you'll see it coming into being." I did. The Bay Area Rapid Transit is fantastic. Trains will run (controlled by radar and computer only) at 80 mph, 90 seconds apart. There are no straps to hang from because every passenger is guaranteed a seat (and a bucket seat at that). You will insert your credit card into the gate when you enter and again when you leave. At the end of the month the computer will mail you your transportation bill—like any other utility. The system will make every other line in the United States seem ancient and obsolete, for the excellent reason that it is. BART is the first transportation system to be designed, from the ground up, in half-a-century. Since the city of Philadelphia in 1907 designed its rapid-transit system, there have only been additions and extensions to existing facilities.

"Why can't we do it in Chicago?" I asked Mr. Heineman.

"Because we already have existing rail transportation. We simply can't afford to junk all of it. San Francisco, luckily, had next to nothing. And that's not the whole story, either. We could do a great deal with automation. Modern technology is very sophisticated. But the unions would never let us get away with it."

"Then what is the answer to the problem in those cities where there are existing, inadequate, or poorly patronized railroads? In short, how do you run a railroad?"

"Don't ask me. I don't know how to run *a* railroad; I know how to run *this* railroad. There are no problems in general, just specific problems."

All right—specifically. Do you think that government subsidies are a bad thing?"

"Not necessarily. If in a specific case it's the only thing to do . . ." He finished with a wave of his hand.

"In short, you are a pragmatist."

The tycoon smiled. "Is there any other way to be?"

The Detroit Lions' Remarkable Screwball:

Alex Karras Before a Game

by George Plimpton

On the day of the game, just looking around at the players, it was often difficult to tell that they had football on their minds. Perhaps the apparent aplomb came with experience. I was at the training camp outside Detroit that year as an amateur among the professionals, with almost no experience, playing last-string quarterback during the training season to write a book about it, and when the exhibition games came up, with a chance of being sent in for a play or two, I had such a dead, drawn look that the players would say, "Man, you got something on your mind. It's no sweat. You'll live."

As for them, on game days, the players could have been preparing for a church social or an office outing—at least that was the first impression. I remember that for our first exhibition game—against the Cleveland Browns—we rode into Detroit from the training camp by bus, two of them. The rookies kept together, and they got in the second-string bus. I stayed with the first string. The team was dressed in street clothes, ties, and almost everyone wore blazers, the regulars with the Lion insignia, a striding lion, snarling, below the [illegible].

Carl Brettschneider, the linebacker, sat on the broad back seat of the bus and read out loud the horoscopes from the morning paper. His own was: "Gad about socially, for today you will be at your best." He read aloud the daily joke: "They call them bikinis 'cause they hardly cover the girls atoll.' " A groan went up. Then we had the daily quiz. "Here's a tough one you may want to come back to later," said Brettschneider. "Who said: 'Give me liberty or give me death?' "

"Alex Karras," someone said from the back of the bus. "Liberty to talk about any fool thing on his mind."

With the first game of the 1964 season at hand, Alex Karras' name had come up bitterly and increasingly as the team was finding it hard to accept that it was going to perform throughout the season without his extraordinary skills. He was the team's regular defensive tackle, an integral part of Detroit's four front linemen—known around the League as the Fearsome Four—which included Sam Williams and Darris McCord at the ends, and, playing alongside Karras in the middle, the huge Roger Brown, whose playing weight was a shade under three hundred pounds.

But the year before, Karras had admitted betting on league games. The guarded remark is not one of his traits. "It's normal to make a small bet on yourself," he had said in a California radio



On the football field he runs like a mad duck, but his fantasy world is peopled with Hitler, Eva Braun, Bavaria Fats, and General Washington.

interview. National Football League regulations prohibit gambling—notices are posted in every club locker room—and the Commissioner, Peter Rozelle, his hand forced, suspended Karras (along with Paul Hornung, the Golden Boy halfback from Green Bay) indefinitely. The official announcement from the League said Karras had placed six bets.

Karras' name came up often in that first year of his absence—his teammates missing not only his skills but his humor. He was a man of theatrical tendencies, with an apparent endless flow of free association to draw on. It seemed that all he had to do was open his mouth for his monologues and skits to spring forth, never set pieces, but spontaneous and extemporized. He wore large black-rimmed spectacles which gave him an unsuspecting professional look. In the team dining room he was constantly banging a water glass and standing up to deliver speeches; even a request for chocolate syrup for his ice cream, which could have been fulfilled by raising a finger to a passing waitress, was given a performance.

"Mrs. Page!" he would shout at the dining-room matron, "Mrs. Page, having consumed a salad, your salad with a little shrimp in it, is it too much for me to ask, as a red-blooded American, a voter, with a wife back home, a dog lying by the hearth, a parakeet in a wire cage, is it too much for me to ask for a beaker of chocolate syrup to pour on my ice cream? Mrs. Page, give me chocolate syrup or give me death."

In the bus I was sitting next to Nick Pietrosante, the big Detroit fullback. "What about running against Karras?" I asked.

"He's a type of guy you never think is ready," Pietrosante said. "But with the ball in the air, he is; he has everything, the Johnny Unitas of his position—instinct, size, ability, the moves of a ballet dancer, *dainty*"—that was the word Pietrosante used. Seeing that I am surprised, he said, "Well, one of the nicknames for him is 'tippy-toes'—hard to believe, I mean the fellow standing still, he's like a hydrant, he looks like he's stuck in the ground. But then he takes one step and you can spot that inside he's all springs and coils."

The relaxed atmosphere that I found so puz-

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zling in light of my own nervousness continued. The players talked easily. Behind me, Brettschneider was talking about an old girlfriend of his who sold yo-yos on the road—a particular model that lit up when it reached the bottom of the string. He was a good storyteller; in the rear of the bus the players leaned over the back of their seats to listen to him.

But then—somewhat to my relief—what was in the back of everyone's mind came rapidly to the fore. As we entered the outskirts of Detroit a silence descended on the bus, quite abruptly, as if we'd suddenly been asphixiated by the thought of what was coming—thirty men swayed by the motion of the bus staring straight at the back of the seat in front of them. It was not the silence of the dumb; the tension was palpable—everyone so keyed up that finally a player could no longer contain himself and he'd bark out, "Get it up, De*troit*!" That would set off an explosion of feet stamping on the bus floor and a babble of exhortations, and then just as abruptly, the silence would descend again, the quiet bus rocking along, so that one thought of a herd of aroused animals propelled by some nameless dread into a momentary, noisy flurry of motion and milling, and then motionless again, yet still tense, the big heads watching.

II

The players never tired of talking about the phenomenon of tension building up on the day of a game. If a team was "up," it could perform prodigies, and each ballplayer would be swept along in the effort, playing better than he could even imagine, until everything he did seemed performed in an atmosphere of exhilaration. Before the Thanksgiving Day Green Bay game some [illegible] had won one of their say, "Man, you got some[illegible]," no sweat. You'll live." [illegible] the tension had

As for them, on game days, the players [illegible]the—it was have been preparing for a church social or an [illegible]ge Wilfice outing—at least that was the first impression [illegible]little I remember that for our first exhibition game— [illegible]ey against the Cleveland Browns—we rode into Detroit from the training camp by bus, two of them. The rookies kept together, and they got in the second-string bus. I stayed with the first string. The team was dressed in street clothes, ties, and almost everyone wore blazers, the regulars with the Lion insignia, a striding lion, snarling, below the breast pocket.

Carl Brettschneider, the linebacker, sat on the broad back seat of the bus and read out loud the [illegible] through the hours before a game, and the players adopted different habits to cope with the wait. Some preferred to go off by themselves. At the nine o'clock breakfast one could see them, eating the game-day steaks and the honey, seated in the far reaches of the dining room to remain apart. I was one of the loners. The reason for our apartness, I think, was a fruitless attempt to keep time from passing. Involvement with others seemed to make the time go quickly, and one would look at one's watch suddenly in the middle of a conversation or a bridge game to find that a great, uncontrolled gulp of time had gone, and that the final confrontation was that much closer. One wanted time *stopped*, at least I did. It seemed to go slower for me if I kept to myself, yawning cavernously, almost caving in on the hollowness I felt in my stomach, and staring every once in a while at the sweep of the second hand on my watch in some woebegone sense that I could control time by keeping an eye on it.

As the day moved on I became aware of another drift, this a slow, universal move toward the confrontation in Detroit Stadium. In their homes, fans were beginning to think about the game, and the officials were packing their striped shirts in kit bags; as we set out for the Stadium by bus, so were the Browns stirring around in their Detroit hotel, their bus waiting for them down on the street. It was often a slow, meandering movement, like the progress of an amoeba—often some element of the whole lingering behind (a player walking back across a hotel lobby to buy gum)—but it was always an inexorable motion toward confrontation. Finally the two teams had walked down corridors beneath the stadium to locker rooms just a couple of *walls* away. Ultimately the confrontation was actual: like hideous magi the Browns were sprung up just a yard away across a line of scrimmage, with all their heft and skill bent on obliteration of the people opposite, who were us.

III

Other players craved the confrontation and they did what they could to make the time pass. They slept, or organized card games, or there was conversation.

When Alex Karras was with the team, many [illegible]hem sat around with him in the hours just [illegible]a game. He made the time go. I heard him [illegible]ne year after my participation when I [illegible]own to Philadelphia one weekend to watch [illegible]n play the Eagles. After the game-day [illegible]with them in the hotel, John Gordy, who

is Detroit's All-Pro offensive tackle, had taken me up to his room. Karras was his roommate.

Gordy said, "Alex will be telling stories, or doing some damn thing that'll keep our minds occupied. There'll be a bunch of guys up there."

"He takes the day of the game calmly?" I asked.

"Hell no," Gordy said. "He gets sick before every game—violently."

"Well," I said tentatively. "Why don't we drop in on Pietrosante, or somebody else. Nick, if pushed, can talk enough to keep one's mind occupied. . . ."

"Alex will be all right," Gordy said.

There were some other players sitting around the room. Karras was lying on his bed staring up at the ceiling through his big horn-rimmed glasses. His torso is enormous. In his self-deprecatory manner he used to say that if the rest of him was in proper proportion to his torso he'd be eight feet tall. On the field he ran, his teammates said of him, like a "mad duck," but they used to swear softly thinking of his ability.

I had seen him once the year before at the training camp, standing in the corridor down from my room, holding his young son, who was just learning to walk, by the hand. He was wearing Bermuda shorts, and what struck me was that the conformation of both father and son was exactly the same—the big torso and the stubby legs, natural in his baby son, but surprising to see in the father, as if in fact Karras was a blown-up image of the boy, done by hauling trick mirrors around. What destroyed the similarity was a cigar set immediately in the center of Karras' mouth, with his lips pursed around it, so that it seemed a comic prop. But the jaunty angle of the cigar didn't disguise his gloom. Banished, he was an outsider that year. The players nodded, and called to him in false gaiety. It was obviously difficult for him, and he never came out again.

He also had an uncomfortable year with the Detroit management and the Commissioner's office. Good behavior was a prerequisite of his being allowed back to play for the Lions. But his banishment did not change his ways; he chafed under it. Both the management and the League disapproved of Karras' ownership of a bar. The place had a flavor and a clientele which the Detroit owners apparently did not care for. Karras was urged to give it up—both his partners and his ownership of the bar—the intimation being that reinstatement might be impossible if he didn't. Karras was furious. His defense of his ownership of his little bar was vociferous, and he said the choice of his friends was his own and not a concern of the League's. He often got into the papers.

Nor was the Lion management particularly pleased with Karras' choice of professions during his banishment. He had a short career in wrestling which—as one might expect from Karras was stormy enough to keep the front office on its toes. For one of his matches he was scheduled to fight Richard Aflis, a former lineman on the Green Bay Packers who had moved on to villainous roles in the morality spectacles of big-time contemporary wrestling. Aflis fought under the name Dick the Bruiser, and his trademark in the ring was a ferocious countenance usually covered with blood —in fact some sort of red liquid, cow's blood perhaps, which flowed from a reservoir in a large patch he wore up on his forehead.

A week before the fight Aflis turned up in Karras' saloon to shout some obscenities in what was thought to be a publicity stunt to promote the match, and probably was, until things suddenly got out of hand. There was a midget friend in Karras' saloon, a forty-three pounder named Major Little, whose return fire of verbal abuse finally ignited Dick the Bruiser, and a brawl erupted. The police were called, and the Bruiser, who was wielding a pool cue, was wrestled into submission by eight policemen, one of whom suffered a fractured wrist. They were able to truss him up, binding his hands and feet, and then they moved him out onto the sidewalk, clumsily, like men carrying a large rolled-up carpet, to await the police wagon.

A week later, fed with details on the saloon brawl, a big crowd turned up in Detroit's Olympia to watch the fight—the main event on a card which included Doctor Big Bill Miller, The Sheik, Kit Fox, Moose Evans, and others. Many in the general-admission seats came armed with dried peas to wing at the villains, particularly Dick the Bruiser.

Once again, the midget, Major Little, had a fateful hand in the proceedings. From his front-row seat his height restricted his view of things to the wooden underpinnings of the ring, so in the third or fourth minute of the bout, after fruitlessly trying to see what was happening, he clambered up onto the apron into the ring itself and crouched in a corner, his back up against the ring post, for a view that if unobstructed was certainly close-up. Karras, up to that point, had performed creditably. He had tossed the Bruiser out of the ring four times and had been tossed out once himself, and he had hit the Bruiser's patch with sufficient force to get the cow's blood dribbling down. He had been less successful at looking fierce. With his glasses off, his large, moon-shaped face simply looked puzzled . . . and then dismayed when the

shrill imprecations suddenly rose startlingly close at hand, and he looked to see his friend, the midget, up in the ring shrieking at the Bruiser. His attention wandered, and he turned and made some shooing motions with his hands. He shouted, "Major, dammit, get on down out of there!" His back was turned to the Bruiser, who loomed up close and then—in apparent departure from the script which usually calls for the villain's defeat—rushed at Karras from behind and grasped his neck in what is called in the trade an "Adam's-apple choke-hold." The Bruiser persevered; he got Karras down and pinned him, and the fight, which was for one fall, was awarded him, his hand raised aloft in a rain of dried peas.

IV

Karras' chances of reinstatement with all this going on seemed slim. But then, not long after, he began to change. His teammates said it was his love of football which made him curb his tongue and improve his conduct. He got out of wrestling. Stories about him disappeared from the papers. Finally, he quietly gave up his partnership in the bar, and a year from the date of his suspension he was called in by Commissioner Rozelle and reinstated. His play for the past two years has been tremendous.

"Has he changed?" I had asked Gordy as we walked in the room.

"He's just the same," Gordy said. "But he'd have done a lot to get back—he wanted to so much."

Gordy introduced me to him, and Karras stuck out a hand, remaining absolutely flat where he was on the bed.

I wished him luck that afternoon in the Eagle game. I found a chair in the corner and sat down. He raised his head up slowly and looked down between his feet at the television set against the wall opposite the foot of his bed. It was on. The sets were almost automatically turned on as soon as one walked into a hotel room, flicked on like pulling up a window shade, not because there was a specific program to see, but to create a second window in those airless rooms to glance at as one might glance out the real window at the walls of the air shaft opposite.

"Look at that," Karras said. He was staring moodily at the image. An advertisement was showing—a young man in sharkskin trousers and a yachting jumper sitting on a boulder with the surf piling around, and a girl in close to him, and he was inhaling deeply on a cigarette.

"Look at that guy," said Karras. "They always have good-looking guys puffing on cigarettes. They put cigarettes in Milt Plum's [the Detroit quarterback's] mouth and snap color pictures of him for the big magazines and Milt doesn't even smoke—he hardly knows how to hold a cigarette. They had to *teach* him. What about me? I'm a long-time smoker, known how to hold a cigarette since I was eight. I inhale and all, and when the wind's down and I get a little practice, with the pressure really on me, I can put together a smoke ring, think of that. Why not me, then, instead of Plum? The reason is they only pick the good-looking guys, and the good-looking girls. They look at me, blowing away on those smoke rings, and they think well he's okay on those rings, but he's got the face of a mechanic who's got squashed working under a large touring car. There ought to be a union of us ugly cruds. I'd like to see an ad, a TV ad, in which this great mountain of a girl comes out, just horrible-looking, with a name like Betty Home, and she's advertising nylons, y' see, and she draws on a pair of nylons over these enormous fat thighs. 'Sheer,' she says, working her lips up the way those thin models do."

"You're beautiful, Alex," somone said.

"Who am I kidding?" Karras said. "I know I'm not very pretty, but then the girls I talk to aren't very pretty either." He groaned. "Even with them I can't make out. I couldn't make out if I had the Hope Diamond hanging from my neck." He dropped back on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. "It wasn't always like that. In my other lives I had some grand times."

It was Karras' fantasy that he had lived a succession of different lives—stretching far back into the past. He had been, among other things, an aide-de-camp to both General Washington and Adolph Hitler.

"What about Hitler?" one of the players asked. "What was your impression?"

"Hitler was not an ordinary Joe," Karras said expansively. "You knew that when you were around him as much as I was. He had this obsession to hold his breath for more than three minutes."

"No. Could he do it?"

"Nowhere near. He got red in the face very quickly, and there'd be this little popping sound when the air came rushing out. He never lasted more than eight or nine seconds – shortest-breathed man I ever saw."

"How about the others? Did you know Rommel, Hess, Goering, and all those . . .?"

"Certainly, I knew all those cats, Rundsted, Goering—Bavaria Fats, we called him—and Rommel. He had a terrible weak stomach, Rommel did. He used to get sick all the time. I'd come rushing

p to him in the morning to fling the salute at him, nd say, 'Hello, hello, heil, heil, good *morn*in', ener'l,' and he'd get sick. Hitler never trusted im for that reason. Why he'd come striding up to ommel at Headquarters and say, 'A fine day to ount ze attack against the filthy *Schweinhund* Monty, the Britisher.' Rommel, he'd lean over and et sick into one of those tall nickel-plated upright shtrays you find in the smoking section of raiload coaches—the kind with a button on the side of he stand you push and the trapdoor opens and he cigar falls down. I carried one of these things round for Rommel when he was at Headquarers, with my thumb ready on the button. Hitler vas suspicious of those ashtrays. 'What is that hing?' he'd always say. I think he had an idea t was a bomb. 'It's an ashtray,' I'd say. 'It's Genral Rommel's ashtray.' Hitler'd take a long look, nd he'd say, 'Why doesn't the General carry a maller model around—that thing's three feet tall. What's wrong with those little *pocket* ashtrays, the kind with a hotel name on the bottom? Besides,' Hitler said, 'he doesn't smoke, Rommel. What does he need a big thing like that if he doesn't smoke, answer me *that*!' 'Well,' I said quickly, 'the General smokes *hemp*.' 'Oh well, no wonder,' Hitler says. 'Why not say so in the beginning?' "

"What about Eva Braun? Tell us about her."

"Eva Braun was my sister."

"No."

"She was. You may not think so, my looking the way I do, but in that life I was smart-looking, a blond cat, with boots that went up clear to the crotch, shiny as brass, and in company people was always saying, 'Who's that good-looker?' Real Aryan I was."

"Tell us more about Eva."

"She and Hitler didn't get along at all."

"No."

"My sister had this terrible laugh, a sort of cackle, and when Hitler came fooling around, pushing that moustache at her, why she'd let out this cackle. Hitler could never figure why she was laughing. 'What's wrong?' he'd ask, looking behind him, thinking some clown back of them was making faces. Her cackling was horrible. 'You laughing at one of Bavaria Fat's jokes?' he'd ask."

V

Jim Gibbons, who played the tight end position, said to Karras, "The history books say they were quite a pair."

"That was for appearances," Karras said. "They had to show that Hitler had normal feelings for women. So the public-relations people took a bunch of pictures of the two of them together, she standing under a waterfall bare-ass, and Hitler next to her, getting his uniform wet. Why didn't Hitler ever take that uniform off? You ever see Hitler bare-ass? The answer is no. The fact was, and everybody around Headquarters knew it, that Hitler was a woman—my aunt, if you really want to know, Aunt Hilda, and quite a trial she turned out to be to the rest of the family."

"Did Eva know about that?"

"The fact is she *didn't*. And you know what fooled her?"

"What?"

"That moustache. You'd think it was false, Aunt Hilda being a woman and all. Well, that moustache was absolutely real. Aunt Hilda shaved five times a day. After a while Eva got over her cackle, and toward the end she fell for Aunt Hilda. No one wanted to disillusion her, so they got a marriage going there in the Berlin bunker. The Russians were turning up, so the pair committed suicide, which was maybe good for Eva. She'd have found out—"

"That Hitler was Aunt Hilda."

"Her own *mother!*" said Karras. "Aunt Hilda was Eva's mother, you see. Eva didn't know that, of course. She thought she was an orphan. And guess who Eva's *father* was?"

"Who? Bavaria Fats?" someone suggested.

"You're looking at him," said Karras comfortably from his bed.

"You! Come on," said Gary Lowe, who played in the defensive secondary. "Eva Braun was your sister."

"Both sister *and* daughter," Karras said proudly. "Adolf Hitler was my wife."

"That's horrible," said Gordy.

We sat there reflecting on the tangled family tree of the Nazi hierarchy, the television set murmuring slightly in the background. I wondered how many of them had the Philadelphia game on their minds—just a few hours away.

"Well, I hope things weren't as horrible as that in General Washington's time," Gordy said.

Karras stirred. "General Washington was beautiful. I was at Valley Forge, you know, real cold there, feeding on owls' heads, we were, and such things, and the General would come by the campfires and strike these poses and he'd say, 'Men, we will endure,' things like that. He was just beautiful. But they get a lot of things wrong about him. You recall the cherry-tree story?"

We nodded.

"He *had* to cut that tree down. What did it have

but the Dutch elm disease, easiest thing in the world to see, that cherry tree was top-heavy with it, and if Washington hadn't fetched an axe to it, everything around would have been infected."

"Why didn't George tell his father that?" Gordy asked. "He'd have saved himself a whipping."

"Young George had false teeth, you know, a full set, even as a young boy, and when his daddy called him in to ask him about the cherry tree, he *tried* to explain about the Dutch elm disease, but out came a lot of clacking. Washington's teeth fit badly, and when he spoke he either did this clacking, or sometimes a whistle, a high whistle." Karras demonstrated the whistle. "So when his daddy said, 'Who cut that tree down?' he was only able to understand through all that clacking and whistling that his son, George, had, but he couldn't understand the *reason*. So he took a switch to him. Beat him half-crazy."

"How could you understand him saying, 'We will endure,' and things like that at Valley Forge," someone asked, "if Washington had this speech difficulty?"

"We *couldn't* understand him," explained Karras. "But he got into all these poses, you see. He'd stand around by the campfires, and when he crossed the Delaware he struck a fine pose *that* time, with his foot up there on the bow, so you always knew what the guy had in mind. You know actually who spoke the Farewell Address?"

"Who?"

"You're looking at him," said Karras. "What happened was that I stood right behind the General up there on the platform and I spoke the words for him. He was like a wood dummy, clacking his jaw, but you couldn't tell unless you were right up close that it was me."

"How about his staff? How did they understand his orders?"

"Well, lip-reading—they were all deaf mutes," Karras went blithely on. "That's not generally known, but Washington's closest people—Lafayette (French Fats, we called him), General Gates, and the rest of them—they could hear nothing; but they could *lip-read*. That's why in the portraits of Washington all the generals and the staff people are standing around staring at him. You hear that's devotion they were showing. Crap. They were looking at his mouth in case Washington had it in mind to say something, so they could begin their lip-reading and hop to it if there was something to be done."

There had been some other lives Karras hinted at: he had been something during the Civil War —he wasn't sure what. Something low, he thought, a camp follower perhaps.

Between lives, he told us, he would find himself on an airliner flying in heavy cloud banks, or often above them, with the sun shining. The ground was always out of sight, though he would lean his forehead against the window to look for it far down through the clouds, never succeeding, though often the clouds fell away into deep valleys that seemed to drop for miles. The flight was always very smooth and long, with pretty stewardesses coming by and leaning over to offer beef bouillon, and when the evening came their trays had tall drinks on them. He was always very tired on these flights, utterly relaxed.

On the third day, perhaps the fourth, when he was beginning to feel more lively, a mist would suddenly settle in the cabin, increasingly thick, so that it began to take on the same consistency as the clouds outside, the walls of the cabin disappearing in them, and he felt himself in the clouds themselves. As he felt himself begin to fall and turn, he knew his time was coming to be someone else, and he would cross his fingers and hope to Christ he wasn't going to be a damn jockstrap athlete again.

VI

"Well, what would you hope to be?" Gary Lowe, the corner-back, asked.

"How the hell do I know?" Karras said. He seemed ill-tempered suddenly. "I tell you nothing can be worse than this—lying around in a little hotel room like a bunch of cruds. Then we get out on some field and knock some guys around for a lousy pile of pennies. What sort of a life is that? It's crud," he said.

He raised his body up off the bed. He looked very sour.

"Let's clear out of here," he said. "I got to find me a place to puke."

When we got out in the corridor, he hurried on down in front of us and began punching at the elevator button.

"That's a mood, isn't it?" I said quietly to Lowe.

"Alex is ready," Lowe said happily. "He's right as rain. He's up for the game. . . ."

"Does he mean it when he says he's going to get sick?"

"Sure he will," said Lowe. "Just as George Wilson tells us to go out there and rock them, out in the can we'll hear Alex lose his lunch. Sure. And then in five minutes he'll be out there on the field making the poor fellow from Philadelphia opposite him pay for it."

We crowded into the elevator. No one said anything going down. He would sit alone in the bus.

Harper's Magazine, January 1966

An Open Letter to the Ford Foundation

by Philip M. Stern

Since it is just getting a new High Command, the World's Biggest Cornucopia now has a chance to make some drastic—maybe revolutionary—changes. Here are a few friendly hints on what it has done wrong, and what it might do better.

On January 1, the fifteenth anniversary of its presence on the national scene, the Ford Foundation will undergo the most thorough change in leadership since its transformation from a local Michigan foundation to the largest philanthropic institution in history. The retiring president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Julius A. Stratton, will become the first new board chairman in seven years, succeeding John J. McCloy, and will be the first person to occupy that post on a full-time basis. Simultaneously, the first new president of the Foundation in ten years will likely be named to succeed Henry T. Heald.

The author of this open letter to these two gentlemen is something of a "philanthropoid" himself, presiding over two family foundations: one bearing his own name in Washington, D. C., the other established by his parents and headquartered in New York. This activity follows a tradition of philanthropy started by Mr. Stern's grandfather, the late Julius Rosenwald, whose philanthropic interests were focused mainly in the South on race-relations problems.

Dear Dr. Stratton and Mr. _____:

Congratulations. You are about to become two of the most influential individuals in the United States. Also two of the most kibitzed, next, I suppose, to the President of the United States and the manager of the San Francisco Giants—which is why I am hastening to put my two cents in early.

I envy you. I can think of no other positions in private life that offer more opportunity to advance human well-being. But you also have my sympathy—partly because second-guessing the Ford Foundation is becoming an increasingly favored pastime in many quarters, but more so because most of the kibitzers imagine that giving away money is easy and fun. They don't realize how tough it can be to get rid of it in creative and productive ways, especially if you're faced with disposing of a quarter of a billion dollars a year, as you two are.*

I know a great many people who are glib about ticking off society's problems, and dogmatic in faulting the Ford Foundation's approach to them. But when I ask them how *they* would spend the quarter of a billion, the glibness fades. Some of them can conjure up ideas worth, maybe, five million—but at that point, of course, Ford's year's work is only one-fiftieth done.

You deserve compassion, too, because the Ford Foundation is, more than any other American institution, the object, and often the victim, of Great Expectations—mine included. This is the price Ford pays for being such a standout in the philanthropic crowd. You can't be four times as big as the next-largest foundation (Rockefeller) and give away more than twenty times as much as Carnegie and not have people expect miracles of you and judge you by standards more severe than those applied to lesser institutions.

In the coming months, these expectations will be focused on you two gentlemen, for you have an unparalleled opportunity to effect crucial changes at Ford. Not only are you the first new occupants of your posts in, respectively, seven and ten years; two of your key vice-presidents are retiring soon, so you will be free to pick your own high command. Moreover, the next three years will see the greatest turnover among the Ford trustees

*Originally, the job description for the presidency of Ford was not nearly so tough; fifteen years ago, it was thought there would be a paltry fifteen million a year to dispose of.

in the Foundation's history, and you are bound to have a powerful voice in selecting the new trustees.

As you take office, there is a restive feeling that foundations ought to be more venturesome than they have been. "I believe," one recent speaker said, "that philanthropy generally is not attuned to the tempo of the times . . . [it is] prone to be too complacent, too willing to conform, too ready to settle for the tried and proven." Those are not the words of a Norman Thomas or a Walter Reuther, but of John D. Rockefeller III.

I have no reason to suspect that Mr. Rockefeller's words were aimed at the Ford Foundation, but many people feel that they apply to Ford all too directly, that Ford's performance has never quite lived up to its original promise. The trumpets, you will recall, were sounded by the Gaither panel, a distinguished group appointed in 1948 to chart the course the Ford Foundation should follow when it came into the fortune bequeathed by the two senior Fords. The call was clear enough: "The Ford Foundation," the Gaither group declared, "is free to interpret its own function in society *and to act boldly in implementing that interpretation.*" (Emphasis mine.) The Gaither agenda for action made few detours around controversial areas, and Paul Hoffman, the first president of the Ford Foundation, recalls he "was told that the Foundation would provide risk capital for social progress, and an opportunity to do some daring things."

But as I see it, the Foundation failed to live up to that role. Let me be very specific.

How to Stay Out of Hot Water

After just two years, Paul Hoffman and the trustees found themselves on different wavelengths, and over the long run Ford has tended to steer clear of the hotter items on the Gaither agenda: labor-management relations, for example, or the encouragement of participation in politics, or the development of the behavioral sciences (a target of one Congressional investigation, and later phased out by Ford). The touchy problems of free speech and civil liberties were shunted to the subsidiary Fund for the Republic, which was later publicly disavowed by Henry Ford II, and still later withdrew from all grant-making in this controversial field.

But it is on civil rights and race relations that Ford's abstention has been most conspicuous. During the crucial years following the Supreme Court school decision, such organizations as the Urban League, the Southern Regional Council (an Atlanta-based race-relations research and action group), the Legal Defense Fund of the NAACP, even until 1963 the noncontroversial United Negro College Fund—all these received help from smaller foundations, but none from Ford (or from Rockefeller or Carnegie, I must add in fairness). Moreover, the Ford staff was led, however implicitly, to feel that civil-rights grants were out of bounds, and President Heald is felt to have given a decidedly frosty reception to a group of prominent Negro leaders.

Of course, a foundation grant doesn't have to be controversial to be worthwhile or innovative. For example, the question of whether to paint white lines on the edges of highways would hardly start a donnybrook at the AFL-CIO or the Union League club; yet a safety experiment financed by the little-known Dorr Foundation proved the efficacy of such lines in reducing accident rates and made them standard for highways throughout the country.

Not a world-shaking reform, perhaps, but in this somewhat homely example lies a lesson: the Dorr Foundation, by choosing a little-explored field of narrow dimension, was able, with an investment of only a few thousand dollars, to effect a change of national scope. Think of foundation money as a beneficent elixir. Squeeze a few drops into a thimbleful of water and a profound transformation occurs. But pour a barrel into the ocean, and the effect is negligible.

To me, Ford in its largest grants has been guilty of pouring too many barrels in the ocean. The clearest examples are the $200 million grant distributed among 3,254 private nonprofit hospitals, adding only infinitesimally to their aggregate operating budgets; and the $210 million for an endowment to raise faculty salaries at 615 private colleges by an average of only $4 per week per teacher. Another example, slightly less clear perhaps, is the $275 million devoted to the general development of some 70 private colleges and universities (which has attracted an additional $725 million in matching funds required by Ford.)

I am not saying these grants were harmful. I am well aware that each filled a need and resulted in measurable benefits. Yet in appraising the dispensing of two-thirds of a *billion* dollars (a third

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of everything Ford has given away), I insist on asking, what is there to show for this prodigious sum, in new ideas sparked, new directions charted?

Agents of Change

To me, the unique and precious characteristic of foundations—especially of Ford's size and sophistication—is their capacity to be *agents of change*. Government, corporations, and wealthy benefactors often provide ample, and occasionally excessive, support for the status quo, but they usually have little interest in underwriting change. A foundation, on the other hand (as Ford's own charter group aptly observed), "has no stockholders and no constituents. It represents no private, political, or religious interests. This ... endows a foundation with an inherent freedom of action possessed by few other organizations."

Their "freedom from entanglements" buys for Ford and other foundations—but especially for Ford—the privilege of failing, the capacity to make mistakes with extraordinary impunity. After all, what can anyone do to the Ford Foundation if it takes a risk and fails, or if it ventures into a legitimate but controversial area? True, Ford is unique among the giant foundations in that its name also attaches to a well-known automotive product—a fact of which the trustees are, I am told, periodically reminded. Yet as I look at the Mustang, the Magic Doorgate, and the Ford Motor Company's latest profits (up 28 per cent over last year), it is difficult for me to believe that Ford's hold on the car-buying public is frail enough to be significantly damaged by the Foundation's actions.

Of course, your lawyers—and perhaps your more apprehensive trustees—are likely to advise caution lest Ford's tax exemption be revoked. Realistically, though, such drastic retribution against a foundation whose generosity has been felt and appreciated in every state and most Congressional districts in this land is about as likely as Congress abolishing its own Rivers and Harbors committees.

My assessment of Ford's invulnerability heightens my distress over Paul Hoffman's recollection that "every time we got a dozen letters objecting to something we'd done ... I'd have to spend hours reassuring the board," and over reports that headlines linking the Foundation to the commissioning of an opera about Sacco and Vanzetti were the cause of worried interchanges among the trustees themselves! Of course, with an institution as prominent as Ford, it is easy for those on the inside to feel constantly in the public consciousness. But the feeling is ill-founded. A Gallup poll taken at the height of the Foundation's supposed notoriety (after two Congressional investigations and some controversial Fund for the Republic grants) showed that only 2 per cent of the populace had negative views of Ford (compared with 27 per cent favorably disposed)—*and 60 per cent had never heard of the Foundation.* Ford dealers take note.

I know Ford hasn't been totally gun-shy of controversial fields. On the contrary, it has pioneered in such unpopular areas as East-West scholar exchanges and birth-control research. On balance, though, the Ford Foundation has not taken full advantage of its uniquely invulnerable position. "Why not?" I asked one of your long-time trustees. Ford's size, he answered. "That which is large will never be crusading," he told me. "It will look for the comfortable, the benign. It will want to maintain a successful image."

Ford's board of trustees is composed of honorable and thoughtful men, but with one probable exception there is not a non-Establishment man among the fifteen. Run down the 1965 list: in addition to the two Ford brothers and President Heald, there were Mr. McCloy (the head of Richard Rovere's half-fanciful Establishment), the prestigious Eugene R. Black, two university presidents (but no working professors), three editor-publishers (but no columnists or working writers), two corporation presidents, one former business-school dean, one federal judge, and one lawyer. But where is the man of letters on your board? Where the labor leader? Where a woman? And is there nowhere a Negro of sufficient breadth and wisdom to qualify for membership on your board?

Philanthropy, Ford-style, moreover, is a group-think affair. Decisions are shaped by over a hundred men. Every successful grant must be unobjectionable enough to survive the successive scrutiny of program assistants and associates, program directors, vice-presidents, the president, and the fifteen trustees. This is in contrast to the days when an Andrew Carnegie could single-handedly decide to devote some $43 million to the improvement of libraries, or when a Julius Rosenwald could produce from his desk drawer a check for $50,000 to experiment with what later became one of the most successful fellowship programs in philanthropic history (among its beneficiaries: Ralph Bunche, Marian Anderson, James Baldwin, Ralph McGill).

Now that I have unburdened myself about what I see *wrong* with the Ford Foundation, you are

entitled to turn the tables on me and ask what *I* would do to make it live up to my lofty standards.

A fair question. Herewith some suggestions:

(1) The Ford Foundation, in fashioning its larger grants, should pick fields of such a size and nature that the grants can provoke genuine change. By way of illustration, Ford might underwrite such things as:

. . . Building a model school-and-slum-community center as a showcase for what cities might do to transform urban slum living.

A group of Washington, D. C. architects has a plan for replacing one of the city's more scandalously antiquated and overcrowded slum schools, not with the cramped, inadequate school that has been requested of Congress, but with an integrated school-cum-community center, open from 7:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. It would contain a large floodlit elevated playground spanning a major Washington avenue; a recreation center for older people; a theater; a branch of "city hall," with service offices (health, welfare, and others) open at night and within walking distance of those who need them; classroom, art, and shop facilities open at night for adult education; and a branch of the public library. It would be a place where fragmented community energies might be knit together. By adding about $5 million to the $3.5 million Congress has been asked to vote for the replacement school alone, the Ford Foundation could transform an instantly obsolete school project into a showcase for the nation located within minutes of the Capitol.

. . . Building a pilot "educational park" as a possible solution to the urban-school-segregation dilemma.

One suggested solution to the impasse of segregated "neighborhood" schools versus cross-town busing of children is to supersede the separate neighborhood schools with an "educational park"—a cluster of elementary and secondary schools built on one huge tract of land, with a single campus (much like a university), using many facilities in common, and drawing children from an area large enough to naturally include white and Negro neighborhoods. The idea needs further study and development, but even if it proved a promising answer to the school-segregation dilemma, chances are it would be years before any city could scrape up the courage or the money to build an experimental school cluster. But Ford, and only Ford, could launch the experiment quickly, and the largely unused Welfare Island in New York's East River might be a site for it.

. . . Mounting a sustained crash research program in urban transportation.

Because research in this field has been so scant, some saw for Ford, a few years ago, before the government moved into the field, an opportunity to produce some desperately needed ideas for our auto-choked, smog-laden cities by underwriting a five-to-ten-year, multimillion-dollar research effort in urban transportation. The notion had a brief life at Ford, but was scrapped, out of reluctance to commit such large sums to a chancy project:

. . . Underwriting a massive birth-control clinic program in American poverty areas.

While the federal government is expanding into areas formerly reserved for philanthropy, the birth-control field is clearly wide open for foundation pioneering. Ford, to its great credit, has been a financial mainstay for birth-control research. Now those grants are paying off (the pill, for example, and the even more promising intrauterine "coil"). Now is Ford's chance to capitalize on its research investment with a broad program of clinics in poverty areas. To me, this is an example of the ideal large Ford grant, an opportunity to bring about a profound change of climate in a field of paramount importance that is untouched—and untouchable—by any except a large foundation.

(2) The Ford Foundation should create a number of special-subject foundations, and give each a large lump-sum grant, with instructions to dispense the entire sum in a specified number of years, and then disband.

Often in the past, the most creative and innovative grants have emanated not from the giant foundations, but from smaller, special-subject offshoots of the giants. One of the most change-provoking of foundation ventures—the Flexner Report, which produced a revolution in American medical education—was a Carnegie undertaking, but financed by the subsidiary Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Similarly, the most significant experimentation in education springs from Ford and Rockefeller money, not that of the principal foundations, but of Ford's Fund for the Advancement of Education and Rockefeller's General Education Board.

It is logical that such progeny should be more experimental than their parent foundations. They are smaller, and past experience shows that their boards can attract the most creative and illustrious brains in their special fields. Were their life limited, as I propose, they would, I think, be emboldened to undertake large-scale experiments (thus taking full advantage of Ford's unique size), and would be uninfluenced either by the hope of getting further grants from, or the

fear of being absorbed into, the parent foundation—the historic fate of most philanthropic offspring.

(3) The Ford Foundation should broaden its board of trustees by using a different method of selection, and limit trustees' tenure to two three-year terms and the president's tenure to two four-year terms.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a self-perpetuating body to take the initiative in inviting provocateurs into its sanctum sanctorum. One proposal for countering this self-limiting tendency is for foundation boards, when selecting new members, to enlist the temporary help of outside directors, who would vote on this one matter and then depart.

Moreover, if your board is to remain, in John D. Rockefeller's words, "attuned to the tempo of the times," it should have constant injections of new blood, far more than it has had in the past. Of the 1965 board, nine of the fifteen members had been on the board for at least ten years.

(4) The Ford Foundation should grant its staff members vastly more authority to make small grants at their own discretion.

Ford officers have authority to make small grants (less than $25,000) without trustee approval, but I am told that this practice is cumbersome and has been discouraged. I think that is too bad. In the foundations I am associated with, we have found manifold opportunities—often fleeting ones, to be grasped at the moment or lost—to exert a decisive influence with very little money. Some of our most productive grants have been small, requiring only executive approval.

Were you to broaden the discretionary authority of the Ford staff to make small grants (perhaps permitting grants of up to $5,000 by junior program associates, up to $50,000 by vice-presidents, subject to aggregate ceilings), I think you'd make a great many high-leverage grants with just a tiny fraction of your total resources, and you'd have an excellent device for training and evaluating your staff in the responsibilities of grant- and decision-making.

(5) The Ford Foundation should avoid "hardening of the categories" in its handling of applications.

Some departmentalization of your staff (into such categories as Education, Public Affairs, Humanities and the Arts, etc.) is, I suppose, inevitable. But innovative ideas are unlikely, by their very nature, to fit neatly into your existing categories. For example, the notion of building a slum school-community center might easily fall between Education and Public Affairs. So to avoid ideas dying for want of a home or sponsor within the Foundation, I hope you will actively *encourage* joint sponsorship of projects by more than one department of the Foundation.

(6) The Ford Foundation should liberally condition its grants on matching contributions by others.

By using this technique (as with the university development grants, where your $275 million has been matched by an added $725 million from other donors), you have not only engaged the dollars, but the interest and commitment of thousands of new givers.

A Creative Minority

If I have sounded one-sidedly critical in this letter, it is not out of unawareness of your manifold good works. But you will not lack for praise of your virtues. On the other hand, I assure you there will be no plethora of frank critics. Nearly everyone I have interviewed in the preparation of this letter has said, "Whatever you do, don't quote me." This is the price you pay for being everybody's potential benefactor.

So much rides on the spirit you two men bring to Ford. Foundations tend, like human beings, to lose their vitality as they age. But they can get new infusions of youth from the men who head them. This is of no mere institutional importance to the Ford Foundation. It is of critical significance to the United States. Seventeen years ago, an extraordinary philanthropoid, Edwin Embree, wrote in *Harper's Magazine*:

> Arnold Toynbee . . . points out over and over again the transforming power of the "creative minority" in the development of civilizations. He and many historians have recorded the decline of peoples when this minority becomes complacent and formalized—more interested in the preservation of itself and its world than in stimulating further growth. By the very nature of their organization, foundations are especially fitted to be the creative minority to spur society on.

About a year later, in charting the course the Ford Foundation should follow in the dispensation of the newly bequeathed Ford billions, the Gaither panel observed:

> The opportunity is great; the responsibility is equally great. If the opportunity is met with foresight, good sense and courage . . . the [Ford] Foundation can play a vital role in the . . . advancement of human welfare.

Respectfully,

Philip M. Stern

Harper's Magazine, January 1966

Jean Shepherd: Radio's Noble Savage

by Edward Grossman



In the old days, when Dewey used to run for President, the radio had an honored place in the American living room. It stood there in its big veneered box, and it provided information and entertainment. Suddenly television arrived. With its superior wonders it chased the radio out of the living room and nearly abolished it altogether. But by adapting—by setting up thousands of local stations and virtually abandoning the networks, by transistorizing, by abdicating to sponsors—the radio industry survived, and today it is turning an unprecedented profit. The difference is in the sound it makes: twenty years ago it was Tommy Dorsey and Fred Allen; today it is pimple music and controversial panel discussions, controversial enough to keep the insomniacs awake.

One of the precious few sources of relief from this pap is the Jean Shepherd program, broadcast nightly over WOR in New York City, KFRC in San Francisco, and WNAC in Boston. Shepherd's business is to talk—alone, in a scriptless free form, about his life and about what he hears, sees, and smells as an inhabitant of Manhattan and the world. He is uniquely inventive, sometimes hectic, and by no means everybody's meat. There is even disagreement about what he is really up to. "Shepherd is a professional scoffer," a noted clergyman once warned his flock, "and therefore a bad influence, especially on children." The conscientious *New York Times*, however, describes Shepherd as "a witty commentator." Another, entirely different conclusion was drawn by a lady in Teaneck, New Jersey: she sent Shepherd a decrepit Hallicrafters receiver, with a letter instructing him to "fix this radio and have it back to me by Thursday."

The best way to account for these mixed reviews is to let Shepherd speak for himself.

10:15 P.M. The WOR news and weather are out of the way. A bugle sounds, and a sprightly theme song comes trotting on the air. The theme has a double meaning: it is the one that calls the horses to the gate at Aqueduct, and it is the *Bahnfrei* Overture, composed for an operetta by Eduard Strauss, the only member of the Strauss family who did not make good. Presently Shepherd's clear, rowdy voice intrudes. "Okay, gang, are you ready to play radio? Are you ready to shuffle off the mortal coil of mediocrity? I am if you are." There is a noise like a mechanized Bronx cheer *(BRRAPP!)*— it is Shepherd blowing his kazoo. At other times he twangs his Jew's-harp *(BRROING!)*. "Yes, you fatheads out there in the darkness, you losers in the Sargasso Sea of existence, take heart, because WOR, in its never-ending crusade of public service, is once again proud to bring you—*(EROICA SYMPHONY UP)—The Jean Shepherd Program!*"

Shepherd stakes his claim on the microphone. He exorcises by name the disc jockeys and the lady interviewers who have preceded him, and he tells New York ("this Sodom-by-the-Sea, this fetid hole") to stand by for something else. Some ostentatious fumbling of papers, then the recitation of an item from the *Times:* children in Sydney, Australia, have imprisoned a man in a sewer for three days, coming to watch him and to throw bread crusts. Shepherd is not amazed. It is no more than he expects of people. His "old man," he remembers with no malice, was much the same way, an incurable onlooker at catastrophes ranging from midnight refinery explosions to dirigible crashes two counties removed. *(BRROING!)*

"Just a gigolo," Shepherd sings off-pitch over a scratchy honky-t record, "Everywhere I go, Pe know the game I'm play-ing." sings to get in the mood for his pr work. Beside "Gigolo," he is par to "You Are My Sunshine," "I'm Sheik of Araby," and "After Yo Gone (And Left Me Cryin')." M way through the chorus Shepherd terrupts himself; he has detected engines twenty-two stories bel whining through Times Square, he must turn up the gain and th open the window. "Holy smoke!"

Afterwards, there are commerci Shepherd tells his controlman "push the money button," and jingle for "Whooppee" beer co and goes, with Shepherd whistl and humming against it, and ask at its conclusion, "Isn't it wonder to be able to measure your happin in empty fliptop cans?"

There are evenings when Sheph spends all forty-five minutes letti his mind and tongue dart around t way. Usually, however, he discov some main track. "That reminds of something that happened to when I was a kid," he will say, a is away on a Kid Story. Or, "That minds me of something that ha pened to me when I was a yardbir and he tells an Army Story. "I'm t kid, see? Walkin' around, spitti havin' a fist fight . . . you know. W one day me and Flick and Brunner d cide to go in to the Star and Garte The Star and Garter, he explains, w a burlesque house in Chicago, wh pered about by parents on degenera occasions like New Year's Eve.

With asides and stories-withi stories, Shepherd weaves his tale. H brings three sweating kids into t 99-cent den of sin, and plays a the roles: the huckster ("Import from Paris, France, we have f you . . ."), the tenor ("A Pret Girl Is Like A Me-lo-dee . . ."), a the bass drum that speaks while t floozies do their stuff ("BOOM-ba-d BOOM"). Later the kids go hom silent, guilty, and that night She herd writhes in bed, fearful he ha caught something . . . until he di covers it is only his itchy new Sear and Roebuck underwear.

Edward Grossman graduated fro Harvard in 1964, was on the staff o "Look," and is now an assistant ed tor of "Harper's." In his spare tim he listens to the radio.

pherd tells the Kid Stories in algic, loving way; the Army s he tells with admiration that ıld have escaped such experi- with body and wits intact. His Company of misfits, sharpies, few boys who were going to lled, with a career Captain ("a er with a gut muscle like a oard") who planned on turning all into "the bayest f— owwfit heah f— Ahmee." Shepherd's avel troop trains from Impasse, s, to Seepage, Arkansas, peel- ns of potatoes on the way and g the skins out into "the purple- night"; they go to a hick town, thousand guys on pass," and single fourteen-year-old wait- eady to oblige them. These are ed souls, but, strangely, not em- ed. Even deserters bear no es. Everyone is in it together, aking do as he can. Maybe this y these stories, like the Kid s, are often disarmingly funny. te as often, the stories are in- d by a mass of details that ring Shepherd has total recall of the rank, and shape of everyone barracks; of who played first for the Chicago White Sox in (Zeke "Banana-nose" Bonura); w the Little Orphan Annie song used to go. He remem- sounds, too, and mimics them ıcingly. His Heat Lightning Camp Crowder is distant and us; the Gurgling Sink over his mother struggled forever er chenille bathrobe" is enough ve a hardened plumber pause. her with this realism Shepherd s in a stiff dose of hyperbole. his squad is on an overnight for example, it covers "ninety- miles," and the mercury during ay hovers at "a hundred and " while at night it plunges to teen below zero." His vocabu- tself is hyperbolic—from "trap" mouth) and "clutz," to "in- e," "phantasmagoria," and "gal- fry." The reason this composite fits is that the world that Shep- conjures up is not a temperate t is one in which people have to hard to make it through an- day without being struck by ing, devoured by a sergeant, or by an evangelist.

epherd's fund of stories is not austible. He repeats himself, ometimes he serves up just plain cold turkey. This is excusable, for it suggests that probably he is not making it all up, and it leads him to extemporize about more up-to-the-minute matters: "the crud that falls out of the sky" in New York; "Mr. Chucky from Fire Island," a weak-wristed lad who has annexed a corner of the cultural scene; Progress; "Manny and Milt," promoters of detergents and political candidates; also, venal union bosses, World's Fairs, and blowhards in writing (like Norman Mailer), folk-singing and Protesting (Bob Dylan), and business management (Shepherd's boss).

"Listen to this one. From the London *Sunday Times*. Dateline Hong Kong." Shepherd reads, in a Charlie Chan accent, a report that Peking has laid down the Party line on humor. Henceforth all jokes will glorify the workers and scorn the imperialists. All other jokes are reactionary and forbidden.

"O Insclutable Oliental Mind! Or is it? I know these cats. They pad around the East Village. Legalize pot, race war, and jazz like that. Deadly serious, like Nazis. I've met them down in the Cost and Accounting Department, too, clean-shaven and in white collars. They can't see a damn thing ridiculous about themselves . . . only about *you*."

Shepherd can point a moral to anything; the one to this is: "Keep your knees loose." Then the *Bahnfrei* Overture is on again, indicating he has run out of time. "By the way, you clutzes that are about to write in saying, 'Lay off the philosophy,' you can stop worrying. Tomorrow there will be an all-kazoo program."

"BRRAPP!"

Shepherd in the flesh is not young, lean, and wisecracking, as his disembodied radio voice implies, but middle-aged, stocky, with a Mephistophelean goatee that is starting to turn gray, and a surprisingly earnest and polite manner. He regularly telephones his mother, who is "real" and really lives in Hammond, Indiana, a place-name that has the same mythical importance for Shepherd as Hannibal had for Mark Twain. "I'd still be there," Shepherd reflects, "working in the steel mills and chewing Mail Pouch, if it hadn't of been for the second world war." The Signal Corps snatched him out of the mills at age seventeen and infected him with the radio bug. Several times he tried to shake it off, taking up Volkswagen dealership and sportscar racing, but without long-term success.

When he came to WOR ten years ago, fresh from running a hillbilly jamboree and interviewing wild-animal acts for a Cincinnati station, Shepherd began by broadcasting records and random talk all night. His public then was mostly "night people"—cabbies, students cramming on No-Doz, transatlantic pilots flying in on WOR's 50,000-watt signal. Now he has a larger (100,000 on a good night) and, to judge from his mail, more diversified audience. Hip adolescents are particularly sympathetic to him. A girl in a Quaker prep school based her valedictory speech on a Shepherd bit about false values created by advertising; a Scarsdale kid, quoting Kierkegaard, tried to explain to Shepherd why parents are mystified by his programs. Within the trade, too, Shepherd has achieved a measure of fame. "Official-type guys see me on the elevator," he says, "and they tell me I'm a great black humorist. Whatever that is."

But the devotion of his fans and the recognition of fellow professionals has not been enough to make Shepherd as well known as a crowd of lesser performers. He remains essentially an "underground" phenomenon. The reason is no mystery: he is on radio, and he is himself. While national reputations are made on television, with help from the press agent's art, Shepherd works in a local medium, and his work is a rare kind that PR men wouldn't know what to do with.

Undoubtedly it is too bad that more people can't hear Shepherd. Outside the Northeast, which is covered by WOR, his only outlet until recently was a small listener-sponsored station in Seattle whose apt call-letters are KRAB. It remains to be seen whether he can win audiences in San Francisco and Boston as well. On the other hand, it is gratifying that he is heard at all, and that many of his programs have been taped. Very soon, when the genetic race has run its course and everyone is born with a portable TV connected to his navel, archaeologists will find these tapes, and they will call Shepherd's flights of fact and fancy the final good moments of a lost form of communication.

Harper's Magazine, January 1966



The Scientific Pork Barrel *by Daniel S. Greenberg*

Our scientists are delighted to take the taxpayers' money—great, green bales of it—but they get upset whenever the government asks what they are doing with it, and why, and where.

"Take away the federal money and we'd have to close down our labs, fire our technicians, and tell our students to go home."

The speaker was the chairman of a West Coast university chemistry department. The same words could have been uttered by thousands of other academic scientists who, since the end of World War II, have become heavily dependent upon the financial support of the U. S. government. Bespeaking the scientists' current affluence are new—often architecturally striking—laboratories on campuses across the country. Fellowships carrying tuition and stipends up to $3,000 a year are available for even mediocre science graduate students. Ample travel funds carry American researchers to professional meetings around the world. (Not long ago, a young physicist told me he was weary of travel after his summer rounds to London, Rome, Honolulu, and Seattle—all the way on government grants.)

The lucrative intimacy of scientists and government is a development of the past fifteen years. Previously, the relationship was so distant that Einstein and his associates were rebuffed by the Navy when they recommended a program of atomic research and had to appeal directly to Roosevelt. At the start of World War II the annual federal investment in research and development was only $74 million—and about half of this was for agricultural research. By 1950 it had risen to over $1 billion; it was up to $3.3 billion in 1955 and reached $15.2 billion last year. Defense, atomic energy, and—in the recent past—space exploration used up about three-quarters of this budget. And probably no more than 10 per cent has ever gone to basic research, which is the heart of science. Nonetheless, American science has flourished.

For example, we now lead the world in Nobel recipients; the research reports of foreign scientists are laden with citations of American work. Instead of an exodus of Americans to European laboratories, foreign students now flock to our universities.

Yet despite these—and many other—signs of a golden age of science, the leaders of our scientific community today are a troubled lot. For their relationship with their chief patron—the federal government—has entered a turbulent phase.

At issue is a central principle which was long unquestioned: that to be fruitful science must be self-governing. In practice this has meant that, while Congress reserved for itself the prerogative of fixing the overall size of the federal science budget, the scientific community enjoyed a remarkable degree of autonomy in deciding what to do with the sum appropriated. Two devices were used to make this possible. The first of these was the project system whereby federal money was not to be given to Harvard, Caltech, or any other specific *institution* but rather to support a worthy project that just happened to be at a particular university. The choice of projects was governed by the peer system—committees of nized scientists met regula Washington and evaluated gr plications.

As it turned out, the best nized researchers were quite standably concentrated at the tutions that were getting th federal money. But Congr were, in the early postwar year tant to inject their judgmer esoteric scientific matters. T entists—dealing in matters prehensible to laymen—had taken on faith. Back in that innocence, for example, S Bourke B. Hickenlooper, durin ings on the AEC budget, as Robert Oppenheimer how l would be safe for a person to radioactive dime in his pocket.

This kind of naïveté is now a of the past on Capitol Hill, p larly in the Joint Committ Atomic Energy whose membe long years of continuous service acquired a sufficient lay under ing of atomic matters to ask the questions. Thus, for example years ago, when the AEC pr building a new reactor, Cha John O. Pastore (Democrat, Island) inquired, "Can the prod reactors going out of business Idaho test reactors be utiliz

In Washington, Mr. Greenberg a column for "Science," the u magazine of the American As tion for the Advancement of Sc He is also a research fellow i history of science at John Ho University and is writing a bo science and politics.

ied to produce the fluxes re-
d for research in place of the
sed Argonne advanced research
or?"

th familiarity, Congress began
ke more interest in what was
ening with the burgeoning fed-
expenditures for research and
opment. Even before Sputnik,
D had begun to loom large in the
al budget. Most of the growth
or the crash missile program of
mid-1950s which scientists an-
say cannot be charged to sci-
But plain, pure science too, was
ng. For example, the annual
et of the National Institutes of
th rose from $3 million to $400
on between 1946 and 1960. And
National Science Foundation
from $225,000 when it was es-
shed in 1951, to $152.7 million in
.

Congressmen wondered what was
g accomplished with all this
ey, their thoughts turned natur-
to their home districts and the
in which the decisions of autono-
s scientists were affecting re-
al economic interests.

here seemed much evidence that
research facilities in an area
attract new industry. The Har-
-MIT complex, for example, had
ed the magnet for the ring of
ence-based" industry on Boston's
e 128. Berkeley and Stanford, it
ed, had served the same purpose
he San Francisco Bay area. In
e regions, scientists working in
stry could keep in touch with the
ersity world and even do a little
emic moonlighting, while indus-
could tap a nearby pool of aca-
ic consultants. (There are, of
se, exceptions to this pattern:
e are no first-rate universities in
ral areas where science-based in-
ry thrives—for example, Long
nd, Dallas-Fort Worth, and
enix; schools with excellent sci-
and engineering departments
as Michigan and Purdue have
d to attract any significant
unt of the new breed of industry
heir neighborhoods.)

t about the time when the federal
arch budget became conspicuous
its size, Congress began to take
of a highly provocative fact: 68
cent of federal funds for research
niversities was going to 25 of the
nation's 2,000 institutions of higher learning.* And in the environs of many of the fortunate 25 much new industry was booming. This discovery particularly angered Midwestern legislators. Scientists and university administrators in their constituencies had long been bitterly criticizing East and West Coast domination of federal R & D expenditures. In 1961, the Midwesterners were outraged to learn that California and the Eastern Seaboard states had received 75 per cent of the Defense Department R & D funds—amounting to about half of all such federal expenditures. Ohio, which led the Midwest, received only 2.3 per cent. In that same year, $207 million in defense-research contracts went to California and Massachusetts nonprofit institutions while similar ones in Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio together received only $53 million.

The pattern that emerged did not strike legislators as mysterious or a matter for purely "scientific" judgment. The facts seemed to be: (1) the federal government is the major supporter of university science; (2) scientists, through the project and peer system and other advisory procedures, decide which universities will get the money; (3) scientifically advanced universities attract industry and contribute to regional prosperity.

Once Congressional thinking had reached this stage, science became too important to be left to the scientists.

This shift in political thinking has had far-reaching consequence. One major episode occurred when a committee of scientists was debating the construction of a huge nuclear accelerator, which was to be the most powerful "atom smasher" in the world. The scientists decided in favor of a machine designed by West Coast scientists estimated to cost approximately $300 million, and scuttled a Midwestern proposal, estimated at $170 million. Most scientists including Midwesterners agreed that the decision was scientifically sound. But politicians of the area raised a storm that finally had to be settled by President Johnson. He backed the decision to bypass the Midwestern design. But he also promised that thereafter federal agencies would make a deliberate effort to build up science in the Midwest.

Soon after this row, Congress was embroiled in a similar battle over the location of a $60 million Environmental Health Center to study such hazards as air and water pollution. The proposal came from a panel of scientists who recommended building it within easy distance of the government's great medical-research complex in the Washington, D. C. area. From the scientists' point of view, this location made sense, but Congress would have none of it; in fact, one House committee took the extraordinary step of stipulating that the center must be at least fifty miles from Washington. The ultimate solution was Solomon-like: the center was divided into three parts, to be located in Ohio, West Virginia, and North Carolina.

Quite obviously, the judgments of scientists are no longer sacrosanct. Thus, for example, the House Appropriations Committee has decreed that the National Science Foundation may not award more than 10 per cent of its fellowships to residents of any one state. Under pressure from Congress, the Foundation sharply departed from the project system by establishing a Science Development Program, with the stated purpose of building up aspiring institutions rather than supporting promising research. The Foundation is being further prodded by Representative Henry Reuss (Democrat, Wisconsin), a subcommittee chairman who accuses it of taking too limited a view of the have-not institutions. "The rich will continue to get richer," his report warned, adding that "the net ought to be cast more widely, and emphasis

*California Institute of Technology, University of California, University of Chicago, Columbia University, Cornell University, Duke University, Harvard University, Illinois Institute of Technology, University of Illinois, Johns Hopkins University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Michigan, University of Minnesota, New York University, Ohio State University, Pennsylvania State University, University of Pennsylvania, University of Pittsburgh, Princeton University, Stanford University, University of Texas, Washington University, University of Washington, University of Wisconsin, Yale University. (From "A Survey of Federal Programs in Higher Education" published by the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.)

should be placed on improving lagging institutions rather than lagging departments within already important research institutions."

Still unresolved is what is probably the biggest scientific pork-barrel row of all time—the selection of a site for the $300 million high-energy accelerator I have already mentioned. This gigantic research machine—the costliest ever to be built—was designed by scientists at Berkeley. When a committee of their peers chose their model and ruled out the less expensive Midwestern proposal, the Californians confidently expected (though they had no such assurance) that it would be in their vicinity.

But now, with every region agitating for its share of R & D money the AEC has put the site up to a national competition. To date the AEC has received 126 proposals—many of them fairly elaborate and costly engineering studies—from 46 states. Only Alaska, Delaware, Hawaii, and Vermont failed to put in bids. North and South Dakota and Wyoming were eliminated, according to an AEC official, for "failure to meet the criteria." These include 3,000 topographically suitable and economically available acres, as well as "proximity" to a major airport, a large university, a technically advanced industrial center, and adequate housing for several thousand families. The field has now been narrowed to 85 sites which are being studied by the AEC with the help of a committee of the National Academy of Science while an irritable Congress watches closely.

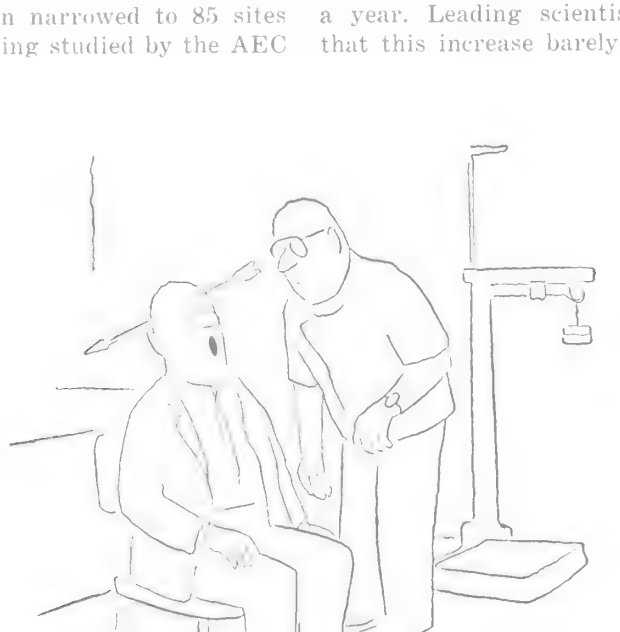
The pressures to spread the research wealth received Presidential endorsement last September, when President Johnson issued a directive that in effect challenged the project concept. "Our policies and attitudes," he said in an instruction to all federal agencies, "cannot satisfactorily be related solely to achievement of goals and ends we set for our research. . . . We must, I believe, devote ourselves purposefully to developing and diffusing —throughout the nation—a strong and solid scientific capability, especially in our many centers of advanced instruction." Research funds, he concluded "are still too concentrated in too few institutions in too few areas."

The President's science adviser, Donald F. Hornig, followed up the Johnson statement with a prophecy that the new directive is going to bring important changes to the academic world. Both he and the President have made it plain that they do not intend to develop new centers of excellence at the expense of existing high-quality institutions. But it is hard to see just how this is to be accomplished. Affluent though science may be, the budget for basic research has actually been increasing at a sluggish rate—approximately 15 per cent a year. Leading scientists contend that this increase barely keeps pace with the growing costliness of entific research and the steadily creasing number of qualified ap cants for grants. No Administra official has said that leaner days be ahead for the twenty institut that now receive 50 per cent of fed research grants. But cries of ang are beginning to come from charmed circle. As of this wri there is no sign that Congress or Executive intend to increase the of the pie from which so many sl are to be cut.

The scientific community is, course, reacting with considera vigor to this assault. Its chief wea in the view of George B. Kistiak sky, the Harvard chemist who science adviser to President Eis hower, is "eloquence." Kistiakows who is also vice president of the tional Academy of Sciences, the h orary apex of American science, s recently that the scientists m depend on eloquence "because don't have power in the sense of riculture. We don't control vo When people talk of power, polit power, I think they talk in terms votes, or, in the case of business, terms of funds which are needed get the votes. Scientists don't h either the funds or the numbers a so we, as a community, have to plain to the government, and in eff to the American people, that mo isn't being thrown away when we s port science."

The arguments to this effect h been coming forth in a series studies, many of them prepared un the auspices of a Committee on S ence and Public Policy which Kist kowsky established and chaired the Academy. So far, they have de with a variety of fields, includi oceanography, earth sciences, grou based astronomy, and chemist Almost uniformly they concede t new institutions must be developed conduct research but that the qual of American science and, in turn, the nation, will suffer if science com to be regarded as a pork barrel.

Just how the politicians are rea ing to this argument isn't yet certa But in the view of one knowledgea statesman of science, the best t can now be hoped for is that the n tion will in effect operate with t science budgets; one for real scien the other for hush money.



"Learn to live with it?"

le New Books

Don't Let's Be Beastly to the Germans

by Hans Koningsberger

ny: Yesterday and Tomorrow, er H. Merkl. Oxford University $7.50.

s not be beastly to the Ger-' as Noel Coward sang with his s leer during World War II, has e a most serious refrain in our Germany is our staunch ally, stream of works is published with the purpose, avowed or not, proving Germany's public im- in the United States. Some of books are professional en- rs, but others are such obvious ganda and so poorly done that ay be forgiven for wondering er, instead of being regular ercial publications, they aren't ored by some political or diplo- mission.*

analysis of the whys of Ger- 's actions over the past century certainly be fascinating; they go begging for a cool, clear ment. No one has yet attempted ally explain what has happened say, the Frankfort Parliament 48 when it seemed for a moment only very superficially—that a nd democratic dawn was break- or the German lands. Assuredly,

prize one is **The Unloved Germans** rmann Eich (Stein & Day, $6.95). ntains such gems as a section of graphs of executions of Poles and illas, and a caption reading, "No such incidents took place. . . ." No

er's Magazine, January 1966



the task would require a historian of genius and of almost inhuman detachment. Such men are few, and they probably feel that more vital issues ask for their attention than the Eternal German.

Peter Merkl's analysis is not such a cool, clear treatment. The author is a German and he never lets us, or himself, forget it. If his book deserves study, it is because Mr. Merkl is an associate professor of political science at an American university (Santa Barbara), and because his book was commissioned and is published by a serious American publisher. But as a contribution to "The German Problem" its main merit would seem to be, simply, that it provides one more insight into the many-faceted postwar German psychology.

Here is how Mr. Merkl sets the stage for his treatise:

> The scene is a brilliantly illumined theater foyer in a large West German city. The play has ended and well-dressed crowds are about to leave, waiting for taxicabs or heading for their own Mercedes in the parking lot. . . . But nobody in the crowd laughs or chatters excitedly, the ladies have red eyes and telltale streaks in their make-up. Their escorts are pale and look strained and tired. . . .

What, in this *Time*-English written scene, has ruined all those ladies' make-up? Nothing else but that "The play was *The Diary of Anne Frank*, or perhaps *The Wall*. . . ."

Our attention thus caught by this juxtaposition of Mercedeses and poor little Anne Frank, we go on to some more vivid writing in a dream sequence of a German businessman:

> In the bedroom of a luxuriously furnished villa on Lake Lugano . . . our successful businessman wakes up from a horrid nightmare. Perhaps he was dreaming about the indescribable violence and bloodshed that took place during the last phases of the war on the Eastern front when no quarter was given on either side. . . .

Are you aware, dear reader, of the somewhat pernicious subtlety of that "on either side"? Mr. Merkl does not

---

Mr. Koningsberger is a novelist and political reporter who studied sociology at the University of Zurich. Born in Holland, he now lives in New York. He has frequently visited and reported on Germany.

discuss the matter or deny that Germany had set out to wipe Russia off the map and that Russian civilians and POWs were killed by the millions; there is just that innuendo of "we were all equally bad," worked into the nightmare of "our" disturbed businessman.

When the professor gets down to real argument, he hits upon the jolly method of introducing one Conservative Englishman, one Liberal American, one young German Christian Democrat, and one German Social Democrat (who has "tousled blond hair," though). What could be more objective and democratic? How better could the truth emerge? So here we go again in *Time*-ese:

"The little *Bierstube* near the railway station in Munich was almost empty as the three men sat down. . . ." And the Englishman (Call me Kenneth), in tweeds, grayish brown hair, and a pipe, chuckles, and remarks, ". . . Every time I come to Germany, I am struck anew by the many surface similarities between what people do here and the way many of my countrymen in England talk, act, and live. . . . You don't find this in France or in other Latin countries."

("Of course not, Kenneth, race will out," one expects the two young Germans to cry.)

Back to the *Bierstube*. There's the American, Bernie (Bernie? Could he be Jewish? Now, surely, that would carry objectivity too far), in argument with the young German, Jochen. Bernie, a "civic leader" and/or "politician" is not a very brilliant political thinker. "Fascism," he says somewhere, "may be defined as 'kicking a man in the teeth when he is lying on the ground,'" and he usually has the worst of the arguments; while Kenneth chuckles and sucks his pipe; and Kurt, the fourth, orders more beers. Thus it gets quickly established in this little United Nations that Germany became disenchanted with the French Revolution when the reign of terror began ("Not unlike many prewar admirers of Hitler in England, France, or the United States"). Kenneth, probably after taking his pipe out of his mouth, compares German Fascism with the "Social Darwinists in America, or the KKK . . . Or think of the Dreyfus Affair. . . ." Later Kenneth, sounding more and more like a German sociologist in spite of his tweeds and chuckle, informs us that the bourgeois world was "an obvious victim of the neo-barbarian revolt that led to Hitler," that neo-barbarian revolt having "started with the Marxists, spread through the working classes, and finally engulfed the war veterans and the right wing."

This kind of muddy reasoning (and writing), in which Nazism is proven to be something like (and only as bad or not quite as bad as) Marxism, is standard German fare, of course. In Mr. Merkl's *Bierstube* we find Jochen stating, "Well, perhaps Marxism is more sophisticated but its basic ingredients are the same." More sophisticated than what, the same as what? Three guesses, beer-hall visitors: the same as . . . anti-Semitism. Earlier, Kenneth (roles are easily exchanged in the smoky beer hall) has explained, "A minority never has it easy. In the case of the German Jews, matters were complicated further by *their small number* . . ." (As a good reader of *Mein Kampf* I had always thought that the crime of the German Jews was that they were too many.)

Onward with Kenneth, who "took the pipe out of his mouth and said dryly: 'Let me come back to Bernie's question, though, about how Hitler could ever convince nearly half of the German voters of . . .'" et cetera.

Kenneth's answer is simple: he didn't convince them, most of them never knew: *sie haben es nicht gewusst*. But within this argument, as within the nightmare of our prosperous businessman in Lugano, something else has been smuggled in, which may stick, even with those who reject Kenneth's simple answer, namely, that "nearly half." Nearly half? Was that really all? Hitler's 99.9 per cent vote-getting powers may have been stretching the point, but it certainly looked like a pretty unanimous show.

It seems a bit pointless to pursue further the debate of the four Germans—made up as two Germans, one Englishman, and one American—which culminates in the conclusion that "without Hitler, Germany would have reached maturity without National Socialism and without World War II." I would have preferred just one German talking; in fact, Mr. Merkl made me long for the good old real German Herr Professor, dry, gruendlich, and scientific, who would not have written 366 page "Germany" without even me East Germany, who would ha away from the pseudo-joll nalese English, and whose con could not have been more patr tilted than those of the debati prompted by the professor f University of California, San bara.

Knight in Top H

by George Field

The World of Swope. A Biogra Herbert Bayard Swope, by Kahn, Jr. Simon and Sc $8.50.

The friends of Herbert I Swope will recognize the authe of this full-length portrait a relive the occasions over he majestically presided. F names crowd the pages of th and reflect Mr. Swope's flair fo manding the attention of the and the near-great who inhabi fabulous world.

The heart of the HBS story years in journalism, as star re and executive editor of *The* These middle years were his productive and rewarding. H then a knight in top hat and t hero and protector to his staff, a selor to city, state, and nationa ers, an innovator who create famous page opposite the ed and attracted many gifted w whose prestige and influence a to the present day.

Members of his more intimat cle may be less than happy ov biographer's early preoccupatio the foibles and weaknesses of They will, however, probably co that the author has been fair an est in his chronicle, even when h exercised a sculptor's prerogati etching the lines somewhat dee accent the essential features.

Mr. Field is executive direct Freedom House, where he was ciated with Mr. Swope for years.

Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Philip Rahv

by Paul Pickrel

it Between My Teeth: A Liter-hronicle of 1950-1965, by Ed- Wilson. Farrar, Straus and x, $7.50.

lyth and the Powerhouse: Es-on Literature and Ideas, by Rahv. Farrar, Straus and x, $4.95.

d Culture: Essays on Litera-nd Learning, by Lionel Tril-Viking Press, $5.

ough he has done a little teach- recent years, Edmund Wilson of the last holdouts, in fact and more in spirit, against the al relocation of American lit- criticism into the universities. puts him in a slightly eccentric on in relation to our recent sm as a whole. It means that he es considerably less attention students and anthologists of ism than he deserves; it gives gratiating acerbity to some of ncidental comments; and it is to a reader who turns from test collection of essays to the tions of such university critics onel Trilling and Philip Rahv to ude that the latter two are a good more alike than they in fact are, y because they are both so dif- t from Wilson.

e very titles of the books suggest ifference. Trilling and Rahv have n titles impersonal and ambi- —*Beyond Culture*, *The Myth and Powerhouse*—as if to indicate sense of the critic's public role nstitutional responsibility. Wil- as given his book the very per- title, *The Bit Between My h*, as if to indicate that for him ism is still the record of a pri- encounter between a (possibly strong) reader and literature. is suggested difference is abun- ly borne out by the tone and em- is of these books. Trilling and are much concerned with ques- s of critical doctrine, with such lems as exactly what should ead and exactly how and why. ing discusses, for instance, ther modern literature should be ht to undergraduates and then proceeds to outline what can properly be taught in such a course. Rahv devotes many pages to questions of correct interpretation, arguing in favor of certain kinds of readings of literature (political or historical) as against certain other kinds (mythic or symbolic). Such doctrinal matters invite only Wilson's sustained indifference and occasional contempt. For Trilling and Rahv the study of literature is a moral enterprise; to respond correctly to the printed page is a kind of metaphor of the whole duty of man. Their books leave the impression that the man who goes wrong in his reading will probably also go wrong in his voting, his family responsibilities, and possibly run up bills at the liquor store. There is none of this in Wilson.

The opposition that the three writers offer to the main thrust of contemporary society is also somewhat different. Wilson's is eighteenth-century, aristocratic; many of the writers who excite his interest—Swinburne and James Branch Cabell, Max Beerbohm and John Peale Bishop, Trumbull Stickney and Edward Gorey—have in common a certain aristocracy of birth or outlook and a considerable detachment from contemporary taste. The personality that emerges from Wilson's interviews with himself has the fine freedom to be opinionated or irascible or self-absorbed of a grand seigneur; his perfect willingness to correct George Kennan's grammar or to tell the distinguished admirers of Tolkien's books that they are still in the nursery is not the mark of a man easily intimidated by popular pieties. Probably not many practicing American critics could devote, as Wilson does, a part of an essay to a discussion of Greek lexicons inherited from his ancestors; certainly his indifference to theory owes something to his assumption that of course a gentleman

Mr. Pickrel, besides lecturing in English at Yale, is Chairman of the Scholars of the House Program and Adviser to the John Hay Fellows.

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will be interested in humane letters—he need not find justifications for reading novels when he ought to be helping mother tend the store.

If Wilson is drawn to literature that stands apart from and rather looks down upon bourgeois culture, Trilling and Rahv, though in different ways, have a lingering conviction that literature ought to be actually subversive of it. At one point Rahv remarks that it is too late in the day for literature to have as its objective shocking the bourgeois, but in his theoretical essays he consistently and strenuously attacks any approach to literature that he thinks might give the bourgeois comfort. He opposes mythic and symbolic interpretations of literature because he sees them as leading to a timeless view of human experience, to complacency and acceptance of the status quo, to a denial of history (the powerhouse of his title), which, since it is the dimension of change, is necessarily subversive of the present.

Unfortunately in these theoretical essays Rahv adopts a polemical strategy that regularly reduces complex issues to two somewhat simple-minded alternatives and then plumps, with relentless insistence and less than generosity to the opposition, for the alternative he favors. "There are currently but two positions among us worth talking about," he declares in the characteristic opening of one of the essays, "that of the secular radicals at one pole and that of the traditionalists at the other," and needless to say the traditionalists will find few words of comfort in the pages that follow. Yet when he turns to a reading of particular writers, Rahv not only drops his polemical tone but shows an alertness and receptivity to complexities of attitude altogether different from the rigid exclusiveness of the theoretical essays. His discussions of Gogol, Dostoevsky, and Chekhov are neither pigeonholing nor doctrinaire; they are well-informed, responsible efforts to understand three very difficult writers.

For Trilling, too, literature is subversive, but its subversiveness is more personal or psychological than social or political. He sees the central concern of literature in the last two centuries as "the self in its standing quarrel with culture," and he sees the central goal of literary studies as the emancipation of the individual from the "tyranny" of his culture, s he can find for himself a va point from which he will be a perceive his culture and judge tonomously.

Yet the era in which literatur formed that function, accordi Trilling, is drawing to a close. undergraduates read Gide wi batting an eye, when millionair lectors snap up the latest experi in painting and sculpture, then ety has become so generous or missive or absorptive that it is cast as the Philistine giant ag which a tiny Bohemian David fight in heroic, unequal, solitary bat. Furthermore, the Davids become legion; they now make u army of their own.

What Trilling is primarily cerned with in these essays, the a "mutation in culture," as he scribes it in the most brilliant suggestive piece in the book, ' Fate of Pleasure." This mutatic a matter of quantity: styles of ideals of personal realization, patterns of relationship between individual and society that were limited to a very few are now sh by many.

With this thesis there can ha be a quarrel; Trilling's achieven is less to recognize it than to pla in its cultural context. Yet it is bad that he has not confronted a li more openly his own feelings at the change he describes. In his p ace he seems to view it with ir detachment, as the kind of reconci tion between a minority and a ma ity that has happened before in tory and may well happen again; in the essays it sometimes see portentous and rather frightenir and at the end, in the only bad-te pered passage in the book, he is si ply disdainful of Saul Bellow's marks to the effect that alienation served its day as a theme for lite ture and an attitude for the writ although Bellow's argument see only the logical conclusion to Tr ling's own analysis.

Perhaps in the end Trilling tak culture a little too seriously. It is after all coextensive with life. Gre literature was written before m had a quarrel with culture, befo they even knew that they lived in culture to quarrel with. It might again.

Cars Coming—Faster and Faster

by John A. Kouwenhoven

nobiles and Automobiling. ngs by Pierre Dumont; cap- by Ronald Barker and Douglas bs; designed and compiled by uichard. A Studio Book; Vik- ress, $35.

story of the World's Racing by Richard Hough and Michael ck. Harper & Row, $7.95.

ls for a Nation, by Frank Dono- homas Y. Crowell Co., $6.95.

began in France about seventy- ears ago. To be sure, it was the ans, Gottlieb Daimler and Karl who perfected the original in- -combustion engines, but Ger- did not pioneer the develop- of horseless carriages. The h—Panhard and Levassor, Ar- Peugeot, and Emil Roger—did Much of the credit for France's preeminence doubtless belongs apoleon, because it was he who built the splendid French road m which made car-racing pos- and automobiles were developed arily as racing vehicles, what- else they might incidentally be for.

nerican roads in the 1890s were e than the worst European roads. by 1923 there were more cars in as alone than in either France ermany, and more in the four- area of New York, New Jersey, nsylvania, and Maryland (whose ined population totaled less than nd's) than in all the rest of the d besides. Indeed more cars were n annually in the U. S. A. than owned in Austria or Belgium.

here were many factors—geo- hical, economic, and social—that ributed to America's rapid adop- of the automobile, but none more rtant than the American's pre- pation with personalized rapid- "Speed has always had a fatal ination for man," as Frank Dono- says (with intended irony) in of the books under review, and it the automobile that first gave the vidual human being the power to tify his own private appetite for ed. Before cars were available, e coaches and railway coaches went fast, but the individual passenger had nothing to say about how fast they went. And to any right-thinking American individualist this was irksome. One of the most characteristically American things about Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom the schoolteachers try to hush into a placid sage, is that he brusquely noted in his *Journal* one day: "I never was on a coach which went fast enough for me."

We get so involved, these days, in thinking about all the other things that automobiles have turned out to be—air polluters, traffic-jam makers, mechanical sex-aids, and so on—that we tend to forget that cars were primarily developed to go fast. Each of the three books discussed here reminds us that the form of the automobile, internally and externally, has from the beginning been shaped by man's passion for speed. There have, of course, been other influences at work: the wish for dependability, for comfort, for easy handling, and even for safety. But speed is what has really mattered.

The largest, most lavishly illustrated, and most expensive book of the three, and the one whose title makes the broadest claim, starts with a photograph of the 1894 Paris-to-Rouen automobile competition and ends with a colored drawing of one of the "fastest production cars" of 1939—a Delahaye convertible "almost identical in mechanical specification" with the Delahayes that had taken the first four places in the Le Mans race of 1938. There are a few pictures of more sedate aspects of automobiling on the intervening pages, but the 189 colored drawings and 56 pages of photographs are overwhelmingly preoccupied with automobile racing and with cars whose lines suggest speed or make it possible.

Frank Donovan's *Wheels for a Nation,* which is a lively and interesting

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Mr. Kouwenhoven is a professor of English at Barnard College and the author of "Made in America" and other books.



Africa in the limelight...



THE RISE OF NATIONALISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA
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PAN-AFRICANISM AND EAST AFRICAN INTEGRATION
By Joseph S. Nye, Jr.
Pan-Africanism -- pipe-dream or possibility? To discover the answer, Mr. Nye had more than one hundred interviews with the leaders of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika who tried in 1963 to form an East African federation. His book is fascinating not only because of what it tells us about the many factors involved in the movement for the unification of Africa, but more especially for what it reveals about the ways in which our European-oriented theories about African integration must be revised. (Center for International Affairs). $7.50

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account of the evolution of the automobile and its impact on our civilization, notes that it was the Paris-to-Rouen event of 1894 that inspired the first American road race, from Chicago to Evanston and return on Thanksgiving Day, 1895, in which Frank Duryea's wooden-wheeled gasoline buggy took the prize money from three imported Benz cars and two electrics. From then on, the Vanderbilt Cup races, beach racing at Daytona, speedway racing at Indianapolis, midget racing, stock-car racing, hotrod racing, and drag racing have attracted larger audiences than any other American sport. "Speed," as Donovan says, "was considered the most important quality of early cars—in some cases, the only important quality." In this country as in Europe the automotive pioneers "raced their contraptions to attract the attention of backers" and the early manufacturers "raced their product . . . to attract buyers." What of the future? In his final chapter Mr. Donovan matter-of-factly indicates that the shape and the mechanical features of cars will be dictated largely by the fact that "the average driving speed will undoubtedly double or triple, at least" in the next thirty years or so.

It is evident, therefore, that Richard Hough's and Michael Frostick's history of racing cars has a central position in this group of books. For here, in sufficient technical detail to satisfy an aficionado but with engaging clarity, the authors narrate the development of formula 1 racing cars, the Voiturettes, the formula 2's and so on, keeping vividly before us the personalities of the great designers and drivers of Grand Prix, Brooklands, and Indianapolis racing. They make no claim to completeness, or full documentation; at the price, their book could not be more than the "selective outline guide" they set out to produce. But it is pleasant to add that the book is well written and efficiently illustrated (though an index to the illustrations would have helped considerably). I suspect that those of us who want to know what "the car of the future" will look like can learn less from the futuristic airbrush drawings of "dream cars" that are regularly released by Detroit's car stylists than from the racing cars recently designed by Maserati, Ferrari, Colin Chapman, Mickey Thompson, and Jack Brabham. All these, many others, are discussed and i trated in the final chapters of *A tory of the World's Racing Car*

Automobiles and Automobiling pretentious book. It is some b stylist's dream book about rather than a book by someone has ideas about the subject and devised a coherent pattern of pict and text to convey those ideas. It gins with a rambling and incohe introduction and ends with an inc prehensibly displaced "Explanat Note" about the American equi lents of English automobile te "often found in the captions that low." What follows is the index.

The introduction says that the b is designed to "re-create" the gol age of motoring (which began in 1890s and lasted until roughly 193 Presumably the introduction v written by Ami Guichard, who " signed and compiled" the book, a not by Messrs. Barker and Tub who wrote the informative captio Otherwise it is difficult to understa why the introduction refers to "t great Vanderbilt Cup Oldsmob (page 38)" when the picture on pa 38 shows the 1906 Locomobile kno as "Old 16" and the caption accurat identifies it; or why it refers to "t Chevalier Rene de Knyff's own 19 Panhard 'skiff'" (no page referen this time) when on page 82 the car pictured and dated 1914.

Following the introduction con the pictures, interspersed with hete ogeneous "literary extracts," "pre cuttings," and excerpts from instru tion books. From the title page yo would assume that all the picture were by Pierre Dumont, but fo tunately this is not so. The Dumon drawings are colorful, but they hav that elegant slickness that colore drawings of cars used to have in *For tune*'s advertising pages in the 'thir ties. They were "made especially fo this book," we are told; yet there i no apparent reason why the cars pic tured here, rather than others, were selected for the honor. As the un signed introduction justly observes, M. Dumont "has ranged over forty years with his drawings . . . choos ing at random, it seems."

The most interesting pictures in the book, and those which do most to "re-create" the golden age for us, are the photographs. It is a measure of

book's utter failure to "know what about" that these photographs ignored on the title page and in index. The index lists alphacally all the cars shown in the nont drawings but omits all those vn in the photographs.

he photographs are, to be sure, itifully reproduced, and many are en ample space. One, indeed, is en a two-page spread, which in a k this big is about as large as a tograph ever gets reproduced been covers. But no effort is made credit the photographers, except a rather effusive acknowledgment the introduction to Jacques Larue, who took a number of the pices. The list of "sources" at the end the book is no help, since it names photographers only when the pictures were obtained directly from them, not from some publisher or picture agency as most of them were. And since the photographs are identified in this list only by page number, and there are frequently several photographs on a page, there is often no way of telling which picture a photographer took even if his name appears in the list.

A great deal of money went into the making of this luxurious volume, and it will cost you a great deal if you buy a copy. If I were you, I would leaf through it at a bookstore, and spend my money on the other two. Donovan's *Wheels for a Nation* and Hough's and Frostick's *History of the World's Racing Cars* will tell you far more about automobiles and automobiling, for less than half the price.

Books in Brief

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

ne of the Founders, by P. H. ewby.

A breezy, British novel about a ovincial schoolteacher who thinks promoting a new university in his ometown. He has stolen this idea om a neighbor, whose daughter omptly stabs his left foot with her iletto heel—and Romance is born, o. For this girl seems to be a sex mbol to the local academics, and ey all chase after her, despite her arp tongue (and sharp heels), as otly as they pursue the idea of the ew campus. In fact the main chacter gets to have grave doubts about is own mad pursuit—whether it is toard Faith, Truth, Wisdom, or Prudence (this being the girl's name).

Light of touch, bright of judgment, vith some excellent dialogue, it's a ery entertaining seriocomic book. The girl is the only disappointing haracter—her stern charm is a bit nconvincing; and perhaps Mr. Newby had second thoughts about her himself, as he seems to dismiss her at the end, not only six months pregnant and one month married, but also—Heavens to Brontë!—writing a novel.

Lippincott, $4.95

Stitch, by Richard Stern.

An intriguing book about three American expatriates now living in Venice: Nina, an aspiring but broke poetess, a kind of freeloader with principles; Edward, a public-relations man, once divorced, twice married, now living on dwindling capital and vague hopes of "finding himself" in Europe; and Thaddeus Stitch, an elderly sculptor, a legend and firebrand in both the art circles and police records, whose life work is a small island off the Lido which he has completely landscaped with sculptures. This island, by the way, is doomed to disappear within fifty years, if the lagoon is not dredged soon.

These three lost souls splash around together for a time, and the silt of the book is their interior monologues

Mr. Cook, a regular reviewer in these columns, also writes for the theater and TV in the U. S. and Canada.



This is the story of Charles II's bride, the young Infanta of Portugal, and of how her fabulous dowry (the deed to Bombay, and a fleet laden with lacquered chests, tea, porcelains, cane, and dazzling cottons from the Far East) started the East India trade that altered taste, manners, craftsmanship and the course of history in England and America.

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THE DAYS OF HENRY THOREAU

By WALTER HARDING

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—and very literate, allusive, funny, and provocative they are. But this "mind-wringing," as Edward once describes it, seems to be its own reward, and between the hopefulness at the beginning and the helplessness at the end, nobody seems to have thought himself into any great shape. Mr. Stern is a very bright writer indeed, but here, as someone remarks in the book, there is "too little lost, for so much found."

Harper & Row, $4.95

Take Now Thy Son, by Mac Hyman.

The last book written by the original author of that national institution, *No Time for Sergeants*—but this one is well away from the barrack square. It is set in a small town in Georgia, and concerns a strong, silent white man who is so disturbed that someone, particularly a Negro, has seen his wife bestow a fleeting kiss on a neighbor (who was her teenage beau) that he manufactures a drunken *crime passionel* on the strength of it, and destroys three people, including himself. All, apparently, to save his honor.

It is interesting that the local schoolteacher in the book is defeated by his class's wanting to know "what is the *moral* of *Othello*?"—for the moral of this less dramatic tale is just as obscure. The tragedy is seductively told, in an ol' rockin' chair manner, with any amount of charm and color; but pity and terror are dimmed by the fact that the tragic hero, like many another strong, silent type, seems underneath to be just a bit of a stubborn old booby.

Random House, $4.95

Of the Farm, by John Updike.

This is an excellent book, but hard to describe briefly without making it sound like the yawn of the year. For it concerns a widowed mother, on a farm "that is not used" and the weekend visit of her son with his new wife and her eleven-year-old son. The son and daughter-in-law have both been recently divorced, in order to marry each other, but the adjustments are not proving too easy. They are not helped by the mother's taking an instant dislike to her son's new wife, though she pals up quite readily with the young boy. Told like this, it sounds like just another extended *New Yorker* short story—but all one can say is that the way Mr. Updike has written it makes it a small psychological thriller.

Mr. Updike, in his best writing, has always been a triple threat. He has the painter's eye for form, line, and color; the poet's ear for metaphor; and the storyteller's knack for "and then what happened?" This novel, which may be his best to date, has all these qualities, all in control and all complementing each other. The symbolism is only once a bit self-conscious (something to do with a field and the wife's hips). And above all, the size of the book, which is [illegible] of a long novella, is just the r[illegible] length, breadth, and depth to show Mr. Updike's very special talent.

Knopf, $[illegible]

A Conspiracy of Women, by Aub[illegible] Menen.

A lighthearted look at the last c[illegible] paigns of Alexander, and how [illegible] woman overthrew the great ma[illegible] plan for world peace. His idea is s[illegible] ply to have his soldiers interma[illegible] with the conquered races, and so m[illegible] the world one big jolly family. [illegible] fortunately, one of the first of th[illegible] war brides is a small powerhouse [illegible] guile and ambition—and also so[illegible] thing of a bluestocking—and she p[illegible] a stop to any more international [illegible] laws by forming a sort of Macedon[illegible] DAR. She indulges in sneaky lit[illegible] pranks like having her girls st[illegible] outside the palace, just as an orgy [illegible] about to take place inside, and s[illegible] the National Anthem, very louc[illegible] This means, of course, that the n[illegible] have to stand up, and . . . well, the r[illegible] is history. The world was not unit[illegible] Alexander dies young, and the lady[illegible] question lives to a ripe old age [illegible] Macedon, married to a very rich [illegible] nancier.

Mr. Menen has got a lot of jok[illegible] mileage out of a few sober histori[illegible] facts and there are some very amu[illegible] ing scenes in the book. But the f[illegible] generally wobbles between wit a[illegible] waggishness, and the message does[illegible] get much further than whatever is t[illegible] opposite of "*Vive la différence.*"

Random House, $4.[illegible]

The Eye, by Vladimir Nabokov.

A shy young Russian tutor gets i[illegible] volved with a married woman, [illegible] beaten and humiliated by her hu[illegible] band, and so commits suicide. Or do[illegible] he? Does the bullet go through hi[illegible] or the water jug on the washstand[illegible] The tutor convinces himself that [illegible] went through him, and that this bein[illegible] who continues to walk around an[illegible] chat to his old friends is his ow[illegible] ghost. The new identity does wonder[illegible] for his self-confidence and he finds lif[illegible] much more interesting now that he i[illegible] dead.

Mr. Nabokov is a great kidder. H[illegible] kids his characters, he kids his situ[illegible] ations, and he kids the English lan[illegible] guage. But he always kids for rea[illegible] as the saying is. He has always give[illegible]

Warning *by Larry Rubin*

Disasters will strike. Despite the infinite
Precautions you may have taken, the day will come
When, numb-lipped in the dentist's chair perhaps,
You won't be able to put another nickel
In the meter, or when you suddenly discover
The transmission won't unlock into reverse.
And what will you do then—with everybody
Honking, and all the service trucks away
On call? Or your eye may stray into
The wrong column—common stocks, time-
Tables, taxes for your income bracket.
One little slip, and you may find
Yourself on the wrong train, making bad
Investments, questioned by a federal man,
Falsely accused even in a death
Because you left a funeral too soon.
Watch every step: you will not be so lucky
As barefoot birds, singing on the voltage lines.

els the form of an elaborate
ıile underneath there are real
ıd blood and problems. This
ovella (now translated by the
and his son) takes the form
ıtle, Chekhovian fantasy—but
eath some gesture is made
the poor pale people who feel
e not making a mark on the
The story has something, too,
Beerbohm's Enoch Soames,
o loitered palely around, look-
himself. With the general
of wish-fulfillment, it might
called "The Secret Death of
ir Mitty." But the whole de-
thing could not have been
by anyone other than Nabo-
is dry, witty, charming, and
, in his best vein.
e all, *The Eye* has Nabokov's
d what his eye sees, the heart
llowed to grieve over. As one
nstance, who else would have
o look up, at a moment of high
ı, and see "a milk chocolate ad-
ment with lilac alps"? If Mr.
ood was a camera, Mr. Nabo-
a Polaroid.

Phaedra, $4.50

Nonfiction

ack, by Louise Hall Tharp.
is a relentless work of nonfic-
With Miss Tharp, we burrow
the legend of Isabella Stewart
er, hour by hour, step by step,
as (later in the book) we seem
d the famous museum, brick by
The author's research has been
aking, done with the duty of
But a mass of detail doesn't
a portrait, as Mrs. Jack might
een the first to point out, and
he lady and her legend disap-
ıder a welter of coy writing and
nformation.
ısionally the rogue female of
ı society does pop up, in her
Worth, the two diamonds
kle in the hair, having an artis-
tation (surely nothing naughti-
with Marion Crawford, John
Sargent, Henry James, and
son. But here, her famous din-
ble retorts seem like plain state-
in a fancy setting, passing for
is a good thing that the Gard-
useum, that splendidly eclectic
ment, is still there as a testa-
o her character, or one might be tempted to think that Boston and Miss Tharp, between them, had made the whole thing up.

Little, Brown, $6.95

Elizabeth Taylor, by Elizabeth Taylor. Photographs by Roddy McDowall.

The only thing, one supposes, that most people will want to know about this book, with its uncompromising title, is: Does the world's current love goddess Reveal All? Well, the answer is Yes—though it may not be the All that most people are absolutely panting to hear. Miss Taylor, who has always had a bit more talent in the acting department than a really pretty girl has any right to, now reveals herself as a charming conversationalist—always provided you like children better than movies. For Miss Taylor is modest and caustic about her professional life ("I've always loved everything about [movies] except doing them") and casts a cool—though lavender—eye on her own physical charms (". . . too short of leg, too big in the arms, one too many chins . . . big feet, big hands, I'm too fat"). What she really likes to talk about is being a Mrs.—and it's no use panting about that either, for Miss Taylor is a romantic.

She confesses that she was brought up to believe that love meant marriage, and her cross has been that she was also brought up in a profession where the two don't always go together like a horse and carriage.

But for all her apparently gasp-making gaffes in the matrimonial department, she has clung steadily to this belief (as well as some pretty bizarre religious beliefs) and, certainly at the time of writing, wants nothing better than to be Mrs. Burton and catch up on culture and look after the kids.

This is no work of literature, of course, and it is brought up in these columns simply because, at this time, for most people (see above) it must have top curiosity value. Few people will be able to resist at least a peek into this "long, overcozy conversation with a garrulous broad called Betty Burton." And they will find that the all-too-publicized goddess is a very nice, naïve, rich girl from Pismo Beach.

It will never make a movie.

Harper & Row, $4.95

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Music in the Round

by Discus

Wozzeck Strikes Back

A new recording of Alban Berg's opera gives Americans a chance to get at ease with this towering work.

About time! Alban Berg's **Wozzeck** has been recorded. *Wozzeck* is conceded to be one of the great art works of the twentieth century. The opera is a repertory piece almost everywhere in the Western World, and it towers above all but a tiny handful of stage works composed since 1900. Yet the only complete recording of the score up to now was made by Dimitri Mitropoulos some fifteen years ago; and that was highly unsatisfactory, being frenetic, spasmodic, and unidiomatic. The American musicians and soloists used by Mitropoulos had not had much acquaintance with this style of writing. In Vienna and Berlin, where *Wozzeck* has been around for a generation (the world premiere was at the Berlin Opera in 1925), musicians and singers approach it comfortably, not with fear. Not that *Wozzeck* is a comfortable work; but neither is it a hysterical one; and while it is thoroughly modern in style, it is far from being precedent-breaking. At the Vienna State Opera performances, one is conscious of *Wozzeck* not only as a revolutionary work, but also as a work that extends the road upon which Wagner and Mahler traveled.

We in America have had little exposure to *Wozzeck*. In New York there have been stagings by the New York City Opera and the Metropolitan. Neither was satisfactory. The English translation greatly diluted the force of the original, and few of the singers showed a knowledge of how to handle the peculiar vocal line, especially the *Sprechstimme* elements —that mixture of sung speech and rhythmic declamation. In any the very sound of *Wozzeck* is man sound—in the singing line, orchestra. It is as German as Ve is French, or Gilbert and Su English, and translation ruins i

In recent years, the opening- musical language, especially i area of serial music, has helpe *Wozzeck* into perspective. Cer it is not as forbidding as it used It is not a twelve-tone work, and even entirely atonal. Along wit bussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, it i of the most remarkable exampl musical history of an alliance text and music. But unlike the m dreamlike *Pelléas*, the Berg is li and realistic—as expressionisti the Debussy is impressionistic. good analogy can be made with R and Manet in relation to *Pelléas* equivalent with *Wozzeck* woul Beckmann and the Grosz drawin the 1920s.



He Cannot

George Büchner's text is as soc conscious as Maeterlinck's is myst Büchner, who died at the age of t ty-three in 1837, was a remarkabl ure—a scientist, philosopher, a ma the vanguard of political reform. til recently, most people in Ame who knew his name at all rememb him as the author of the play f which Berg drew his opera. Bu came strongly into the news last tober, when the Repertory Theate Lincoln Center made its grand o ing with his drama *Danton's De* Büchner never finished *Woyzeck* original spelling), and it was not p lished until 1879. As conceived Büchner, the figure of Wozzeck is unusual anticipation of present- attitude toward social reform. W zeck represents the downtrodden p letariat, born with everything agai him. Uncultured, not very brigh indeed, mentally disordered—at mercy of forces he but dimly p ceives, Wozzeck strikes back the o way he knows how—with his han He murders his unfaithful comm law wife. But Wozzeck is not witho flashes of bitter wit. "If we sho rise to heaven," he says, "we'd be e ployed there helping to make t thunder."

He is a soldier, and is surround by repulsive characters. The Doct

sadist; the Captain is a hypochon-
c; the Drum-Major nothing but
id bull on two legs. All press heav-
n Wozzeck; he cannot win. Büch-
s play has twenty-seven short
es, leading to the catastrophe.
g condensed the play to fifteen
es—five per act.

pupil of Arnold Schoenberg, Berg
greatly influenced by his teach-
ideas about a vocal line, as illus-
ed in such Schoenberg works as
artung, *Die glückliche Hand,* and
rot Lunaire. It is a melodic line
between song and speech, with
e leaps and a disjunct feeling. It
es great use of the extremely high
sters, which generally have to
loy a falsetto sound.

Much has been written about the
al form of *Wozzeck.* Unconven-
al as the score may appear, it is a
acle of tightness. Furthermore, it
s old forms in a new way. Each of
acts is constructed around one or
e of the forms. The second act,
example, was conceived by Berg
a symphony in five movements,
a movement for each scene (son-
; invention and fugue; largo;
erzo; rondo). Berg also used dance
ns and popular music. All of these
ents, from dance to symphony,
not be immediately recognizable
such, though in at least one case,
famous march of Act I, Scene 3,
impact is firm and clear.

nd now to the actual recording of
zzeck (Deutsche Grammophon
91/2, mono; 138991/2, stereo).
cast consists of Dietrich Fischer-
skau (Wozzeck), Evelyn Lear
arie), Helmut Melchert (Drum-
jor), Fritz Wunderlich (Andres),
hard Stolze (Captain), Karl
n (Doctor), Kurt Böhme (First
prentice), and Robert Koffmane
cond Apprentice). Karl Böhm
is the chorus and orchestra of the
lin Opera.

Fischer-Dieskau, the most protean
ger alive, has appeared as Woz-
k in several important revivals of
opera. Physically and vocally he
nade for the role. He is a man of
d size and relative youth; and,
at artist that he is, he manages
er to let his natural aristocracy get
the way of his conception of the
tish Wozzeck. With his flat inflec-
ns, the feeling of suppressed in-
sity he achieves, the rages into
ich he breaks, the quality of resig-
nation with which he generally accepts his lot, he conveys on these two discs the kind of *Lumpenproletariat* Berg had in mind. Even his voice, big and a trifle rough, is made for the characterization. He is well matched by the others in the cast. Evelyn Lear, the American soprano who has become the idol of Berlin and Vienna, sings with style and security. Gerhard Stolze is another bright spot of the cast, and by singing accurately the unearthly high notes, he gets the feeling of maniacal unrest that no singer on any stage in New York has come near suggesting.

A Lobby for Lulu

Böhm conducts as one who has been on firsthand terms with the opera for many years, as indeed he has. Under his baton the music comes through with mesmerizing force, but without a feeling that the participants are under strain. It remains to be said that the recorded sound is exceptionally realistic, though a hi-fi sort of realism rather than an operatic sort of realism. Details are heard that never come through during an actual performance. There is a danger to this kind of thing. Many listeners get to know the recorded version by heart, and when they finally attend a performance, they are apt to be disappointed. More and more are recordings, rather than the real thing, becoming the way of life for most music lovers.

After *Wozzeck,* Berg began to work on setting a drama by Frank Wedekind named *Lulu.* When he died in 1935 the last act of the opera was incomplete. He left enough sketches, say the experts, for the act to be reconstructed without any great trouble; but the publishers and the Berg estate seem reluctant to let the specialists loose on the opera. *Lulu* is a twelve-tone serial work; and, like *Wozzeck,* has had only one, inadequate recording in the past. Unlike *Wozzeck,* though, no plans for an up-to-date recording are in the offing. And yet within the last decade *Lulu* has been making the international rounds and creating—even in its incomplete state—every bit as much an impression as *Wozzeck.* What seems to be indicated is the creation of an Alban Berg lobby, to agitate in the anterooms of all the record companies. [ ]

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

New Label

A company which calls itself ESP has begun business with a series of records so similar in trend and tone of voice that they almost constitute a single statement. ESP's trademark is a symbol out of the Kabbala by way of *art nouveau,* the jacket designs show a common touch of stylish amateurishness, and the copyright data are uniformly printed in Esperanto. The mood is unmistakably of the younger generation.

There is, apparently, no avant-garde but that somebody can manage to get *avant* of it. With Ornette Coleman jazz seemed to have arrived at a code of improvisation so loose that no one could tell whether it was being observed, let alone broken. You would have thought there was nowhere further to go, and you would have been wrong. One of the incidental by-products of ESP's new *new* NEW music is to make Coleman sound like a founding father.

These men prefer not to be described as "jazz" musicians just as they prefer what they play to be called, not jazz, but "free music." They are jazz-trained, however, and what they do would have been impossible without Coleman, just as Coleman would have been impossible without Parker—and so on all the way back. They have even adopted some of the jazz *bad* habits, like the endless Monk-like repetition of banal, child-like phrases.

But I can only say, as someone thoroughly tired of cacophony masquerading as liberation, that to me these eerie noises are strangely and movingly musical. I'm not sure that I know what the players are trying to do but they convince me that *they* know. This is no put-on; they are working hard at it, and they have genuinely broken through into uncharted territory far out beyond anything we have known before. To pick an unhappy paraphrase, I have heard the future and (I think) it works.

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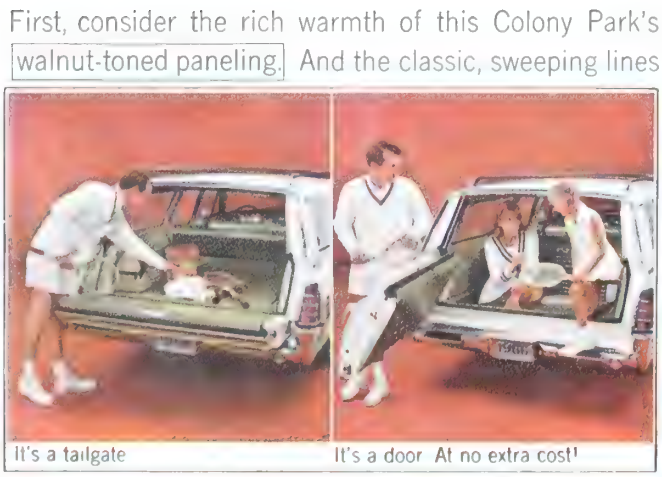
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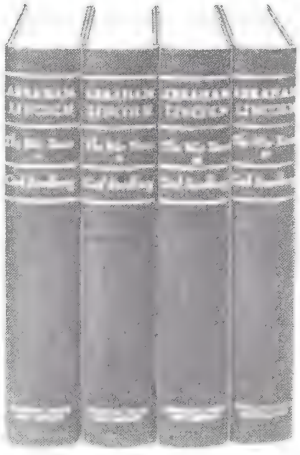
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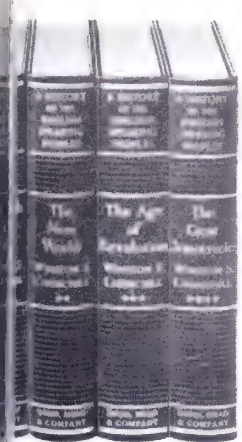
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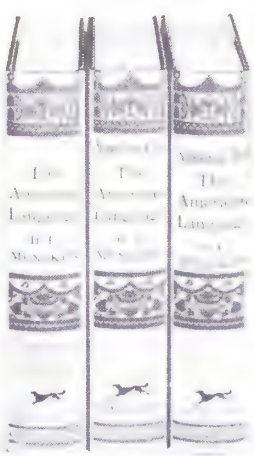
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Letters

Let the Poor Speak

William F. Haddad's article, "Mr. Shriver and the Savage Politics of Poverty" [December] is well-written and informative. However, some statements are misleading and untrue . . .

Mr. Haddad implies that the Poverty Program in one of the counties in Appalachia is jeopardized by political power structures controlled by one family. He specifically states that the woman "boss" of this organization fired the executive director of the Community Action Program and replaced him with a nephew. This is untrue.

The so-called woman "boss". . . is a very sincere and dedicated lady who . . . was the moving force to initiate a Community Action Committee in her county. . . . The committee members acted under their own initiatives and were not under compulsion to accept the dictates of the so-called power group. . . . I was the first executive director employed by this committee and I was not fired.

The major stumbling block to the program in Appalachia might well be the havoc and confusion wrought by fuzzy-headed theorists who may attempt to capture the program. There is a real danger that the total program may be completely emasculated by these eager pseudo-social workers. . . . This points up the urgent necessity to secure local participation in these community action projects. . . . This War on Poverty program also needs the full support of the rest of society, which can encourage the lawmakers to adjust some parts of the law to make it more realistic and flexible. Mr. Shriver could then be free . . . to use his untiring energies and sweeping imagination to really get this program fully implemented. . . .

ALMO SMITH
Knox, Ind.

MR. HADDAD REPLIES:

It seems improbable that in the entire county the only qualified people are blood relatives of the woman "boss." The War on Poverty in Appalachia is seriously in danger of being lost due to this tight, personal political control, no matter under what explanation this power is exercised.

The "fuzzy-headed theorists" in Washington are reluctant to pour money into a system which benefits by keeping people in poverty. Contrary to the allegation, there is no wide participation in the program in this county. Those who have urged it have lost their jobs. The only glimmer of hope is the outside VISTA volunteers, immune from these economic pressures.

I have just read the articles by William Haddad and Oscar Lewis [Mother and Son in a Puerto Rican Slum: Part I, Felicita," December] and both have tremendous relevance to what we are trying to do. Mr. Lewis' article is especially terrific because of its total honesty. . . . I hope that everyone who reads it will read it twice and will apply it to their own lives.

DAVID A. BORDEN, Dir.
Block Development Project, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Doctors Dissent

John Fischer has allowed his animus toward the medical profession to distort his usual clear thinking ["Christmas List," Easy Chair, December]. . . . If the *Journal of the American Medical Association* makes $10 million a year from advertising, how do we know that any of this money is used to lobby against Medicare and other progressive legislation? . . . Does Mr. Fischer know that the AMA collects $90 a year in dues from its members? Which money is used for reactionary lobbying and which is used for the many genuine scientific endeavors in which the AMA engages? . . .

ROBERT CANAAN, M.D.
Fair Lawn, N. J.

The unpaid contributions to AMA publications constitute one of the generally unrecognized, semi-altru tic activities of today's doctors. Do knock them, even by inference. You dim *that* light too, as you have f quently done to other aspects of t U. S. physician's image. . . . Phys cians are often asked to perform se vices for no fee and usually respo without question. It is hard to belie there is any other group in th country who gives more freely of i professional skills without reco pense. . . .

WILLIAM R. DELOACHE, M.
Greenville, S.

Growing Up at the Bijo

Though my Shirley Temple sausa curls have long been shorn, and have just gotten over the disappoin ment of not having parents who cou afford to buy me Ginger Rogers t shoes, I jumped right back to the o Bijou with John Clellon Holm ["15¢ Before 6:00 P.M.: The Wonde ful Movies of the 'Thirties," Decem ber]. Gosh, he stirred a lot of me ories and recaptured a lot of feeling

BARBARA O'REIL
Long Beach, Cali

Never have I read anything whi reawakened the sweet throbs of ad lescent lust and longing like Joh Clellon Holmes' article. To have liv in a world which even permitted furtively to imagine that we mig wear a trench coat like Joel McCre turn a quip like Robert Montgomer or kiss Madge Evans, was to ha drunk the milk of paradise. Thank yo for the reminder of its taste.

BERNARD A. WEISBERG
University of Rocheste
Rochester, N.

How to Be a Bureaucra

Kudos to Joseph C. Boulder for hi letter [December] commenting o Secretary of Health, Education an Welfare John W. Gardner's artic ["How to Prevent Organizationa Dry Rot," Easy Chair, October]. . In Mr. Boulder's remark abou "euphoric reporting," I believe he wa employing a euphemism for harshe descriptions. I have worked on proj ects with personnel from the U. S Public Health Service, one of th agencies under the Secretary's juris diction, and some of the reports the

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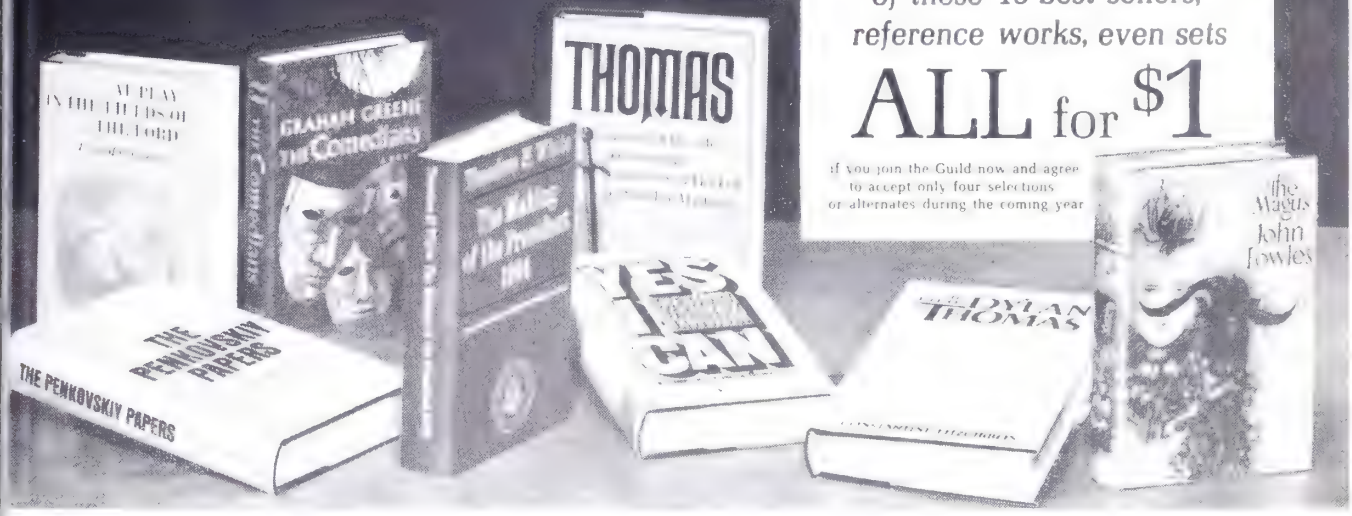
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LETTERS

sent in to their home office regardi
our work were lulus. . . . It takes
neophyte in public-agency work o
a short while to learn how to write
report in such convoluted language
to make it appear that a great d
was accomplished when "the mou
tain labored and brought forth
mouse.". . .

SAM SKLAR, Sanitari
Pima County Health De
Tucson, Ar

Voodoo Therap

From what I have seen of sta
mental hospitals in my own area,
would say that Dr. Thomas Adeo
Lambo's village treatment system
superior to many institutions th
pass for mental hospitals in the U.
In any case, the article "Witch Do
tors and Psychiatry" by Judith Ra
dal [December] was most illumina
ing. It should help to dispel th
illusion that Western ways are alwa
superior to those of Africa and As
and other non-Western parts of th
world. . . .

PALMER VAN GUND
Los Angeles, Cali

Science Without Strings

In his acute and perceptive articl
"The Scientific Pork Barrel" [Was
ington Insight, January], Daniel
Greenberg has . . . pinned down th
central issues facing federal polic
today. Should the scientific commu
nity continue to be permitted to ad
minister research funds under sc
entific criteria alone? Should th
ensuing pursuit of research excellenc
be allowed to cause an excessive diver
sion of scientists from teaching an
into research, concentration of re
search funds and scientists in a rela
tively few universities, and imbal
ances in universities between th
hard sciences and other disciplines
Are we going to sit back and permi
the backlash of these effects to tak
the form of a "pork barrel" type of al
location of science funds?

The answer of the House Researc
and Technical Programs Subcom
mittee is emphatically "no." In its Oc
tober 13, 1965, report, the subcom
mittee recommended instead that th
government adopt new policies base
on conscious recognition of conflicts
between research needs now and in



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LETTERS

ent in the teaching of scientists
morrow's needs; between sus-
g excellence at a few institu-
and creating a wider scientific
for the country; and between
terests in the physical sciences
l the rest of our intellectual tra-

.

subcommittee's recommenda-
are intended both to preserve
tegrity of research financed by
vernment as well as to correct
ally the worst abuses of the
nt system. . . .

HENRY S. REUSS, Wis., Chmn.
Research and Technical
Programs Subcommittee
se Govt. Operations Committee
Washington, D. C.

On Chesapeake Bay

his excellent memoir of Balti-
's Forest Park of our boyhoods
timore Boy," December], Rob-
otlowitz . . . writes, "I sailed the
peake Bay once a year on an
eamer down to a run-down re-
alled Tolchester." Such reminis-
s lack salt. That Tolchester ex-
nce, for example, was woven
sly into the fabric of our lives.
gan every Sunday in the sum-
ime just before noon, with the
ey down to Pier 5 Pratt Street
adition in itself. The ride was
r by auto jammed to the brim
picnic baskets, or by streetcar.
e streetcars were of the double
long extinct, that on rounding
ner seemed certain to break in
iddle. . . .

e cruise home after dark under
onlit sky was enchanting. Most
one would sing to the accom-
nent of a banjo or harmonica. . . .
ch a romantic mood one had to
allowances as the boat ap-
ched the inner harbor of Balti-
, for here the smells of the old
lizer plants took over. . . . But it
't matter. The trip was magic. . . .

GILBERT SANDLER
Baltimore, Md.

Probing McLuhan

chard Schickel's admirable piece
Marshall McLuhan: Canada's In-
tual Comet" [November] groups
critics loosely as "the compul-
y scholarly or compulsively logi-
We'd like to add a couple of sub-

"Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind."
Samuel Johnson

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groupings from personal observ
of McLuhan affronting (or crea
anti-McLuhans; this during a
of seminars held last August b
consulting firm, Generalists, In
San Francisco, and conducted b
man himself.

The first dissident group—the
cally enraged, who can't or won'
low him at all—stems from his
denied tendency to let fall int
middle of a paragraph a flat, unq
fied pronouncement (often some
out of context) of the sort he
a "probe." He just sticks it in
because it occurs to him there.
technique by itself is disconcertin
the newcomer, but when the offen
statement is one on which the re
or listener just happens to be
world's greatest, or only, authori
is maddening; especially if McL
is correct. That this probe techn
eventually resolves into a structu
of small comfort to those who s
out early.

There are, besides, those wh
stick around, who read him thro
but still reject him ruefully by re
of innate temperament, but als
their Gutenbergish, sequential e
rience. As one of them says, mo
explain this attitude than to jus
it, "I'm the kind who predicts
Wright brothers will never get i
the ground; McLuhan is the one
says that by 1950 every family
America will have a private plan

Finally, there are those who
discouraged by his compressed s
There is no answer to this sav
read him slowly. To take it fast is
trying to fill a teacup out of a fireh

HOWARD GOSS
GERALD FEIGEN, M
Generalists,
San Francisco, C

Fit to Pr

If I should write a sequel to
Careful Writer (you know, like
Son, the Careful Writer), for go
ness sake do not assign it to an E
lish teacher who is capable of writ
in a review that the *Report of*
Commission on English attempts
"charter a program" [Paul Pick
The New Books, November]. Yo
for more Careful Writers,

THEODORE M. BERNST
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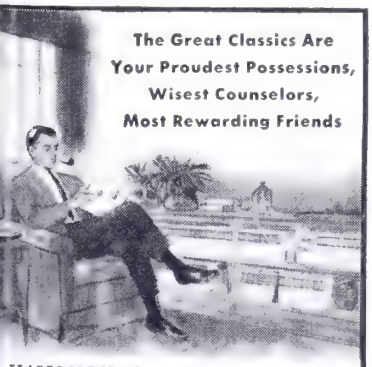
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Keeping Alive in Space: A report from General Dynami

QUESTION: An astronaut in space needs 11 pounds of water and two pounds of oxygen a day to live. If you seal him into a spaceship, how long could just 11 pounds of water and two pounds of oxygen last him?

ANSWER: Forever, if necessary.

The reason, of course, is that air and water can be regenerated indefinitely, providing that a total man-machine system is properly organized.

Such a system is the heart of an experimental life-support facility which General Dynamics has recently built for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. It is designed to take care of the basic physiological requirements of four men in a zero-gravity environment for a full year, with minimal resupply once every three months.

Regeneration is a basic fact of nature—nothing is ever really lost. The job is done by the total biosphere of the earth, its billions of cubic miles of atmosphere, its millions of miles of earth and sea, its



This sealable structure contains the prototype of a life-support system which includes facilities to maintain four men in space for a year.

thousands of species of animals, plants, insects and bacteria.

Compressing even part of that system to meet the requirements of men in space is a capability that has developed only recently.

The problem—weight:

General Dynamics has been involved in the requirements of space travel for almost a generation through its development of the Atlas and Centaur space vehicles. We've been working even longer with the problem of sealed environments in the submarines we've been building since 1900.

But the submarine problem is somewhat different. Drinking water and oxygen can be produced directly from the surrounding water—which, because of its buoyancy, also makes weight a relatively minor problem.

In space, weight, including supplies, comes at an incredibly high premium.

Thirteen pounds of water and oxygen per man per day for four men for 365 days adds up to almost ten tons of water and oxygen.

One manned space platform now in development will weigh approximately 25,000 pounds. Without regeneration another 20,000 pounds of just water and air would be needed.

New water from old:

To avoid carrying such excess weight, the system General Dynamics put together for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration ties water, air and waste removal requirements into one integrated system.

Exhaled carbon dioxide, humidity, air contaminants, used washing water and urine are filtered, absorbed, heated, cooled, catalyzed and electrolyzed in a constantly operating process to create pure water and pure oxygen for reuse.

For water recovery in our system, we chose an evaporative method as the most efficient.

Excess vapor from the cabin air, used wash water and urine are collected in holding tanks and are drawn into wicks by capillary action. At the other end of the wick, water is evaporated into a stream of warmed air. The contaminants are left behind in the replaceable wicks. Condensed vapor moves through a series of filters finally to return to a central reservoir as pure water.

Regenerating air:

Air regeneration presents a more complicated problem.

Normal air is a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, water vapor, trace gases and contaminants. Exhaled air contains less oxygen and is enriched with carbon dioxide. On earth the constant interchange between animals, atmosphere and plants consumes the carbon dioxide and the contaminants and supplies fresh oxygen.

In a sealed ship the oxygen would be rapidly used up and the carbon diox built to a poisonous concentration.

Moreover, new contaminants are c stantly being formed. At the end some Project Mercury flights, the ca air filter contained dozens of conta nants not present at takeoff. Some, s as ammonia, can come from ordin chemical reactions to an astronau own perspiration.

Machinery now has to do the otherwise done by nature.

How it works:

In our "spaceship," cabin air—the ori nal mixture, plus exhaled breath, exc moisture from cooling systems and n contaminants—is continually circulat through a bank of equipment. A *del midifier* removes excess moisture.



oal filter holds back some contami-
A *catalytic burner* converts others.
a *separator* screens out the carbon
le. But the removal isn't final.
e water wrung out by the dehu-
ier, for instance, is added to the
al tanks for reuse. The carbon di-
is moved to another chamber
e it is mixed with hydrogen at a
temperature in the presence of a
st. That reaction creates water and
carbon.
chniques have not yet been devel-
to use the carbon, so it is simply
n into a storage area. But the water,
cted through a porous plate, is
erred to an electrolytic cell where
ctric current breaks it into hydro-
nd oxygen.
e hydrogen is pumped back to fuel
evious reaction in which the water
ormed. The oxygen returns to the
air to be breathed again.
separate problem is presented by
wastes. In a biological food system utilizing algae or bacteria, these wastes might fuel the growth process, but now there is no use for them. International agreements forbid the contamination of space, so they cannot be jettisoned.

Solid wastes, therefore, are dehydrated into a powdery dry residue and stored. In operating spaceships, this may serve as additional shielding against radiation or meteorites.

The work ahead:

The entire life-support system is the most advanced yet developed and does include, of course, much more than the air and water regeneration loop.

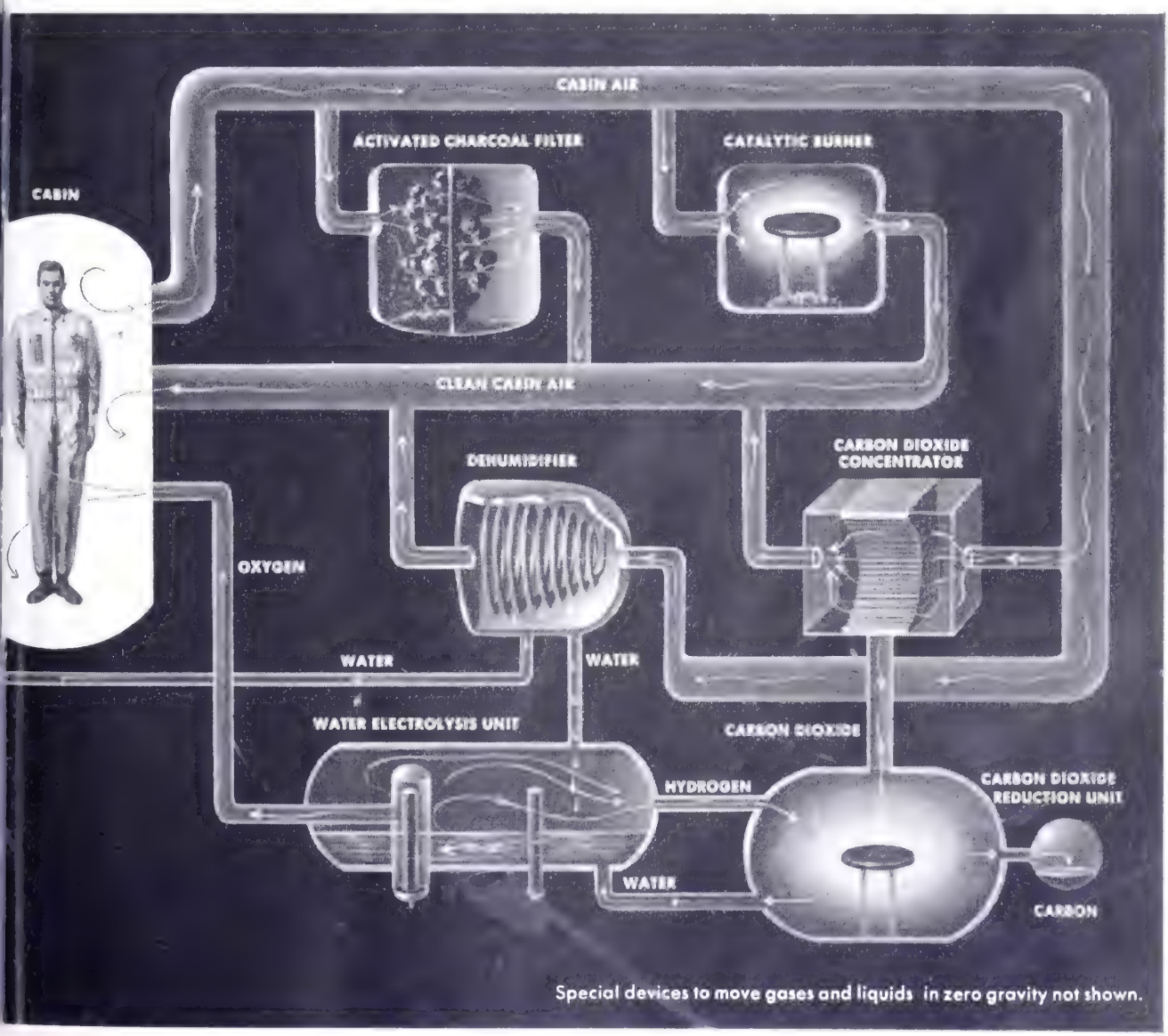
Other facets are an electricity-generating system, mechanisms to circulate gases and liquids, monitoring and control instrumentation, food preparation, storage and other facilities.

Efficient regeneration of food is not yet feasible. So dehydrated food will be carried by the spaceship and resupplied.

All in all, we think the prototype is close to what will be needed in space. But as experimental equipment it's still somewhat heavy—over two tons altogether. We expect the long period of ground testing to be conducted by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to provide further guidelines for the design of much more compact and lighter equipment.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce for defense and industry: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; and machinery, minerals and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



A Communication on Vietnam *from General James M. Gavin*

In the following letter General Gavin presents the first basic criticism of the Administration's policy in Vietnam by a major military figure. As an alternative, he urges the stopping of our bombing of North Vietnam, a halt in the escalation of the ground war, withdrawal of American troops to defend a limited number of enclaves along the South Vietnam coast, and renewed efforts "to find a solution through the United Nations or a conference in Geneva."

General Gavin argues for such a change in policy on purely military grounds. His views on the Vietnam war cannot be taken lightly, since he has established a reputation during the last thirty years as one of America's leading strategic thinkers. At the time of the French defeat in Vietnam, he was chief of Plans and Operations for the Department of the Army, and his advice is generally believed to be largely responsible for the United States' refusal to enter the Southeast Asian conflict on a large scale at that time. He enlisted in the Army as a private in 1924 and rose to the rank of lieutenant general before his retirement in 1958; he had a distinguished combat career as a paratroop commander in World War II; and he served for a time as chief of Research and Development for the Army. After retirement he was Ambassador to France, and is now Chairman of the Board and chief executive officer of Arthur D. Little, Inc., an industrial research firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

He left the Pentagon because of disagreements on what was, in 1958, the basic military policy of the Eisenhower Administration. His reasons for such disagreements were set forth in his book, "War and Peace in the Space Age," published by Harper & Row; as he indicates in the following letter, most of the changes he then urged have since been carried out.

The Editors hope that General Gavin's communication may stimulate a searching reexamination of American military and foreign policies by other public figures who are especially qualified by experience and training to discuss them. In the coming months "Harper's" hopes to publish further contributions to such a reappraisal. **—The Editors**

Last November our Secretary of Defense, while in Vietnam, finally gave battlefield approval to the concept of Sky Cavalry. *Harper's* should take some pride in the fact that it published my article, "Cavalry, and I Don't Mean Horses," in 1954. That was the genesis of the idea for this new form of mobility for our ground forces. It was too revolutionary for acceptance in the Pentagon then, and *Harper's* performed a public service in helping advance the idea.

I would like to comment about the Vietnam situation further. I should emphasize at the outset that I am writing solely from a military-technical point of view. I was Chief of Plans and Operations in the Department of the Army when Dienbienphu brought the French endeavors in Vietnam to an end. The Chief of Staff, General Matthew B. Ridgway, directed that we go into the situation quite thoroughly in case a decision should be made to send U. S. forces into the Hanoi Delta. As I recall, we were talking about the possibility of sending eight divisions plus thirty-five engineer battalions and other auxiliary units. We had one or two old China hands on the staff at the time and the more we studied the situation the more we realized that we were, in fact, considering going to war with China, since she was supplying all the arms, ammunition, m cal and other supplies to Ho Chi M If we would be, in fact, figh China, then we were fighting he the wrong place on terms entirel her advantage. Manchuria, with vast industrial complex, coal, and ore, is the Ruhr of China and heart of its war-making capa There, rather than in Southeast A is where China should be engage at all.

I should emphasize at the ou that there are philosophical and m aspects of the war in Southeast A that are understandably disturb to every thoughtful person. My c ments, however, are based enti upon a tactical evaluation of our forts there. At the time of the Fre defeat, it seemed to us military pl ners that if an effort were made the United States to secure Vietn from Chinese military exploitat and that if force on the scale that were talking about were to be e ployed, then the Chinese would v likely reopen the fighting in Kore

At the time, General Ridgw thought it prudent to bring this si ation directly to the attention President Eisenhower, pointing that we should be prepared fo large-scale war if we were to make initial large-scale commitment to Hanoi Delta that we were thinki about. I thought at the time that took great moral courage for Gene Ridgway to take this action, but has never been a man to lack su courage. The President decided to make the commitment and in book, *Mandate for Change*, he co mented that to have gone to war und those conditions would have be "like hitting the tail of the sna rather than the head," which is a go analogy.

Today we have sufficient force South Vietnam to hold several e claves on the coast, where sea and

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay

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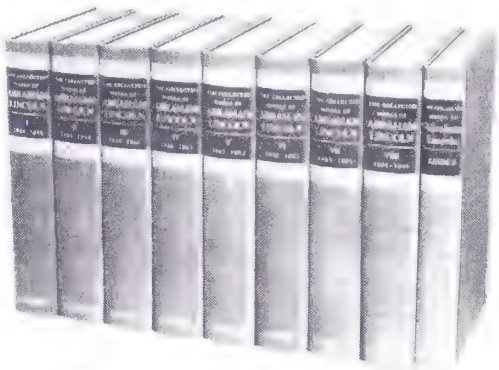
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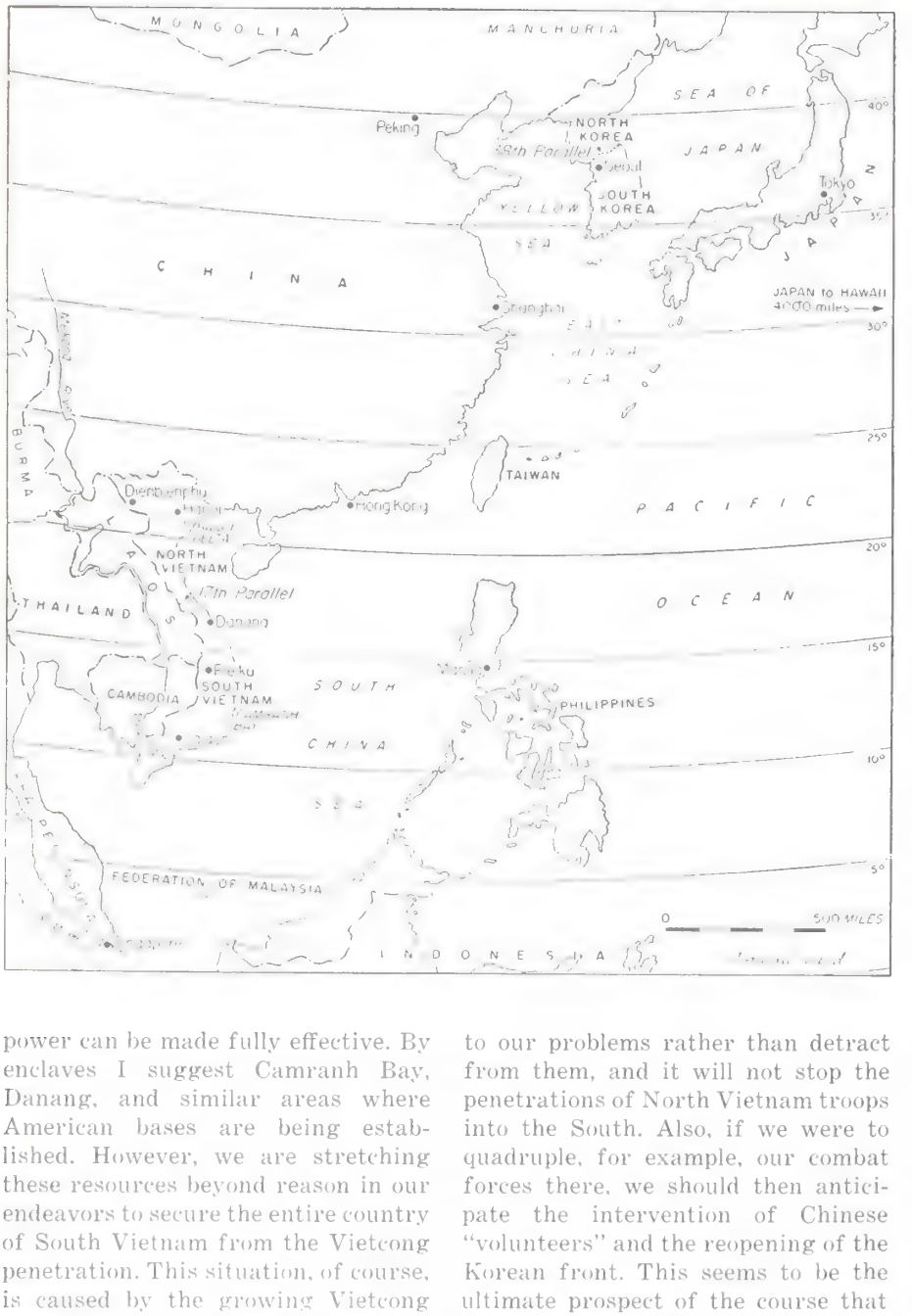
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power can be made fully effective. By enclaves I suggest Camranh Bay, Danang, and similar areas where American bases are being established. However, we are stretching these resources beyond reason in our endeavors to secure the entire country of South Vietnam from the Vietcong penetration. This situation, of course, is caused by the growing Vietcong strength.

The time has come, therefore, when we simply have to make up our mind what we want to do and then provide the resources necessary to do it. If our objective is to secure all of South Vietnam, then forces should be deployed on the 17th parallel and along the Cambodian border adequate to do this. In view of the nature of the terrain, it might be necessary to extend our defenses on the 17th parallel to the Mekong River, and across part of Thailand. Such a course would take many times as much force as we now have in Vietnam.

To increase the bombing and to bomb Hanoi—or even Peking—will add to our problems rather than detract from them, and it will not stop the penetrations of North Vietnam troops into the South. Also, if we were to quadruple, for example, our combat forces there, we should then anticipate the intervention of Chinese "volunteers" and the reopening of the Korean front. This seems to be the ultimate prospect of the course that we are now on.

On the other hand, if we should maintain enclaves on the coast, desist in our bombing attacks in North Vietnam, and seek to find a solution through the United Nations or a conference in Geneva, we could very likely do so with the forces now available. Maintaining such enclaves while an effort is being made to solve the internal situation in Vietnam, and in the face of the terroristic war that would be waged against them, poses some serious problems, and the retention of some of the enclaves may prove to be unwise; but the problems that we would then have to deal with would be far less serious than those associated with an expansion of the confl

I do not for a moment think tha we should withdraw from Vietn the next stop would be Waikiki. Kra Peninsula, Thailand, and Philippines can all be secured, though we ultimately might h heavy fighting on the northern fr tiers of Thailand. But we should realistic about the dangers of course that we are now on. A straig forward escalation of our land po in Southeast Asia to meet every la based challenge, while at the sa time we leave China and Cambo immune from attack, poses some ve forbidding prospects. I realize t our Secretary of State was recen quoted in the press as having s that "the idea of sanctuary is ou However, the initiative is not ou and there is an abundance of evide now that both China and Cambo are sanctuaries for Communist m tary strength that is used to supp the Vietcong.

To get to the heart of the proble I doubt that world opinion would t erate the bombing and seizure Manchuria. If the Chinese Co munists continue on their pres course of aggression and, at the sa time, continue to develop more d astating weapons—and I refer nuclear weapons—the time may co when China will bring upon herself nuclear war. But that time is not he yet. In the meantime, we must do t best we can with the forces we ha deployed to Vietnam, keeping in mi the true meaning of strategy in glob affairs. Economics, science and tec nology, and world opinion will, in t long run, serve our strategic inte ests well if we handle our national r sources wisely. On the other han tactical mistakes that are allowed escalate at the initiative of an enem could be disastrously costly. Since t advent of the Space Age, there h been a revolution in the nature of w and global conflict. The confrontati in Vietnam is the first test of o understanding of such change, our lack of it. The measures that w now take in Southeast Asia must ste from sagacity and thoughtfulnes and an awareness of the nature strategy in this rapidly shrinkin world.

Referring again to the Sky Caval concept, which we are now employin in South Vietnam, it is the kind



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(4) Was it worth the wait? (5) Judge for yourself.



ation that is generally unpopu-
a conservative society, and in
nilitary establishment of such a
ty. But many more innovations,
technical and in management
ods, must be found if we are to
nue to survive as a free people.
ly making bigger bombs or using
of them is not the answer. So
e that *Harper's* will continue to
ort innovative methods when
are suggested, as you did when you first published the idea of Sky Cavalry in 1954.

When I retired in 1958, I said that I would be happy to serve as a private in the Army if it were the kind of an Army that I wanted it to be. I think it is that kind of an Army now, and I would be happy to serve in it in any grade in Vietnam or anywhere else. It is doing a splendid job in Vietnam and needs the support of all of our people. **—James M. Gavin** [ ]

The Tertz Case

yone concerned about civil rights,
dom of speech, and simple justice
be interested in the case of
am Tertz.

e is, in the opinion of many Amer-
and European critics, one of
few distinguished Russian writ-
of this generation. Often he has
ı ranked with Pasternak and
tushenko, and his American pub-
er, Pantheon Books, has described
as "a man who can still write in
tradition of Gogol, Dostoevsky,
Mayakovsky." He is now, appar-
y, in jail.

ince 1959 the man who signs his
k as Abram Tertz has been smug-
g his manuscripts out of the
iet Union, for publication in the
ted States and Europe. The best-
wn of his works are an essay, *On
ialist Realism,* and two novels,
Trial Begins and *The Makepeace
periment.* (A long excerpt from
latter appeared in the June 1965
ıe of *Harper's.*)

ast October a Moscow literary
ic and scholar of some promi-
ce, Andrei Sinyavsky, was ar-
ted on the accusation that he had
tten the works published abroad
ler the pen name of Tertz. Later
patches from Moscow reported
t he had confessed; and in No-
ber the Paris publisher who owns
ld rights in the Tertz books, Jerzy
droyc, confirmed that Sinyavsky
Tertz were indeed the same man.
So far as one can judge from his
tings, Tertz is by no means a
nter-revolutionary. He is a sati-
. He makes fun of the follies and
tensions of bureaucrats, in a way which must have been painful to some Russian politicians. But, as Pantheon Books pointed out in a recent advertisement, "He writes not as an enemy of the U. S. S. R. or of the Soviet people. As do all great authors, he writes of man's hopes and man's failings. His work speaks for all of us. It is part of Russia's contribution to mankind. . . . Whoever he is, he has done nothing that deserves punishment."

Also arrested at almost the same time was Yuri M. Daniyel, a translator of poetry, who was accused of publishing short stories outside of the Soviet Union under the pen name of Nikolai Arzhak.

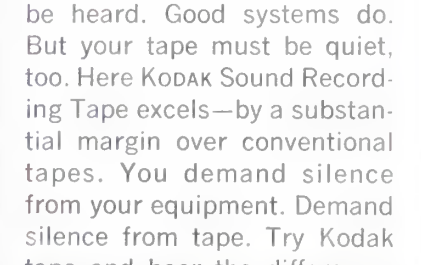
They can perhaps be saved from punishment, if enough people outside of the Soviet Union will speak up for them. On occasion the Soviet government has shown itself quite sensitive to public opinion abroad, particularly on cultural matters. The strong foreign interest in Boris Pasternak, for example, may have saved him from spending his last days in prison.

Anyone interested in protesting their arrests might do well to write to the Soviet Ambassador, Anatoly F. Dobrynin, at the Soviet Embassy, Washington, D.C.; or to *Novy Mir,* the literary monthly in Moscow, where under his own name Tertz-Sinyavsky published many of his essays and critical reviews. Since the Russians pay more attention to organizations than to individuals, letters or resolutions of protest from groups of writers, literary societies, or student organizations—the Free Speech Movement, for example—might be especially effective. **—John Fischer** [ ]



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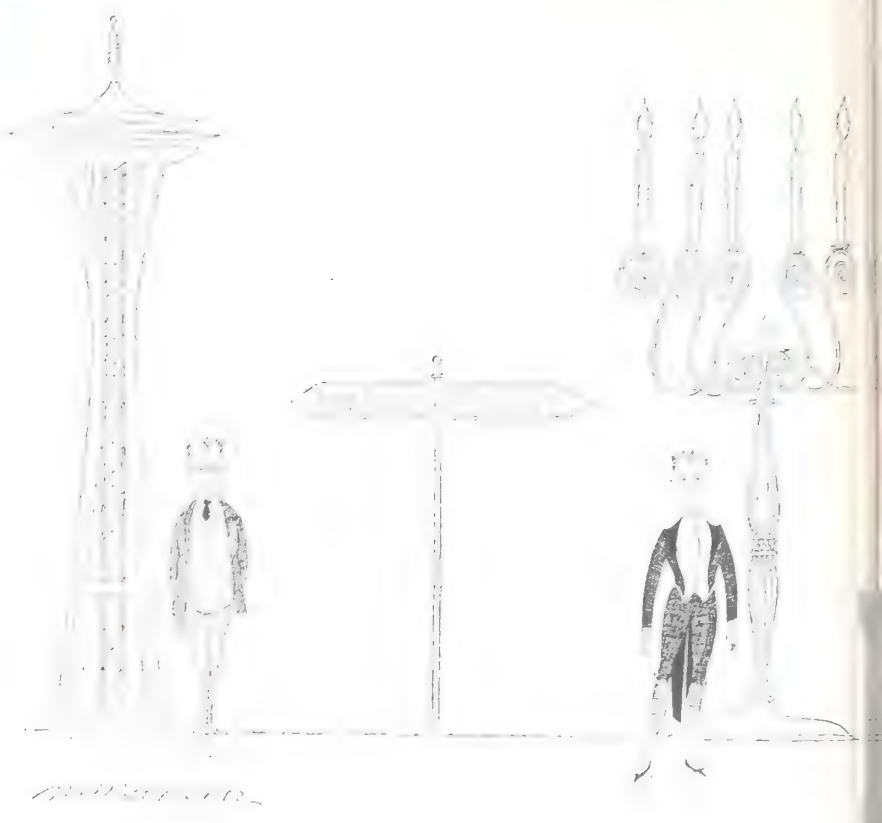


EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
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TRADEMARK

After Hours

by Russell Lynes



Aftermath in Seattle

It is usually a mistake to return to a place where one once had a very good time and hope to recapture a mood. To return, however, to such a place and to find it entirely different but no less attractive, transformed in mood and function and yet recognizable, can be a very agreeable experience. I recently had such an experience in Seattle on the site of that city's World's Fair of 1962 which called itself the "Century 21 Exposition." It is a sort of urban miracle.

My excuse for being there was to take part in a conference called by the Governor of Washington to discuss what might be done, before it is too late, as he put it, to "produce among our leaders in business, industry, and government, as well as among our citizens generally, a practical conviction that quality, care, and thoughtfulness in urban, suburban, and rural environments are not only possible but imperative." The conference sessions took place in what had been the Science Pavilion of the Fair, a $10 million building financed by the federal government and designed by Yamasaki, as pretty a piece of pavilion building, with its lacework of arches and pools and fountains, as this century has produced. The site of the Fair, its present uses, its "care and thoughtfulness" in planning are a model of what Governor Evans was asking for. The path from Fair to Civic Center hasn't been entirely strewn with roses; there are still some problems to be solved, both operating and financial problems, but the effect is a tribute to Seattle's wits and foresight and the imagination of its business community.

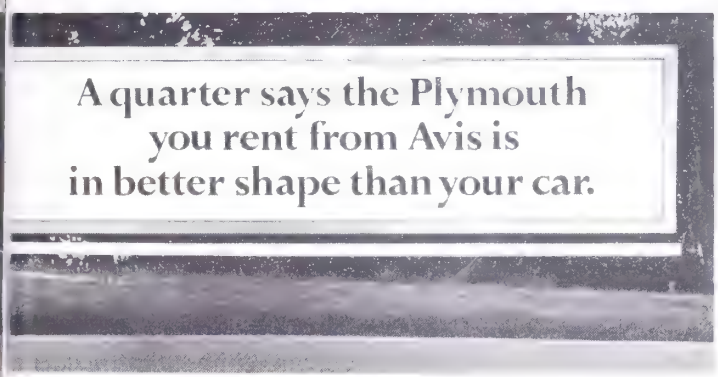
It was suggested to me that if I really wanted the story of what had happened between the closing of the Fair and its present status I should "talk to Joe Gandy." I did more than talk with him; I walked over almost every inch of the fairgrounds with him and through a good many of the buildings. Not only had the aspect changed from one of carnival to one of campus, one of artificial sprightliness to one of measured vitality, but a great many physical alterations had transformed the buildings from the uses of fantasy to practical, cultural, and athletic uses.

Joe Gandy, more properly Joseph E. Gandy, a Seattle attor was the president of the Se World's Fair. He is a large man a robust laugh and an air of comm who is extremely proud of the resi or I should say legacy, left to Se by the Fair, but quite frank a mistakes that were made in its tr fer and transformation. The finar story of the Fair is a rather con cated one, told in this column in s detail in July 1962. Let it suffic say here that the Fair made m and paid off its debts. It was sol more than a month before its b life of six months was over. "Ev thing from September first to closing date was pure gravy," Gandy said. "It was a wonderful ing."

He laughed his big laugh and s "But I made a big mistake, a mill dollar mistake. We had agreed to

Mr. Lynes is the author of some h dozen books of social commentary history, including "The Tastemak and "The Domesticated America

Avis made a bet 9 months ago. So far it's cost us $46.



The offer still goes.

At a quarter each, that's 184 winners.

Or one out of 3,700 rentals. It's enough to worry us a little.

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the city a rent of six per cent o
property if we made a profit, an
didn't expect to make a profit. I
the Mayor a check for $975,000
I never should have. The city w
expecting the money and we sl
have put it into reconverting
buildings and grounds. Once it
into the city till there was no wa
the city to give it back to us bc
there was no provision for it i
budget."

He laughed again. He liked
"million-dollar mistake," or he
having had his Fair so profitable
he could afford it.

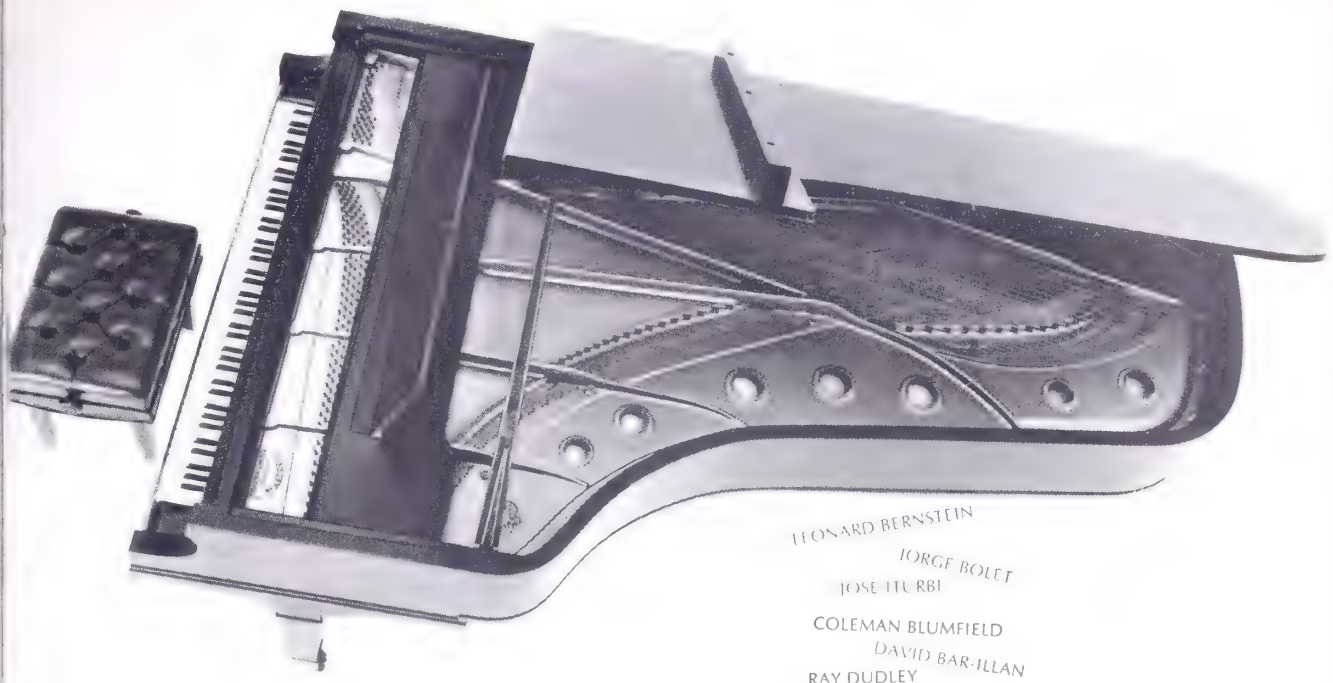
A private corporation was e
lished to handle the transforma
of the Fair into the Seattle Ce
and to promote its new uses as a n
ing place for culture and recrea
Two million was pledged by pri
businesses and individuals, but
venture turned out to be unprofit
and the Center was turned over t
city to operate. The city in turn n
a contract with an organization c
Greater Seattle Inc., promoters
conventions and carnivals, to run
Center, and that is how matters
stand.

"Greater Seattle says it will pa
the pledges in ten years," Mr. Ga
said, "and it may do so."

Meanwhile the Center hums w
activity.

Mr. Gandy walked me from
Pacific Science Center, as the Ya
saki pavilion is now called (it is
a museum, teeming with exhibits
echoing to the voices of schoolc
dren) in the direction of a build
called the Coliseum. On the way
passed what was the British build
during the Fair. It is now a bra
of the Seattle Art Museum, a sor
out-patient department for show
visiting exhibitions and spe
shows. There was an American In
tute of Architects exhibition th
that afternoon and the remains c
"pop" show was in the storeroom i
which we stuck our heads. ("Some
the art's a little graphic," Mr. Ga
commented about a plaster nude.)

The Coliseum, which was a v
open space covered by a concrete n
kin when I saw it during the F
has undergone extensive interior
visions. We were met there by
young man from the staff of the C
ter who had a key. The building



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THE MEDLEYS
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BOAC

originally been planned by
Thiry, its designer and the arc
in charge of the Fair, for adapt
to a combination sports palace
convention hall. It now seats 1
enthusiasts of every sort. Wh
looked down on its center space i
a basketball court ready for ar
ning game, but under the wooden
was a surface of insulated panel
under that was ice.

"We can convert from bask
to hockey in three hours," our
said. "Last night we had the R
Stones and there were about ei
five hundred teen-agers in here. W
had Billy Graham and the Globe
ters and auto races."

The great shell of concrete (
a hyperbolic-paraboloid) is of c
unsupported by columns—which
every seat an unobstructed view.
Coliseum is busy "about three
dred days a year." Someday Se
hopes to have a national Preside
convention there.

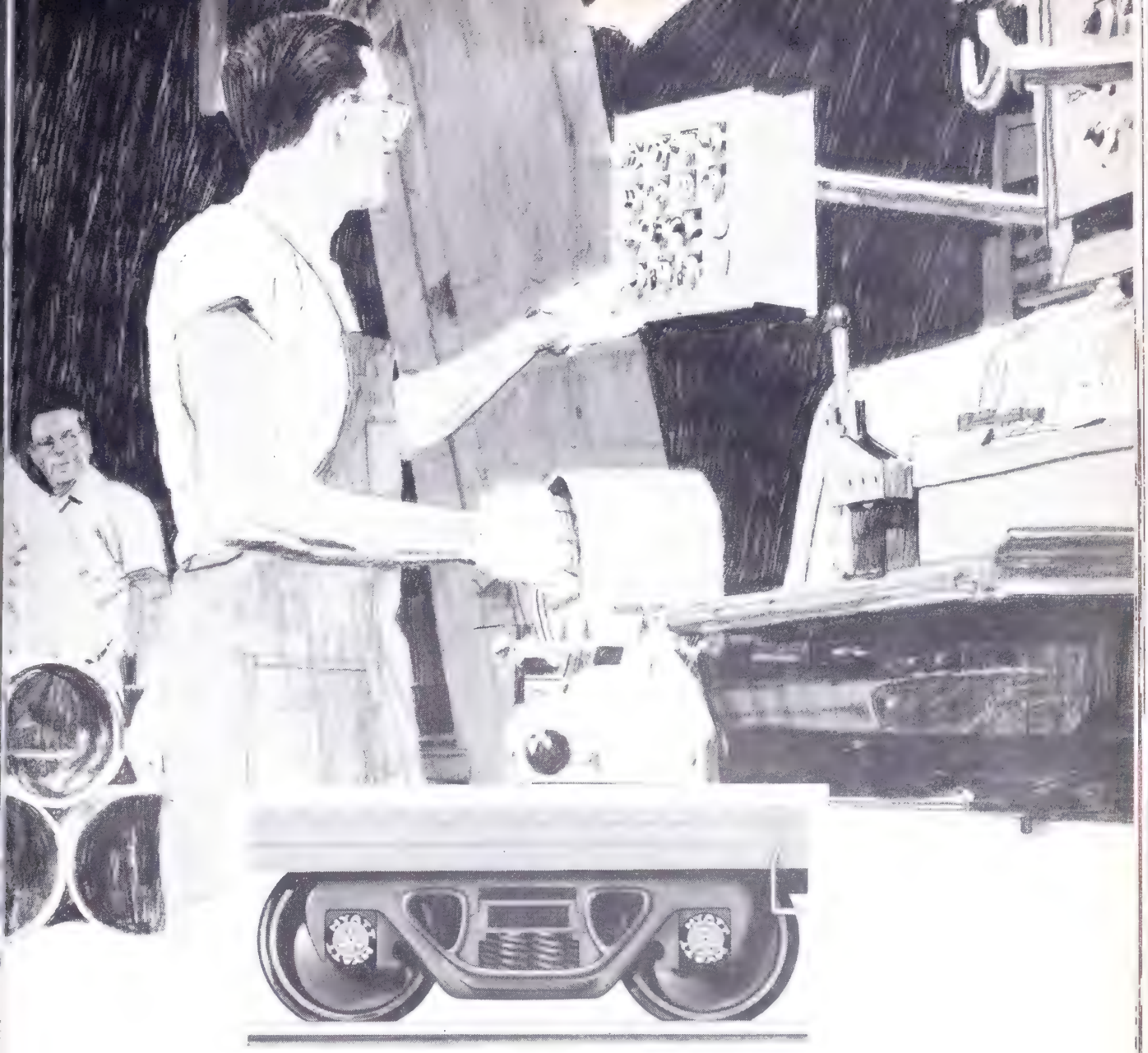
We proceeded to what had bee
United Arab Republic's exhibi
now a banquet hall. Indeed there
string of large rooms adaptable
such uses all of which were once
posts of faraway nations. In o
group of teen-agers were cutting
decorations for a school dance. W
was the art exhibition during
Fair (there were, in fact, t
exhibitions, which were so div
from each other as to seem to b
normal galleries) is now one l
wide-open space of 40,000 square
big enough for an automobile sho
a dance for 3,500 high-school
dents, which was what was abou
happen in it that evening. Two b
stands were set up.

"The bands, rock 'n' roll, pla
loud as they can," our guide
"and the kids, most of them,
stand around in a circle and gap
them."

I suggested it might be a trou
some crowd.

"It has its security aspects," he
tactfully.

We then looked at the the
where the Seattle Repertory The
company was rehearsing a s
from *The Importance of Being
nest* (one of three plays in its
rent repertory). Seattle seems pr
enough of its company (profess
als) to raise the funds to meet
operating deficit of about $100



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Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....
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AFTER HOURS

a year. There was a sign at the ... office addressed to the "Student ... Minute Club." Students can wai... line to see whether there are en... seats, and if there are, they can ... them for fifty cents each. "Show ... ID Cards," the sign warned.

Next, the Opera House which s... 3,100 and is principally used by ... Seattle Symphony, which has a sea... from September to May, two conc... a week. Opera, I gathered, get ... total of fifteen performances a sea... The house is big and gaudy and ph...

When we came out of the Op... House it was pouring (later a r... said to me, "I wish I could say t... weather isn't typical"), and a pol... man drove Mr. Gandy and me b... to the Science Center and the conf... ence, filled with proud Washingt... ians gnawing away at the problems ... "urban, suburban, and rural envir... ments."

I congratulated Mr. Gandy ... Seattle's remarkable accomplishm... —a lively, attractive, and what is ... pected to be, eventually, profitable ... clave of culture and amusement at ... cost to the city.

He laughed his big laugh, and sa... "Don't forget my million-dollar m... take."

And then he laughed again.

White Tie and Tails

I hadn't quite had a dress rehears... for my appearance at Princess Ma... garet's party at the Waldorf in Ne... York in November, but I had run ove... the details in my mind. The invitatio... which I had talked a friend on th... committee into sending me for what ... assured her were journalistic pur... poses, had indicated in the lower righ... corner:

White Tie
Decorations

I had got out the tailcoat that I ha... had when I sang in the Yale Gle... Club a number (something like thirty ... four) years ago, and I was interested ... to discover that the width of my ... shoulders, anyway, had not materially ... changed. I then remembered another ... tailcoat that had been left in my house ... by a friend who, when young, had ... been bigger than I but had subse-



Industry and community leaders are proving these days that efficiency and beauty can join hands. A working America need not be an ugly America . . . Industry is spreading its land-hungry plants in the lush green countryside because good roads, trucks and autos make such locations both practical and profitable. These plants tap fresh labor resources and command an unimpeded flow of supplies and products over highways radiating everywhere . . . Communities find that spacious industrial parks mesh with the job and service needs, too, of the millions of people migrating toward sod and sunlight. Adjacent urban centers also feel a quickened pulse . . . And the "beauty part" of all this is that these trends, based on the motor truck's triumphs over time and distance, are making industrial America more beautiful. AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY. American Trucking Associations, Inc., Washington, D. C. 20036. *The Wheels That Go Everywhere.*

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quently got bigger than hims
was made, I found by looking
label in the inside pocket, i
Haven in 1927.) Though it
match exactly the material
black evening trousers, it seem
likely to me that the committee
notice. I discovered that I had
white vest, a proper shirt, a yel
tie, and a collar that had been
dered but which, for some reas
been starched only on the insi
starching of collars being a l
in my neighborhood. So, I bo
new collar, and I got a new
piqué tie.

I looked over my decoration
decided that it would be prete
to wear them—a gold medal f
National Junior Epée Team
pionships (1931) and a silver
for "Tidiness" from the Cath
Choir School (1924). I had a
lapel ornament dating from the
dles for Britain" era which s
more appropriate, but I eschewe

So, on Thursday evening, the
before the party, everything se
to be in hand, and I spent the d
my office on Friday in a state o
fretted anticipation.

When the moment came to
however, I found that I had
looked an essential matter of fit.
white vest, of the open-in-the-
sort, was meant to be held toge
by two white straps fastened
buckle. The straps failed to mee
the middle of my back, buckle o
buckle, by several inches.

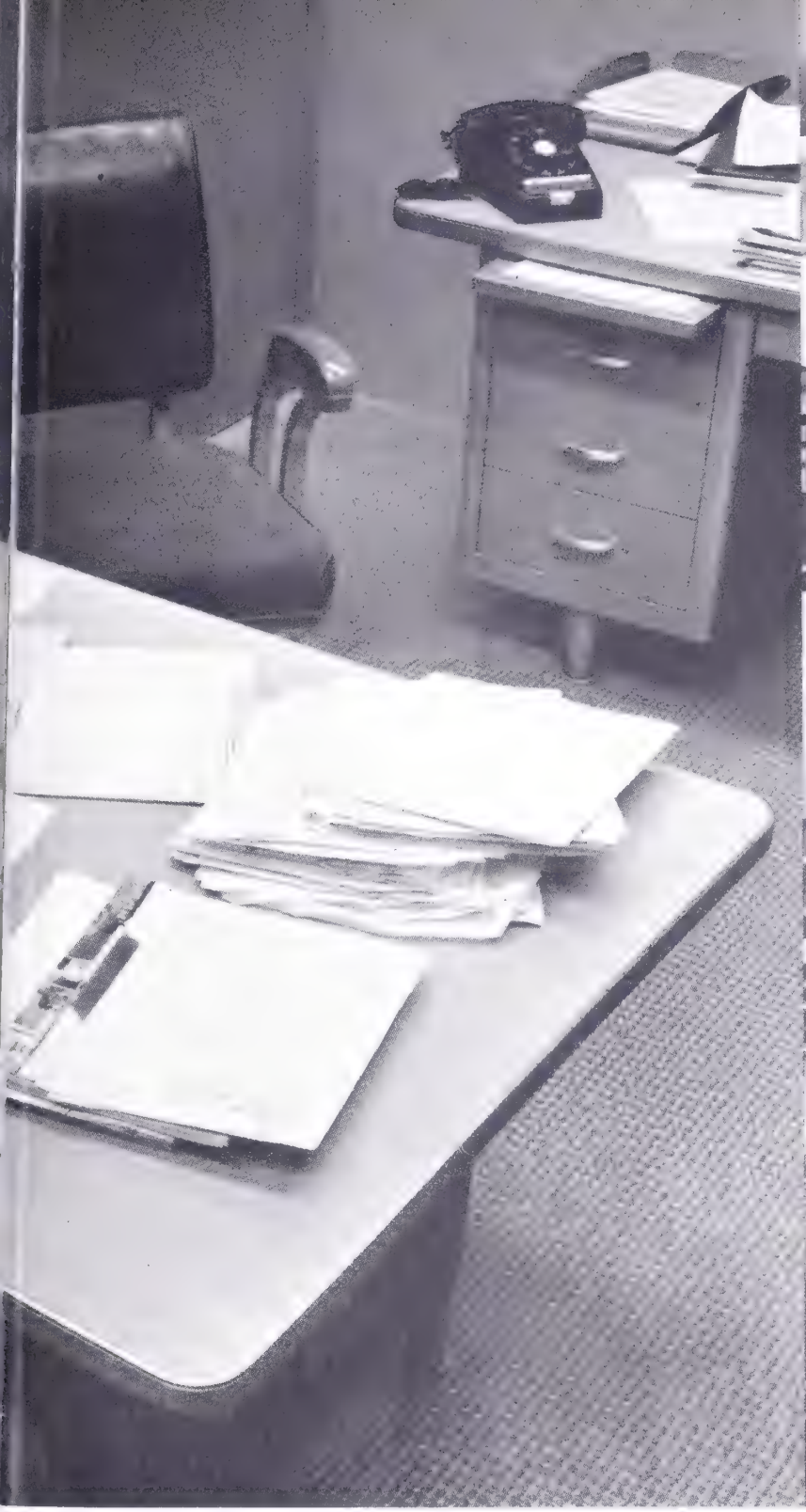
"Keep calm," I said to myself.

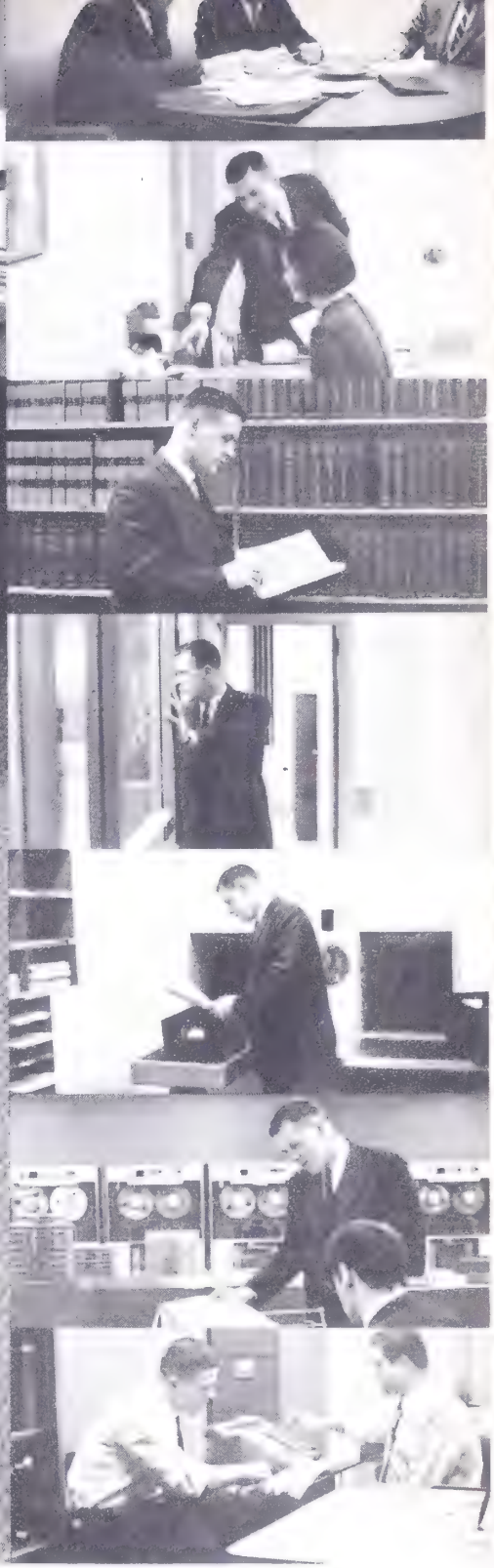
I got two small safety pins and
planted one at the end of each of
straps; then I took two very
paper clips and attached them to
safety pins and removed the
studs and backed into the vest, wh
now, with the studs replaced, fit
satisfactorily. When I leaned ov
however, to put on my shoes,
paper clip bent and the metal str
ture at my spine gave way.

"Ah," I said, as you can imagine.

My eye fell on the yellowing wh
tie which I had fortunately
thrown in the wastebasket.

I keep in a drawer in the table n
to my bed a needle and thread
emergencies, notably missing b
tons, along with a pair of nail sc
sors. I took the scissors, cut the
white tie into four pieces, and by d
carding the bowed ends of it had t





ou find Charlie when he's not at his desk?

siness has a Charlie. He's in a different places daily.

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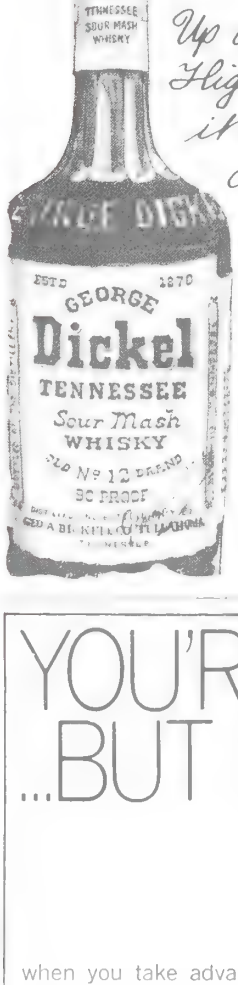
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four-inch white strips. I the one of these to the end of eac vest straps, and to make surer reinforced the sewi safety pins. I now had enoug to tie them in a hard squa

More than a thousand peop ered to have dinner with th cess and Lord Snowdon, and many of the men wore their tions, which ranged from three miniature medals on rit waves of them dashing agai promontories of their chests. wore wide moiré ribbons acr bosoms of their shirts and lar like objects pinned to their was thrown more or less w three-to-five-medal crowd picked up in World War II s where they had got to, mostl I imagine that the beribbone ex-ambassadors.

The ballroom of the Waldo horseshoe ringed with tiers of rical boxes painted gold and and turquoise; there are im eighteenth-century French bordering the proscenium, an were imitation eighteenth-c ladies at the party sporting ro hairdos with curls fit for a tum the basket below the guillotine. were tiaras galore ("It's re necklace," a lady explained t "wired to stand up as a tiara" one young man had on a satin t with white lapels and white b that looked as though he had g summer tailcoat (if there is s thing) on inside out.

There has to be an excuse fo sort of elaborate pageantry, a this occasion it was a benefit arr by the English Speaking Unio Pilgrims of the United States, cent origin; and the United Churchill Foundation. Tickets f party cost $100 each and the ne ceeds (which, I am told, ca $66,500) went to the Wi Churchill Memorial Fund to be for traveling fellowships (spon by the English Speaking Union for Churchill College (Cambri scholarships and fellowships. as I say, was the *excuse* for the p the *purpose* of the party was to it possible for a lot of people t that they had been to the part the Princess and her husband.

The tickets instructed us to

Progress.

unny-looking box on the right is
ation wagons looked like in 1920.
one sat 12 people comfortably, had
windows, and walk-in doors.
ox shape held 174 cubic feet. (About
s much as most modern wagons.)
he wheel base was only 97 inches,
could park it in small spots.
s a sensible machine; too bad some-
dn't quit while they were ahead.
bject below is what station wag-
k like today.
of them only hold about half the
and load of the old timer.
take a lot of room to park, and a
as to run.
hen you get lots of shiny chrome
ptured lines to polish.



The first box held an even dozen.



They should've quit while they were ahead.



Where do you go from here?

The funny-looking box on the left is a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

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AFTER HOURS

our places promptly at eight- so that, presumably, we would on hand when the Princess ar Most people were. Lester Lanin chestra was in a second-tier there were candelabra on the t (the candles were said to have refrigerated to make them slowly), and there were three glasses at each place. Dinner wa tle soup, fish mousse, filet mi and lemon sherbet with straw ries. There was a Pouilly-F (1963) with the fish, a 1959 c (Leoville) with the meat, and c pagne (Bollinger-Brut) after "My guess is," said a lady at my t "that the tab for the party will to about thirty thousand."

The entrance of the Princess w have done credit to P. T. Barnum. was preceded by three piping pi in kilts and fur busbies as big as kegs and as fluffy as honey be they were followed at about ha pace by a man who seemed to be tering invective at them, as tho he were trying to herd a group trained dogs. Behind them, by paces, was the Princess, half height of the pipers, flanked by president of the Pilgrims and president of the ESU, both afl with decorations. The Princess on a dress which the papers the n day described as "sky-blue orga embroidered with crystals, diam tés, and turquoise and hung w crystal fringe around the semi- pire waistline and at the hem," an am glad to take their word for it. looked to me like a small, blue, dig fied pillar of composure with a set not frozen smile and enough charm stir belief in imperialism in an Marxist.

The procession across the da floor to the dais, and up a few st to a crescent-shaped table took j a few minutes. The table was drap in a dark bright-blue cloth and cords with big red tassels, and hind it was a wall of ferns lighted look as fresh as a morning garden. seemed, indeed, so like the setting an operetta that if the Princess a the dozen others at the table h started to sing "Hail Ruritania!" one would have been surprised. Aft the fish mousse the Princess and husband, Tony of Graustark (or t Earl of Snowdon), came down fr the dais to the dance floor and stro



And the Vichyssoise is out of this world.

Some people—we know this to be true—are reluctant to visit India for fear of not enjoying the more civilized comforts.

They stare open-mouthed at pictures of our beautiful country. They speak wistfully of one day seeing the Taj Mahal, and the Caves of Ellora, and the great Himalayas. But they never pick themselves up and go.

We hope these people are reassured by the next few paragraphs.

There are hotels in India. Fine, sensibly-priced hotels all across our country, with air-conditioned rooms, sumptuous beds, courteous valets, and ever-so-gifted chefs.

There are restaurants in India. Delightful, spotlessly-clean restaurants offering a wide variety of tempting Indian and continental favorites.

There are fine roads. For the price of a rented car, which in India includes a chauffeur at virtually no price at all, you can drive almost anywhere. You can also get about very nicely by jet and train. We boast the largest domestic airline in the world. And the fourth-largest railroad system.

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Our point is this. See the wonders of our ancient, colorful land. The India of venerable monuments. The India of orchid-studded mountains. The India of sleepy blue lakes. The India time can't budge.

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If you would like more information about our country, see your travel agent or write: Government of India Tourist Office; New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street.

Also in Canada.

India

COMING IN

Harper's



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A leading classical scholar argues that the present Ph.D. system in the humanities is a scandalous misuse of talent—and the ruination of many of our best young teachers.

•

A CHANCE TO PUT NEW LIFE INTO STATE GOVERNMENTS *By Senator Joseph D. Tydings*

The results are in from a handful of reapportioned legislatures, suggesting that state responsibility may not be dead after all.

•

VENUS OBSERVED *By Alan Moorehead*

Part II of an enchanting account of the opening of the South Seas, and the first encounter between Westerners and the natives of Tahiti.

•

WHY ENGLAND'S CHURCHES ARE DYING
By the Reverend Nicolas Stacey

A young and controversial Anglican minister describes how his church is losing the allegiance of millions in England, and calls for drastic, unchurchly methods to help it save itself.

•

SAN FRANCISCO'S CULTURAL DONNYBROOK
By Russell Lynes

San Francisco's recent smashup over a proposed Culture Center was a bitter blow to "the Athens of the West." The prognosis, however, is favorable, and the patient, if it recovers, may set a useful example for many other cities.

Plus articles, fiction, and criticism by Graham Greene, Daniel Boorstin, Irving Kristol, and Eric Larrabee.

out boldly to "I Could Have
All Night." Snowdon waved
oning arm in a gesture to eve
join in, which everybody did
nearly trampled Her Royal H
to death, as there were pictur
paper the next morning to
strate.

"Anything that has to do w
alty," Mr. Walter Marvin, t
orary Secretary of the Pilgri
to me, "involves so much prot
so much security. You can't se
but there are hundreds of
people watching. We've been
on this for weeks."

The security people c
weren't apparent, but it was q
parent that dozens of peopl
have been working on the pa
weeks. It seemed to me a m
organization, and if there wa
stage anguish, there appeare
nothing but onstage gaiet
amiability. It may have be
presence of young royalty that
but I've never seen waiters
pleasant or those waited on m
tient. There were, indeed, a h
and fifty waiters, thirty somm
fifteen captains, an assistant
waiter, and a headwaiter w
with what seemed like the pre
of the Rockettes. Even the c
on the tables were replaced whe
burned down to the candelabra.

After the first crush on the
floor the foot-room improved
what and the Princess and her s
smile glided about the room a
danced with several of the me
had sat at the table on the dais-
ernor Rockefeller and our f
Ambassador to the Court o
James's, John Hay Whitney, at w
house the Snowdons (or are
more properly the Joneses?)
staying.

The Princess and Snowdon st
until after one and left behind t
both of them, a host of new conqu
ranging in age from about twen
about ninety. The party went on
they left and the champagne
coming. It was about two when
home. I am not used to undoing
knots behind my back, but by clo
my eyes and pretending that I
see what I was doing, I manage
get the vest off. The next time ro
comes, I mean to be better equip
We live in an era, after all, of re
finery and mock formality.

Nicholas Monsarrat runs away to sea with P&O-Orient



Author of The Cruel Sea

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Thunderbird

Harper's
magazine

The Opening of the South Seas

Part 1: The Landfall

By Alan Moorehead

In the following narrative of Captain James Cook's discoveries in Tahiti, Alan Moorehead concentrates upon that crucial historic moment "when a social capsule is broken open, when primitive creatures are confronted for the first time with civilization. . . ." The two articles of this series are adapted from Mr. Moorehead's forthcoming book, "The Fatal Impact: An Account of the Invasion of the South Pacific 1767-1840," to be published by Harper & Row this spring.

When Captain James Cook sailed the *Endeavour* into Matavai Bay on April 13, 1769, it was by no means the first time the Tahitians had encountered white men. Bougainville in *La Boudeuse* had been there, or at any rate a little further round the coast, the year before; Wallis in the *Dolphin* had arrived in 1767; and Quiros was in these seas as early as 1606. But Quiros had long since been forgotten; Bougainville had stayed in Tahiti only thirteen days and Wallis five weeks. Cook was to be here three months, he was to live ashore and make meteorological observations, he was to chart the coast; this landfall was the first great object of his journey.

It might be fairly said, therefore, that with the *Endeavour*'s arrival the penetration of the Pacific was only just beginning. From now on it was going to be no great wonder for the islanders to see a sailing ship beating into land; Cook himself was to return three times, and he was soon to be followed by the Spanish, and Bligh in the *Bounty*, and the English missionaries, and the Nantucket sealers and whalers calling in for "refreshments" on their way south, and then the French. All these visitors—perhaps intruders is a better word—were going to make their separate contribution to the transformation of the Tahitians, whether by firearms, disease, or alcohol, or by imposing an alien code of laws and morals that had nothing to do with the slow, natural rhythm of life on the island as it had been lived up till then.

It was perfectly true that the Europeans were also going to import the antidotes to their poisons and diseases—the doctors, the priests, the admin-

Copyright © 1966 by Alan Moorehead

istrators and the policemen—but the Tahitians had had no need for these people before; if they had been left undisturbed they might have gone on forever without them, and at the time of Cook's arrival they were probably happier than they were ever to be again.

Naturally, neither Cook (at first) nor the Tahitians themselves saw things in this light. Cook was acting under orders from the British Admiralty, and he had no evil designs on these people; indeed his whole desire was to make friends with them and to interfere as little as possible with their customs. The Tahitians, on their side, were quite unable to stifle their curiosity; they were delighted to greet these fascinating strangers with their great sailing ship, their extraordinary clothes, their wonderful trinkets and gadgets. Even if they had known the evil that was in store for them they would still have welcomed the *Endeavour*.

Thus this early contact between the white-skinned sailors and the dark islanders, this first real shock of recognition, was a momentous occasion, a sharp and irrevocable turn in the history of the Pacific; and it was going to make its impact on Europe as well.

Let us consider Tahiti for a moment as it was in 1769 in the light of the knowledge that we now possess. It was only a small dot in the vast ocean, a tiny parcel of land some thirty-three miles in length and covering an area of barely 400 square miles, but its central mountains, rising above 7,000 feet, could be seen from sixty miles away at sea. The slopes of the mountains were covered with a thick tropical forest, and on the flat shores below the Tahitians moved among groves of coconuts and breadfruit trees. There were no villages; the huts, open on all sides to the breeze, were scattered about under the deep shade of the plantations, each hut about fifty yards from its neighbor and connected with it by a well-worn path. There were other islands visible on the horizon, but Tahiti was the largest of the group, and its curious coastline, shaped like a top-heavy hourglass and protected by a coral reef, provided safe anchorages from the prevailing wind. Although it lay in the tropics of the central Pacific, just north of Capricorn, its hot, damp climate was not oppressive, there was fresh water in abundance in the mountain torrents, and flowers and fruit grew everywhere. Like Capri in the Mediterranean, Tahiti had a quality of lushness combined with sudden, unexpected grandeur that set it quite apart, and it would not have been unreasonable to have described it as the most beautiful island in the world. If it lacked the ruins and the reassurance of older civilizations, at least it was the heart of Polynesian culture in the Pacific.

In Cook's time the population may have numbered about 40,000, and to the eye of sailors, weary of the cramped ship and the endless sea, the people seemed every bit as beautiful as their surroundings, the men tall and well-proportioned with fine smooth skins, often not much browner than that of a southern European, and the women in some cases lovely beyond dreams. The diarists aboard the *Endeavour* speak of their dark liquid eyes and perfect teeth, of the sprays of jasmine and hibiscus in their long black hair, and of their smiling welcoming faces. They wore brightly colored toga-like robes which, in the evening, or in the presence of important people, they dropped to the waist, revealing in the young girls beautifully molded breasts and arms and shoulders.

There were, of course, imperfections in these paragons. Their noses were just a little too flat for the European taste; they tended to grow fat with age; and tattooing, done with lampblack pricked into the skin with a sharp bone, disfigured large areas of their legs, their buttocks, and their torsos (though not their faces). They tended also to annoint themselves with coconut oil which turned rancid after a time. However, they were a cleanly people. The men plucked their moustaches and both sexes removed the hair from under their armpits. They washed in running water when they rose in the morning, again at noon, and before they went to sleep at night, and their clothes were spotless.

They did little hand work, and there was no real necessity for it: the food was all around them, the fish in the lagoons, the breadfruit and the coconuts in the branches above their heads; bananas, yams, and sugarcane grew wild; and little pigs and fowls, roasted in underground ovens, provided their occasional banquets. They sometimes brewed an intoxicating drink from a pepper root named *ava*, but they had no tobacco and did not feel the lack of drugs. A few were afflicted with a skin disease, but those beautiful teeth did not decay, childbirth came easily, and in the main they knew no sickness except the decline into old age and death. They made no journeys into the mountains—it was too fatiguing—and in their arts and crafts they seemed to have all they wanted:

Alan Moorehead was born in Melbourne, Australia, went to England in 1937, was a war correspondent in Europe, the Mideast, North Africa, and the Far East. His many internationally known books include "Gallipoli," "No Room in the Ark," "The Blue Nile," and "Cooper's Creek."

ark from the trees was beaten into cloth and olored with natural dyes; palm leaves were woven nto mats and roofs for their huts; coconut shells ere their drinking cups; and their canoes, elaboate affairs with sails and outriggers, and somemes sixty or seventy feet long, were constructed ut of the local timber. They slept and sat on the round and therefore had no need of furniture n their huts. Since there was no winter they were ever cold, and even on the hottest day the sea reeze blew. There were no snakes or dangerous nimals to threaten them, and natural disasters uch as earthquakes and hurricanes seldom came heir way. They were illiterate and did not care.

Apart from a few carved images they kept no ecords of the past and they had very little inerest in it. However, they acknowledged in a ague mystical way the existence of a supreme eing, they had their temples—the *marae*—courtards with raised platforms built of stone in a learing or near the shore. They kept alive by vord of mouth their ancient legends, and they had heir religious festivals which were conducted by a special sect known as the *arioi*. For their disractions they loved to surf in the long Pacific ollers, to dance and sing to the music of drums nd flutes, and to enact plays and engage in wresling matches. They divided their year into thirteen lunar months, but years signified nothing very much; they lived from day to day in an endlessly repeated cycle, controlled only by their hunger and their desires, ashamed of nothing, eating, sleeping, dancing, fishing, cooking, talking, and making love, always together and always in the open air.

Not Wholly Innocent

Thus far the idyllic life, the life that revealed itself to an explorer on a casual visit. But on a closer view it had its complications, as Cook and his crew were soon to find out. This was a society which was divided into tribal groups, each with a ruling family surrounded by an upper class. Below them were the general mass of the people and the servants or serfs—a division in fact not so unlike the class structure in Europe in the eighteenth century. Promiscuity was fairly generally practiced, at least in youth, but no woman of the ruling or upper class would have thought of offering herself to the English sailors except in the most unusual circumstances, and among the middle class the bonds of marriage—and the Tahitians were monogamous—were observed with some strictness. It was true that the young girls from the age of ten or thereabouts would very readily make love and had no modesty at all about it (they were amused that the sailors wanted to retire privately into the woods), but most of them came from the lower strata, and directly they became pregnant a marriage normally followed. Nor did the apparent good nature and amiability of the Tahitians prevent them from engaging in tribal wars.



Tahitian Sacrifice: *From Cook's "Voyages"*

Six months before Cook arrived there had been a devastating battle between Big Tahiti (the larger end of the hourglass) and Little Tahiti, and although their weapons were limited to clubs, spears, and slings, both women and children as well as men had been killed and injured in the general slaughter. These engagements were often preceded and followed by human sacrifices at the *marae*, one of the prisoners or some luckless serf being used as the victim. The *marae* platforms were piled with human skulls.

The privileged priesthood, the *arioi* (who included both men and women), were also a long way from arcadian innocence when judged by European standards. Except for the very highest among them (whose offspring were declared to come from the gods) they were childless. This was not because they were celibate—the very reverse, they practiced indiscriminate free love—but because they strangled their children at birth. This was their drastic method of keeping the sect exclusive, and it bears some resemblance to the customs of the contemporary Mamelukes in eighteenth-century Egypt who preferred to train Georgian slaves as their successors rather than have children of their own. Possibly too, infanticide was a means of preventing overpopulation on so small an island. No one knows how many children were thus dispatched every year but it must have been a considerable total since the *arioi* themselves were very numerous. They were a revered and complicated hierarchy, with half-a-dozen different grades or orders, each distinguished by different dress and different tattoo marks, and it was their habit to travel about in consecrated canoes celebrating the seasonal and religious festivals.

There were, of course, backslidings in this feudal society—an influential woman could take a lover with impunity—but most of the taboos were very strictly observed: no woman, for instance, could eat in a man's presence, and a member of a ruling family could not help himself to his food but had to be fed by his attendants. A chief was treated with semi-divine honors which no one would have dared to dispute; when he traveled about he had to be carried on another man's shoulders since the land immediately became his wherever his foot touched the ground. Curiously, when an heir was born a chief at once abdicated in the child's favor and became regent instead. All these rules and many more were immutable.

This then, very briefly described, was the confined little community, cut off from all the rest of the world by thousands of miles of ocean and centuries of time, into which the Europeans were now about to import their own utterly differe scale of values. If it was a good deal less tha perfect, at least it had established a balance wit itself, it had a certain gaiety and well-being, was intact. Despite the wars, the sacrifices, an the stranglings, it was not decadent, and it wa not yet subject to the curse of a mass restlessnes In the absence of firearms it was not easy for dictator to emerge, there were no great riches t stir ambition, and the sense of fundamental guil could hardly be said to exist. Bougainville, wit his recent memories of the destitution caused b the Seven Years War in Europe, had compare the island to the Garden of Eden, and had re named it New Cythera after the Peloponnesian island where Aphrodite (or Venus) had firs emerged from the sea. This may have been a littl fanciful (he did not know about the sacrifices), but at all events it would be hard to imagine any greater contrast than that which existed betwee the easygoing lives of the Tahitians in 1769 and those of the ninety-odd Englishmen in the *Endeavour* who were now sailing into Matavai Bay.

Cook had been given two missions, the second of which was secret; he was first to observe from Tahiti the transit of Venus across the disk of the sun which was due to occur seven weeks hence, on June 3rd; and then, having charted the island and its neighbors, he was to proceed to the south Pacific to discover whether or not a large continent existed there. It was only by chance that Tahiti had been chosen. As a point of observation half-a-dozen other stations in the Pacific might have done as well, and in fact no one in England had even heard of the island until a few weeks before Cook's departure from England. But then Wallis in the *Dolphin* had sailed into the Downs with the news of this new hospitable refuge, conveniently sited for the work in hand, and the *Endeavour*'s orders had been altered at the last moment.

Cook at this time was forty years of age, and it was surprising that he had ever been given the command of so important and adventurous a voyage as this; he was the son of a Yorkshire laborer and it was not until the late age of eighteen, having worked as a farmer's boy and as a grocer's assistant, that he had taken to the sea in the Whitby coal trade. At twenty-seven he had joined the Navy, stepping down from mate to be an able seaman and, even after seeing service in Canada and Newfoundland, had not reached commissioned rank. But if the Admiralty was slow in recognizing merit it was by no means adverse to putting it to use. Year after year it had become apparent that this tall, solid, unpretentious York-

hireman was altogether exceptional, not only as navigator but as a commander of men as well. He might not have been a scholar or a gentleman ut he was absolutely reliable, and his charting f Newfoundland had brought him to the notice f the practical men who exercised the real conrol inside the Admiralty. Thus when all the other andidates had been considered and passed over, his unknown sailor from the ranks, who was soon o become the greatest explorer of the age, was iven the command and elevated to the rank of ieutenant.

It is a strange thing about Cook that one has he sense of knowing him very well, and yet at the ame time it is difficult to describe him, to build ip a picture of all those idiosyncrasies and peuliar qualities and attitudes of mind that make is feel we are really intimate with a man. We ardly know what he looked like. The portrait of im painted by Nathaniel Dance in 1776 and now n the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, England, is a posed and formal study, showing im at the height of his fame, with his wig, his white breeches and blue coat ornamented with gold lace and brass buttons. He was a big man, with a large, steady face, and rather a tight and determined mouth, not a particularly brilliant officer one would say, or one with any artistic accomplishments. But the eyes are patient and understanding, and while one might not have been very easy in his company he certainly inspires confidence.

The other accepted portrait attributed to Hodges, but possibly painted by Zoffany, is quite a different matter. Here we see an immensely attractive character, a suggestion of humor in his rugged face, a youthful out-of-doors man, an adventurer, with a touch of wildness. Zoffany, if he really was the artist, may have made him a shade too theatrical, but his portrait is alive, one responds to it as one fancies one would have responded to Cook himself—with candor and with liking.

Turning from these conflicting impressions to the written records we are not much more enlightened. Not many of Cook's personal letters have survived, his logs are nearly always noncommittal, at any rate as far as his own emotions and feelings are concerned, and surprisingly little was written about him by his shipmates and others who knew him well. Yet this very absence of testimony is possibly an indication of his strength; unlike Captain Bligh later on, Cook is not a controversial figure whom everyone wants to talk about. No one challenges his authority, no one questions his decisions, and at the same time no one is his enemy. He sits so squarely in command of his ship and its adventures, he is so fair, so undemonstrative, and so unafraid, that he is accepted and respected by his contemporaries as a matter of course and no comment is necessary; he is simply there, an older and steadier man than all the rest, almost a father-figure to his crew; they cannot think of the *Endeavour* going anywhere without him.



Captain James Cook
From the portrait by Dance in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England; Greenwich Hospital Collection

He himself writes like a commander.* He has a practical workmanlike style, nothing really shocks him or amazes him, and he is interested in everything from the last detail about the weevils in the ship's biscuit to the more esoteric habits of the Patagonians. He is simply concerned to cover all the facts and to get them right, and when occasionally he does speculate about his discoveries

*See *The Journals of Captain James Cook on His Voyages of Discovery.* Vols. I and II. Edited by J. C. Beaglehole. Hakluyt Society and the Cambridge University Press, 1955, 1961. Also *A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean*, London 1784. Three vols.: I and II by Captain James Cook, III by Captain James King.

he always prefaces his remarks by saying that it is possible that he may be wrong. But he is not often wrong, nor does much escape the dragnet of that steady common sense. Beyond this, it is entertaining to see from his writings how, as the voyage goes on, his interests expand with it. From the practical navigator he begins to develop into the amateur naturalist and anthropologist, and always when he is dealing with colored people he is without prejudice. He has his own code for himself and his ship, and he sticks to it, but he does not attempt to lay down this code for anybody else. He takes people as he finds them, and he is deeply interested in them. He possesses that fundamental curiosity of the real explorer who does not necessarily want to arrive at some goal but who is driven on and on, always eager to see the other side of the next hill, and only infinity is the end.

About his private life one wonders. As with Livingstone in Africa it virtually ceased to exist and his passion for exploration took over almost entirely. Yet like Livingstone he married, and although their existence grows fainter and fainter as he retires into the distance he loves his family he works for them; he wants them to be there i the background. His wife was Elizabeth Batts o Shadwell, the only daughter of a modest provin cial family, and he had married her six year before this present voyage began. In her seventee years of marriage to Cook she was only to see hin at intervals of several years and only for a fev months at a time. All her six children as well a Cook himself predeceased her. But of these dis tresses we hear from Cook himself not a word.

Hierarchy Aboard Ship

The crew of the *Endeavour* was much as one would have expected; men of humble backgrounds who had either volunteered or had been impressed into the Navy, and most of them were already experienced in the fearfully hard life at sea. Zachary Hicks, the second in command, was a few years Cook's junior; John Gore, the third officer, had already sailed in the *Dolphin* with Wallis; and the rest of the company of seventy included a surgeon, a clerk, forty able seamen, a number of midshipmen, and eight servants. Twelve marines were added to protect the crew on shore. Then there were the scientists appointed by the Royal Society: the astronomer Charles Green and a group of naturalists and artists led by Joseph Banks. Now we know a great deal about Banks. In later years he was to become a very celebrated man indeed, the virtual dictator of scientific affairs in England, the president of the Royal Society for nearly half a century, the rich and generous patron of innumerable activities, the confidant of a fashionable and intellectual world in London that was perhaps more brilliant than it was ever to be again. He was painted many times, his correspondence was enormous, he had a finger in every scientific pie; in short, he was a public man.

What we have to consider here, however, is Banks as he was when all this lay in the future. He was only twenty-five when the *Endeavour* sailed from England, and great wealth (he had £6,000 a year from his country estates) had combined with good looks and a buoyant, affable nature to turn him into the very pro-



A Whitby Bark of the "Endeavour" Type
From the painting by Luny in the National Library of Australia, Canberra

type of the *beau jeune homme* setting out on the
nd tour from eighteenth-century England. He
l the easy likable manners of Eton and Oxford,
he was not a fop in any way, nor yet an intel-
tual nor a coming politician; he was an im-
nsely enthusiastic amateur botanist, a genuine
ettante of natural history. His energy was inex-
ustible, and his wealth gave him the opportunity
spread his wings. He had contributed £10,000
the expedition, so it was said, and he had
ought on board the *Endeavour* a personal suite
no fewer than eight persons: his Swedish
end Dr. Daniel Carl Solander, who was a bot-
ist of distinction, two artists, the landscapist
exander Buchan and the natural-history drafts-
an, Sydney Parkinson, a scientific secretary
med Herman Spöring, four servants, including
o Negroes, and two greyhounds. The party was
companied by such a mass of equipment, of sci-
tific books, and general baggage, that it is some-
ing of a wonder how they all managed to stow
emselves away in the *Endeavour*. Banks had
cabin to himself alongside Cook on the main
ck.

All this was very grand, and there was no ques-
on whatever about the social hierarchy on board:
anks and his young friends were the traveling
ntlemen, they supplied the social *chic* and the
evated conversation; Cook was the sailor who
iled the ship. It was a situation that could have
en explosive, but from the first all went well;
genuine liking sprang up between the young
ilettante and the steady Yorkshire captain who
as fifteen years his senior. Cook soon made his
uthority felt, and the exciting nature of the voy-
ge itself left little room for dissension. In any
ase, it was the navigation and the handling of
he ship that were going to count on this enter-
rise, and here Cook's ability was beyond all dis-
ute.

Cook's experiences in the coal trade on the east
oast of England had made him an expert at deal-
ng with unbuoyed, unlighted tidal waters, and
t was no accident that the Admiralty had chosen
or his ship a three-masted Whitby collier. She
vas of 368 tons, 106 feet long, 29 feet 3 inches in
he beam, and she had been specially fitted for the
vork of exploration. She could make seven or
ight knots at the best, but speed hardly mattered
n a voyage which was to last two or three years.
The things that counted were that she was sturdy,
he had a relatively shallow draft—fourteen feet
-she had been sheathed against the boring worm,
he *Teredo navalis*, of tropical waters, and she
arried twelve swivel guns.

It is, of course, growing increasingly hard in this machine age to understand what it was like to be on a long voyage under sail in the eighteenth century; the monotonous, uneventful days, the absence (in the Pacific) of *any* other European ships at sea, the sense of leaving civilization far away behind, perhaps never to be regained. They sailed from Plymouth in August 1768, and toward the end of the year they called at Rio de Janeiro. That was their last contact with the known world. The days drifted away, punctuated by storms, by the catching of sharks and dolphins, by the shooting of birds, by the minutiae of the little happenings on board that make a ship a world in itself. Officers and gentlemen messed together in the Great Cabin which lay directly over the high, square-built stern (it reminded one a little of a Spanish galleon), and here from 8:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M. and then again after dinner until dusk, Banks and his party worked at classifying and drawing the specimens they were constantly gathering from the sea and from their various landfalls along the route. Whenever there was a calm they put out in the ship's boats to net marine life and to fish, but for the most part they sailed steadily southward, moving out of the northern winter into the tropics and down into the southern summer.

"Christmas Day," Banks notes in his journal,* "all good Christians, that is to say all hands, got abominably drunk so that at night, there was scarce a sober man in the ship; wind, thank God, very moderate or the Lord knows what would have become of us." (Cook's own reference is more laconic: "Yesterday being Christmas Day the People were none of the soberest.") Then they were in the gales and the bitter cold of Cape Horn, the region of whales, penguins, and seals, and the men put on their woolen Fearnought jackets. It was discovered on landing on Tierra del Fuego that Buchan, the artist, was rather a liability—he had an epileptic fit—and Banks' two Negro servants, Richard and Dalton, got drunk on an excursion ashore and were frozen to death—an event they all seem to have accepted very philosophically. Then they were moving north, back into the vast unexplored tropics of the Pacific, with the albatrosses swinging about in the wake of the ship.

They ate tolerably well. A goat that had already circumnavigated the world with Wallis in the *Dolphin* provided the wardroom with a little fresh milk, they had wine (picked up in Madeira) and spirits, and occasionally they caught fish or

*See The Endeavour *Journal of Joseph Banks, 1768-1771*. Two vols. Edited by J. C. Beaglehole. The Public Library of New South Wales and Angus and Robertson, 1962.

slaughtered one of the pigs or cows they had brought with them. The basic diet was salt pork and biscuit, and they got heartily sick of it, especially when the weevils began to multiply, but Cook went to great lengths to keep the ship free of scurvy by forcing the men to eat vegetables—chiefly preserved sauerkraut—and by the regular airing and washing out of the sleeping quarters.

Naturally, there were some discontents on board. One young sailor accused of theft was so harried by his shipmates that he threw himself overboard, and the midshipman, Bootie, was not altogether happy. We find him heading his private log with "By John Bootie, Master's Brute." Elsewhere he writes, "Evil communications corrupt good manners. N. Young is a son of a bitch." Poor young Bootie, he was to die like so many others before the journey's end.

Every few weeks Cook ordered the punishment of a dozen lashes for some misdemeanor. But this was no hell ship of impressed men; they were all young (the average age was under thirty); and if we are to judge by the logbooks and the letters that have survived they were all eager for the adventure that lay ahead. Whether or not they were going to comprehend it was, of course, another matter. One has to remember the background of most of the *Endeavour*'s crew: the cold dark dockyard streets of the English ports, the frigidities of poverty, the coarseness and insecurity of the working man's life in the eighteenth century. Certainly they had seen nothing like Tahiti before. The blacks—the Indians—were for them rather closer to animals than to human beings; Protestant and English conventions were a fixture in their minds; and nothing in their education, such as it was, had prepared them for the relaxed conditions of a tropical island. Banks himself, in his frogged waistcoat and white breeches, and with all his enthusiasm and his open-mindedness, was removed by ages of sophistication from the scene that now lay before him, and even for Cook this was his first experience in the tropics.

He was ahead of time; early in April 1769 he was cruising through the Tuamotu archipelago, and on 11th April Tahiti was sighted from the topmast. They spent the next two days beating up to the island and then, in a fever of impatience to get ashore, they were on their goal at last. "The land," Parkinson says, "appeared as uneven as a piece of crumpled paper."

So now we must envisage the storm-battered little ship edging her way into Matavai Bay in the hot morning light, with the crew gazing ashore at the bright green hills and valleys, the mountain peaks rising behind with clouds about them, and on the calm water in the lagoon the nati canoes coming out to meet them. The *Endeavou* men had been cooped up on board, entirely d prived of women and almost continuously out sight of land, for eight months, and it must ha been a wonderful thing at that moment to antic pate the feel of ground beneath their feet agai and, to have the prospect of fresh food and pe haps even (no doubt they had discussed the matt a good deal) the possibility of making love the voluptuous Tahitian girls. Nor can there ha been much less of a commotion among the Tah tians themselves. They might perhaps have bee compared to village children at the arrival of traveling circus; they came forward to the e counter with a sort of timid, wondering excit ment, eager to see the show, ready to be amaze but a little fearful of approaching too close unt they were sure that all was well. "It is difficult f us now," Dr. J. C. Beaglehole, of Wellington Un versity, writes, "to measure the impact on a Poly nesian island in that day of a European vessel wit its iron, and its physically repressed prostitut accustomed sailors. Many a more modern commu nity has been rocked in wartime and in peace b the presence of a visiting fleet."

As in all moments of true drama, there was a element of doubt and hesitation in the air, a las hanging-back from the actual impact. Cook ap proached the shore very cautiously, sending hi pinnace ahead to reconnoiter, and closely watch ing the oncoming canoes. Soon Gore, the lieutenan who had sailed with Wallis, saw several acquain tances among the natives, notably an old ma named Owhaa. They were waving and smiling- they recognized him. Cook had them on board an "made much of them." Without incident the *En deavour* anchored quietly off the beach.

First View of Arcadia

Matavai Bay has altered somewhat in the las two centuries. The river, twelve feet wide, tha fell into the sea at the eastern end in Cook's time has since become a backwater, and on Venus Point a road now leads down to a lighthouse and a group of modern huts. They give the place the vague air of a picnic ground. But for the rest the scene is marvelously unchanged. One sees the same empty black-sand beach, fringed with coconut palms, the *Endeavour*'s anchorage, and beyond the lagoon the long Pacific swell breaking on the reef. It agitates the heavy air with a light thunder that never ceases; it is the last thing you hear at night and it is still there in the morning.



Tahiti: *From the panel by Hodges in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England, on loan from the Admiralty*

The palms are extraordinarily tall and are not straight but curve far out over the beach and the lagoon, and it is a wonder that their thin tangled roots, constantly washed by the tide, can ever support them. The cats that Cook landed on Tahiti seem to have done no good since every tree is encircled with a metal band to prevent the local rats from getting at the coconuts. The breadfruit grows a little further inland, and these are fine, big trees with broad, waxy leaves shaped like a man's hand. The fruit is a green globe about the size of a small watermelon, and it hangs down from the branches like a Chinese lantern. Everywhere bright green grass spreads away and one is never out of the sight of flowering shrubs and creepers—the red hibiscus, the frangipani, the little white *tiare Tahiti*, the yellow jasmine. There is no end to the flowers, and always you see them against the deep tropical green of the jungle.

This jungle, split by the flash of cataracts and waterfalls, rises up the sides of the valleys inland until it vanishes in the drifting clouds of the mountains 7,000 feet above. Sometimes a rainstorm will blow up from the sea and it blots out the neighboring island of Moorea. But it is gone in a few minutes and in the sunshine heavily scented perfumes come up from the wet earth. The bay itself is a shallow curve only a mile or two in length, but a hill at its western end blocks the view of the modern port of Papeete, and the traveler standing on the beach can be quite alone. Thus he can very easily be transported back to 1769 and in imagination see the *Endeavour* riding in the lagoon.

Cook had every reason to be cautious, since Wallis in the *Dolphin* had had a very rough reception here two years before. The Tahitians had at first pretended to be friendly, but when two of the *Dolphin*'s boats had gone ahead to find an anchorage they had been set upon with stones and spears, and Wallis had been forced to open fire, killing one man and wounding another. That was the first gunfire the Tahitians had ever heard, and it must have been a terrifying and miraculous thing for them to have seen men struck down at a distance. Yet for several days more, they had opposed the *Dolphin*'s landing with a force of 500 canoes and 4,000 men and had attempted to get possession of the ship. It had been a curious business, the Tahitians by turns making a show of peace and offering to trade and then hauling off to renew the attack. According to George Robertson, the *Dolphin*'s master, they had tried to lure the crew of the ship's cutter ashore by displaying "a good many fine girls" on the beach and in their canoes. This sight, he says, "attracted our men's fancy a good deal, and the natives, observing it, made the young girls play a great many droll, wanting [*sic*] tricks." In the Homeric tradition the sailors had stuck to their oars, but the *Dolphin*, following the cutter in through the coral reef, had run aground, and still further skirmishes had ensued before the ship had been safely anchored and the islanders had accepted defeat.

Thereafter the *Dolphin*'s stay had been indescribably pleasant, and Wallis had made a particular friend of a woman named Obarea who was apparently the queen of the island.

So now Cook warned his crew to be on guard, but at the same time to "endeavour by every fair means to cultivate a friendship with the natives and to treat them with all imaginable humanity." Then with a party of officers and scientists he disembarked.

"As soon as the anchors were well down," Banks tells us, "the boats were hoisted out, and we all went ashore, where we were met by some hundreds of the inhabitants, whose faces at least gave evident signs that we were not unwelcome guests." But the Tahitians were afraid at first. They came creeping forward almost on their hands and knees to offer green boughs, their token of peace. Very soon, however, they became more confident and conducted the strangers up the beach and into the plantations. "In this manner," Banks goes on, "we proceeded for four or five miles, under groves of coconut and breadfruit trees, loaded with a profusion of fruit, and giving the most grateful shade I have ever experienced. Under these were the habitations of the people, most of them without walls; in short, the scene that we saw was the truest picture of an Arcadia, of which we were going to be kings, that the imagination can form."

It Was Extremely Provoking

So far so good. The opening scene is set: the gentlemen go strolling through the tropical garden distributing beads and small presents to the respectful, smiling natives, and there were to be no two minds about who were to be masters on the island. But complications were to follow. Let us for a moment follow Cook's log. On April 14th, the day after the *Endeavour*'s arrival, we get this entry:

"This morning we had a great many canoes about the ship, the most of them came from the westward but brought nothing with them but a few coconuts etc. Two that appeared to be chiefs we had on board together with several others for it was a hard matter to keep them out of the ship as they climb like monkeys, but it was harder still to keep them from stealing but everything that came within their reach, and in this they are prodigious expert."

It was the same when they were ashore: "Here the natives flocked around us in great numbers in as friendly a manner as we could wish, only that they showed a great inclination to pick our pockets. We were conducted to a chief who I shall call Lycurgus. This man entertained us with broiled fish, breadfruit, coconut etc. with great hospitality, and all the time took care to tell us to take care of our pockets, as a great number of people had crowded about us. Notwithstanding the care we took, Dr. Solander and Dr. Monkhouse each had their pockets picked, the one of his spyglass and the other of his snuff-box."

One envisages the scene in that warm enervating air: the food spread out on banana leaves on the ground, the Englishmen in their heavy uniforms squatting awkwardly on their mats, and endeavoring with their smiles and gestures to put themselves and their hosts at ease; and all around them among the coconut palms the islanders staring and staring, following their every move and intonation of voice with the rapt absorption of children at a pantomime. Then the quick, deft snatch of the spyglass and the snuffbox.

It was extremely provoking. Banks in particular had been very liberal; in exchange for a present of a length of cloth he had taken off his laced silk neckcloth and had given it to the chief together with his linen handkerchief. Beads and hatchets had been distributed galore, and in return they had had this excellent lunch where Banks had felt so much at ease that he had been able to entice a pretty girl "with fire in her eyes" to sit beside him. He now got up, made a threatening gesture with his gun and angrily demanded the return of the stolen belongings. In an instant all smiles vanished; most of the crowd fled in panic and the chief, with great emotion, took Banks by the hand and led him to his store of precious cloth in one of the huts, indicating by signs that the Englishmen were to take all they wanted. But no, Banks insisted, they wanted the spyglass and the snuffbox, and after a confused series of dealings they eventually got them back. Now all was harmony again, and in an excess of cordiality both sides pressed further presents upon one another.

"About six o'clock in the evening," Cook says, "we returned on board well satisfied with our little excursion."

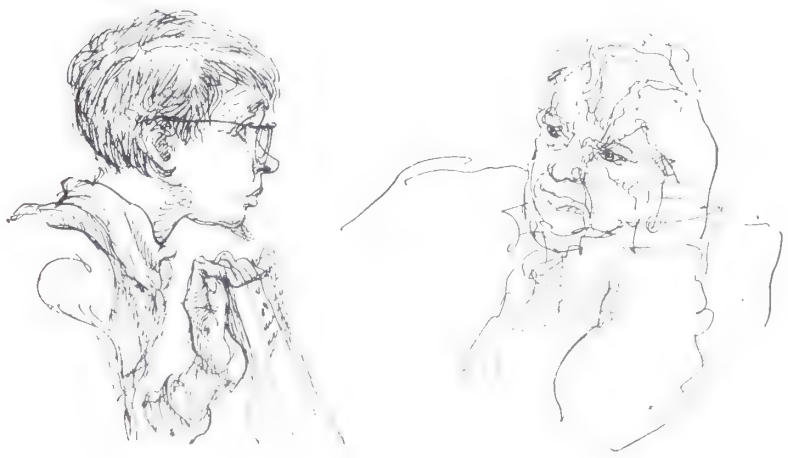
This incident was to be repeated again and again, and on more serious occasions than this and on other Pacific islands as well as Tahiti—indeed, it was just such an affair that, eventually, was going to lead to the death of Cook himself on Hawaii in 1779. A point of principle, or, if you like, taboo, was involved. It was no more possible for the islanders to keep their hands off the Europeans' belongings than it was for the Europeans to abandon their rule that private property was sacred. Like small boys the Tahitians wanted to rob the orchard, felt, in fact, that they *had* to rob the orchard, almost as a matter of personal pride, and somehow not get found out. Only the force of firearms could stop them, and when those firearms were inevitably used, they were hurt, bewildered, and reduced to crying for forgiveness. This was the first step in the tragedy that lay ahead.

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Next Month: "Venus Observed"

Harper's Magazine, February 1966

You Take the Easy Road to Success in Writing



A story by John Leggett

I need some advice. This particular difficulty began last spring with the appearance in my office of my nephew, Otis Badger. Otis lives in Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago, but he had just graduated from the University of California, and I scarcely recognized him. Three or four years ago, when I had last seen him, he was a pink-cheeked, milk-fed youth who struck me as a rather bland, ineffectual fellow. But the shape of his rebellion was instantly apparent. He wore a gray flannel shirt that looked unfamiliar with the laundry and from his chin there unraveled a straggly little beard.

I should have been prepared for this, for he had been preceded by twelve pages of manuscript, a short story describing a party whose scene was the North Beach section of San Francisco. It seemed to me that characterization was below the necessary minimum. The dialogue was so hip as to be totally obscure, and the style was turgid. My nephew had written a perfectly dismal story. He was without a gleam of talent and I felt that the kindest thing was to tell him so.

The most extraordinary sense of *déjà vu* came over me. The incident which was emerging from my memory took place fifteen years ago, just a week before I was married. I had gone to the offices of the Macmillan Company, on lower Fifth Avenue, to get the verdict on my first earnest attempt at writing—two-thirds of a novel for which I had the highest hopes. It was no less a person than George Brett, the president of the company and an acquaintance of my father-in-law-to-be, who took five minutes of his valuable time to tell me I was late for my appointment and what this disclosed to him about my character. He then proceeded to tell me that the manuscript which I had offered Macmillan's for publication revealed me to be without any gifts whatsoever. Moreover, if I had any thoughts about a soft job at Macmillan, I could forget them. He had my number. The career for me was in an industry where my laziness would not be encouraged, where my muscles would be put to work—possibly in a coal mine. He would frame all this in a letter to my prospective father-in-law, who I realized would find it absorbing reading. And, by golly, George Brett did just as he promised. The letter, which I keep pasted inside the cover of a notebook, has always had a tonic effect upon me.

This recollection did not suggest any reasons for relenting in my stern advice to Otis. On the contrary, it occurred to me for the first time that he might have some ambitions for a job in pub-

lishing. As I looked more closely into Otis' eager brown eyes, it seemed that I detected some envy there. My office is not large, but it is clean and on this warm June afternoon was pleasantly cool.

"Look, Otis," I said. "Let me give you some sound, avuncular advice. Forget about publishing. Don't be deceived by appearances. The pay is not high. The work is hard. For the most part it's one disappointment after another. As William Jovanovich—the president of Harcourt, Brace—says, what a man needs for publishing is high hopes and a short memory. Otis?" I asked. "What are the other possibilities?"

"Well," he replied. "Father wants me to come back to Chicago and go into Badger & Co." Badger & Co. is the family firm, a small but active brokerage on La Salle Street.

"Great," I said. "Just the thing. What splendid opportunity lies before you, and besides it will give you the means and the opportunity to enjoy life. Sometimes I wish I had it to do again." I glanced significantly at my watch and held out my hand. But Otis did not take his cue. He was producing from his pocket a page torn from a magazine and this he spread upon my desk.

In huge black type I read, "TAKE THE EASY ROAD TO SUCCESS IN WRITING." Beneath it, was a photograph of a man in tweeds strolling along a pleasant, country lane in company with an agreeable-looking hound. The caption read, "J.C. Pigott photographed on a typical afternoon walking around his estate. It is here he thinks up the ideas for his wonderful stories and books, which often require him to visit such far-flung places as Hong Kong and Paris and which he sells for thousands of dollars. His one rule—never to work more than four hours a day. It's the morning hours for work with the rest of the day kept free for relaxation and the leisure pursuits."

Reading on, I discovered that J.C. Pigott was not only a practitioner of this wonderful life but a member of the faculty at the academy where one prepared for it and whose advertisement I was reading. This was The Celebrity School of Writing and Publishing of Little Silver, New Jersey. Here was a roster of the faculty members. In addition to Pigott, there were other names heretofore unknown to me. There were also familiar names. There were authors of wide, though not very recent, reputation. Indeed, one of them I had thought was dead.



I went on to read about the teaching methods at Celebrity. "*We have pooled all our secrets,*" the faculty reported, "*and put them into textbooks. We have prepared fascinating assignments to give you just the help you'll need. And our instructors, professional writers themselves, will spend up to two hours in analyzing their results.*"

"Look at *this*," I said. "Note that '*up to* two hours.' Two minutes is what you'll get. Now, Otis, if you don't remember another thing I've told you, do remember this, for it is a great truth. Writing cannot be taught in a course. I have sat in many of the great writing classes in this country—Martha Foley's at Columbia, Wallace Stegner's at Stanford, Paul Engle's at Iowa, the 47 Workshop at Yale. Not one of them attempts to teach writing. They do provide a forum, a largely hostile audience on which a student can try out his work. One more thing; I have been in Little Silver, New Jersey, and there is no writing school there. There is, of course, a post-office box. This is a fraud—a fraud to fleece sheep like you, Badger."

"How could it be?" Otis asked, pointing out some small print under the return coupon that stated, "School accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Council of Off-Campus Study, Washington, D.C."

John Leggett, clean-shaven, a Yale graduate, and a Navy lieutenant in World War II, is a book editor at Harper & Row and the author of two novels, the latest called "The Gloucester Branch."

"And what do you suppose the National Council Off-Campus Study is? Part of the Justice Department? Can't you read, man? That's another post-office box. How do you expect to write if you can't even read? No," I said, helping him to his feet and stuffing the ad back in his pocket, "You're well out of it."

I saw Otis into the lobby with heartiest wishes for his good luck with the stocks and bonds and urged him at his earliest convenience to look into the pocket-book stock I had bought several years ago as a hedge against being in what's known as the "whooping crane" end of the business. When the elevator door closed on a somewhat crestfallen Otis, I felt that I had fulfilled my obligation to my wife's family for the season, and that nothing more would be expected of me until Christmas time.

A week later, as I was preparing the evening's palliative, I learned from my wife that her sister called from Winnetka to report that Otis Junior had put off going to work for six months in order to take a correspondence course that *I* had recommended. Otis Senior was hoping to get East within the next week or two in order to give me the benefit of his opinion to my face.

I was angry. I was angry at Otis for putting the blame on me, and I was equally angry at that devilish copywriter in Little Silver for so ensnaring poor Otis.

My first thought was to enroll in the course and when I had discovered all their deceitfulnesses I would reveal them to the Better Business Bureau. But as the evening wore on I had misgivings. It occurred to me they might find me out, a traitor in their midst, like that girl Democrat who stowed away on the Goldwater train. Besides I don't want to be on any more mailing lists. It takes a strong man to bring the day's harvest of circulars and catalogues indoors as it is.

Instead I wrote to Otis reminding him that I had been against the Little Silver plan, not for it, that he was a full-grown adult and, if he was going to follow such inclinations as this of the correspondence course, he must shoulder the responsibility himself and, at the same time, square me with his old man.

I went on to say that I had nonetheless come to admire his determination and felt a growing curiosity about the course of instruction he was about to undertake. Would it be possible for him to pass on any of the materials he received from Little Silver?

Otis replied promptly:

Dear Uncle Jack,

Father seems to have gotten it balled up as usual. I didn't tell him you encouraged me to take the course. What I did pass on was your feeling that Badger & Co. was the place where my natural indolence would be least apparent. He seems to have taken this personally though I tried to explain I didn't think you meant it as any particular reflection on him. Anyhow I wouldn't worry about it. He's touchy about everything these days.

Now—the good news about the school. Instead of taking the aptitude test, I sent in the story you saw and within three days I had an answer back from the admissions office. And what do you think? Not only am I getting into the advanced class but for counselor I am to have Dean Pigott himself!

As to the curriculum you asked about, we aren't allowed to show the course material to these who aren't enrolled at Celebrity but because of your special interest I'm sure the faculty won't mind if I pass along some of the stuff we're learning.

The first week's assignment is "The Writer's Tools" and here are some things I've picked up:

The best novels are written on the back of rejection slips.

The best novels are not written but rewritten.

The common quality of good writers is intelligence.

As Hemingway said—a good writer must have irrepressible confidence in himself and his ideas.

As William Faulkner said—nothing can hurt a first-rate writer.

The essential function of a writer is to hold the mirror up to life.

Everybody has at least one good book in him. The problem is getting it out.

Hope all this is of use to you,
Fond regards,
Otis

P.S. Did I tell you there is also a publishing course at Celebrity? I am thinking of taking that too. Believe it wise to know what the other side is up to and Dean Pigott agrees. Would you like any tips from that curriculum? O.

Dear Otis [I replied],

Thanks for the cribbings from your first lesson. Don't believe everything they tell you. Here are some contrary views. You can show them to the Dean.

About what can ruin a writer. Norman Mailer says, "*A lot* can ruin a first-rate writer. Booze, pot, too much sex, too much failure in one's private life, too much recognition, too little recognition, frustration. Nearly everything in the scheme of things works to dull a first-rate talent. But the worst probably is cowardice—as one gets older, one becomes aware of one's cowardice; the desire to be bold, which once was a joy, gets heavy with caution and duty. And finally there's apathy. About the time it doesn't seem important anymore to be

a great writer, you know you've slipped far enough to be doing your work now on the comeback trail."

About the essential function of a writer: Max Shulman says it's to support his family.

About everybody having at least one good book in him: Russell Lynes says that's true. Also, chances are that's the best place for it.

Keep up the good work at school. And, yes, I guess I would be interested in whatever you feel you can reveal to me from the publishing course. What is the bursar's office asking for that one?

Affectionately,
Uncle Jack

I heard from Otis again in late July:

Dear Uncle Jack,

This week we are doing subject matter and these are the topics I am wrestling with right now.

Books about the theater, China, or musicians don't sell.

Books about San Francisco or Jews do sell.

Books with the word *death* in the title don't sell.

The subject matter of readable fiction begins at the age of puberty.

Books wholly about aborigines are seldom successful.

(The last is attributed to an editor at Little, Brown and may even be part of their editorial policy.)

Thine,
Otis

Dear Otis [I replied],

Pleased to know everything going so well. Very illuminating all those views on subject matter, though from the crush of the marketplace they do seem a bit academic.

Tell the dean to check his sales figures on *Death in the Family*, *Death in the Afternoon*, and *The American Way of Death*.

Affectionately,
Uncle Jack

And now lying before me is a letter from Otis which has just arrived:

Dear Uncle Jack,

I am now digging into the publishing course and hasten to pass on some of the meat. Actually it looks a lot easier than writing.

The test of a good book—when you scratch it, does it bleed?

You don't have to eat the whole egg to tell when it's rotten.

Never publish a bad book to keep a good author.

Brown jackets don't sell.

A good novel title is the title of a best-selling novel.

Spring is the worst publishing season.

Second novels are generally disappointing an thus should be published first (attributed to Robert Giroux of Farrar, Straus, and Giroux).

There are only two times to publish a book about a scandal in Washington—either the day before it happens or five years afterwards (attributed to Walter Bradbury of Doubleday).

White jackets sell.

According to Alfred Knopf, the trouble with the "returns" policy is that books are gone today and here tomorrow.

Well, the semester is drawing to a close and I think you are going to be pleased with my progress. The marks on the finals are not in yet but I do feel I did well on them and am going to graduate with honors. Dean Pigott has been unusually encouraging in his last two letters.

One happy result of the Celebrity training is that I'm beginning to see how that story you read can be expanded. It began to dawn on me in Lesson 3, "It's All in Your Characters." I do think it will make a novel and am getting fired up to have a go at it now that the *Partisan Review* has bought the story. They paid a hundred dollars for it by the way. Is that okay? I have no way of knowing.

Many thanks for all your encouragement,
Otis

So—what *about* Otis? I suppose I could be wrong about that story of his. I've been wrong about people's writing plenty of times. It's possible I'm wrong half the time. I confess that only because I've come to believe that all editors maintain about that average. And that in turn always makes me wonder about Maxwell Perkins. We know all about Perkins' victories, his Thomas Wolfe and Scott Fitzgerald, but what about his mistakes? I think there's an idea there for a book.

But getting back to Otis Badger. Do you suppose those *Partisan Review* editors are right about his story? I hear there's a new crowd over there. They're looking for new stuff. I suppose it's possible too that he'll expand it into a novel.

Supposing Otis takes it to another publisher? Supposing it gets to be a best-seller. It could happen, you know. Look at the best-seller list. *Then* imagine the abuse I'll be liable to—from my brother-in-law, from my sister-in-law, from Otis. My wife won't say anything—but she'll be thinking. And so will I. Does anybody have a suggestion?



Harper's Magazine, February 1966

Genetics and the Survival of the Unfit

by Lucy Eisenberg

he conquest of more and more heredi- ıry diseases raises explosive moral ssues whose solutions cannot be left to cientists alone.

At the end of a conference on human genetics st year, a biologist rose to summarize the pro- eedings. "I have visions," he said, "of a future enetic clinic in which a person will have not one, ut hundreds, of his proteins analyzed completely ı short order. The results will be run through a ɔmputer, and a license to reproduce will then be ssued on the basis of a passing grade with respect ɔ his (or her) genes." The prospective spouse ould also have to be tested, he added, "but as my ision begins to assume the proportions of a ightmare I shall abstain from further specula- ion along these lines."

Eugenic proposals like this are commonplace at cientific meetings nowadays. After twenty years f ill repute, eugenics is again the subject of re- spectable scientific investigation. But while most eugenicists agree that eventually we will have to ɔut together some kind of eugenic plan, they do ıot agree on two basic questions. First, will our descendants be feebler and less fit if we do not practice eugenic planning? Second, is eugenic really possible? Do techniques exist *at the pres time* for improving the human race by means of selective breeding?

While opinion varies widely, there is a large group of scientists today who answer the first question affirmatively. Among its most eminent members are Linus Pauling, the eternal contro- versialist, and P. B. Medewar, Fellow of the Royal Society. Pauling has written several short articles about genetic deterioration, and Medewar, who like Pauling is a Nobel Prize winner, made it the subject of his lecture at the Mayo Centennial Sym- posium last year. The spokesman for the group is the geneticist and popular author Hermann Mul- ler, another Nobel laureate. Muller has been pre- dicting genetic disaster since 1935 and today, at seventy-five, he is still a persuasive and articulate prophet of doom.

The disaster which Muller fears is a result of gene mutations. These are small structural changes in the genes (he calls them "submicro- scopic accidents") which are usually harmful to the organism. Because Muller believes that muta- tions are accumulating, he concludes that the human race is beginning to decline. In the end, the whole world will become a hospital, "and even the best of us will only be ambulatory patients in it."

This prospect has worried Muller for many years. But few scientists worried with him so long as the only gene mutations that occurred were spontaneous ones which could not be avoided. Then in 1945 the United States exploded three atomic bombs. Thereafter—because radiation is known to cause a large increase in the gene mutation rate— a number of scientists were converted to Muller's point of view. Seized of apocalyptic visions, gene-

ticists by the hundreds rushed into their labs to study radiation effects. Others set off for Japan to find out if radiation really had increased the mutation rate and what its effects would be on children born after the bomb. Throughout the 1950s, the customary calm of scientific conventions was shattered by technical arguments about experimental results, by emotional discussions of nuclear testing and what we should adopt as an "acceptable level" of radiation fallout.

Tension has been further heightened by the more recent discovery that certain chemicals such as formaldehyde and boric acid can cause gene mutations, and that these chemicals are being incorporated into all sorts of manufactured products, from lipstick to cold-cereal packaging. Furthermore, doctors are learning how to arrest or cure a mounting number of hereditary diseases that are caused by mutant genes. In saving the victims of these maladies they are not, of course, increasing the mutation rate as does radiation or a chemical mutagen. They are, however—by scientific cunning—foiling nature's plan for eliminating mutants. As a result, defective genes that were once eliminated by the death of their carriers are now being maintained and passed on to future generations.

The newly "conquered" hereditary diseases are still rare and even their names are unfamiliar to most people. From a genetic standpoint however, the problem posed is the same as that involved in diabetes (which is also a hereditary disease although the exact method of inheritance is somewhat obscure). Doctors have been treating diabetes successfully since 1921, and the result of this treatment, like those now being developed for other hereditary diseases, is to increase the frequency of defective genes.

Before the discovery of insulin in 1921, all young diabetics died before they could grow up and reproduce. Their genes were thus removed from the pool. (Geneticists often refer to an imaginary pool which contains the genes of every living person). Since 1921 however, many child diabetics have survived, married, and produced children (although the incidence of stillbirth and miscarriage is high among them). The result has been an increase in the frequency of diabetic genes and a consequent increase in the incidence of diabetes. The precise effect is hard to measure since diabetes has also become more prevalent simply because people live longer. There is no doubt however that the survival of diabetic genes is contributing to the effect.

Another group of hereditary diseases for which doctors have lately developed tests and therapies are all fatal if untreated. One of these is Wilson's disease. In its victims a defective gene causes faulty copper metabolism, which leads in turn to insanity and death. However, if the disease is spotted early enough and correctly treated, the symptoms never develop. (The therapy consists of a simple prescription taken by mouth, and removal from the diet of foods with a high copper content such as oysters, chocolate, and nuts.) I talked with one expert, Dr. Herbert Scheinberg at Bronx Municipal Hospital in New York. He sees no reason why the youngsters who are now growing up under treatment for Wilson's disease should not be able to have children of their own one day. Thus his patients will in due course pass on their defective genes.

To be sure, many—perhaps most—of the babies now born with Wilson's disease are not surviving. But this is only because not all doctors as yet know how to test for the malady while it is still mild enough to be treated. However, legislation has been proposed in New York State to ensure that this test will be done on all children. Similar legislation is in committee to insure testing for galactosemia, another hereditary disease whose victims cannot digest sugar, especially milk sugar. A test is already required by law for phenylketonuria—a blood disease that causes idiocy (40 per cent of those untreated have IQs under 10.) The law guarantees that babies who inherit phenylketonuria (PKU) will be spotted early, treated, given a chance to grow up and bear children of their own.

A Little Abnormality May Be a Good Thing

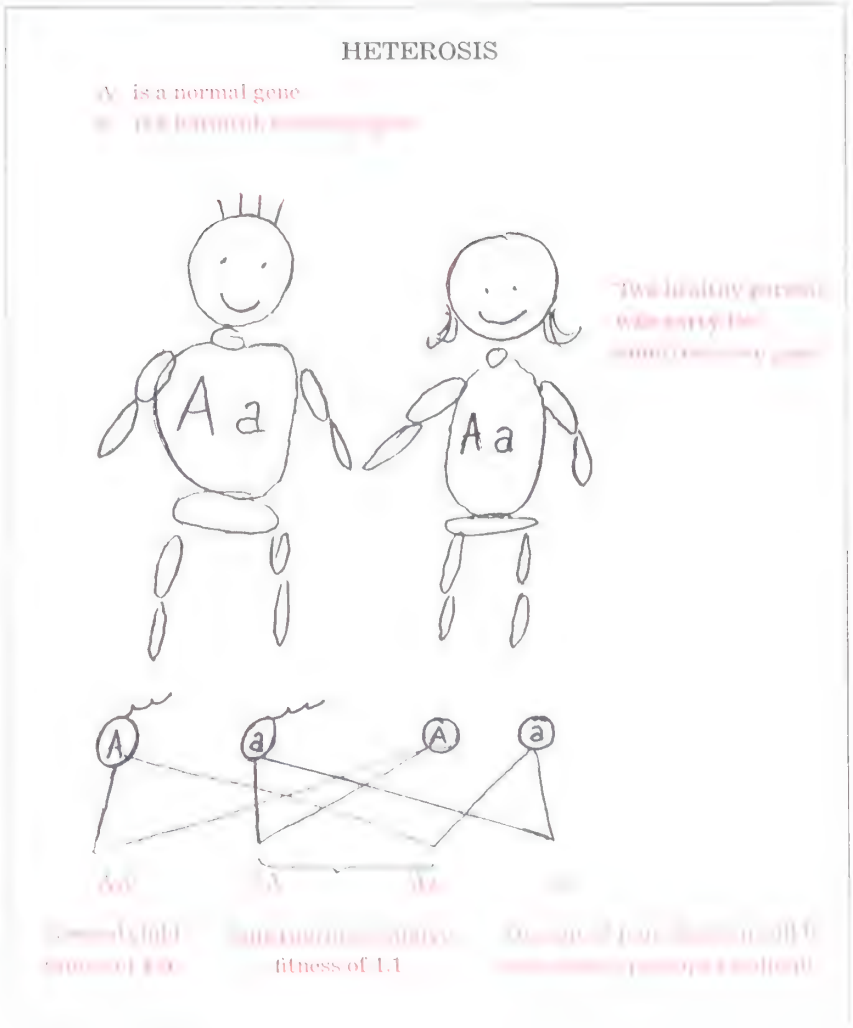
The prospect of gene mutations being increased by radiation and chemicals, while at the same time science makes the victims of hereditary disease more fertile, has caused the Mullerian faction of geneticists to close ranks and sound the cry of doom. Another group of scientists, however, have questioned their conclusions. The latter, including Theodosius Dobzhansky at the Rockefeller Institute in New York, are much less apprehensive about an increase in mutation rate; nor do they believe that even if all mutant, "abnormal" genes

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uld be eliminated, the race ould become healthier and ore fit. They are far more timistic about our future an Muller's group because ey have placed their faith a concept called "hetero- s" which holds that "defec- ve" genes are not nearly as efective as they seem.

Because "heterosis" is a allying cry in this contro- ersy, I made a deliberate ef- ort to understand what it eans. (Many scientists are onvinced that it is much too mplex for the layman. A ritish biologist has even roposed to start a course in enetics for members of the abinet and other interested oliticians.)

Actually, the pertinent acts are not complex at all. One need know only that hromosomes are threadlike tructures in the nucleus hich determine the genetic haracteristics of the cell. The chromosomes themselves re differentiated into more r less discrete regions called enes, which have genetically distinct properties. Each chromosome has hundreds, perhaps thousands, of genes, each of which has its own special position, or "locus," on the chromosome. (The chromosomes themselves come in pairs; 46 chromosomes, 23 pairs.)



If we remember that for every trait we inherit *two* genes, heterosis turns out to be a simple idea. It means that if both genes are exactly the same, the organism will be normal (a fitness of 1). If, however, a mutation takes place and one gene is slightly different from the other, the organism will be supernormal (with a fitness of 1.1 or even 1.5). Hence, the fortunate creature who carries two slightly different (*i.e.*, "polymorphic") genes enjoys what geneticists call "heterotic vigor."

The paradox of heterosis appears when we consider that a pair of mutant genes can cause serious diseases such as diabetes, cystic fibrosis, and the others I have mentioned earlier. (Almost all mutant genes are "recessive," which means th the disease does not appear unless we inherit *two* defective genes. In the illustration above for example, only Child Number 4 will have the disease.) Nevertheless, if the theory of heterosis is true, the person who carries one defective gene and one normal gene (like Children 2 and 3) is more fit than the person who struggles along with two normal genes.

At first glance, the theory seems highly unlikely. But studies of a disease called sickle-cell anemia have proved it can be true. Babies who inherit two sickle-cell genes have a severe case of anemia and usually die soon after birth. Doctors have found, however, that a single dose of the sickle-cell gene confers a specific kind of heterotic vigor on its carriers, namely, resistance to malarial infection. Thus wherever malaria is endemic, people who carry a single sickle-cell gene are fortunate. They live longer and have more children. This means, of course, that the gene is "selected for" in the course of evolution and that it spreads. The result of this evolutionary process can be clearly seen in Central Africa, where malaria is extremely common, and where the sickle-cell gene is carried by at least 20 per cent of the population.

Sickle-cell anemia is a marvelous topic for

cocktail-party conversation (if one is drinking with geneticists) not only because it is the classic example of heterosis, but also because it illustrates the close relationship between proteins and genes.

Scientists had long suspected that genes are responsible for manufacturing proteins, but they could not be certain until Linus Pauling, who was studying sickle-cell anemia, demonstrated that a structurally deficient (*i.e.*, mutant) gene produces a structurally deficient molecule of protein. Pauling discovered that in sickle-cell anemia the hemoglobin protein is malformed, and that all the symptoms of the disease (including the peculiar, sickle-shaped red blood cells which give it its name) can be traced to this one "molecular" defect.

There is no doubt that heterosis explains the prevalence of the sickle-cell gene. It is also conceivable that "diabetic" genes have spread for a similar reason. Very possibly one "diabetic" gene (coupled with one normal gene) confers resistance against chronic malnutrition by altering the mechanism for digesting sugar. "Diabetic" genes would, according to this theory, have been particularly useful to cavemen who in the best of times ate in excess, and the rest of the time ate nearly nothing. According to one geneticist, a doctor practicing eight thousand years ago might have examined his patient and said, "You're doing just fine; just enough diabetes to keep you in the pink of condition."

Though the correlation between diabetes and resistance to malnutrition has not been proven a large number of geneticists believe that the theory of heterosis applies to a great many, if not a majority, of genes. They believe that for any given locus on a chromosome there are two, or perhaps more, genes which vary slightly owing to some past mutation. These "polymorphic" genes, as they are called, are maintained in the population because of the "vigor" they bring.

Adherents to this theory are forced to a rather startling conclusion: if "defective" genes are taken out of the pool, then future generations will be less rather than more fit, since getting rid of all the defective genes would also eliminate the extra vigor that results from a single dose of a faulty gene. Hence, even if one could control marriage and reproduction it will never be possible to breed a super-race, free from hereditary disease.

One wants to know, of course, why such theories cannot be tested and one or another proved true. Either we are as a race declining, or we are not. Either defective genes are an advantage when present in a single dose, or they are not. Unfortunately, however, in the field of human genetics, facts are hard to find. It is difficult to measure the rate of spontaneous mutation, much less find out whether the rate is increasing because of radiation. It is hard to put together enough case histories for a given disease because many of them are so rare. And it is usually impossible to detect the people who carry a single defective gene in order to find out whether they really are more vigorous or not. *Two* recessive genes can be spotted because all the protein they produce is defective (like the defective hemoglobin in sickle-cell anemia) or because the protein they are supposed to produce is missing altogether (lack of a protein called phenylalanine hydroxylase produces PKU). But when only one gene is defective, its effects are often hidden by the activity of the other, normal gene.

Poetry, Politics, and Genes

Human beings are peculiar; when they are not sure that what they are saying is true, they say it louder and with greater conviction. This is a weakness which most scientists try to avoid. The genetic controversy, however, has moved some of its participants to an unusual lack of discretion. "It is clear," Sir Julian Huxley said recently, "that the general quality of the world's population is not very high, is beginning to deteriorate, and should and could be improved." In fact, it has not been proved that we are deteriorating and it is not at all clear that the means to improve us exist.

Predictably, the scientists most concerned about genetic deterioration are the same ones who believe improvement is possible if society will only adopt a eugenic plan. Herman Muller, who has worried longest and loudest about deterioration, is also the acknowledged spokesman for eugenic planning. Similarly, Muller's opponents in the deterioration controversy also argue that far too little is yet known to justify deliberate action. "It's not that improvement isn't possible," said one British physiologist of this school, "but I do not think we know much more about how to bring it about than Galileo or Newton knew about how to fly."

One essentially negative goal of the eugenicists is to prevent the spread of hereditary disease. To accomplish this they would forbid people who carry a dangerous dominant gene to have children. Those with two faulty but recessive genes, on the other hand, would be allowed to reproduce, as would healthy people carrying a single dose

of he undesirable gene. However a man and
y an who carry the *same* dangerous recessive
ge e would be barred from marrying each other.
T s a man with Wilson's disease could marry
y mever he wants as long as she too does not
ca y the gene for Wilson's disease. Their children
w carry the Wilson's gene but none of them
w ld actually have the disease. In this fashion,
h editary diseases would be wiped out in a single
g eration—if this program were adopted.

However, eugenicists are notoriously vague on
th question of implementation. At the Mayo
C nic Centennial proceedings last year, one of
th m—Peter Brian Medewar—was asked how he
w ld put such a plan into effect. "Of course," he
re lied, "I do not propose to do it myself, rushing
a und and forbidding the banns." But, he added,
th re is no reason why "sensible" people could not
b dissuaded from marrying if they know that one
o of four of their children is likely to inherit a
d ease.

Actually, a positive eugenic program would re-
qu ire much more radical steps. Muller's program
fo example involves a total departure from our
pr esent ideas and conventions about marriage and
ch ildren. Like all believers in positive eugenics,
hi s great hope is that society will improve its
ge netic stock by adopting the techniques of ani-
m al husbandry and breeding only from the best
sir es and dams.

To this end, he has evolved a plan called AID,
Ar tificial Insemination from Donors. He proposes
th at banks be established where the sperm of
va rious extraordinary men will be stored. When a
wo oman decides to have children, she will then
ch oose sperm from the donor whose qualities she
mo ost admires. "How many women," Muller cried
wh hen he launched his plan in 1935, "would be
eag ager and proud to bear and rear a child of Lenin
or r Darwin! Is it not obvious that restraint,
rat ather than compulsion, would be called for?"

Because of this chance remark Muller has been
ha aunted for years, even by his friends. For the
fa act is that choosing a sire from among many
mo ore or less celebrated men is fraught with com-
pli lications. As one scientist put it to me, "The
tro rouble with Muller's bank is that he's always
ha aving to take people out of it. If it's not politics,
it' s something else." The latest reject, he men-
tio ioned, is Abraham Lincoln, who is now suspected
of f having had something called Marfan's syn
dro rome (a hereditary condition characterized by
exc xcessively long fingers and a cardiac defe
Mu Muller's own solution is to store the sperm for
twe wenty years. In two decades, he thinks, "a better
app ppraisal of the donors will be possible and per-
sonal biases and entanglements will fade away."

But Muller still finds little support for his plan. The real obstacle is that as yet we know desperately little about man's genetic endowment and about the interaction between genes and environment which shapes the final human product. Although man carries an estimated 20,000 pairs of genes, scientists know the function of only a very small fraction, 500 at most. They have still to discover how genes interact, and whether some combinations of genes are possible and others are not. There also is a great deal more to be learned about gene linkage and function before the results of a "breeding program" can be predicted with success.

J. B. S. Haldane tells a cautionary tale about positive genetics and directed breeding. It concerns a recessive gene which lowers resistance to tubercular infection. According to Haldane, both John Keats and Emily Brontë inherited a pair of these genes, and as a result they both died prematurely. But he also believes that the poetic and literary talent of both these geniuses was inherited and that it was carried by the same rare and "defective" genes which made them susceptible to TB. The moral—that defective genes are not always what they seem—should surely give pause to those who would tamper with genes without being sure of their function.

"Genetic Alert"

It is not easy to discover the function of any particular gene. They are too small to be seen with most microscopes and even under the electron microscope they all look exactly alike. Nor is there any chemical test which can distinguish between different ones. One way to study a gene is to investigate inherited traits (as Mendel studied the size and shape of generations of peas in the nineteenth century). A better way is to study the protein that a gene is responsible for making. If a geneticist finds that a protein (like sickle-cell hemoglobin) is inherited according to Mendelian law, he infers that a gene is responsible for the manufacture of hemoglobin and that a mutant form of the gene produces a defective molecule of hemoglobin.

Until recently geneticists have concentrated their efforts on small animals like fruit flies and mice. They also know a great deal about the genes of a red mold called *Neurospora crassa*. But human beings take so long to breed and are so hard to control that geneticists have only recently begun to investigate and catalogue man's genes.

Malfunction

by Richard E. Albert

He fell in a sweeping arc
From airplane to earth.

You could almost express it
In an equation:

Speed of the airplane minus
Force of the propblast,

Pull of gravity, speed and
Direction of wind,

The slight factor of his jump,
Thrust of leg muscle.

I did not witness his fall,
I was too far off,

Too busy trying to slip
Away from the trees,

Pulling the risers, watching
The scallops of silk

Ruffled above by the wind.
I heard distant shouts:

"Pull your reserve! Pull! Reserve!"
I looked below me,

Saw the earth, the discs of chutes
Sliding to the ground

Like cookies off a tin sheet.
After I landed

It was much too far to walk.
I saw men running,

But the trucks were parked this way.
I know he is dead.

Know we will talk about it
Riding in the trucks

Feeling wind in our faces.
By tonight I would

Describe what all will have seen
By then: he fell fast

Without a sound, like a rock
In a handkerchief;

I was close by when he hit,
Saw him bounce six feet.

Forgetting to drink a toast
We will press bottles

Against our faces and hands,
Clinging to coldness,

Reliving all but the slight
Factor of his death.

This is now being done systematically and a large scale by a group of doctors at the Alb Einstein College of Medicine, under the code na "Genetic Alert." With funds from the Natio Foundation for Neuromuscular Disease they h set up laboratory facilities at the Bronx Mun pal Hospital in New York, Children's Hosp in Boston, St. Christopher's Hospital for Child in Philadelphia, and Stanford University Hos tal in California. At these hospitals a sample blood is taken from every well baby brought i the clinic and examined for a possible abnormal in each of three proteins. The results of th tests are read into a computer and then punch onto cards which are automatically filed.

If the tests show that a child does have an a normal protein, then the doctors can start tre ment early enough to prevent the onset of hereditary disease (or at least to prevent its m serious symptoms). This is however only one the goals of "Genetic Alert." The other objecti is to accumulate information about human gen systematically, so that it can be used for futu research. When this is done, a doctor who wan to investigate a certain hereditary condition w only have to push a button to collect the subjec for his study. The computer will type out t names of all the people previously tested by t hospital who inherited the gene that interests hi The information will also be used to make reliab estimates of gene frequencies and for complicate genetic studies called chromosome "mapping."

Hideous Memorie

The purposes of "Genetic Alert" are both clin cal—that is, to cure disease—and to advanc genetic research. But the directors of the projec have no interest in its eugenic implications. Stil these cannot be altogether ignored. If, for ex ample, the project were expanded to cover ever child born in the country, it could provide all th information needed to eliminate hereditary dis ease—which is the goal of negative eugenics.

Scientists do not agree that we should appl eugenic techniques to eliminate hereditary dis ease or attempt, on the positive side, to improv the human race. And few if any responsibl political leaders are prepared even to discuss a question freighted with hideous memories of th "eugenics" of Hitler's Third Reich. Nonetheless it seems inevitable that—as with the splitting o the atom—scientific progress in genetics will in the foreseeable future raise issues of public pol icy which scientists alone cannot resolve.

Harper's Magazine, February 1966



The Honeymoon

A story by V. S. Pritchett

The ceremony was over. We were married. The egistrar who had done seventeen weddings that orning and who stood at a table between two ases of chrysanthemums, said,

"It is the custom, if the parties so desire, to nbrace." Victoria, who was very small and ated anyone telling her to do anything, tipped er head back to avoid being kissed but I bent own and gave her two pecks on the brim of her at and one, at last, on her cheek. Surprised, she issed me. My mother-in-law, mistrustful of our own Hall, said,

"They have wallpaper on the walls. I didn't ealize that." We signed and then Victoria and I ent out first down the long corridor and, since felt I was walking three inches above the floor, was puzzled by the marble echoes raised by my hoes. A photographer walked backwards before s. Outside, our party stood in two rows on the teps and we were photographed again, Harry—he best man—standing at the back. On the wall of a warehouse across the street I saw a notice saying, Do Not Obstruct This Entrance.

Then we drove off to my mother-in-law's house and I don't remember much more about it all, except a café-au-lait feeling that I had joined something average, and except Harry saying, when we got to the wedding-cake stage, "When she cuts, clap." The photographs were rushed around in the afternoon, and it is all a blank until we went off to the station to catch the London train. There Harry did something I would never have thought him capable of; it was the sort of thing he detested: he led the confetti-throwing. It snowed on us. He flung it. He tried to stuff some down my neck. It was very dry and thick. He went mad, is all I can say. Something broke in me, too. My teeth were wet. I suddenly hated Harry; it was a hatred stored up for two years; I went for him with my umbrella, chasing him back from the gate into the house. I think I would have half-killed him or, at any rate, made him

bleed, if my father had not dragged me back to the car. As we drove off, I opened the car window and shouted, "My umbrella! My umbrella!" They had taken it from me and I could see my father propping it carefully against some shrubbery.

"The swine!" I said, brushing off the confetti, and then I looked at Victoria's face and stopped. "My wife," I thought. I couldn't believe it. She looked as sweet and tender as a kitten; she was pouting and blushing, and when I put my arm around her waist I could feel the layers of silk moving over her soft body. How heavenly women are! For two years she had held out against marrying me; but now, in a mere three hours, she had softened and changed.

When I look back on it I see the idea that I should marry Victoria was not mine alone. All her relations and friends wanted me to marry her. Harry wanted it most of all and everyone agreed with Harry that he should *not* marry her. The opposition came from Victoria. Harry was the man she wanted, and Harry wanted only himself. He loved his own wavy dark hair, his own pale complexion, his own romantic lips, his satanic side-glances, his clothes. He was a dandy and more than that. He loved himself as he was, as he would be, and even as he had been in history. We worked in a big shoe shop in the town and when there were no customers and we had nothing to do, he used to make drawings of himself as Sir Walter Raleigh, in India ink, on old shoe boxes. One day he said to me, eyeing me sideways and stroking his chin, as if he had a pointed beard on it, "One of my ancestors was executed. He was a conspirator."

At the end of my first day, when I was taken on at the shop, Harry said to me, "I've got my Vespa at the back. Let's go somewhere." Victoria, who worked in the cash desk, must have heard him, but I didn't realize what was going on.

"I believe in being in the crowd but not *of* the crowd," Harry called back to me, as I sat behind him on the Vespa.

The next day I saw that Victoria hated me: Harry usually took her home. This slight made her snap and raise her very small nose sharply, so that I got to know her nose very well, especially the tiny nostrils. It was a dogmatic, sad little nose and that is where I began to fall in love with her—from the nose downwards. But after I had gone out once or twice more with Harry, Victoria's mind was made up. She did all she could to get me the sack. She made trouble between me and the manager by making mistakes on the bills and telling me, in front of customers, that I had got prices wrong. One day a woma came in and said I had sent her one crocodile a one lizard shoe—Victoria had changed the shoe These tricks made me laugh and when I laughe she was astonished and all the more determine But girls always go too far, and the store ma ager was no fool. One afternoon she saw the foo of the stepladder, which was used to get the shoe from the upper shelves, sticking out beyond th corner of the stock-room door. She gave it a pus —she was very small but she was very strong— thinking I was up there getting a pair of 8 brogues for a man who had come in with a fishin rod. But it was Harry who was on the ladder Down he came, a whole pile of boxes with him.

"And what is all this?" the manager aske pointing to one of Harry's drawings of Si Walter Raleigh.

"My ancestor," said Harry scornfully.

It was he who was sacked. He was very pleased.

"She's a nice girl, but I can't bear her. She once threw bread at me at a dance," Harry said. "I shall go to London."

And so Victoria and I were left dumbfounded together. This changed her. She stopped quarreling with me, and I walked home with her several times. I enjoyed the clatter her heels made on the pavement, the way she drove her mother out of the room, and the way she spoke to dogs. I stroked her neck in the park and this made her arch her back with pleasure. She sat on my knee in my lodgings, holding me tight enough to strangle me—and started telling me how much she had loved Harry, ever since school, for years.

"Harry," I said. "You mean Sir Walter Raleigh?" She stiffened.

"He has proofs," she said. "I couldn't love you." This is where her friends came in and her mother.

"Don't worry," they said. "It's all silliness. She's difficult. Be patient. Be gentle."

But Harry was in London, far away. He came back once for Easter, and the three of us went to a café.

"London," said Harry looking darkly at me, "is the most dangerous city in the world. You have to know your way about. But one can be in the crowd and yet not of it."

V. S. Pritchett's masterly stories began to appear in this magazine in 1947; many volumes have come out since. He is a Londoner and director of "The New Statesman," and his essays and books span the continents: "The Spanish Temper," "London Perceived," and most recently, "New York Proclaimed"—to be reissued soon in paperback.

; was a favorite sentence of his.

Stop saying 'one' as if you were a dummy," toria said. Harry looked sideways at himself he café mirror, raised a fine darting eyebrow, smiled at himself.

'ictoria picked up the remains of her ice cream intended to throw it all at the mirror so that e said afterwards) he could not see himself; it the glass but splashed over his gray suit. er he said to me sarcastically,

I congratulate you. Victoria is getting over t nonsense about me. She used to throw bread ore." But he was wrong. Victoria had not nged. In the next two months I lost twenty nds in weight and had pains in the back. The nager asked me to his house to supper and wife told my fortune. A whole hand of spades ne out and I dropped the Queen on the carpet.

'You're surrounded by enemies," she said.

In fact I was surrounded by friends. Within e week I got a letter from Harry telling me of job in London at nearly twice the salary.

I was getting tired of Harry, Harry, Harry m Victoria with her arms around my neck, d when I heard the news I saw the truth. I had ver been in love with her. I even loved the shoe ade better than I loved her, being on my own, ay from my parents, too. I got sly. I told ctoria I was leaving the town for good and ing to London, that no doubt I should see arry, and I would make him see what a wonder- l girl she was. I was enthusiastic about this. ictoria's reply exploded inside me: "When do you ? At the end of the month?" she asked. "We'll t married next week. We'll go to London for ir honeymoon—that will save money."

I could not believe it. I went to London to fix the job. She made me promise to come back, e same day. When I returned on the train that t in at eleven at night, Victoria was on the latform waiting for me. She rushed at me. She en grabbed me.

"I was worried to death. I'll never let you out f my sight again," she said.

I was appalled. "I've found a hotel for us."

"So have I," she said. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Harry told me," I said.

"Harry told me too," she said. "I telephoned to im." Harry was making sure. It was he—if you ooked at it like that—who got us married.

So there we were, married, sitting in the train oing to London. I shall not forget the journey our hours; it seemed like a fortnight. Fields, ields, people picking mushrooms, factories, tele- raph poles, fields, towns, back gardens, junc-



tions. We had a compartment to ourselves. I pulled the blinds on the corridor side after the ticket inspector had been and then I moved to kiss Victoria. She had changed into a tweed suit and she stiffened. The pout had gone from her lips. Her nose was raised.

"You haven't labeled your case," she said, looking up at the luggage rack.

"I did it this morning when you reminded me," I said, putting my arm around her.

"I can't see it," she said. I laughed.

"It's at the back," I said. And I turned the case around to show her the label hanging down. She still did not believe me.

"Look," I said. She was small enough to lift onto the seat, and I lifted her to see the label.

"It's what I thought," she accused. "You've put on the wrong label."

"I haven't." I read out, "The Austin Hotel, Barnaby Street."

"We're staying at Frenns," she said. And she showed me the label on hers.

"You have made a mistake," I said. "Harry told me—the Austin."

"Frenns, he said. You know he did," she said.

"I beg your pardon, it was the Austin."

Austin, Frenns, Frenns, Austin—so we went on. She got angry.

"Mother said you were obstinate," she said.

The train slowed down beside a goods train carrying calves which were lowing.

"Those poor things. Prisoners!" cried Victoria. "Look at them." She turned on me accusingly. "Our honeymoon and you don't know where we're going."

"The Austin Hotel," I said. "Here's the letter confirming our reservation."

I showed her the letter. "The Austin Hotel" was printed at the top of the paper. Victoria was a suspicious girl. She took the paper and read it carefully from the very top edge to the bottom, twice. And then turned it over in case something was written on the other side.

"You see," I said.

"You did this behind my back," she said.

"I'll alter your labels," I said, getting out my pen.

"Don't touch them," she said, taking my pen from me. "After what he's done to me, do you think I would go to a place Harry suggested?"

"He suggested both."

"One to me, one to you," she said.

"He ought to be executed," I said. "Still, he was only giving us a choice."

"A choice," she said. "You think it's funny, don't you? What choice has anyone got?" I glanced out of the window.

"A pheasant. Quick. Look," I called to her. She turned her head. "Two," she snapped, and sat gloomily looking at her hands in her lap. Once more I put my arm around her. "Nature is a trap," she said, moving away from me. "Leave me alone."

She closed her eyes. She could not get comfortable. Crossly she put her head on my shoulder. Suddenly a red-faced young soldier who was shouting to several others slid our door back, gave us a look, winked at me, and made a noise, "Clop, clop," with his tongue and went off shouting to his friends.

"Don't touch me, I said," said Victoria.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, stop asking me what is the matter. You whine. Talk to me. Don't ask me questions."

The soldiers were bullocking about down the corridor. Of course, when Victoria said, "Talk to me," that put every idea out of my head. She was silent most of the way to London. What was on her mind? I knew what was on mine.

Houses began to thicken. The train shrieked at thousands of them. I saw a bus with the r[illegible] Victoria on it. I nudged her in my exciten[illegible] She did not look. We went into tunnels [illegible] London flung smoke at us.

"We're nearly there," I shouted with ex[illegible]ment. She did not speak. She said nothing [illegible] we got out of the train at the station, but it [illegible] she who said sharply to the cab driver befo[illegible] could open my mouth, "The Austin Hotel."

"Where's that, miss?"

"Barnaby Street," I called over her head.

London seemed to smell of cold escaping [illegible] and the houses looked like hundreds of d[illegible] sparrows, and the sky like a rag as we drov[illegible] the hotel.

There must have been a dozen little bro[illegible] houses converted into hotels in the street wh[illegible] the Austin was—Linden, Stella Maris, North[illegible] Fitzroy, Malvern, I noticed the names. T[illegible] looked friendly all together; one had colored b[illegible] and yellow lights around its windows; ours v[illegible] next-door, the brickwork painted green from [illegible] basement to the first floor. "The Austin," it sa[illegible] "Private Hotel." Private—how nice! Victoria h[illegible] said it made her sick when the manager at [illegible] shoe shop had told us that he and his wife h[illegible] had the Bridal Suite at the largest hotel [illegible] Ventnor thirty years ago.

"Did you pay the taxi driver enough? I do like the way he's looking at us," Victoria said me when the driver had put our luggage out.

"He's looking at the hotel," I said.

An Irish maid came up from the basement the door, eating something, and said, "Si here," and, "Up to the top to Number twelv[illegible] Hearing a whistle from below, she said, "W[illegible] till I put me bloody kettle off."

We went upstairs. It was a tidy, well-polish place, nicely painted, with a fern in a brass p on every landing. It was wonderfully private a[illegible] quiet. A girl in a dressing gown and with a com in her hand looked out of a door on the seco[illegible] floor and gaped at Victoria and me.

"I thought it was Gladys, sorry," she sai Friendly people. And we heard the Irish ma[illegible] say to her, as she came up at last, "It's the hone[illegible] moon couple."

My heart was banging and I felt hungry. Ther was a smell of steak pudding coming up th stairs, but at the top landing, it had gone. Th maid pushed open the door. The room had double bed with a pretty pink cover on it an there were fancy net curtains at the window, wit rabbits and daffodils on them.

"Ah, look at me, leaving that this morning,

said the Irish girl, taking away the floor mop she had left beside the dressing table.

I waited for the door to close and then I stepped out to kiss Victoria, saying, "It's clean. It's at the front."

"We must unpack," she said, stepping back.

My father's words came back to me. "It may sound a funny thing to say, but when your mother and I were first married, I was taking my shoes off; I'd never been in a hotel with your mother before . . ."—well, that is what I felt like when Victoria said she must unpack. I had never seen her unpack. I'd never seen any woman unpack.

First she went all around the room to every corner and cupboard in it, like a cat. And opened all the drawers. She unlocked her cases and out came her dresses. She spread them on the bed and straightened them. One by one out came the new brushes her aunt had given her. Then things for her dressing table. Then she started hanging things and going back to give them a pull or change the coat hanger. Every time she walked across the room (and it must have been a hundred times), the windows shook. I had put a brown suit and a tweed jacket on a chair.

"If you're not wearing those, hang them up. They'll get out of shape," she said.

I did not know where to hang them, so I hung them over the door of a cupboard.

"They don't leave you much room," she said. "What have you done with your shoes? Look what you're doing! Sweep it up."

I had taken off my jacket and one more shower of Harry's confetti went on to the floor.

"What with?" I asked and went to look out of the window. An oldish man and a young woman were getting out of a taxi and coming into our hotel; father and daughter, I thought. The evening was beginning and the neon lights from the Court Hotel opposite began to turn one of our walls red and made Victoria look as if she were blushing. She had finished unpacking.

"You leave your things everywhere," she said. "I'm going to wash." She took off her jacket and her blouse and went to the basin. I was suddenly frightened of her, or perhaps it was of the hooks of her brassiere.

"And then we'll go and look at London," I said, exhausted, and sat on the edge of the bed. The next thing she was asking me for her brown shoes and as I went to look for them she went to the cupboard, stepped out of her skirt, and was halfway into a new dress when I looked around.

Suddenly she pulled it off and rushed to the basin.

"Go away. Quickly. I feel sick," she said.

"I'll open the window," I said. "It's stuffy in here."

She wasn't sick. I helped her to the bed.

"Go out. Go for a walk," she said.

"No," I said. "We'll go out together. We'll have



a bit of air and a drink. You'll feel better then."

"No," she said.

I waited. Outside the taxis were passing. "How do you feel now?" I asked.

"Oh, do stop asking me how I feel. All right. Let's go out."

So we went out. When we got downstairs we met the landlady. She had very large blue eyes and bleached hair.

"Comfortable, dear?" she said to me as she went coldly and rapidly over everything Victoria had got on.

"Going to take some air," I said.

"Nothing like it," said the landlady.

Victoria must have been studying her, for when she got outside she said, "She's been drinking."

"She looked like a sofa standing up on end," I said. Victoria did not laugh.

"Perhaps," I said, "she'd lost a caster." Victoria did not smile.

Where we went I could not tell you. London looked heavy. There was nothing but streets of closed shops. I read out the names of them. We passed restaurants. We went to a pub but Victoria would not drink anything.

"Aren't you going to eat?" she said.

"They don't serve food here," I said.

"Oh! Then why did we come here?"

Of course, as Harry said, you've got to know your London. *He* could have told us where to eat. I ought to have asked him.

"There's a place," she said, pointing to a lit-up cafeteria. And on our way to it, she heard a cat meow and we stopped in an office doorway while she stroked it. It tried to follow us.

"Go back," she said. "Go back. It will get run over. Please!" Victoria was almost in tears, and we stood there coaxing the cat. Its fur was gritty. I tried to grab it and it jumped from me and raced clean across the street. Victoria gave a shriek. Fortunately it got across safely and went into a doorway opposite and stared at us.

"Suppose it tries to get back," she said. Her nails were digging into my arm where she was holding it.

Well, in the finish, I had a poached egg at the cafeteria. Victoria would not touch hers. And we went back to the Austin. My heart was hammering. A radio was playing on the second floor. I went to the bathroom. When I got back to our room the light was off. I thought Victoria must be in bed, but she was not. The window was wide open and the curtain blowing far into the room. She had gone. And then I saw her. She was sitting in her nightgown on the window with both legs over the sill. I rushed over to her.

"I can't, I can't!" she cried as I caught her. I had quite a fight getting her in.

"I don't love you," she said. "I never loved you. It is Harry. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. But I can't."

She cried and she clung. "I thought I could, but I can't."

It was just like our early days but now Harry was cut off from her by our marriage. I could not believe what I heard. I wanted her more than I can say, for her grief and tears, the ugliness of it, and the anger I felt, made her more desirable.

"I never wanted to marry you. They made me. You forced me into it."

The little twister, I thought. "It's a pity Harry isn't here," I said bitterly.

"That's a dirty remark," she said fiercely and she stopped crying.

Well, I thought, I have heard of this happening to people but fancy it happening to me. I saw years of empty life ahead of me. Suddenly she said, "I wonder whether that poor cat was locked out?" and we started talking about cats, her mother's cats, the cats that stalked one another on the garden walls at the back of her mother's house. She became calm.

"You are so understanding," she said. "I have done something terrible to you. That is what is so unfair."

"Get into bed. I'll go and sit over there," I said. "You'll catch cold." She obeyed. Exhausted, I went and sat in the chair by the window.

It was a narrow, gray armchair of the furry kind, and the fur pricked through my trousers and my sleeves. Do you know what she did, within five minutes? She fell asleep. The wedding night! I could hear the whistling noise from her open mouth. There was her whistle, the whipping of the cars going by, the ticking of taxis outside, the hotels, the voices of the drunks after the pubs had closed. It had seemed a quiet street and a quiet hotel but now bedroom doors were banging, lavatories and basins were flushed, pipes jumped. Even at two in the morning people were coming in. On our floor you could hear boots coming off, throats being cleared, the high laugh of a woman once or twice, and heavy bumps on mattresses as if enormous bodies, too big for the beds, had flopped on them.

I thought, "I will wait. She didn't mean it," and took off my collar and tie and loosened my shoes. I was tired out. I must have dozed off. I was dreaming we were in the train and that

ldenly I was being sucked out of the window an overpowering voice that said, "I am Sir alter Raleigh." And in a second I was fight- g for my life with the manageress of the hotel lo was naked and covered with grease.

woke up in terror. And then I heard shouts ming from the street. Screams were coming om the stairs of the hotel. I looked out the ndow, and down below in the street I saw lice. They were pushing two or three women to a van. Then I saw a policeman ushering out e manageress of our hotel. She was calling ck, I suppose, to the Irish maid, "Ring my licitor. Phone him up."

Suddenly the door of our room was opened. I rned and a policeman stood there. "Come on. ut of this," he said, ignoring me and giving e bed a shake.

"Here!" I shouted.

Victoria woke up and shouted, "Harry!"

"You keep out of this, Harry," said the police- an to me.

"What do you want? This is my wife."

"Come on, miss," said the policeman to Vic- ria. The cab driver had called her "miss" too.

The voice of the Irish maid came up the stairs. It's the honeymoon couple." She got to the room. It's the honeymoon couple," she repeated. The liceman looked around the room, at my brown it and the extra jacket hanging on the cup- ard. Then he saw the confetti on the floor.

"Here's our reservation," I said, pushing the tter at him. "What's this all about? What do ou mean by breaking in?"

The policeman went out to the passage.

"Here, who's this?" he called down the stairs. omeone answered and he came back. He looked t me contemptuously. "You ought to know better an to bring your wife to a place like this. Take y tip and clear out by the morning unless you ant trouble."

"How dare you! My husband is the assistant anager at Walgrave's," shouted Victoria and ot out of bed to fly at him, in her nightdress.

"Ma'am!" said the policeman averting his ace, "please go back to bed." And he hurried rom the room.

"Why," cried Victoria to me, "did you let him nsult me? Why didn't you hit him? Get dressed. 'm going to ring up the police."

"That was the police," I said.

"I'm not blind," she shouted.

"Funny place for Harry to know about," I aid. "Come and look."

They were just closing the door of the police van as we looked out of the window. Then we saw people looking out of windows opposite. They were not looking at the police van. They were looking at us. We both drew our heads in and pulled the curtains across.

"This was your hotel, not Harry's," she said. "You stayed here."

"I've never stayed in London in my life," I said.

"Harry said Frenns." Frenns, Austin, Austin, Frenns—we were off again.

"Harry told us both of them," I said. "There must be something wrong with Harry."

"What?" she demanded.

"He is in the world but not of it," I said.

She went to the chest of drawers and began taking her clothes out. "I'm going now," she said.

"Where, at three in the morning?"

"I'm going. Get my dresses. Don't drag them on the floor. Look what you've done."

She dressed. We packed everything up. We carried our luggage downstairs. The bedroom doors were open. In the office of the manageress a policeman was sitting with the Irish maid. They looked at us in silence, but afterwards I heard them laughing, The maid was peeping through the curtains as we got out into the street.

We walked. I was lugging the cases and Victoria had one of hers. My arms ached as we trudged. There was no one about. We did not know where we were going.

"I wish we had Harry here," I said. "He could carry one of these. Wait."

I put the cases down and changed loads.

"And he knows London," I said. "Come on."

"Where are we going?" Victoria said weakly.

"Where did that cat live?" I asked. We passed a small open square with a seat in it. "This will do," I said.

"We can't stay out," she said.

Suddenly I saw a taxi coming slowly toward us like a housefly along the black, glassy street. I hailed him. I told him to go to the station we had arrived at.

"I'll put you back on the morning train," I said. "You can have a sleep at the Station Hotel. I need a sleep myself. I'll get a couple of rooms."

And that is what we would have done but when we got there I didn't like to ask for two singles; it didn't seem respectable and I didn't like the look the night clerk gave us. We were too tired to undress but slept in our clothes until midday the following day, Sunday. They do a lot of shunting at those main-line stations on Sundays and, as for us, we got rid of Harry for good.

Harper's Magazine, February 1966

With Stravinsky in Warsaw

by Robert Craft

A close associate and coauthor of five books with Igor Stravinsky, Robert Craft traveled to Poland with the composer in May 1965 as part of a tour that included a special concert in Stravinsky's honor given by Pope Paul VI in the Vatican. Mr. Craft is a conductor and specialist in modern music who has recorded most of the works of the second Viennese School (Schoenberg, Berg, Webern). He has also conducted more music by Stravinsky than anyone else in the world, including Stravinsky. The following is a section of "Table Talk," the fifth volume in the Conversation Series by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. It will be published by Alfred Knopf, Inc. this year.

May 23. Paris to Warsaw in a Caravelle, which we board through the rear door like stuffing going into a turkey. Three hours later Poland is a glimpse of lettuce-colored fields, thin strips of land newly broken by spring plows, a highway with no traffic, which must have looked the same forty years ago. The closer the view, the more skeptical we are of the blowsy air stewardess' promise that Warsaw is "a gay city"—though it could easily be that with her along. (Did she notice an effect on us of the spectacle of returning Polish fellow passengers, every face an advertisement of how grim life in Poland must be?)

The Warsaw porters seem to find me worthy of sustained curiosity, but this is regrettably not the case with the pretty girl from the PAGART agency sent to nursemaid me through customs and currency control. A veritable Berlin Wall of indifference and *sangfroid*, she selects one or two of my questions to answer but shoves the others aside as though they had not even been asked. The view en route to the city consists mainly of empty or rubble-filled lots, with a few brick and tile-roof prewar buildings and many barrack-style postwar ones. The Warsaw skyline is dominated by the tower of the Palace of Science and Culture, which so resembles one of the towers of Moscow University that we are misled to expect a city with Russian-style architectural features.

The "Europejski Hotel"—the name seems to suggest that Europe is somewhere else—is so bleak and institutional that one expects to hear the clank of a lock or chain after crossing the threshhold. While Miss Permafrost enrolls me at Reception (and probably with SMERSH as well), I wait in a restaurant as large as a city block in Peoria and as square. Some potted palmettos have been placed at lonely intervals around the room, but they seem to serve no decorative purpose. (Are they perhaps bugged?)

The Igor Stravinskys' suite, which is being readied for their arrival Tuesday, and through which I accompany Miss P. on a tour of inspection, must be at other times a meeting room of the Presidium. The only furnishings in the cavernous main room are a round table with six straight-back chairs, and a painting of a naval disaster. When I reckon aloud that the ceiling might be forty feet high, Miss P. gives precise information. "The entire apartment is above a hundred square meters," she says in a special tone of achievement, and as if all that empty space were useful to us and we intended to spend our spare time flying toy airplanes. But in fact rentals *are* determined by spatial volume, just as foods are priced by weight. "This is because of the inspectors," Miss P. adds, but she does not explain who these mysterious people are or otherwise develop this promisingly Gogolian—or is it Scotland Yard?—theme.

But I must stop saying "Miss P."; she has a beautiful name, Jolanta (pronounced as a "Y"—the other way around from the Spenserian "His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent"), and she is herself by very evident and potent attractions deserving of better, in fact full-scale attention. First of all, her manners are pre-proletarian and ladylike, which set her apart. Then, she is tall, has a very white complexion, and strawberry-blond hair—when at last she removes an absurd hat squatting on her head like an Andean Indian woman's bowler. Her fingers are nervous and bitten like a pianist's, and in fact they seem to be practicing piano exercises wherever they alight. Her luminous brown eyes are afflicted with a slight strabismus of which she is overly conscious, always trying to find an angle to conceal it when she talks, which twisting and curling enhances her feline attractiveness. I suspect a deep romantic temperament lies beneath the capping of *froideur* she is showing me, and I am certain that the de-brainwashing necessary to prove it could develop into an agreeable assignment, but I am bothered by one small incongruity, which is her quickness and openness to express dislike of many things Russian. Is this to draw me out, a part of the East-West game? Probably, but no great matter; if she is a stooge, she is certainly a pretty one; if only she would lose that damned New Year's-party hat.

Walking on the Nowy Swiat in late afternoon I enter the Church of the Order of the Visitation, attracted by the Venetian façade (at a g[illegible] Warsaw by its church architecture is an Italian ate city even now). It is crowded, even overcrowded, and I discover the same situation in two other churches, full and fervent houses with a large sprinkling of young men in cassocks and calottes. But the strength of the Church is underestimated in the West, and one forgets that even the radical agrarian reform program of the National Liberation Committee of 1944 did not apply to estates owned by the Church. The clerical habit is more common in the streets here than in any European city except Rome. Compared to Russia, the political parent, sidewalk traffic is much less drab and much more bountiful in good-looking women, but there is a type of trench-coated, beret-wearing, portmanteau-carrying pedestrian which is almost the same here as in Moscow. In the window of a bookstore, also on the Nowy Swiat, is a display of photographs of death and devastation, the result of U. S. air raids in North Vietnam, but they are mild and inconspicuous—after the thousands of protestations to the same purpose currently decorating the walls of Paris—and they may be less damaging to the United States than some of our own propaganda pictures of the happy apple-pie-eating spouses and baseball-playing infants of the latest astronauts.

Two young Americans, scholarship exchange students studying Polish cinematography, take me to dinner in the Club for Film Artists and Writers, a prewar building, I think, though it is nearly impossible to distinguish the restored from the genuinely old. In any case, and far more important, is the fact that there are a dozen or so remarkably handsome women present, and not only the film stars but the waitresses with auburn hair, very white skins, high bosoms, the dark eyes of Maria Walewska. The American students confirm the report of the French air hostess: Warsaw *is* a gay city, and the "loosest" in Europe. (The question, then, is how does one get at *it*, or at *them?*)

May 24. Jolanta, this morning, is unable to conceal her exasperation because of my unchaperoned sortie to the Film Club, and she goes so far as to request particulars of other places visited and of people met. I ask if she is required to fill out a report, but with that she changes her approach, and back we go to the superior nursemaid of yesterday. It is clear that we must act out the charade now, she as Ninotchka, and myself as the American, and the rule of the game will be that the more serious she, the more will I have to laugh. But the plot also resembles *Ninotchka*, which is to say that I am beginning to flirt with her, and that this could easily become involuntary.

Arriving at the rehearsal in the Concert Hall on Henryka Sienkiewicza Street, I am shown to a dressing room furnished with a portrait of Artur Rubinstein's father-in-law, Emil Mlynarski, who founded the Warsaw Philharmonic, and a clock with a heavily premonitory tick and a minute hand that jerks like a taxi meter. The conductor Witold Rowicki presents me to the orchestra, which is the Philharmonic itself, then delivers me over to the "Inspector," a panjandrum who announces the order of the pieces to be rehearsed and calls the intermissions during which we drink tea, Russian style, from a glass. I address the musicians in English which the concert master translates, prefacing each of my remarks, before relaying it, with the word "colleagues." Once a question is voiced in German, and when I attempt to answer it in that language, a commotion results, not, as I suppose, of protestation but, on the contrary, to beg me to continue in German as more than half of the orchestra understands it whereas no one knows more than a word or two of English or French; and from then on we communicate in the language of the wartime master, a fact that few of them seem to feel as an ugly irony.

The players are willing, good-humored, patient, and slow, but I myself am slow to adjust to their radically different time scale, which is simply that they are not going anywhere and have lots of it and that I have a date in Paris next week and am therefore in a hurry. They play with energy and passion, but the quality of their instruments is poor, the mode of attack is not well or uniformly defined, and there is no discipline of intonation. (Stravinsky has often said that hardly any attention was paid to the accuracy of orchestral intonation in the Russia of his youth, and that at that time concern about it was negligible even in Western Europe.) But how callous and pointless these criticisms sound. In view of what took place here it is a wonder that an orchestra exists at all, and a miracle that there could be such a good one.

In spite of a light rain I walk with Jolanta in Lazienki Park. The park preserves a semi-wild beauty contradicted only by red squirrels very professional at begging nuts. But the romantic trappings, the tall larches, poplars, beeches, firs, the lake of swans, the ghostly palace swaddled in mist, have no effect on Ninotchka, whose only emotion, so far as I can see, is patriotism, the colors of which show as bright as a flag when she takes me to see the Park's monument to Chopin. The visit is official, she seems to say, and though I have been given rein to wander where I will, I must not ask her to exceed her office by a whit c a word.

In the evening we go to a rehearsal of *Le Sacr du printemps* by the National Ballet, in the ne and not yet finished (there are still no seats Teatr Wielki. This is the largest opera house i the world though the less said about its othe qualities (especially of architectural imagination which gave out somewhere near the level of th basement) the better. The choreography is of th so-called kinesthetic variety, but with peculiarly alien touches; thus, the "adolescents" appear t be imitating ponies, and their scene alternately suggests a riding academy and a "Western," except that the Indians do not actually whoop; and in the *Rondes printanières* hands tremble over heads, I think to suggest spring sprouts on the way up. Apart from the fact that this sort of thing reduces a masterpiece to gag music, tying the music to something not essentially musical and never leaving it to its own description, the difficulty with these exterior associations is their inevitable triviality; and, in fact, any visual complement or commentary to a piece like the *Danse de la terre* is absurd. But the *Danse sacrale* saves *my* evening, if not *Le Sacre du printemps;* not so much the dance, though, as a dancer, one of the tender shoots, a petite blonde who falls on her back just before the end and in that position squirms, grinds, and bounces, exactly as the male audience would want her to do in bed.

May 25. I have been trying to picture the ruins of Warsaw at the end of the War, but a book which Jolanta gives me today, Ciborowski, *Warsaw, Its Destruction and Reconstruction*, does the job horribly well. On opposite pages photographs of the rubble heaps of 1945 are faced with photographs from exactly the same angles of the same sites today, and from these comparisons it is apparent that the feat of reconstruction here far surpasses that of any other city, German, Dutch, Russian included. But to look at this book is to lose the power of criticism, and to come away feeling that it is cruel and heinous to ridicule not only the new architecture but anything whatever.

No photograph of the prewar Ghetto is included (though "prewar Ghetto" is tautological: a postwar Ghetto does not exist). But if the enormity of the crime is unimaginable, one nevertheless has a sense of it here simply because nothing has replaced the center of the old quarter. The site is now an empty square formed by slab-style apartment houses, but of the largest home of the Jews in Europe no trace is to be found. A monument has been erected, a prismoid pile of black

ranite placed on a plinth and flanked by black marble Menorahs which, to remind the world that the Jews of Warsaw chose to die fighting, are sustained by rampant pairs of Maccabean lions. In the center of the monument an attempt has been made to depict the murder of the Ghetto in sculptured reliefs of resisting figures, all of them impossibly heroic and even more impossibly husky —as if anything so monstrous could be suggested in a vignette tableau, even in a good one; an eternal flame should be lighted here, or rather, seven flames on a candelabrum. On the stone there is a faint chalk mark of the figure 6,000,000 and as I stand looking at it, an old woman wrapped in black and leaning on a small boy walks slowly up to it and spreads a handful of posies under the six zeros.

Later I try to question Jolanta about the Jewish population of Poland today—one sees announcements in Hebrew on the kiosks in Nowy Swiat, a play by Isaac Babel is currently on the local boards, and a few dishes on the hotel menu are described as Jewish, though one wonders whether there are Jews to eat them. But I learn nothing beyond a statement that "we make no distinctions," and her pretty poker face belongs entirely to the professional Ninotchka side. Then suddenly she volunteers the information that "nowadays Polish youth have no sense of belief that such things as Oswiecim really happened"—which is no doubt true; what else is the failure of history? (Mrs. Stravinsky says that in her childhood, the Poles never used the word "Hebrew" but only the contemptuous "Yid," and she recalls how her father took her through the Warsaw Ghetto which was famous for beautiful women.)

But Jolanta is changing, nevertheless, and I am certain now that the Ninotchka carapace can be crumbled entirely, and in no very great time. The first crack in the wall, though still hardly visible on the outer edifice, is that she has begun to show feelings, and no matter that they are feelings purely of national pride. I see now that at least she is no mercenary, and if a bureaucrat, then one with a soul for the job. What she wishes to achieve above all, and is working for even through me, is the cultural autonomy of Poland and a new *Regnum Poloniae* of the arts; and I offend her most, I now realize, when I fail to distinguish the Polish from the Russian in that to me gray area where the two seem to shade into each other. I have blanketed the Slav under the Russian, in remark after remark, and have consistently failed to distinguish the very Poland that is for her so vividly individual; and I am aware of this even now only because in this area she is so quick to correct me. But that I could have mistaken her ingenuous Polish sentiments for a simulated animadversion to Russia and a political ploy, is more embarrassing. Big Brother *is* listening, of course—we may be swallowing detector capsules with every meal, and everybody from the chauffeur to the waiter may be a gumshoe —but not through Jolanta's attractive antennae, at least not in the way I suspected at first. But patriotism and the suppression of feelings in favor of duties exact their price in a woman, a price, usually, of femininity—though it may also be a rule of the job to keep the man at bay; in any case, Jolanta needs an eye-do and a hairdo (the hat has at last come off) for a start. But what, I wonder, has she been told about me, the me she now addresses as "yourthelf," her lips opening flowerlike and further outward to pronounce English than Polish, forming at the same time a graceless but tempting pucker.

Columbia Broadcasting System Television has asked the Ministry of Culture to "lay on a gay crowd if possible in regional costume," for Stravinsky's arrival this afternoon, but the request is turned down with the excuse that "Poles are not a gay people." "What about the polonaise and the mazurka?" CBS answers, but the Ministry will not be drawn into a definition of its people's temperament, which, after all, is an ideological question nowadays. (Whether "gay" is the word, though, and "Poles" apart, the people of Warsaw seem to me to be remarkably cheerful and light-humored.) At the airport there is a crackle of cameras like a pinewoods fire as Stravinsky leaves the plane, and some evidence, as he steps down, of a bibulous lunch. But soggy with Polish vodka as in fact he proves to be (he seems to mistake the TV-men poking their light meters in his face for traffic police testing for drink), he manages to say the right things in a speech.

Already the Stravinskys begin to react to the Poles as Russians of fifty years ago, and a few minutes of conversation suffice to revert them to the national prejudices of their youth. These amount to something like the so-called natural Russian anti-Polish sentiments of which Dostoevski (though not Tolstoi, at least not late-Tolstoi; *cf.* the treatment of Lozinsky in *Resurrection*) is full of examples; at least, if I remember correctly Dostoevski refers despisingly to the Poles as "Polischesko" and Dimitri Karamazov denounces someone as a typical "Mister Cheating Pole." I.S. begins to recall Russian phrases that mock Polish pomposity and Polish servility and obsequiousness (which Mrs. S. describes as es-

pecially dripping: "I am already on my knees," or "already prostrate before you"); and both Stravinskys aver that the hypocrisy of the Poles exceeds that of the Viennese, whose failings (or successes) in this field are so famous. No doubt they are right, too: why should the character not develop in these directions with a thousand years of that geopolitical background? "To Russian ears," says I.S., "the Polish language sounds like a comical argot, full of somehow related but strangely inappropriate words, like saying of a good perfume that it stinks."

May 26. When I. S. appears at the rehearsal this morning, the orchestra does not know how to greet him. Some of the players applaud, some stand, some remain seated, but all hesitate until Maestro Rowicki gives them a signal, at which they leap to their feet and give forth with a genuine though too-late-to-be-spontaneous ovation. This uncertainty followed by late but fervent action is interpreted by Mrs. S. as an example of the effects on the Polish character of their historical habits of palliation. And she claims that I.S. shares this character, that it is a mark of—as she says with no great fondness for it—"his Polish side. When I ask him whether he would prefer to do this or that and he replies with 'I don't know, what would *you* like?', I hear the voice of his Polish ancestors." But I myself, seeing I.S. here, think that his manners—a little sweet, a little overpolite—are more Polish than Russian.

In fact, we soon *do* hear some of those voices, in the form of relatives, cousins they pretend, and though it is the first day, people calling themselves Strawinski are already swarming to him, like a gathering of the clans. The name is legion here, so we are told, and though telephone books do not exist, the letters and name cards piling up with the concierge are proof of it. A distant female cousin, heavily armed with photograph albums, calls on him during lunch, but though I.S. recognizes some of the faces in her files, when she pulls him out of earshot we deduce, and correctly, that genealogical research is less the object of her visit than *zlotys*. Another apparently *bona fide* relative is a Doctor Konstanty Strawinski, the Director of the Zoological Institute of the University Marie-Curie Sklodowska in Lublin; fortunately, he has contented himself with a letter. Another, though no-kin, correspondent is a poet, Anatol Stern, who encloses a reprint of his interview with I.S. in the Warsaw Bristol Hotel in 1925. In it, Mrs. S. is indiscreetly identified as a "Russian lady-friend," and the ill humor of both I.S. and Mrs. S. with Warsaw, the hotel, and the interviewer himself comes through saliently and characteristically, though not, I think, to Mr. Stern. But the most interesting of all the letters is from the daughter of I.S.'s family doctor at the turn of the century in Ustilug, Russia. This Dr. Backnitsky was a friend of the Marxist Plekhanov from whom he used to receive letters which I. S. also read, "as they were written in an unusually intelligible German; that was my first knowledge of Marxism." I.S. has been sending money to Madame Backnitsky regularly since the war. She remembers playing with his children in Ustilug in her youth.

A reception in the evening by the Union of Composers at their home in the Rynek Starego Niasta, which is the heart of the old city; or, rather, of the rebuilt old city, for every edifice was reduced to rubble during the insurrection of 1944, and every one has since been reproduced in replica, so that the "Rynek" (market), can again be recognized from Canaletto. But as much as one is compelled to admire the feat of this rebuilding or at any rate the spirit of it, these five-year-old medieval houses in which even the creak of ancient floorboards has been added, are a little eerie, like movie sets, and I prefer the new city no matter how ugly. The composers are shy, hospitable, well-informed, as people *are* who stay home and read books. They are patriotically proud, too, in the same way as Jolanta. One of them tells me that "though Moskowski may not have been a very great composer" (no argument) "he *was* Polish"; and I.S. is questioned again and again about his friendship with Szymanowski, whose *Stabat Mater*, written in the shadow of the *Symphony of Psalms*, is here thought to compare not extremely unfavorably with it. Even before coming to Poland I.S. has feared that he would be kidnaped by, as he says, "the older and reactionary generation," and, in fact, this must have happened to some extent as none of the younger "progressives" is present, not Baird, Gorecki, Penderecki, Serocki, or Lutoslawski (whose *Three Poems by Henri Michaux* has become the display masterpiece of all postwar Polish music). But then, officialdom is always conservative and for a guest of I.S.'s stature it cannot be escaped. What I regret is that we fail to see in this group those signs of the really remarkable musical renaissance which, since the war, has brought the country not only world prestige but enriched it with so many gifted composers, conductors, instrumentalists, and—yes—entrepreneurs, which is a strangely un-Marxist term, but however much the Polish movement came into being as a showcase protest against the Stalinist East, it is the West the Poles

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ave sought to impress. Poland today in music, painting, poetry, and cinematography is an argument for the theory that great suffering produces strong feeling which produces art.

As we depart, toasts are given (in French the language of most of the conversations), each one ending with a "*vive* Stra-vinski." I.S., very much in his element, replies to them castigating Russia for the largest share of Poland's miseries. He seems to assume that these Poles are anti-Russian as Poles generally were in his youth and refers ing twice to the "Iron Curtain," at which times one can fairly hear the creak of those new-old floorboards.

May 27. There is a rehearsal this morning just before ours, by the Cleveland Orchestra now returning from a Russian tour. What a contrast to the Warsaw Phil! The ensemble of the Americans is so perfect, and the playing so polished and refined, and beautifully in tune; every note is squarely in the center of the pitch, unlike the Warsaw Phil the notes fall around the pitch as though on trapeze. I conduct, and the tempos adjusted somewhat to the Poles, and the effect of the Clevelanders' efficiency and finesse is momentarily stirring some interest. Only to the extent that we have come to admire the crudity, or call it the vulgar guts, of the Warsaw Orchestra which the Cleveland has been asked to iron out.

We learn today that permission for I.S. to visit his old home in Ustilug will *not* be forthcoming, this after appeals to the Russian embassies in Washington and Warsaw, and even directly to the Kremlin. Ustilug is in a pink zone and therefore automatically off-bounds to foreigners, but we had hoped for permission anyway because the reasons for the zoning are not military or strategic but the Poles, but economic. The neighborhood is reputed to be poor and squalid (mule carts, poorly clothed and shod peasants, etc.), and the Russians prefer to keep such places swept under the carpet—or, at least, not advertised on American television.

Jolanta, as I discover in a revealing conversation, our most personal so far, conceives of history entirely in cultural terms. To begin with, she draws a firm line between "Slav" and "German" cultural watersheds. Then, too, she subscribes to the idea that the Soviet Union is merely the contemporary manifestation of *Russian* history, as Nazism was of *German* history. And she thinks that though nationalism may have declined at the end of the war because of the larger, late-Roman Empire type of division of East and West, "in the Socialist countries it is again more important than ever." But *is* the East/West fracture so very sharp in Poland, I ask, and for answer am instructed to study her country from the point of view of a middle ground, an Eastern language with Western alphabet, an Eastern people with a Western church. But what does "the West" mean to her? "Ideas of liberty and democracy, never much cultivated here," she says, very readily. "Nevertheless, we believe that our Socialism is more profoundly democratic in its aims than yours."

But if Jolanta is changing—and I and Igor are acting as correctives to each other, that action is bringing us together. In my case the worm has turned so far that I am becoming almost overly respectful of her Ninotchka seriousness and correspondingly ashamed of my native habit of laughter, with its detestable implication of superiority. And how embarrassing it is now to recall my bumptious untimely attempts at [illegible] to connect to the Wolf, and the perverse coldness and superficial comment on everything I have seen. But Jolanta still does not seem to be infected with my former laughter, which would be unrecognizable, especially as she does not enjoy jokes to laugh and the attempt is definitely unattractive. Worst of all, she now laughs, and excessively, at my silliest remarks only. Thus, when I question [illegible] about whether she [illegible] city at night, the Ninotchka guise tells me to "go to the Palace of Culture and Science." But when I mention the possibility of [illegible] and look at the Red Lamp that [illegible] I [illegible] 1:00 a.m. [illegible] 1:00 a.m. [illegible] with her reaction. How far, how far will this dangerous transformation go? for she is also becoming [illegible] parting, she permits me a cold peck of *amitié* on each cheek, Slav style, but lets me see at the same [illegible] much more [illegible] the millstone in the middle. He continues to concede at the rate it will be difficult in a day or two to recognize the truly adamant from the false.

May 28. The [illegible] concert tonight was gone more to get a famous "live animal" than to listen to the music, but I.S. receives a standing ovation, as well as after each piece bouquets of carnations in the national colors of red and white. We go to another concert afterwards, a kind of *jazz concrète musicale* by the two American film students who have stayed to pioneer it, though

M

professionally complacent eye which realization

aware when the same thing happens to his patient,

May 31. After a morning employed in packing, paying bills and pending leftover *lotys*, we go

them now seem perfectly at home speaking the

After this I escape with Jolanta to the Chateau park and follow its meanders to the roiling river, where there is a bilious sound of frogs and a dove-like wind. Here are the walks, the tall trees, and lush meadows with dandelion and buttercup, of my first daydreams of Russian novels, Tolstoi above all. And here at last, and in farewell, it is the turn of the sunflower. It is given slowly, silently, seriously, devotedly, persistently, and with no outwardly escaping sign of pleasure.

Back in Warsaw I attempt to collect the impressions of a week in the hope of finding two or three that have survived the mass reversals. But none has; and the subject of my Polish peroration must therefore be the reasons for the impossibility of composing it. Some of them—the brevity of the

perience and the lack of language and even of ommon" knowledge of the country—are obvis; and at least one difficulty must be the same, nearly the same, for every foreigner: the fact at not only is Warsaw not Poland, but that it is rdly even a continuation of the city it was (hav-g been clinically murdered, as doctors say, and ft alive only biologically). Still, to me the eatest obstacle of all is in the fact that the sitor becomes a victim of the ambivalences of e Poles themselves (that nonplussing switch to ussian at the lunch today), though to explain e statement I can only recall and compare my vn feelings in Russia where, because the attitude the Westerner is so comparatively clear, being bstantiated with power, the psychological disarges of the people are all positive. But what out the psychological strategies of a people hose map has changed with every power shift nd who during the whole of the nineteenth cenry were deprived of their very existence politally and territorially (though admittedly the chnological problems of the territory are virtually soluble, or soluble only by transplanting the inority populations to their demographic gravy centers)? And what of a people who when nally reconstituted at Versailles found themelves a full century behind the West (whereas beore the partition, in the time of Stanislaus Leczinski and others, they had been in the vanguard of the Enlightenment), and who were therefore an easy prey at first to corruption and at last to Fascism? And, finally, what are the feelings of a nation which after a terrible war of "liberation" is now more than ever before the instrument of another power?

To read even a little in the history of Poland is to be astonished by the survival of a Polish culture at all. The explanation must lie in the integrity of the people. They were a heroic people during the Occupation when in spite of the suffering no Quisling appeared, and collaboration was almost unknown. And the heroism has continued, for in many ways life is harder now. There was a mitigating hope under the Nazis in their overthrow and final defeat, but what hope for change is there now? I have no answer, but I know that every reference to the West and "the line" (the Iron Curtain) that I have heard from the Poles seems to contain a choke of emotion. And I know that living conditions *are* grim and not merely economically. The censorship is the worst in the world. It is a prison offense for us to carry a letter out, and money sent from relatives in the West, as well as much mail both ways, is confiscated or fails to arrive. Naturally the Poles are suspicious. It is a condition of survival in the underground where, swallowed but not eaten, they still live.

Don't bomb "human nature" out of existence

by John Tagliabue

It is natural to be gloomy now and then,
doomsday must have gotten its name from many moods
in order to keep us company so long, I feel rejected, I feel like
    a failure, I wonder about the future,
I inexplainably feel gloomy, melancholy, wishy-washy,
    without even much desire,
dumb, drastic, sometimes even slightly just very slightly but
    really very slightly suicidal;
somebody says "snap out of it" but since certainly it is
    part of It
and I am part of you and we are intuitive, insiders,
    know about
    melancholy according to Burton, Keats, and Chopin
    know about hell according to Dante
    and our own damn moods
since certainly cycles repeat th- we must re-affirm
    that nature is here to stay,
Please, Lao-tzu, don't let it go away.

Harper's Magazine, February 1964



The Making of a Soldier USA

by Louis Simpson

An American poet remembers how he prepared for World War II in the Army Specialized Training Program and in the end came to long for combat.

One January morning I left my steam-heated room at Columbia University and took the subway down to the Armory, a black building with castellated walls on Fourth Avenue. There I joined a line of draftees. We were loaded on trucks and transported to Fort Dix, New Jersey. We removed our clothing and stood in line. The line moved forward; supply sergeants thrust olive-drab clothing, eating utensils, and gas masks at us, and we emerged at the end of the line as soldiers.

For a few days we sluiced the barracks floors and "policed the area," picking up bits of fluff from the gravel between the buildings. Then we were divided in groups, marched to the railhead, and sent off in boxcars. All day the train clicketyclacked, hooting across a wilderness with shacks straggling away from the rails. At night, when the stopping train jerked me awake, I looked out on the stilly lights of strange cities.

My destination was a tank regiment in Texas. On the first evening in camp, for want of anything else to do, I sat in the room where men were writing letters home—how intently they bent their heads and wrote!—and looked at the tank-training manuals. There were diagrams of tank tactics, trajectories of fire, *et cetera*. It didn't look like much of a future. A bugle sounded us to bed.

Before dawn I woke, shivering with cold. I had never been so cold in my life. While it was still dark, the bugle sounded reveille. Though we had worn our long johns to bed—a garment of gray-white woolen underwear—getting out was like getting into a cold bath. The naked moment of putting your feet to the floor! Someone threw lumps of coal into the iron stove and lit it. We

ressed as close to the heat as we could, then fell ut under the frosty stars, and were shoved and ommanded by the sergeants into the semblance f a company formation.

Before dawn the tanks loomed as shadows gainst the sky, with high turrets and cannons ike elephants' trunks. When morning filtered hrough the bleak sky, the shadows parted, re-ealing machines of a remarkable ugliness, lop-ided metal boxes studded with rivets. These were he General Grants, created on a design exactly pposite to that which was needed in tanks. In a ank you want a low silhouette and a long gun; the Grant had a short gun and a high silhouette.

But I was not concerned with field problems. What troubled me was the machinery—for example, he track, a belt of iron teeth which, our sergeant nformed us, would sometimes break; we would hen have to kink it together again, as though it were a watch strap. My fingers, crammed into my ockets where I was trying to warm them, were nticipating being flattened between the sledge-ammer and teeth of broken track. We climbed nto the turret. The gun breeches, with a cold rap now and then, promised to knock our brains out. Here, the sergeant explained, shells would be stacked all around us. I could see myself being blown to smithereens, or, more likely, fried to a crisp. I have met infantrymen who wanted to be in the Air Force; for my part, I yearned for a transfer to a mere rifle company.

We were given instruction in tank driving. The idea was simple. You pulled on a lever that braked one track; the other track would keep going and the tank would lurch in the braked direction. The farm boys, fresh from tractors, had no trouble with this, neither did truck drivers from Brooklyn; but I had never driven anything but a bicycle. At one point my instructor shouted, "Jesus Christ!" and swung at my head with a monkey wrench—though I don't believe he was really trying to kill me; it was just self-defense. They listed me not as a driver, but as loader and radioman.

Meanwhile we were learning to roll a pack and march; to take apart, put together, and shoot a tommy gun, rifle, pistol, and .30 caliber machine gun. Also we did KP, the bane of enlisted men, which calls you out of bed in the freezing dark to go and serve the cook—and all cooks are ill-tempered—clearing away swill, and scouring greasy pots, and peeling potatoes, until—when it seems you will never escape—you have scrubbed down the last table, and are released to grope your way back to bed by starlight. During this period, also, we were trotted, in our heavy overcoats, from the drill field to heated rooms, where we were shown movies. I remember one about the consequences of fornication. Who was the fine actor with half a face who made such an impression on the theater-goers of Camp Bowie? He was more appalling than the Phantom of the Opera. When he told in a mournful voice how he had got that way, even the married men blanched.

The Colonel Asked . . .

The aim of military training is not just to prepare men for battle, but to make them long for it. Inspections are one way to achieve this. When you've washed the barracks windows and floor till they are speckless, you arrange your clothing and equipment in symmetrical patterns on and around a bed made tight as a drum. You stand at attention while a colonel and your company officers pass by. Sometimes the colonel stops in front of you. He may ask you to recite one of the sacred orders of guard duty; he may look through the barrel of your weapon, or harass you in a new way.

The colonel stopped in front of me.

"Soldier," he said, "do you believe in God?"

For weeks no one had asked my opinion about anything. My vanity was roused and I seized the opportunity to star. I hesitated, then said, "No, sir."

In a moment the air seemed to have become as fragile as glass. I had already begun to be sorry. The colonel spoke again. "Soldier, look out of that window."

I looked. There was a brown glimpse of Texas and a slice of sky. There were the tanks drawn up in rows.

"Who made all that?"

Someone else might have replied, "General Motors," but I didn't. Retreating from my expressed position as fast as possible, I said, "I suppose it was God, sir."

The colonel told me that He had, and not to forget it, and proceeded on his way.

When the officers had left the barracks, my platoon sergeant stared at me and exclaimed bitterly, "Why did he have to ask *him*!"

The sergeant was a Regular Army man. The

Louis Simpson won the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry for his "At the End of the Open Road" (1964). He is associate professor of English at the University of California and the author of the novel "Riverside Drive." After his combat service in World War II, he took A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. degrees at Columbia University, and studied also in Rome and Southern France.

war, which I thought of as a personal experience which was adding to my education, was just another job to him, and the only important thing was to do it right. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Where We Beat the Germans

The regiment was sent to Hood. Today, in city apartments, housing developments, offices and gas stations and supermarkets, there are hundreds of thousands of men joined by one silent name—Hood! Conceive a plain of absolute brown, broken only by clumps of thorn and stunted trees, and in the middle of this desert, white barracks laid out in perfect rectangles; a city in the middle of Nowhere, housing eighty thousand souls. The sun rises and stirs this ant heap; men march here and there; they enter machines, and the machines proceed in files into the desert, where, in clouds of dust, they dart to and fro, or stand immobile. At noon the plain is burning with heat. Then the machines return to the center; the ant files wind back to their nests. Stars swim out, and the plain is gripped with cold.

Hood was for the training of tank destroyers and a handful of tanks. The tank destroyers were open armored cars with wheels in front and tracks in the rear, mounting a cannon. They were supposed to knock out tanks with one or two well-placed projectiles, and depart at speed before they could be hit. That, at least, was the theory. Our tanks were supposed to maneuver with or against them.

We turned out in the freezing dawn. I climbed into the tank turret, put on my helmet, and strapped myself to the seat. The tank lurched with whining engines and jingling, squeaking tracks over the plain. When the sun rose, through the periscope I glimpsed jigsaw pieces of sky and earth. We traveled in clouds of dust. Dust entered by every crack; it turned our green fatigues brown and filled our nostrils. Through the earphones which as radioman I wore, came sounds of command, drawling Tennessee and nervous New Jersey, exchanged by the lieutenants and sergeants. At noon we panted in universal heat. At the end of day, we joggled home, and came to a stop. But the task was not over. The tank guns then had to be cleaned and greased—the seventy-five by pushing a ramrod down its snout—and sometimes a track had to be repaired. While the infantryman returned to barracks, cleaned his rifle, showered, and went his way to chow and a movie, we struggled with our monster, cursing, shoving, sledge-hammering.

Hood! It was there we beat the Germans. There, shivering at dawn and sweating at noon, we endured the climates of Africa and pestilent Kwajalein. The iron of which those tanks were made entered our souls. Hood was our university. There we got our real education, which set us off from the men who came before and the men who came after. Sometimes in speaking to older men I have sensed there is a veil between us; and to a man of twenty-five, there are things I cannot explain.



Under certain conditions human nature can be changed into something else. A man can be changed from a political animal into a machine—articulated to climb or leap from a height, to swing a sledge-hammer, to dig with a shovel. His instincts can be trained so that with fingers from which all doubt has departed he can pick apart a machine gun under a blanket and assemble it again. Turn men out of their offices, separate them from the flesh of women, and books, and chairs; expose them to the naked sky and set them drudging at physical tasks, and in a few months you can change the mind itself. Religion, philosophy, mathematics, art, and all the other abstractions, can be blotted out as though they never

isted. This is how Ur and Karnak vanished and is is how the Ice Age will return.

For recreation in the evenings I'd take a bus—u couldn't walk the distances—to the main PX, d fill myself with beer and ice cream, and smoke cigar. Or go to the movies. At that time Holly-ood was producing patriotic musical comedies; the finale, soldiers, sailors, marines, and chorus rls marked time with a hand salute, while Old ory spread fluttering on the screen.

On our rare two-day passes, we went on des-erate expeditions. The nearest settlement, Kil-en, was not a town but a street trodden into muck boot soles, like a cattle wallow. There were no omen in Killeen. So we swarmed to towns hun-reds of miles away—Fort Worth, or sparkling ew, skyscrapered Dallas, or Houston—there, after rowling the streets and parks, once more to enter theater and gaze at pictures. The aroma of pop-orn . . . the slumped shoulders of the soldier snor-ng in the seat before you . . . then the propulsion nce more into the streets, the glare of afternoon, ith nothing to do but eat in a greasy restaurant nd return to camp . . .

Most accounts of Army life describe a variety of haracters, but I do not remember any who were emarkable. My tank crew included a soft-spoken, Southern sergeant; a driver with a rugged build nd a face like a boot; and a half-witted fellow amed Maniscalco. When I went to town, it was sually with a fat boy from New York named Mar-in and a Jersey boy named Bob. Marvin sprinkled is conversation with French words got out of ooks. We made a rakish threesome in the streets, hreatening the virtue of stenographers, but noth-ng came of it.

All at once, by a stroke of good fortune, Marvin, Bob, and I were taken out of the tanks. The Army had instituted a program of specialized training in order to turn enlisted men into technicians. I applied for language training. When the orders came we were all listed for engineering. I did not quibble; I packed my bags and left.

There is an epilogue to this history of the tanks. Years later in Manhattan, when I was on the sub-way, I saw the face of Maniscalco, the half-wit of my crew. I asked him what had happened to the company after I left.

"We went overseas," he said. "You was lucky to get out. The tank was hit by a shell. We was all wounded, and the driver was killed."

The specialized training program was a fraction of the sum of waste, the incalculable extravagance of war. Bob, Marvin, and I were sent to Louisiana State University and housed among lawns and flowering shrubs. In the morning we marched to classes, and for an hour in the afternoon we did calisthenics. It must have rapidly become clear that most of the trainees were not qualified to be engineers, yet the program continued while, around half the world, slender battalions, gasping for relief, bore the brunt of the fighting.

We knew how lucky we were and had no qualms about it. In our spare time we loafed around the swimming pool. This easy life, together with heavy army meals, began to make us puffy. Marvin discovered that some of the Louisiana girls spoke a kind of French; his line of French patter struck them as hilarious, and in no time at all we had dates. In the evenings on the banks of the Mississippi I found myself wrestling with a young woman who smelled like a cosmetics counter. These conflicts left me weak, and it was as much as I could do to get out of bed at reveille.

"Find Your Outfit"

But, for all I know, Louisiana belles may still be as chaste as Diana, for the training program was scrapped as suddenly as it started, and I was sent off to an infantry division in Missouri. Bob and Marvin were shipped to an armored division; I congratulated myself on having the better luck.

It was the middle of winter. Somehow I got delayed in transit, and when I wandered into the headquarters of my new division, at Fort Leonard Wood, on a freezing December night, I was received with anything but joy.

"Your outfit is out there," said a first sergeant, pointing into the black Missouri woods and hills. "Find it."

Lugging my pack and rifle, I wandered through the night. It was snowing fitfully; here and there, campfires burned. Inquiring the way, at last I arrived at the right company, the right platoon, and the right squad, huddled round a fire in their blankets, with their boots practically in the embers. The squad corporal, a wiry young Italian, seemed possessed by devils. Uttering a stream of obscenity, he showed me a machine gun mounted on a tripod.

"You're the ammo bearer," he said. "Stand guard over that gun. What are you, one of those fuggin ASTP jerks? I don't want any of your fuggin crap!"

I stood over the gun in the cutting wind, with snow driving into my face. The bleak day rose. Men stirred, groaned, and got to their feet. They dragged dry branches to the fire and heated their rations in blackened mess kits. They were like a

company of the dead. I had been assigned, it seemed, to the worst fuggin company, of the worst fuggin division, in the Army.

Experience confirmed this impression. The outfit was a kind of factory for turning out infantry replacements who would go overseas. The division itself never hoped to move. On the muddy, snow-covered hills of Missouri, it stumbled to and fro, cursing obscenely. The air had a smell of coal smoke and rusty iron. I stepped along in the files of the damned, carrying ammunition boxes that grew heavy as lead. And behind me, or in front, or to one side, howled the infernal corporal, Fugg.

One day I found my name on the bulletin board; I was to gather my equipment and present myself at company headquarters. There the captain made a speech, disclaiming all responsibility for our incapacity, saluted with a final downward motion of the arm as though consigning us to hell, and released us from his jurisdiction. We were marched onto a train, and a few days later reached the Atlantic. Carrying our heavy barracks bags over one shoulder, we filed up a ramp, onto the deck of a ship, and groped our way down ladders into the hold. So, at last I went to war.

"Military servitude"—Vigny's phrase—how well it describes life in barracks! Details, drill, inspections, field problems, parades—the way of life of Regular Army men—all this was intolerable.

Action was better. In training you were alway anticipating combat; you were oppressed by mar anxieties. In action you confronted the worst ar could hope for an end of things.

Who is the soldier with my face? He is strangel galvanized.

Holland . . . the churchyard at Veghel . . . W have turned off the road into a churchyard. I seems we are to dig in here, between the grave stones. Not at all conscious of the irony—irony an other defense mechanisms fade under pressure we begin our excavations. I am about a foot down when an airburst cracks over our heads and frag ments of metal hum by, thwack against the tree trunks, slice into the ground.

In a wink, the company has vanished. We are lying on our faces in a hot passion of burrowing.

The airbursts follow one after the other. It's a trap, and we're caught in it. The Germans must have eighty-eights looking right down our throats.

Someone is shouting, "Medic!"

There's a tap on my left shoulder blade, and something trickles down my back. Blood. I've been hit.

I hear my name being called. It's the sergeant. I crawl out of my hole and approach him, on knees and elbows, cradling my rifle in my arms.

"Go back to Headquarters Section. Tell them that the mortars are out of ammunition."

I get to my feet and run crouching between the graves. I'm aware of explosions all around and a humming of jagged iron. But I have a strange feeling of joy. I've been tagged already—I'm safe. But, more than this, I'm exhilarated at the prospect of doing something.

I get to Headquarters, and find the first sergeant kneeling over cloverleaf containers of mortar shells.

"Take these up," he says.

A container under each arm, my rifle slung over my shoulder, I begin the return journey. More airbursts. Bullets are flying too, but I don't hear them.

I get to the mortars, and let the containers down into the hands of the crew. They look grateful. I start back for more.

And now I've lost count of the trips. As I run I feel like a broken-field runner on his lucky day.



Harper's Magazine, February 1966

Needed: A New Breed of School Superintendent

by Allan R. Talbot

needs to be a combined guerrilla hter, politician, and topflight admin- rator—but his nearly impossible job s very little to do with education.

n a Sunday night in August 1963, six leading erican city school superintendents met in a timore restaurant on the eve of a conference on ool desegregation sponsored by the Ford ndation.

he eminent six were Allen H. Whetter of iladelphia, David G. Salten of New Rochelle, rence G. Paquin of New Haven, Philip J. key of St. Louis, George B. Brain of Baltimore, l Calvin E. Gross of New York.

oday, a little over two years later, not one of se men still holds the same job. With the ex- tion of Mr. Hickey, who died, all have been d or transferred to other cities, or have quit profession altogether.

o anyone who cares about the state of our ools, this high casualty rate is a cause of deep cern, for it is no accident. On the contrary, eat, dismissal, and transfer are the standard eriences of city school superintendents, es- ially those who try to achieve desperately improvements instead of coasting with the tus quo.

Who is to blame for this appalling pattern? r teachers' colleges and graduate schools of education are popular scapegoats. James Bryant Conant took them to task in *The Education of American Teachers*. And James D. Koerner in *The Miseducation of American Teachers* argues that the drab intellectual fare served at most teachers' colleges attracts only mediocre students. They become public school teachers; and from their ranks are drawn the superintendents, doomed to frustration by their basic inability when they face the formidable challenge of running a large system.

While this diagnosis is not without validity, it does not explain why a man of the high intellectual caliber of Calvin Gross, who was also trained in a teachers' college, failed in New York as far lesser men have failed or are failing in other cities.

The answer, in my view, is that the education profession is producing graduates ill-prepared or unsuited to survive the guerrilla warfare of public service in the cities. I would also add that training in teachers' colleges and experience as a teacher, principal, or surburban school superintendent are largely irrelevant preparation for the staggering problems of running an urban school system. Here is how one candid superintendent described the job:

> I have the biggest budget in the city and the finance board treats me with the same indifference it does the dog warden. I have teacher groups and politicians against me because I'm at least trying to clear out some of the dead

wood in the system. I have the civil-rights groups against me because they want the schools desegregated yesterday. I have parent groups against me because a school bus doesn't stop at this corner or because there's no cold-lunch program at that school. About the only thing I have going for me is my wife, although I can't be sure even of that because I haven't seen her for more than five minutes at a time for the past two weeks.

Virtually every city school chief in the country is similarly beleaguered. Year after year he must take on such daunting assignments as selling the city fathers and taxpayers on a bigger budget, replacing the 10 to 20 per cent of his teaching staff who regularly vanish, and somehow squeezing an unpredictable horde of children into a fixed number of classrooms. And he must cope with this oppressive work load virtually single-handed, for he has no really trusted lieutenants. When he arrived on the scene he inherited his top staff from the system. Among them were men and women of varying competence and an assortment of unfulfilled ambitions. Several thought they should have been tapped for the top job themselves and most of them have firm and time-honored notions about how things should be run. So he works from the outset in a climate of backbiting and petty jealousies. These are, of course, the chronic ailments of all large bureaucracies. But they are peculiarly rampant in the world of city schools, thanks to the tenure system, overblown notions of professionalism, and the unstable power structure that results from a high turnover of superintendents.

Perhaps the new chief has hopes of bringing in fresh talents to serve as his chief aides. He will be thwarted by rigid professional limitations which prevent him from finding the best man for a particular job. Instead he must settle for the best available one who has the requisite teaching experience and education credits ordained by the state's certification machinery. Apart from these handicaps, he hesitates to import many outsiders for fear of offending local sensitivities, particularly those of officers in professional organizations who tend to regard these posts as stepping-stones to advancement in the system.

Trained by textbook, and seasoned usually in the relatively utopian schools of suburbia, the new man finds himself separated from his teachin staff by layers of hostile or apathetic administra tors. And inevitably he is caught up in the hurly burly of big-city politics.

Nothing in his background or previous caree has prepared him for dealing with problems of thi sort which are not, in any sense, "educational. Aware of the intrigue that surrounds him, he i hesitant to delegate authority, so he decides t go it alone in a job of incredible magnitude an burdensome detail. Public officials in New York Washington, and Philadelphia have told me tha the chief reason why the ablest and best-inten tioned superintendents accomplish little in th schools is their lack of subordinates whom they can fully trust.

Ironically, the loner is just the kind of super intendent many school boards look for—a man without local entanglements who represents no clique and hence is not opposed by any. As one principal put it when a vacancy loomed in the superintendent's office, "If you take Jones, then the Principals' Club will oppose him. If you pick Smith, the Teachers' League will be furious. If you settle on Brown, I'll never talk to you again. The only way to really satisfy all of us is to pick some outsider so we can all get together and give him hell."

Some superintendents survive this crossfire by being gregarious good guys. They stay out of staff disputes and tell all the professional organizations precisely what they want to hear. The price of such affability, of course, is to accomplish little in the schools. Others, emboldened by the knowledge that good superintendents are hard to find, assume that their boards will probably back them up—for a while anyhow. So they take on the local power groups. This has been the strategy of Benjamin Willis of Chicago, who, borrowing a page from de Gaulle's book, has used the threat of resignation to get his way in recurring controversies.

Out of Eighty Candidates . . .

Hunting for a city school superintendent is a peculiar agony which most boards are understandably anxious to avoid. I watched such a search in New Haven last spring when Superintendent Paquin announced his decision to depart for Baltimore.

The board sent out a call for a replacement to the graduate schools of education which act as employment agencies for school superintendents. The response was large—some eighty inquiries. The board whittled this list down to fifteen who

Allan R. Talbot is now director of administration for Community Progress, Inc., an anti-poverty organization that was started by the Ford Foundation in 1962. He was formerly an administrative assistant to Mayor Lee of New Haven, and he and his wife have both been teachers.

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seemed worth interviewing. Each of them was invited to meet informally with board members and present his own ideas on how to improve the schools of New Haven. The sessions that followed were painfully arid.

One man, for example, felt the goal should be a ". . . dynamic of ongoing dialogue, structured and spontaneous, between superintendent and teaching staff." Another stressed the need for modern facilities; to illustrate his point he produced a photo of a drab-looking high school he had built in a suburban lot. Still another described a program for tutoring three Negro children in a predominately white school system, an experience he felt highly pertinent to the race problem in New Haven, where roughly 40 per cent of the students are non-white.

Two of the fifteen seemed bright and venturesome. The board was genuinely interested in them. But before negotiations could even be started, both of them dropped out—their own boards, evidently,

great promise. Two devoted themselves mainly to

boards rather than to impressing the board with their abilities. Two were leaders of the system

eran of the New Haven system. Oddly, he was he had not even applied for the job. His quiet em-

Opening Bureaucratic Doors

Nor

appalling shortage of top-flight superintendents. On the other hand New York's recurring crises demonstrate that even when a first-rate professional man is hired he will be overwhelmed by the enormity of the problems he faces. Given this situation, where are we to find the strong, durable leaders so urgently needed? It seems self-evident that emergency measures are in order.

The first and most essential step, in my view, is to enlarge the field of choice. School boards today are obliged to find superintendents within the ranks of professional educators who have gone through graduate schools of education and had public school-teaching experience. This rigid requirement limits the choice, not only quantitatively but qualitatively. It rules out men or women who have demonstrated in business, law, labor, or public service that they can harness and lead large bureaucracies.

Professional educators have long argued that

pertise, that to let a nonprofessional run a school system would be like allowing ". . . a plumber to perform brain surgery." This analogy is false.

vote more than 10 per cent of his time to questions

ing with the local finance board, negotiating salaries, reviewing contracts and architectural drawings, principals, and fighting with parents' and teachers' groups. Few superintendents, to be sure, are happy with this state of affairs. They would far prefer to devote their energy to the educational problems for which they were trained. But the

tried to turn down the Defense Department job, arguing that he had no training for it. President Kennedy replied that he was aware of no school for either Cabinet members or Presidents.

posals are gathering dust on the shelves of countless libraries and in school offices across the

Nor are most schools today greatly handicapped by a shortage of funds. The Anti-poverty Program, the new Federal Education Act, private foundations, and increased state aid to public

What is, however, sadly lacking is the kind of vigorous leadership that could convert ideas and money into solid, functioning programs. This cannot be done by professional edicts emanating from a lonely voice in the superintendent's office. It can only be done with men and women who can function as public entrepreneurs—leaders with the ingenuity, verve, and energy so much more evident in other areas of national life than in public education.

Admittedly, the kind of leader who can move a large bureaucracy, sell a program to the politician

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ır children look to the example et for a healthful diet. Basic habits are usually established e time children enter school, ıese patterns for eating will be important factor in the mea- of good health and happiness ndividual achieves as a child, een-ager and as an adult.

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e foods are grouped on the basis kinds of nutrients they supply, and all the known nutrients are in the basic four food groups. Complete details are given in the Daily Food Guide. A free copy is yours for the asking. See offer below.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Milk is of primary importance in your family's daily diet because milk provides many essential nutrients. The Daily Food Guide suggests three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers, at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream).

Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Time to set up your own Family Fitness Program

Well-balanced meals are just one of the essential elements in keeping your family fit and healthy. Your family also needs adequate exercise and plenty of rest. You see, fitness means an ability to work with vigor and pleasure, without undue fatigue, with energy left for enjoying hobbies and recreational activities. To set up your own family fitness program, write to the President's Council on Physical Fitness, Room 1031, GAO Building, 441 G Street NW., Washington, D. C. 20203.

For your FREE copy of *Family Feeding For Fitness And Fun*, which includes a copy of the DAILY FOOD GUIDE, write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of

american dairy association

and the public, and create both the image and substance of success, is hard to find. It is absurd, however, to restrict the search for such leaders to one profession. No business does it; neither do the private schools and colleges nor the great majority of government agencies. Only public education is hamstrung in its talent search.

Most states require that before anyone can become a certified, card-carrying superintendent he must have at least six years of college training and some teaching experience. The precise nature of this training and experience varies from state to state. The rules are drawn either by the legislature or by the state education board, which in some places delegates day-to-day judgments to its chief executive officer. The results are odd.

For example, there is the New England school administrator who earned the required thirty-three hour-credits for graduate work in educational administration by a course of study which included two hours apiece in Driver Education, Prevention and Cure of Athletic Injuries, Organization of Extra Curricular Activities, and something called Camping and Outdoor Activities.

Many states are aware that such training is irrelevant and absurd. And there are encouraging signs of change. But in view of the critical situation now facing our city school systems, we simply cannot afford to wait while the educational mills slowly grind out new training programs.

The immediate answer is to open up the valves of the huge public school bureaucracy and allow new leadership from other fields to flow in—right now. Many educators will admit that they need help, in the privacy of off-the-record meetings and professional conferences. But publicly most of them still scream in protest over any move to make that help available by revising certification standards.

Yet despite the cries of foul, it is not illegal, impossible, or immoral to certify nonprofessionals as school superintendents. In twenty-five or more states it would require an act of the legislature. But elsewhere no legislative action would be needed. The state boards or state superintendents have the power to give provisional certification to an outstanding candidate who lacks the formal training and experience prescribed by the rule book. It would, of course, take a determined school board and plenty of local pressure to accomplish this. But it has happened. Indeed, one of the ablest big-city school superintendents now in office was given his working papers by administrative fiat. (I will not identify him since I suspect that some of his colleagues are likely to question his ability if they discover it was more natural than acquired through the rigors of profession training.)

Administrative discretion cannot, of course, applied in the states where a virtual Maginot Li of legal requirements has been built. Oth methods of attack, however, are available.

Professor Cyril Sargent of the City College New York, for example, has proposed to a priva foundation that it finance a nationwide hunt f bright, able administrators now in public servi and private industry—similar to the recruitir effort made during the early days of the Kenne Administration. The search would be for tale to serve in city government, mainly in the school The recruits would be given an intensive year university training and then assigned as speci assistants to school superintendents. After a fe years this "new breed," as Mr. Sargent calls i could begin to fill some of the top school jobs.

The short-run benefits of this idea are as e citing as the long-range results are promising. am told, for example, that Calvin Gross could hav made a real dent on the New York City school if only he had had a handful of able trusted spe cial assistants. I can think of at least six othe large-city superintendents who are at presen fighting the same kind of lonely battle. For then a few assistants of this new breed could mean th difference between moderate success and tota failure.

Managing the Unmanageabl

There are still other ways to bring new bloo into public education. One useful step would b to abolish altogether both the title and concep of school superintendent. As now conceived, h is expected to be at once a superb educator, a tireless administrator, and a political wheeler dealer of the first order. Only Superman coul match this job description. A more realistic arrangement would be to create the post of executive director and fill it with a nonprofessional Under him a variety of directors—chosen by the executive director and the school board—would deal with all phases of education. These posts could be filled by men now certified as superintendents.

Reforms at the top will not, however, be enough to make the task of running big-city schools manageable. The ablest administrator with the best assistants cannot develop a smooth-running organization out of a balky team. The key members of this team are school principals. They have tenure, they are close to teachers and parents, and they run the schools from day-to-day. But they

e surprisingly little control over what is to taught and by whom. Largely excluded from icy making, they tend to behave like feudal ons whose grudging cooperation the superinident must constantly woo.

have the impression that principals are so en irascible because they are bored with their s. Most of their time is spent on such custol chores as record-keeping, teachers' meetings, l schedules. Worst of all, they have little voice the choice of their own staff—generally the ncipal does no more than exercise final clear-e on candidates previously chosen by the cenl office.

would like to turn this process upside down the case of principals of unusual ability or potial. Let these principals do their own recruit-, with the downtown headquarters merely do the final clearing. In the process, I think, the ality of our teachers and school morale would prove, for a flesh-and-blood principal uses difent criteria in hiring and firing than a paperl-pencil bureaucracy.

Principals, I believe, should also have greater edom in the development of the school curulum. Students' needs and interests vary widefrom school to school, and those institutions ich have been cut loose from city-wide master ns have come up with impressive experiments d new ideas. I have in mind such New York ools as Brooklyn Tech, the Bronx High School Science for "gifted" children, and Junior High hool 43 which developed an effective "higher rizons" program for children from a low-ine area. The success of these special schools uld encourage cities to experiment with large ups of schools which would be permitted to velop programs designed specifically for their idents. They would, of course, have to maintain eptable educational standards; but how to do s should be left to the front-line educators. nong them, there is far more intelligence and ativity than is generally believed.

The prospect of unleashing principals and chers may appall some school executives who ll wonder how to control the situation. Money uld control it. At budget time, the principals uld submit individual school spending programs the superintendent who would award funds on e basis of school performance rather than any bitrary formula.

If we recruited and hired the new kind of ool superintendent we need, these men would ve a right to demand a very different kind of laboration from the city's political leaders than s been the practice. I am thinking particularly of the mayors of our cities who have generally done little to help their schools. Instead they have ducked the hot education issues on the grounds that "these are professional concerns beyond my responsibilities."

So superintendents have taken the blame for the sorry state of the schools. There are, of course, no simple yes or no political answers to school problems, particularly the acute question of school integration. As most Negroes see it, to oppose instant integration is to oppose better education for Negroes. Among many whites, to oppose segregation is to oppose the neighborhood school—a folk symbol of educational excellence. Only the mayor of the city can chart the course between these warring groups and win their support for substantive school improvements, such as curriculum revision, grade reorganization, special equipment, team teaching, campus schools, reduced class size, more tutoring, and better buildings.

A Crucial Balance

The future of millions of American children is being shaped right now in the often dingy, crowded classrooms of our city schools. A large number of these children are Negroes or come from families which, like the Negro, have scraped along in poverty for more generations than their parents can remember. Their only real chance for escape from the misery of their forebears is in the classroom. Our city schools must now accomplish what other institutions could not or would not do.

How well the schools help disadvantaged students and raise the quality of education for all students will be felt by the whole population. Demographers figure that if present trends continue, seven out of the ten major U. S. cities will have Negro majorities by 1990. If the city schools slip further, the white middle class will surely continue its exodus to the suburbs, for school quality and image are major magnets. But if the city schools improve—and they can—we can keep balanced city populations and not engage in the ultimate immorality of turning our cities into Negro reservations.

The dilemma of city schools is not just an educational problem; nor is it the exclusive responsibility of one profession. It is a major political and social challenge, and it is worthy of the best leadership we can provide. Our educators need help, lots of it. And to those who don't like the idea I quote my third-grade class motto from PS 94 in Queens—"That's tough."

Harper's Magazine, February 1966

The magic of Michik

You discover the unique difference the moment your Japan Air Lines hostess welcomes you aboard. Flying the Pacific, or to Southeast Asia and Europe, Michiko Komatsu and her sister hostesses bring you the enchantment of Japan itself.

You savor the classic graces of the Orient as Michiko serves you. A fragrant *o-shibori* hot towel to refresh you. Warmed *sake* in its exquisite cup—traditional welcome to wayfarers. Then your favorite cocktail and a sampling of *tsumami mono* delicacies before a superb Continental luncheon or dinner.

Relax in an aura of classic Japan

Even the decor of your magnificent DC-8 Jet Courier conspires to delight you. The pinebough brocade of the seats is a classic symbol of good fortune. The tortoise-shell motifs, wrought in gold leaf above you, are centuries-old designs signaling auspicious occasions. Michiko's silk kimono is itself a colorful touch of the magic awaiting you on Japan Air Lines.

Every week . . . 17 flights from California

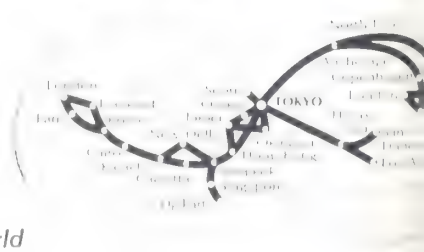
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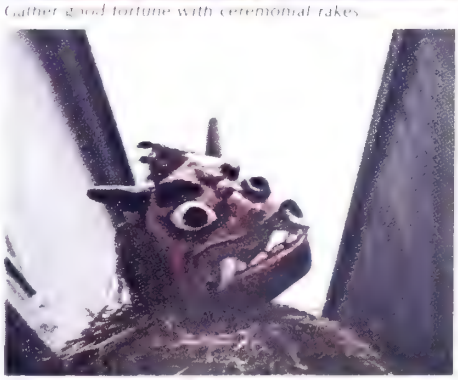
To make a wish come true, Michiko ties an omikuji fortune paper to the "message tree." There is similar sorcery in the way this charming Japan Air Lines hostess anticipates your every wish—even before you ask.



Japan's festivals honor the family heritage.



Gather good fortune with ceremonial rakes.



Placate visiting "kodi" with sake and cakes. Japan imparts magic to every occasion—including your JAL flight.

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BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

1866 1966 100 ANNIVERSARY

America in Salzburg

by Marya Mannes



w to face the problem of explaining e United States (with no apologies) a group of highly intelligent Euro-ans.

amed by white rococo arabesques and candles kering in golden sconces, Leopold Anton Count mian, Archbishop of Salzburg, looked vapidly of his painting across the great dining hall l over the heads of the forty-two Fellows of the minar in American Studies, the members of ir faculty, the staff of Schloss Leopoldskron, l the seven large round tables at which they re eating and drinking at the ceremonial ban-et of their final night.

Prolonged rapping of a glass stilled the general nor, and the toasts began. Four of the most iculate Fellows rose in turn and raised their ne to the four Americans who had lectured to em forty times and gathered them in seminars ht times each during the four weeks of this th Session.

The toasts were spoken with grace and feeling, and the lecturers responded each in his own manner, but all with a clear underlay of warmth. After the dinner, the entire company filtered down to the Great Hall where, to the accompaniment of records and a great many pitchers of wine and beer, teachers and families and Fellows danced on the marble floor, the steps—as the night wore on—increasing in fantasy as the sense of the talk diminished.

A month ago, even two weeks ago, none of the faculty and few of the Fellows would have believed this reciprocal glow, this sense of fusion and understanding among such disparate elements in such a strange and even artificial frame, to be possible. For the beginning of the 98th Session of the Seminar was—in the nature of all such beginnings at the Schloss—rough.

Not visually: restored and enhanced first by producer Max Reinhardt, who bought it in 1919 after a long succession of owners, and again revived by the Seminar from eight years of Gauleiter misuse in the second world war, the two-centuries-old Schloss Leopoldskron is a grand and elegant place. Its white façade fronts on a mirror-smooth lake, fringed with white water lilies and ridden with regal pride by two white swans; beyond the lake is the rocky rise of the Untersberg against a more distant range of peaks still flecked with snow. Boecklin? Tchaikovsky? Swan Lake, of course.

But as the four Americans straggled in on a sodden Friday, and had their first early dinner together in the huge echoing hall, even the solicitude of the Seminar staff failed to dispel the forebodings that a strange institution imposed on us.

Nor did our first view of the Fellows. All day Sunday they trickled in by train, minicar, or plane from their twelve countries; nine from Germany, two from Austria, six from Italy, five from France, three from Sweden, one from Denmark, three from Finland, one from Norway, three from the Netherlands, two from England, three from Ireland, one from Switzerland, two from Yugoslavia. Their ages ranged roughly from twenty-five to forty; they numbered among them teachers, civil servants, social workers, sociologists, journalists, political scientists, lawyers, economists, philosophers, and psychiatrists (one). Seventeen were women.

What, exactly, were these young Europeans expecting to get from us? They knew the general subject—Social Issues in the United States—and the titles of our respective courses: Sykes on "The Special Problems of Youth, the Aged, and Pockets of Poverty"; Birenbaum on "The Sociology of the Community"; Wolfbein on "Current

Research in the Behavioral Sciences"; myself on "Social Conflict and Racial Groups." But what did these really mean?

Our function, obviously, was to tell them about the United States. The origin and purpose of the Seminar had been established two years after the last world war by a group of young Harvard men who thought the time was ripe for exposing the new European generation to an exchange of ideas and more up-to-date information about America than they had access to. But during the first week we were not at all sure we were getting through to them. There on chairs unimaginably hard, in a white rococo chamber studded with mirrors and paintings set into cavorting gilded scrolls, sat these polite foreigners, watching four wholly different Americans speak of their country not only with corrosive candor but in styles of performance clearly not encountered by the Fellows in their own universities.

"We Are Not Used to . . ."

There was Gresham Sykes, formerly Professor of Sociology at Princeton, Northwestern, and Dartmouth, and most recently Executive Secretary of the American Sociological Association, in tweed, scarf at neck, sitting on a ledge with one knee hooked up under his elbow, using words like "turf," "kicks," "pad," "subculture," "charge," speaking rapidly, pipe in mouth or cigarette bobbing, while forty-odd pairs of ears tried to tune in and forty furrows appeared between puzzled eyes.

"I don't think they understand a damn thing I'm saying," he would say that first week. "I get the feeling that most of them are very weak on English anyway." The Fellows in turn would admit their confusion. "It is sometimes hard to follow," they would say, "one misses some of the words."

There was Seymour L. Wolfbein, the Director of the Office of Manpower, Automation, and Training at the Department of Labor, peering benignly over his glasses and hitching up his belt while he chalked up figures and percentages in work patterns and employment and then, without warning, turning to the Fellows and assailing them with questions: "How do you define an unemployed worker in your country? Is a retired worker 'unemployed'? How much social security does your average blue-collar worker get?" After a silence, timid hands were raised, and hesitant voices answered.

"We are not used to being asked questions this way," said one German. "The professors lecture and we listen; there is much formality." An I ian said, "There is always this . . ."—and his p moved widely apart—"between the teacher and h student."

There was William M. Birenbaum, Vice Pr dent and Provost of the Brooklyn Center, L Island University, powerfully articulate, drav maps and symbols, using charts and surv speaking in terms of millions—people, dollars, lege students—and hurling at the Fellows u problems of such vast proportions that you c see the shock and incredulity on many faces. had no idea, really," said an Austrian legal dent, "the bigness of it all with you, the culty. . . ."

And there was I, a writer, a woman without demic qualifications, trying to make them see feel the condition of the Negro in the Un States, North and South, the nature of preju and of white support or resistance, the smell of ghettos. Although they were attentive and sc times clearly appalled, I suspected during the two weeks that except for the two Britons, their growing race problem, the Fellows felt all this was another, nightmare world, which not really touch them. My afternoon semi confirmed this suspicion. Very few of them ever known a Negro; none had lived among th They read all the reports of Negro riots and all the pictures of fat white policemen in the Sc clubbing black heads or white women scream at Negro schoolchildren. "But of course," Scandinavians would say, and the Germans the Dutch and the Swiss and the Austrians, have no such problems, we have practically Negroes except visiting students, who do stay."

When we explored the nature of prejudice day, only one, a German, admitted to having Apologetically, he told of his feelings about ing a Negro rooming next to him in the priv university clubhouse where he stayed. "I can say why it is . . . I was just—well—not comfort about . . . well, sharing showers and that. I can explain it . . . it was just there."

A volatile Frenchwoman kept assuring eve body that she was wholly free of prejudice an the next breath saying how dirty and uneduca the average poor Arab was. "You should see th in their camps," she would say; "Nasser built

Marya Mannes' most recent book is "But Wil Sell?"—a collection of essays and verse. She wr a monthly column for "McCall's Magazine" as as frequent articles for "The New York Ti Magazine" and other national publications.



1 all those nice clean little houses, but they
er those horrible huts with a fire in the middle,
eat with their hands."

Why shouldn't they like their fire more than
'nice little houses' "? said an English Fellow.
ıy shouldn't they have their own values if they
t them?"

aculty members complained during those first
ks that except for a few "stars" the Fellows
whole seemed an unexciting lot. "They're a
:h of squares," said one of them, "they go for
facts and figures and take endless notes, but I
t get any spark."

Maybe the selection process isn't good enough,"
vould say, or, "Why do you suppose they chose
session?" or—more often, "Maybe it's our
t . . . we're not reaching them."

'e were worried about something else too. The
ows seemed increasingly disturbed and
:ked by a picture of the United States that
ved a society—our modern, wealthy, powerful
ety—bordering on chaos. Whether it was the
ions in poverty or the new millions clamoring
ollege gates or the millions in need of retrain-
or rehabilitation; whether it was crime or
nquency, the excesses of affluence or the exor-
nt expense of medical care or the dearth of
nt housing, it seemed that we had driven
ıe these mighty problems all too well. Already
d, we felt, with grave mistrust of American
cies and actions abroad, these young Euro-
ns reacted to our economic, political, and racial
vulsions with deep alarm. ("How can a na-
," shouted a normally quiet German, "which
s itself Christian, have done these things to
ther race!" In ominous silence, all heads
ıed toward him; he flushed and looked down.)
ling to what we feared was their confusion,
four of us frequently took issue with each
:r during the question periods.

Why Vietnam?

id we Americans have no real unity of pur-
e? Did we have no clear answers—we, the lead-
free power on whom their own fates so largely
ended? Again and again the Fellows spoke of
eology."

But Professor Wolfbein, you have been telling
bout all these new measures your government
ıaking about retraining and manpower and so
h. Please, what is the *ideology* behind them?"

Vith the innocent guile of an Italian village
re, Wolfbein would answer, "But we have no
ology in the United States. We are entirely pragmatic!" The Fellows clearly found this unacceptable.

Then, by the end of the second week, something was beginning to happen. Their minds were visibly opening as their shirt collars were unbuttoned. The earlier formalities of dress and attitude gradually crumbled as we began to know each other not as teachers and Fellows but as men and women. Discussions begun in the question periods kept simmering during lunch or dinner, over wine in our rooms or beer at cafés. We were intercepted in hallways or on garden paths, taken issue with, probed, applauded, or contradicted.

The Fellows were fascinated by the children of Professor Birenbaum and the members of the Seminar staff. ("But they are not spoiled!") The Fellows adopted them, took the faculty wives into their confidence, played games, kidded, danced.

Not all, to be sure. Some maintained their reserve, a few were hard to know. But propinquity and the extracurricular activities provided by the Seminar Program were cohesive and illuminating forces. There was a beer evening in which the manifold talents of the Fellows were allowed to sprout freely—and satirically; a July Fourth party at which the faculty and the children displayed theirs; and a masquerade dance, agreeably uninhibited. The Smith-Princeton Chorus came and sang and profoundly affected the Fellows, especially their arrangement of an old American song called "My Lord, What a Morning!" and the welcome infusion of the Smith girls, many of whom

filtered out of the Schloss under foreign escort.

On the night of the open Forum, where the Fellows could ask questions outside the sphere of the lectures, we braced ourselves for what we knew to be inevitable.

"What are your goals in Vietnam?" "Do you agree with your government's policy?" "Do the majority of American intellectuals oppose this policy?"

Crossing the mine-field, we tried to explain the steps which ultimately led to this situation and describe its complexity. We admitted the doubts and opposition, certainly, of a great many leading intellectuals. There were, on the other hand, some distinguished academic groups who supported the Vietnam policy.

"We read that in your polls, 70 per cent or so of Americans support the President in Vietnam. Is this really so?"

Each of us concurred with the others that this "support" could be construed as a mixture of reluctant loyalty, confusion, and deep anxiety, rather than as militancy. Many Americans, to be sure, had come to equate patriotism with anticommunism, in any form. But one could not say that the majority were happy about the war.

"Why has President Johnson changed the policy from that of President Kennedy?"

My three colleagues asserted that he had not: that he was indeed pursuing the policies laid down by his predecessors. The Fellows would not take this for an answer. The image of Mr. Johnson in a Stetson shooting off rockets with both hands was deeply etched, as was his capture by "the military." Two of us suggested that they might be confusing the *manner* of the President's implementation of policy with the substance of it.

Among the Fellows there were some who had emerged as the conservatives—two Swedes, a Frenchman, several Germans, among others—who believed that the United States could not and should not get out of Vietnam, that she was doing what had to be done, however risky. But it was by no means only in the four or five highly intelligent Marxist Fellows that distrust ran deep.

Conversely, their earlier alarm at our domestic problems—almost a revulsion—was giving way steadily not only to an understanding of origins, whether social or economic, but to an appreciation of the sweeping measures the federal government was taking to overcome them. These new comprehensions were greatly aided by firsthand corroborative evidence made available to them by the faculty. Seymour Wolfbein had the latest reports from the Labor Department on the revolutionary changes in work patterns and attitudes, and on concepts for the retraining of manpower ("O first proposition," he would repeat again a again, "is that *everybody* can be trained"). Bire baum organized them into work-teams to stu the implications of the New York City Planni Commission charts of the Bedford-Stuyvesa section in Brooklyn—urban decay in microcos and the projects to combat it. Sykes acquaint them, through the mirror of contemporary writi as well as sociological surveys, with the fragme tation of family and community, of attitudes t ward work and leisure, of youth and age. I ga them access to as many living documents as I cou find: letters from young civil-rights workers the South, actual testimony given before the Co mittee on Civil Rights, the personal reports teachers in Harlem schools.

Chafing Poin

Bit by bit the Fellows began to admit that o problems were not so remote, so exclusively ou as they first seemed.

The Germans: "We have no slums, but t migrant workers who come more and more—th are already a social problem."

The Scandinavians: "It is interesting that too are coming to the conclusion that the old shou not be segregated among themselves."

Delinquency, the penalties of affluence ("N body really wants to work any more"), overcrow ing, urban sprawl, the family breakup (the Ge mans confessed a deep division between their ge eration and the preceding one), academic b reaucracy, and student revolt . . . all these we shared in varying degrees by the Western demo racies. All these, they conceded, would grow rath than recede. All these would ultimately dema the solutions that we were now forced to propo and supply.

As for the question of racial conflict, the En lish Fellows were admittedly in the thick of with their government's efforts to stem the We Indian immigration. "We are making some of t same blunders you have," said one, "and what y are doing to retrieve them is of great mutual ir portance."

Most of the other Fellows still found it hard "relate" to the racial problem until it was couch in universal terms, and especially in the emergen of Africa and Asia. They were reminded that o look at the UN General Assembly in session w proof enough that the world was turning brow and that no whites should forget it.

Throughout all this interchange, the Fellov

erged more and more as individuals rather than nembers of a group, although at first we had n tempted to make the usual generalities: the mans were the most formal and the best or- ized; the Italians volatile and verbose; the edes uncommunicative, and so forth. These ted away as the weeks wore on. One German looked like the perfect Nazi poster for blond an youth and who seemed stiff and reserved ept at Ping-pong, where he excelled, turned out only to have one of the most perceptive minds l gentle characters but was an inspired frugger. en, at one open bull session, a Netherlands Fel- asked him how he felt when he visited as a rist one of the countries his people had oc- ied, he hesitated a while and said, very slowly, e—suffer—terribly. We—have a very heavy bur- n. We know this."

This steady expansion and interchange was not nfined to the mind. Pair by pair, male and female llows drifted toward each other, sat together lectures, talked in low voices under the heavy es, bicycled toward the mountains, climbed over Monchsberg into Salzburg at night. This was natural answer to the isolation and confine- nt these adult and independent people felt so nly in the early weeks at Leopoldskron; and ne still chafed at having to sleep in dormitories e prep-school kids, bereft of privacy.

Also reminiscent of academic constriction were papers we were told to ask from them by the urth week. Weary from their regular jobs (the minar was supposed to constitute a vacation) d from the efforts of concentrating on forty tures in a foreign language, this last spurt— mbined with late nights—left them driven and llow-eyed. Yet their repeated last words to us their last nights were: "The best thing about this is that we have learned to know each other. e could never have done this if we were not here this way."

They might have learned something else too. In r final lectures—the only written ones—Biren- um and I closed our summations of the huge problems besetting us, and the revolutions—against the inhumanities of poverty, discrimination, unemployment, urban squalor, and ignorance—which the committed Americans, young and old, were fighting for, with almost the same words: "We intend to win."

Shaken Loose

The applause that greeted these words was too loud and prolonged to have been merely courtesy. We preferred to take it as a sign that in spite of everything they believed that we would win. We in turn believed that they had been shaken loose from some of their complacencies about themselves, their relative immunity from our major social ills, and that whatever they read in future about the United States would have new and sharper meaning.

Certainly we finished the month as exhausted as they were. But while we left the Schloss to relax, however briefly, the staff, under their new President Paul M. Herzog, had barely a week to prepare for the 99th Seminar, on American Law and Legal Institutions, start the whole cycle over again, and close the current year with the 100th session of this proven experiment, on Current Trends in American Literature.

Proven? A very small random sampling of Salzburg alumni since 1947 might serve as evidence: Hans von Bulow, 1954, Deputy Chief of the Danish Atomic Energy Commission; Gerard de la Villesbrunne, 1959, Member of the Cabinet of the President of the Republic of France; William Yates, 1954, Member of British Parliament; Karl Birnbaum, 1951, Director of the Institute of International Affairs, Stockholm; Leopold Quarles van Ufford, 1962, Netherlands Ambassador to the Ivory Coast.

They and many more in positions of international influence were once young Fellows at Salzburg. What they learned about us and each other there may be, and can be, of crucial importance.



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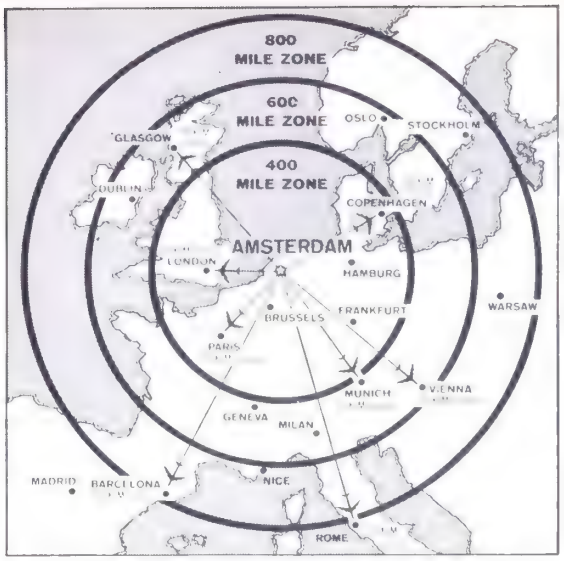
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ly gabled patrician houses. It
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lowest prices.
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t cost you over $6.50.
ıcludes a *rijsttafel* ban-
of *twenty-one* dishes,
, and floor shows with
rdam's sultry ecdysiasts
mple ecdysiast at right).

prising Amsterdam has 45
ıtclubs—many of them with
prising ecdysiasts (above).



Surprising Amsterdam—the hub of Europe.

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The American Squirearchy *by James Reichley*

The rural Squires in the state houses had their faults, but a Harrisburg Republican challenges their urban successors to do better.

The American Squirearchy is in trouble.

Weakened by decades of erosion of its economic, cultural, and political significance, the Squirearchy—a class of small-town lawyers, businessmen, and country gentlemen which for at least a century has dominated many state legislatures—is currently threatened at the sources of its power by Supreme Court decisions requiring legislative reapportionment on the basis of "one man, one vote."

The geographical stress in apportionment of legislatures contributed to—but has by no means solely accounted for—the long duration of Squirearchy power. Following the Civil War, upstate politicians, like Roscoe Conkling in New York, Simon Cameron in Pennsylvania, and John Logan in Illinois, who had gained control of the Republican party, had the foresight to use their organizations to promote the rapid expansion of national industry, and thereby shared in the bounty from the remarkable economic growth of the next fifty years. Part of the wealth produced by American factories and railroads was diverted to preserve Squirearchy control of county courthouses, state capitols, and even the federal government.

The impact of so much wealth on politics resulted, particularly before the system had time to mature, in a considerable amount of governmental corruption. For the most part, however, the Squires were able administrators and well represented the interests of their predominantly rural constituents. During a period lasting roughly from the election of Ulysses Grant in 1868 to the defeat of William Howard Taft in 1912, Squirearchy habits (industrious), as well as Squirearchy tastes (ornate) and Squirearchy attitudes (conservative) were dominant in the nation.

In the twentieth century, all of this has gradually changed. Small towns and rural areas have yielded population supremacy to growing metropolitan regions. The federal government has come under the influence of organized labor, minority ethnic and religious groups, and other forces that the old arrangement could not easily accommodate. New methods of transportation and communication have weakened the hold of the Squirearchy on its own constituencies. "Television was a terrible blow to the Republican party in some parts of the country," former Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall once remarked. "When the people in the rural areas found out that the Democratic candidate didn't have horns, we had a much tougher time."

On the national level, the Republican party has not run a genuine Squirearchy type for President since Calvin Coolidge. The Squires a powerful faction in Congr such stalwarts as Represe Joseph Martin of Massac Richard Simpson of Penns John Taber of New York, a ence Brown of Ohio have eit or faded from prominence, t placed by new managerial ty the current House Minority Gerald Ford of Michigan. T conspicuous Squirearchy lea on the national scene is p Senator Everett Dirksen, wh dition of traditional Squi themes is not only highly i cratic but also, as Murray K has suggested, frequently s contain elements of delibera satire.

For Bears and

In many state capitols, howe Squirearchy has retained, at t least, an unshakable power o This position of strength ha protected in some states—such York, Pennsylvania, Michiga Ohio—by constitutions which h sulated at least one house of th lature from the winds of p

Mr. Reichley, who is Legislati retary to Governor Scranton of sylvania, has been a teacher, counter-intelligence agent in t rean War, and has written a about politics: "The Burying of smith."

ural Electric People Help Build Payrolls In The City



ity workers feel rural America's purchasing wer where it counts—in their pay envelopes.

The rural electric cooperatives and consumer-ned power districts which serve some 20,000,000 al people with electricity have created a vast v market for the multitude of goods and serv-s produced in the cities.

For example, these rural people buy more n a billion-and-a-quarter dollars worth of elec-al appliances and equipment alone each year —goods made by city workers. And this is only a fraction of the annual total.

With the continuing help of Rural Electrification Administration loans, the rural electrics are a major factor in helping to keep our national economy thriving.

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verybody benefits

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change. Governors in these states have come and gone, popular movements have risen and declined, but the Squirearchy has remained, pursuing its own ends and gathering its share of political rewards.

Contrary to popular impression, the Squires have not invariably frustrated progress. In New York, for example, a series of creative Governors succeeded in winning Squirearchy support for a broad range of progressive programs. The same thing has happened on occasion in Pennsylvania and California. Even in Michigan, where conservatives tilted bloodily with Governor Mennen Williams during the 'fifties, public services were enormously enlarged with the help of some rural legislators.

In general, however, the Squirearchy has undoubtedly exercised a conservative influence over the operation of state government. Moreover, it has caused government services, even when expanded, to be distributed in a manner favorable to its own domains. Squirearchy-controlled legislatures, for example, have regularly adopted formulas favoring rural areas in the expenditure of state highway funds and education subsidies. This has given rise to the charge that the legislators give greater weight to "bears and trees" than to people.

The Squirearchy's success has sprung in part from the fact that it has been led by men who made politics their life's work. Government for them has been neither an occasional pastime nor an ideological responsibility, but a regular and profitable occupation. Inevitably, they have developed a proprietary attitude toward their governmental holdings. Not long ago, the opposition in an upstate Pennsylvania county adopted the slogan, "Give the Courthouse Back to the People." A Squirearchy leader replied, "If the people want a courthouse, let them build their own. This one is ours, and we mean to hold onto it!"

Doing Business with The Machines

The nearest equivalents to the Squires on the liberal side of the American political spectrum have been the operators of the Big City Machines. With these they have regularly done business, somewhat condescendingly, in the halls of state legislatures. "You can't trust the bastards," Squirearchy leaders often remark to each other, "but you have got to admire them as politicians." The Squires largely share the view of the machine bosses that patronage and small favors are the grease of government and the true objectives of politics. Yet they gain considerable moral satisfaction from contrasting themselves with the big-city representatives. In part this is simply hypocrisy, no doubt. Nevertheless, it is probably true that the Squires are, man for man, more capable, more industrious, and more trustworthy than their machine opposites. "In Michigan," a former aide to Governor Williams recently told me, "the superiority of the outstate legislators over the Wayne County delegation is embarrassingly obvious."

This difference springs partly from the Byzantine quality of machine politics, which regularly cuts off promising newcomers who fail to conform to the system of cronyism that most bosses impose on their organizations, and in part from the dissimilar status of politicians in the big-city precincts and in the upstate counties. A Congressman or a member of the state legislature in a small town or even a medium-sized city is likely to be an important and respected figure. In the great metropolises he is usually regarded as a flunky, if not as a crook. Aspiring young men in the big cities look to business or the professions for advancement, and even lawyers as a rule find it wise to steer clear of politics. Perhaps because the upstate towns have succeeded in keeping more of the spirit of community, politics has remained an honorable calling—almost a sport, which if it has tended to reduce the importance of issues, has at least attracted superior men.

The Squirearchy's usual opponents on its own stamping grounds have been Agrarian Liberals, contemporary representatives of the tradition of Andrew Jackson. It is sometimes forgotten that the rural counties of New York, Pennsylvania, and the Old Northwest,* most of which are now regarded as strongholds of rock-ribbed Republicanism, were usually Democratic during the [illegible] stretched from the election [illegible] son to the victory of Abra[illegible] coln.

In the decades after the C[illegible] the Democratic party was [illegible] annihilated in many of the [illegible] and the Squires came into t[illegible] Squirearchy supremacy w[illegible] firmed in 1896, when rural vo[illegible] of the Mississippi and nor[illegible] Mason-Dixon line rejected t[illegible] lism of Bryan for the conser[illegible] McKinley. Control of the [illegible] counties in Pennsylvania an[illegible] the Old Northwest gave the [illegible] can party normal control [illegible] states, and served as a base f[illegible] tional power. A radical s[illegible] flationary, anti-monopolist, [illegible] anti-big city, pietist–linger[illegible] these areas, regaining some [illegible] vigor whenever the Democra[illegible] was in power in Washington [illegible] state capital. Particularly sin[illegible] War II, men with their roo[illegible] rarian Liberalism, like [illegible] Humphrey and Estes Kefau[illegible] won election to Congress a[illegible] legislatures.

When the D[illegible] Have Split

As a rule, however, in mo[illegible] upstate counties, the Squirea[illegible] continued to hold the upper h[illegible] great difficulty of the upstat[illegible] crats in the East and Middle [illegible] been that they have occupie[illegible] tively minor role in the libe[illegible] tion. Rightly or wrongly, t[illegible] stituents have not recogniz[illegible] common interest with th[illegible] masses. When elected to th[illegible] ture, rural Democrats in i[illegible] states have usually found th[illegible] to be little more than the ta[illegible] big-city kite. The result has b[illegible] of all dissension within th[illegible] cratic party, and secondly vic[illegible] the Squirearchy in the upsta[illegible] ties in the next election.

No one doubts that the Squ[illegible] differs substantially from O[illegible] Labor, the Intellectual Ma[illegible] the Big City Machines, the B[illegible] Agrarian Liberals, and th[illegible] left-of-center functional gr[illegible] the political spectrum. What[illegible] clearly recognized is that [illegible] many ways antagonistic to s[illegible] portant conservative element

* Originally the "Territory Northwest of the River Ohio," defined by Congress in 1787.

JUST BECAUSE IT'S SO SMALL, DON'T TRY TO KNOCK IT OFF IN A DAY.

re planning a trip to Europe, and we'd like to
ueeze in Israel, too."
be you've said that to a travel agent. Actually,
blame you?
dy should be as close to Israel as Europe is
seeing it. And El Al loves flying you there, but
of wish you didn't arrive out of breath.
y people don't realize what a wonderful place
s to take a vacation from your vacation.
matter what time of the year you show up,
always someplace to swim, or water ski, or get
Resorts, like the Hot Springs of Tiberias, are
spots to loll around, especially if you've just
cold in a European castle.
when it comes time for looking, it would be a
o walk into a city like Jerusalem, 3000 years old, and be subject to a time limit. In this one city are both King David's Tomb and The Room of the Last Supper. A morning's drive on is Beersheba (Abraham dug a well and planted a tree there), and a few hours down the road, King Solomon's Mines.

On the Mediterranean is Tel Aviv, Israel's largest city, and the home of Lod Airport, where El Al jets arrive from New York and 12 European cities.

So if you're in the neighborhood, drop in. But don't be fooled by a map.

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Establishment and what is currently called, for lack of a better name, the Goldwaterites.

The Establishment, which has been the subject for a great deal of cocktail chatter and hair-splitting analysis in recent years, has long contested with the Squirearchy for control of the Republican party.* The Establishment has been largely Eastern, urban, internationalist, and cosmopolitan. Its tentacles have reached into virtually every state of the union—except, possibly, the South, which has preserved its own indigenous upper-class tradition—but its heart never wanders far from Harvard Yard or the campus of some comparable Ivy League institution. Its identification with Wall Street is somewhat exaggerated, but the halls of finance capital have certainly been among its more durable strongholds. Though its leaders have been mainly white Protestants, it has admitted, particularly in the last fifty years, substantial numbers of Catholics and Jews.

Although the Squirearchy maintains important segments in the East and Far West, its center of gravity has been in the Middle West, particularly in the states of the Old Northwest—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. (Indeed, the Squirearchy, in its traditional form, probably does not exist at all in some parts of the nation, notably the Deep South and the arid region stretching from Texas to Southern California. In the former, racial division has prevented development of an integrated society based on community, which the Squirearchy in the East and Middle West represents. In the latter, society has been much too restless and mobile to encourage attachment to community or even agrarian values. The more primitive aspects of individualism are exactly what the Squirearchy, at its best, has brought under civilized control.)

The citadels of the Squirearchy have been the upstate cities and small towns. Though traditionally identified with industrial management as opposed to finance capital, few of its leaders have been actual industrialists; its ties to the contemporary wandering class of industrial managers (who look rather to the Establishment in matters of style and politics) are chiefly economic. From its associations with law and small business, the Squirearchy has acquired enduring attachment to such concepts as the sanctity of contracts, the rights of property, and the inviolability of wills. In more homely terms, these attitudes have been translated into the beliefs that a man should keep his word, be true to his friends, and be able to do as he likes with the things that he owns, even after he is dead.

The Squirearchy has been overwhelmingly white Protestant. Its roots lie deep in English history, tracing at least to the religious struggles of the seventeenth century. In that time of troubles its lineal ancestors organized the Whig party—or faction—in defense of the Protestant cause.

Both in England and colonial America, the Whigs were the outlanders who opposed the court party, the Tories. They acquired, in consequence, an emphatic faith in individual enterprise and a distrust of centralized government. Both characteristics were reenforced by the Industrial Revolution, during which the Squirearchy began a mutually profitable political alliance with the new class of manufacturers, who sought release from the bonds of paternalistic government. As the Tories developed a tradition as a ruling class—which is carried on to the present day by the Establishment on both sides of the Atlantic—so the Squirearchy, following the philosophy of Protestant individualism, remained the enemy of centralized executive authority. As recently as 1964, all twenty-seven Republican members of the Pennsylvania State Senate, a Squirearchy stronghold, were not only Protestants, but were reputed to be members of the Masonic Order as well.

Members of minority groups have been admitted much more slowly by the Squirearchy than by the Establishment. This resistance has sprung in part from backwater conse
but also in part from the f
while the Establishment h
prised an elite, the Squirea
represented a total communi
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structure (the average sm
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"The Chimes at Mi

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But the Squires, for the m
have been no Puritans. With
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influenced by the pleasures
flesh. They have "heard the
at midnight," and while unfli
Protestant, have not permitt
religious loyalties to interfe
a large amount of good-natu
tering. Girth of waistline ap
be a Squirearchy characteris
ing its American heyday, pu
cials tended to be men of
physique, whose pictures cal
elaborate banquets at Del
and the high living of the Gil
Even today, casual examin
any state legislature is
enough to distinguish the
country Squires from their l
hungry opposition.

Unlike the Puritans, the
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theory. This has made it an
lectual, but also moderate
political views. Following th
ple of Squire Western, its n
have reacted with boredom
taste to the intellectual ex
of contemporary Thwacku
Squares.* The Squirearchy h
haps reached its most noble

Both groups have also maintained outposts of strength in the Democratic party. The Southern Squirearchy, which generally resembles the Squirearchy of the North and West, has worn the Democratic label, while the Establishment has been most influential, particularly in the direction of foreign policy, in recent Liberal Democratic Administrations.

*"Drink about," says Squire
to Thwackum and Square durin
their intellectual combats. "Pox
laws of nature! I don't know w
mean, either of you, by right an
. . . to encourage boys in such pra
to breed them up to the gallows.
Tom Jones, by Henry Fielding



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THE UNIQUE WORLD OF SWITZERLAND



Illustration of Otani Oniji II as Yakko Edobei from SHARAKU, by Else Grill, © 1962 by Zokeisha. Reprinted by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc.



Just wait till we get our hands on that guy who said we don't fly to Tokyo and Hong Kong.

BOAC

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

when led by latter-day Puritans like William Gladstone and Robert A. Taft, but it has more commonly been associated with a cheerful politics of patronage and custom. Like Nathaniel Hawthorne's "respectable old blockheads" in *The Blithedale Romance*, it has "a death-grip on one or two ideas which have not come into vogue since yesterday morning."

Despite many surface similarities among which a common dislike of the Establishment is one of the most important, the Squirearchy differs fundamentally from the nationalistic temporary extreme right wing Goldwaterites.* The Goldwater crusade was founded on an axis between the South and the Far West. It came to power in the Republican party on the basis not only of resentment against the Establishment, but also of barely concealed contempt for the muddled ways of the Squirearchy. At the Republican national convention in 1952, some of the Goldwaterites' future operators helped take the old Taft organizations from control of several Southern delegations. Twelve years later, the Squirearchy was forced to choose between the Establishment and Goldwater. Unable to bring themselves to make common cause with Establishment figures like Tom Dewey, Henry Cabot Lodge and Hugh Scott, who had beaten them into submission at four consecutive national conventions between 1940 and 1952, the Squirearchy leaders in the crucial Midwestern delegations reluctantly chose Goldwater—but only after the California primary had made victory for the right wing virtually certain in any event.

Among the factors contributing to the overwhelming size of Senator Goldwater's defeat was his failure to rally the Squirearchy to his banner following the convention. The Goldwater campaign was based not

*Use of Senator Goldwater's name in this connection is somewhat misleading. The recent Presidential campaign seemed to be swept along by forces which he neither completely understood nor approved, and it is likely that these forces will now proceed to their political destiny without paying him much further heed. A better title might be Know-Nothings—a name with a past in American history, which, while not entirely comprehending the current right wing, includes many of its elements.



Minneapolis Star photograph by Jack Gillis

HAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

h Thornton has discovered you more than a sharp pencil and vriting ability to produce a twice-ly column on the Minneapolis-aul suburbs.

ou need the old-fashioned ability inny up a tree in your best casual ness clothes, school tie and all.

o a tree in the village of Savage here Thornton recently went to Minneapolis Star readers the of "Professor" L. V. Voss, who is to be 86 and is a self-styled arian, scholar, champion swim-jujitsu expert, equestrian or -have-you.

inneapolis Star reporters who cover suburbia, however, do more than entertain. They inform. They report on everything from new construction to the preservation of Indian burial grounds, from civic theaters to sewer assessments, from youth center activities to shopping-center sales volume, from volunteer fire departments to back-yard barbecues, from high school football games to political races.

To cover the Twin Cities suburbs—and since 1950 these suburbs have consistently ranked at or near the top in rate of population increase among the suburban areas of the nation's first 15 markets — the Minneapolis Star has assigned a special seven-man team, and additional reporters and photographers are available as needed from the regular staff.

You're likely to find a Minneapolis Star reporter at any significant suburban council meeting, park and planning commission meeting, school board session, and at all major civic and sports events.

Anticipating the need for new coverage patterns to meet the growth of the area they serve, and the changing tastes of the fine people who read them, is just one more reason that the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune are the most influential medium in our nation's 15th market.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING



Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

665,000 SUNDAY • 510,000 COMBINED DAILY

economic individualism, the chief element that the Goldwaterites share in common with the Squirearchy, but on an attempt to capitalize on the anxieties of Southern whites and Northern city-dwellers. Though not particularly sympathetic to the aspirations of modern Negroes, the Squirearchy could not desert its heritage—could not ignore the accusing stare of the statue of the Union veteran in the village square—by throwing in with the flamboyant segregationists who flocked to the Goldwater standard in the Deep South. For years Republicans had derived comfort from the knowledge that on the question of civil rights those who were most wrong were Democrats. The conversion of Strom Thurmond to Republicanism came as a distinct shock to many who had grown up on the moral traditions of Lincoln and the Civil War.

Despite the charge that the Goldwaterites practiced a policy of exclusionism, they were in many ways less exclusive than the Squirearchy. The Goldwater-Miller ticket was, on the face of it, the most "inclusive" in American history. What Goldwater, or his advisers, attempted to do was to broaden the base for exclusion. They tried to persuade worried Catholics and Jews in Philadelphia, Chicago, and Los Angeles to coalesce with the upstate Squires against the new urban masses. They not only failed in this, but actually repelled many of the Squires, and particularly their wives, in the process. "My wife," one rural Republican leader sadly told me a few weeks before the election, "has made me take the Goldwater bumper stickers off my automobile."

Side Effect of Goldwaterism

Finally, the Goldwaterites were, of all things, too intellectual for the old Taft conservatives. Their theories smelled too much of the lamp, their methods were too cold and devious for extroverted Squirearchy sensibilities. At the San Francisco convention, the electronic communications net operated by the Goldwater high command at first astonished and finally frightened the small-town politicians from the old conservative hea... By election day, the gulf betwe... Squires and the Goldwater ento... was enormous. The result was ... tion to the Democratic candid... innumerable counties in Easte... Midwestern states that had nev... fore failed to appear in the Re... can column.

As a side effect of the Gold... disaster, the Squirearchy for th... time in years lost control of le... tures in many of these states. ... narily, this loss would no doubt ... been only temporary. Victo... Democrats were often spectac... clumsy or heavy-handed in the ... their new power. It is, however, ... very legislatures that are now ... ing out reapportionment unde... "one man, one vote" edict. The ... apportionment acts will therefo... most cases be even less favora... the Squirearchy than the Su... Court decision would have req...

The point has been made that ... portionment will not neces... change the two-party balance. ... principal gainers of legislative ... should be the suburban commu... and these remain normally Re... can. The nature of the Repub... party itself, however, is likely ... altered. The upstate Squires ... usually kept their suburban ... leagues in the State House in a ... ordinate position. Party cau... have been dominated by repres... tives of the rural counties, and ... urban legislators have seldom ... able to work their way into posi... of leadership. (Exceptions hav... course existed. Joseph Carlino, of ... urban Nassau County, for inst... was speaker of the New York H... of Representatives from 1959 to ... But the rule has been clear: in ... Republican floor leaders in ... houses of the legislature in ... Hampshire, New Jersey, Pen... vania, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, ... Oregon, among others, represe... sparsely populated upstate distri... Armed with their increased numb... suburban leaders are likely to i... on at last achieving their place in ... sun. More important, Republican ... islators are already displaying ... creased concern for issues like m... transit, civil rights, mental hea... water and air pollution, and the ot... vexing problems that confront me... politan areas.

Clayton Fritchey



HAGAN & EWING

BEGINNING in March, Clayton Fritchey will contribute a monthly commentary as *Harper's* new Washington Correspondent. Mr. Fritchey served on the staff of the U. S. Mission to the United Nations as special assistant to the late Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson and as director of the Mission's Office of Public Affairs. He resigned last fall, moved to Washington, and in December became columnist for *Newsday* and its syndicate.

Mr. Fritchey's career has been a varied and distinguished one. Born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, he was a newspaper reporter and editor in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and New Orleans, and was a correspondent for *Time* and *Life*. During the Korean War he became special assistant to General Marshall, who was then Secretary of Defense, and he went on to the White House as administrative assistant to President Truman. He was later founder-editor of the *Democratic Digest* and publisher of the *Northern Virginia Sun*. He was Governor Stevenson's press secretary during the 1956 Presidential campaign.

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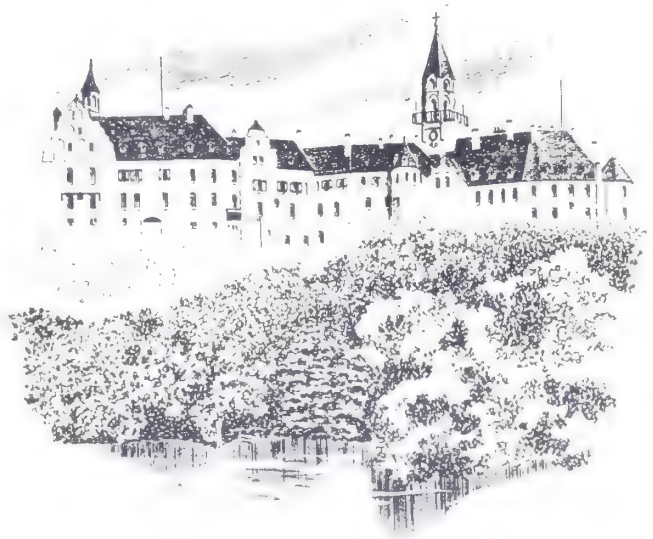
Positives and Negatives

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s guilty of many of the charges
ve been leveled against it. It
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in one state legislature.

yet there is much to be said
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After the modern conservative
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al than any similar class on
. These are achievements not
taken lightly, and there is cer-
no guarantee that its suc-
s will do nearly so well. [ ]

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In deep limestone caves, underneath the Royal Hohenzollern Castle, the first Miller brew "slept" . . . aging in huge casks . . . well over a century ago!

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The New Books

A Grave and Reverend Book

by Rebecca West

In Cold Blood, by Truman Capote. Random House, $5.95.

It is to Mr. Capote's disadvantage that every book he writes turns into what our great grandmothers used to call "a pretty book." He knows that ours is a bloodstained planet but he knows also that it turns on its axis and moves round the sun with a dancer's grace, and his style defines the dancer as ballet-trained. For this reason Mr. Capote is often not taken as seriously as he should be, and it is possible that his new book, *In Cold Blood*, may be regarded simply as a literary *tour de force* instead of the formidable statement about reality which it is.

In six long years Mr. Capote crawled like an ant of genius over the landscape where, on a November night in 1959, a prosperous Kansas farmer, his wife, his daughter of sixteen, and his son of fifteen, were murdered by two-exconvicts, who gained only forty or fifty dollars by the slaughter. That Mr. Capote has invented nothing and recorded with a true ear and utter honesty is proved by the conversations in the book. The inhabitants of Holcomb, Kansas, do not on any page engage in the subtle and economical dialogue Mr. Capote ascribes to the characters in his novels. They speak the words which reporters hear when they interview the participants in prodigious events, and listen to with embarrassed ears. The stuff is corny, yet not just corny. The corn is celestial. Even the cleverest writer who tries to invent it achieves an obvious fakery, which is quite absent from this book.

If there be one point in this book more admirable than another, it is its treatment of a certain technical difficulty. Some years ago I wrote for *The New Yorker* an account of a peculiarly sordid murder in which a man dropped a dismembered corpse from a plane onto a sea marsh, where it was discovered by a fisherman. When I went to see the fisherman, I found that he and his family were people of acute intelligence, so acute that they could, had they chosen, have been as aggressive and complicated and self-seeking as the worst of us. But they had made another choice. They did one a great kindness by talking to one, they gave one a share in a strong, unpriggish, gracious sort of peace they had made for themselves. I could not get these people down on paper as I got the man who had thrown the corpse out of the plane. I perceived that for me, at any rate, it was not so easy to write about the dynamically good as about the dynamically bad. Immodestly, I did not leave it there. Thinking it over, I reflected that the schizophrenic character of "Paradise Lost," its fundamental unease, is due to Milton's surprise at finding that throughout his epic Satan kept on coming up as more interesting than God. As Milton was 90 per cent pure writer and a raging egotist he imagined that this aesthetic situation had moral implications. I also reflected that since Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze" hardly anybody has written music so serene without toppling over into *schmaltz*. I thought I had discovered a limitation likely to apply to the writers of our time.

But Mr. Capote represents the victims of the murder as brilli powerful, and important in th goodness. Mr. Clutter was a gif and able man, an expert in the ela rate techniques of modern farmi his vision of the material world clear and his mastery over it so sured that it might well have been sole interest. But he was a just m who knew that the only true justic mercy, and a kind, unstinting m to whom giving people a fair cha was a quiet kind of pleasure. Tr he had his chilling aspects. His c tracts with his employees were vo able if they were "harboring alcoh as one might say "harboring verm or "harboring diseases." But Capote convinces us that the d man's puritanism was a long-te scheme for enjoyment. If he kep rein on his daughter Nancy, it v only because he wanted a future her which would match her perf tion.

As for Nancy, it took great coura on the part of Mr. Capote to set do the fact of her angelic radiance. I liciously pretty, she was president her class and a leader of the 4-H p gram, she won prizes at the coun fair for pastry and preserves a needlework, and in the last hours her life she taught little Jolene h to make cherry pie in her incompa able way, coached little Roxie Lee

Dame Rebecca, essayist and novel is the author of "The Meaning Treason," "Black Lamb and Gr Falcon," and of numerous disti guished novels.



Seven good books to read for pleasure

Ezra Pound: Perspectives

edited by Noel Stock

says and appreciations from some of e most eminent writers on both sides the ocean. Contributors in this colction include: Conrad Aiken, Mariıne Moore, Hugh Kenner, Allen Tate, 'illiam Fleming, Ernest Hemingway, 'yndham Lewis and many others. Of ıecial interest also are reproductions f photographs, letters and working rafts of Pound's poems.

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her trumpet solo for the school concert, got on with her bridesmaids' dresses for her absent sister's approaching wedding, and, as always, got on with the family chores. Worse still, for the playroom she shared with her brother she embroidered cushions with the legends "Happy?" and "You Don't Have To Be Crazy To Live Here But It Helps." She did not cross herself and murmur the words, "Pop Art," before committing this dreadful act. She did it cold.

Nevertheless, when the community lost the Clutters it was as if there had suddenly vanished from the district some natural feature which also served a practical purpose, say a mountain lake which had also provided a water supply. Yet the family labored under a handicap. Mrs. Clutter was a melancholic, a weeping wraith, given to periods of inassuageable grief and delusions of intense cold which persisted throughout sweltering summers. Mr. Clutter and his daughter and his son were joined together to protect the poor woman from her misery, to protect each other from this invasion of the abnormal, and to go on giving the community what it needed from them, in spite of this drain on their resources. All this Mr. Capote does not merely tell the reader, he proves it, and without a shade of *schmaltz*.

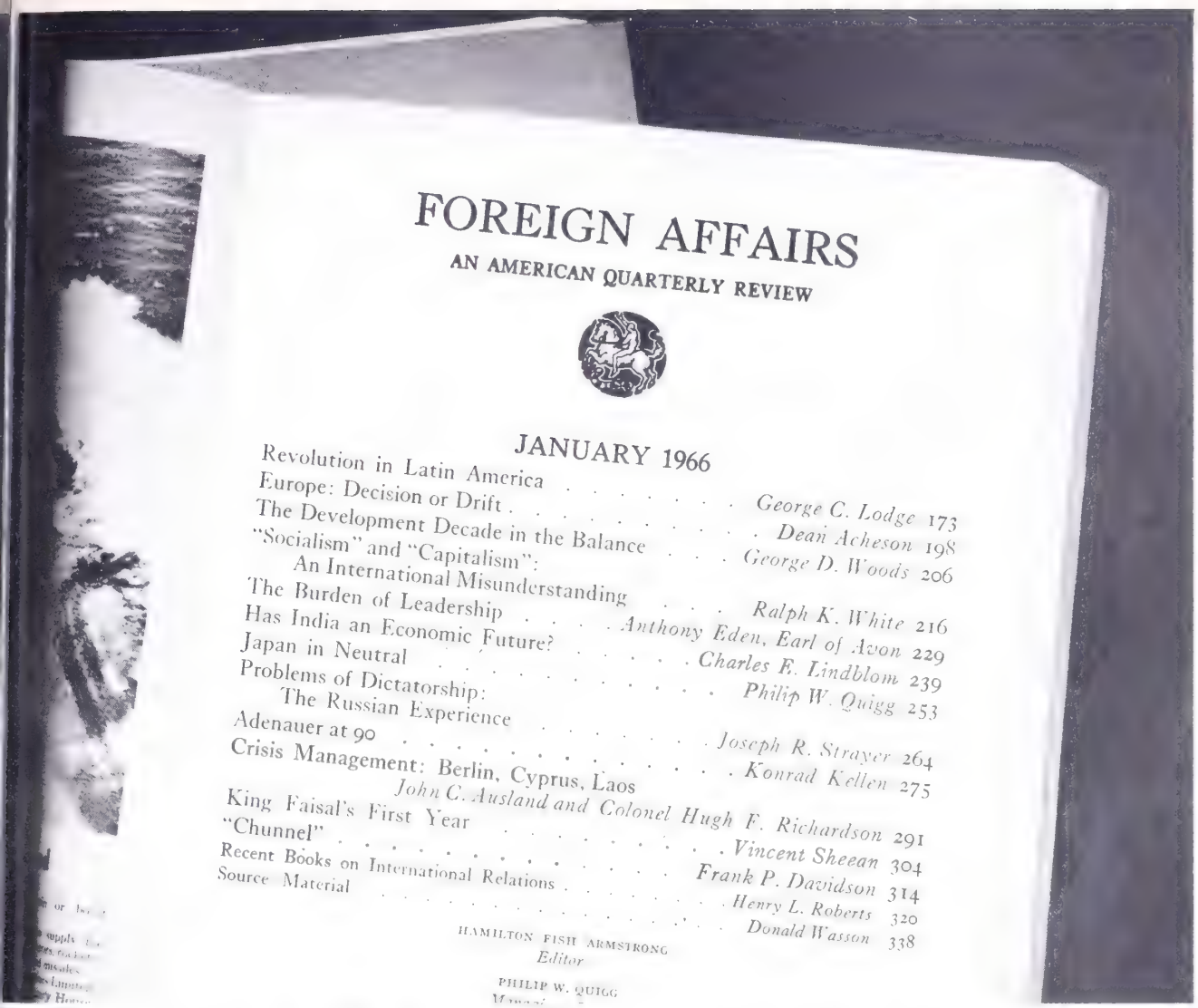
The two murderers were drawn to the Clutters' home because its beneficence had so impressed the twilit mind of a convict that he made a symbol for it in a wholly imaginary safe stuffed with dollars. He had babbled of this to Richard Hickock, whom he had known in prison, the younger of the two murderers, and the simpler character. Hickock had only two serious cases against life. First, he had been born into the grinding poverty of a poor farm; but his parents were affectionate and agreeable, and he had ample intelligence to work himself up to a good level of living. Second, at nineteen an automobile accident had spoiled what had been considerable good looks. But there was an abnormality in him which predated his accident. When he was a boy a neighbor's son had come back from a holiday on the Gulf Coast with a collection of shells. These he had stolen, and hammered one by one into dust. "Envy," writes Mr. Capote, "was constantly with him; the Enemy was anyone who was someone he wanted to be or who had anything he wanted to have." As he appears in *In Cold Blood* he is the most complete [illegible] I can remember of the spite [illegible] makes a certain sort of criminal [illegible] as the men whose entries in the [illegible] index of burglars of Scotland [illegible] are of a special color, because [illegible] make a practice, when they [illegible] neatly packed up their loot, of de[illegible] ing on the best carpet on the prem[illegible]

The other murderer, Perry S[illegible] was worse because he was bette[illegible] was a physical oddity, with the [illegible] of an athlete and stunted legs, s[illegible] he stood no taller than a twelve-[illegible] old child. He had a hideous life, [illegible] born into a family disrupted by [illegible] fortune, and subjected during [illegible] childhood to institutional experi[illegible] which, whether they were as h[illegible] called them, filled him with re[illegible] ment. He spent some time in the [illegible] chant marine, and went with [illegible] Army to Korea and Japan, w[illegible] he piled up a crime sheet, retu[illegible] to the United States, and was inj[illegible] in an automobile accident far w[illegible] than Hickock's, which seven [illegible] after left him with agonizing pai[illegible] his legs and made him an aspirin[illegible] dict. He drifted into crime, and [illegible] soon in a penitentiary. There w[illegible] strain in him which made him [illegible] unhappiness badly. His only bro[illegible] and one of his two sisters comm[illegible] suicide.

He was half-Cherokee and ha[illegible] dark charm; he was literate, [illegible] verse, was musical, loved his gu[illegible] cultivated his sensitiveness, and [illegible] himself according to the rumor of [illegible] romantic tradition which had reac[illegible] him from far-off. And his woe [illegible] real. He had, Mr. Capote tells us, [illegible] aura of an exiled animal, a crea[illegible] walking wounded." He excites [illegible] as Hickock does not. Yet he was [illegible] more dreadful, as Mr. Capote adr[illegible] with heroically honest detachm[illegible] If one asks why he was so dread[illegible] the answer seems to be that he [illegible] guilty of a sin which is the spirit[illegible] equivalent of usury. He exploited [illegible] his misfortunes to the full; he l[illegible] them out with cool prudence to br[illegible] in the heaviest possible yield of pi[illegible] he came to love pity too much. [illegible] coveted the precious substance m[illegible] and more, he could not bear any[illegible] else to get any, he wanted all th[illegible] was in the world. He became infinit[illegible] cruel, as was shown in his relati[illegible] with his father.



"I'm always telling Bernie he should write. Don't you all think Bernie should write?"



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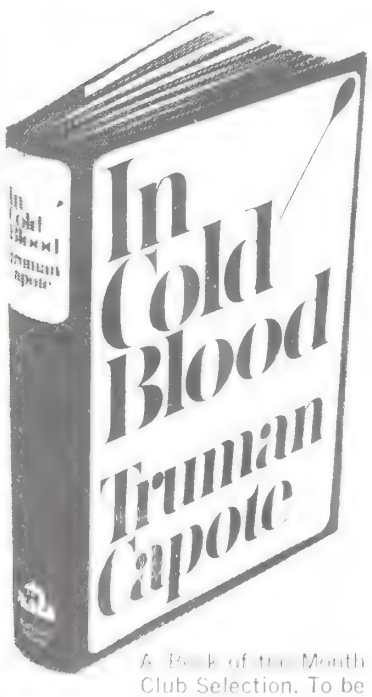
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Truman Capote's true account of a multiple murder and its consequences



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RANDOM HOUSE

That poor wretch had had as sad a life as his son. He was a rodeo performer who had married a Cherokee bronco rider in the same show. They were both cut down by illness when the family were still little children, and both had to leave the show. Smith had nothing to fall back on in the waning West during the Depression but such obsolete arts as bear skinning; and at the same time his wife had become a drunkard, a prostitute, a maniac, and died a disgusting death. He loved his children and was horrified when two of them committed suicide, and he finally became eccentric. Perry could not forgive him. It was his father's duty to be happy, so that he could provide his son with happiness.

Perry's inhumanity was exhibited also in his relations with his one surviving sister, Barbara, who had burrowed her way out of the family hell and made a good life out of a modest marriage. She understood her brother well, and uttered a very competent analysis of one of his characteristics, the generalized sensitiveness of the romantic:

> He can seem so warmhearted and sympathetic. Gentle. He cries so easily. Sometimes music sets him off and when he was a little boy he used to cry because he thought a sunset was beautiful. Or the moon. Oh, he can fool you. He can make you feel so sorry for him.

She might have said worse, for he had committed a considerable offense against her. He had sent her a young girl, with a letter saying that this was his twenty-year-old wife, and asking that she be looked after as he was in trouble. After a day or two the girl (who was in fact fourteen and nobody's wife) departed with her hosts' suitcases, crammed with their clothes, their silver, and the kitchen clock. Nevertheless when Perry was in prison Barbara wrote him a long, clumsy, touching, unhappy, loving letter, asking him not to blame his father for his misfortunes and to get on with his life. He kept it only because of the "very sensitive" commentary on it which was written in pidgin psychologese by a fellow prisoner, an Irish tenor who had spent twenty years in prison for dismal little thefts, and thought nothing of Barbara. Perry loved jargon; he kept a little notebook, fu
rare words, such as "thanatoid"
"amerce." Also he loved contempt
was an inveterate moralizer. Al
any act committed by any pe
other than himself provoked hi
sneering condemnation on high
cal grounds.

Perry was to exhibit this ho
than-thou attitude very strangel
the death house. To an Army bu
a saintly young man, who visited
out of Christian charity, he expla
he felt no remorse for murdering
Clutters:

> It's easy to kill—a lot easier
> passing a bad check. Just rememb
> only knew the Clutters maybe
> hour. If I'd really known ther
> guess I'd feel different. I don't th
> I could live with myself. But the
> it was, it was like picking off tar
> in a shooting gallery.

But he had prefaced these blank
icy words by a brief exercise of
talent for moralizing on a sub
which never ceased to shock him.

> Soldiers don't lose much sleep. T
> murder, and get medals for doing
> The good people of Kansas want
> murder me—and some hangman
> be glad to get the work.

He could not get over the disgust
barbarism which made the inha
tants of the State of Kansas ret
capital punishment on their stat
book and voluntarily incur the bl
guilt of hanging him. Yet it was
who had killed all four Clutte
Hickock had conspired with him
kill them, but Perry confessed t
it was he who had cut Mr. Clutte
throat and shot the others. Bef
Perry got to the death house he h
reason to know that he had not be
attacked by a unique and unrepeat
impulse. Twice after the murder
and Hickock had stood in the hig
way and thumbed a lift from prospe
ous drivers, meaning to rob and mu
der them. The first stopped, ga
them a look over, did not like what
saw, and drove on. The second, wh
the rock was already neatly packed
the handkerchief to crash down
his skull, was saved by his own go
nature. With two hitchhikers in h
automobile, he suddenly stopped f
a third, a Negro soldier. Yet to the en
Perry looked down on the citizens
Kansas because they found them

s capable of killing him. "I don't
ve in capital punishment, morally
gally," he said on the gallows.
t bourgeois today could achieve
a fine flower of hypocrisy? Tar-
still lives, but has changed his
ess.

Cold Blood leaves us asking
her the waste of these six lives
l have been avoided by a society
h had the wits and was willing
ake the pains. Some elements in
tragedy are beyond our control.
hing in Hickock's origin or up-
ging explains his spite, and Perry
th's situation explains his all too
. It is one of the few notable
ssions in the book that Mr. Capote
s not tell us if he found any mate-
in the California child-welfare
, to throw any light on the degree
which Perry was helped or aban-
ed in his childhood. One can im-
ne that he would have been as
d to help as a trapped animal.
the rest, the trial of the two was
sonant with the law. Hickock was
ıged for murder which he had not
mmitted, when he should have been
tenced to a term of imprisonment
an accessory, but this was his own
ılt. The truth could only be estab-
hed if both he and Perry chose to
ve evidence, but this, for a reason
. Capote does not explain, they did
t do. This curious abstinence is a
oof of the irrelevance of capital
nishment. The prospect of hanging
uld never have acted as a deterrent
these two men who were, to use a
ord from Perry Smith's little book,
stinately thanatoid. They were ob-
ssed with death.

Yet society has its blame to carry.
s companions in the death house
ickock and Perry had two very
ndsome boys, one eighteen, one
neteen, one with a background like
erry's, the other from a home in
ery way fortunate. They had gone
a ten days' murder jag round the
outh, killing four men and three
omen, one a little motel waitress of
ghteen. None of these people had
one anything against them, one man
ad stopped to ask if their automo-
le had broken down and if he could
lp them; the little girl had let them
eep with her. When the boys were
sked why they had butchered these
eople, they explained the world was
tten and to kill people was to do

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them a favor. "We hate the world," they smiled from the local television screen. One is aware of a process which Mr. Capote has constantly demonstrated during his superb exposition of the doom shared by Hickock and Perry Smith: the seeping of a certain literary tradition through society from the top to the bottom.

It is within the knowledge of all of us that life is often hard to bear. But it has oddly happened that our society which is, if not perfect, at least more generally comfortable than any society has succeeded in being before, has produced a literature quite often taking as its basis the pretense that life is quite unbearable. This pretense is behind some good plays and novels and some bad ones. A work of art does not have to be completely valid either in its facts or in its philosophy, so it may share imperfection with books and plays which cannot be classed as works of art at all. This pretense that life is unbearable is not accepted as literally true by any but a minute number of readers or writers; very few people commit suicide. But it is widely adopted as an intellectual counter, not an opinion which one sincerely holds and would act upon, but which one uses as a substitute for opinion when talking or writing, like the chips one uses when gambling at casinos. It then passes into general currency, in films, on television, in chatter, and so it happens that one day a naïve person with stronger dramatic instincts than most, and less sense of self-preservation, comes to believe that sophisticated people believe life to be unbearable, and therefore it is not terrible to carry the belief to its logical conclusion and to deprive his fellowmen of their lives. When society shows its horror the murderer feels himself lifted into the distinction so difficult to attain in our vast societies: he is one of the few strong and logical people in a community of weaklings afraid to act up to their beliefs.

What air do these people breathe not permeated with the culture we have made? Where else could they have caught this infection but from us? There is a hateful continuity between the world of literature and the world of Mr. Capote's criminals. Hickock bought an expensive gun on credit from the store beside his parents' home, took it with him to the Clutters' house, where it did work, took it back to his pare home, and abandoned it there. Tl thinking he had used it only once a pheasant shoot, tried to get storekeeper to take it back, but refused, and they had to pay for At all times they were pove stricken and his father was dying cancer. It is depressing to recogn how easily this episode would fin home in fiction. It would work nicely to a certain kind of Ron Catholic novel, in which God wo find the ripe sinnerhood of Hick far preferable to the insipid Pelag virtue of his parents. It would warmly welcomed in a violence d novel, which would maintain that murder of the Clutters would exte the experience of the murderers far beyond ordinary limits, that th would rank as supermen, and parents could be regarded as se justly paying tribute to their lor It would also find a place in the phy cal-horror type of novel, which wo revel in Hickock's father's can and Perry's habit of bed-wettin Literature must go its own w sometimes a blessing to its a sometimes a curse; for no soothsay can ever predict when it is going to the one or the other. All the sa there are occasions when it is compr hensible why Plato felt fear lest t poets corrupt the minds of the peop But at any rate nothing but blessi can flow from Mr. Capote's grave a reverend book.

Contagious Sense of Discovery

by Klaus Epstein

The Proud Tower: A Portrait of th World Before the War, 1890-1914, b Barbara W. Tuchman. Macmilla $7.95.

The Proud Tower presents a portra of the Western world in the quarte century before the outbreak of th first world war. It is not a conver tional history with either a chronolog ical narrative or a systematic analysi

s; it seeks, rather, to convey impression of the pre-1914 hrough eight colorfully ex- vignettes of particular situa- id problems. Successive chap- al with "Patrician England" g its Indian summer in the vernment of Lord Salisbury 902); the anarchist move- which horrified the world a series of bomb explosions assinations between 1893 and American imperialism as it hed in the annexation of the ines in 1899 despite the best of Republican House Speaker s Reed; the Dreyfus Affair, dominated French politics 896 to 1899; the movement for tion and disarmament which mited victories at the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907; irit of Imperial Germany as ented by the technically im- e but noisy and domineering an Richard Strauss (born the rise of middle-class de- cy in England culminating in wnfall of the House of Lords in and the inability of European sm to prevent the outbreak of 1914 despite two decades of ilitarist rhetoric.

re is no discernible pattern in ook as a whole and no evident ia governing the inclusion and ion of materials. The author , however, that she has concen- "on society rather than the and deliberately excluded r politics and economic rival- from her treatment. This omis- hrows her open to the charge he is presenting Hamlet with- e Prince of Denmark, for power es, economic rivalries, and the y associated phenomenon of na- ism *were* the most important s of the pre-1914 world and the nes which exploded in the war 914. This fact willy-nilly ob- s itself upon Miss Tuchman, who ently mentions political and eco- conflicts even in rather un- places of her narrative (for ex- , her examination of the

ssor Epstein is chairman of the rtment of History at Brown Uni- y and author of a forthcoming , "The Genesis of German Con- tism."

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It is in the folklore of book publishing that the most solid of nonfiction appears after the last Twelfth Night echo is stilled.

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A book that suits this analytical hour particularly well is ***Presidential Government: The Crucible of Leadership***, by JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS. It is a book inspired by Woodrow Wilson's famous study *Congressional Government* and it makes its own important contribution to our assessment of the changing role of the Chief Executive in contemporary democracy.



A prepublication reviewer says of it "The office of the Presidency has long demanded a study as luminous and incisive as that of Professor Burns. In this era of strong executive leadership and consensus politics, Professor Burns has vigorously proposed for the Presidency a strategy which transcends the contemporary deification of majority opinion. His book is rich with historical example, directed towards the analysis and transformation of the institution which can alter the direction of our society. He is one of the most widely known spokesmen in the field of political science today." — VIRGINIA KIRKUS

Another professorial voice is heard in ***The Promise of America: An Historical Inquiry*** by the distinguished historian JOHN MORTON BLUM. This is a book that has grown out of Mr. Blum's experience in interpreting our country both to native non-historians and to students in foreign countries. It is an effort to examine "out of the whole past those ideas and those developments that seem . . . best to reflect the American performance — the national promise, the changing processes for pursuing it, the changing emphases in defining it, the consequent, irregular satisfactions."



And yet another historian, Frank Freidel, Professor of History at Harvard comments on it. "I read . . . with delight and fascination. Professor Blum has produced one of the most thoughtful and eloquent sets of essays on history of the United States that I have ever seen . . ."

The third book is social history written by CAROL HOLLINGER, an American woman who taught young Siamese royalty at the Chulalongkorn University during a stay in Thailand. The book is funny, and sometimes hilarious, but there is nothing saccharine about the author's wit. "She is a brilliant observer of customs, manners, and cultural conflict, compassionate without being coy or condescending toward the 'natives', and frankly unsparing of herself and her fellow American visitors without ever falling into easy self-recriminations or guilt-ridden rhetoric. I think the book tells more about the complex realities of Americans abroad than The Ugly American, and more about the sense and spirit of an 'exotic' foreign country than a car-load of studies." — DAN WAKEFIELD.



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German composer Strauss); yet she persists in treating as peripheral the central forces of the prewar world. Readers of her earlier book, *The Guns of August*, dealing with the outbreak and early course of the first world war, will recall a similarly puzzling omission—namely the treatment of Austrian policy, though it was Austria which began the war with its ultimatum to the Serbs.

The author's main skill lies in presenting picturesque information in a readable manner. She has a keen eye for the telling anecdote and the colorful quotation, and she is more interested in people than in impersonal events. Her book is never dull and, though lacking a plot and therefore unable to build up excitement or suspense, it succeeds in moving at a brisk pace. Informed readers will be annoyed by a good many minor factual inaccuracies, but these do not detract from the book's purpose of conveying the *atmosphere* of the pre-1914 world.

What was this atmosphere? The author states with disarming frankness that her view on this crucial matter changed as she wrote her book. She evidently began with an attitude toward the prewar world reminiscent of Talleyrand's nostalgic saying about the *ancien régime*: "No one who has missed living before 1789 will ever know how sweet life can be." Miss Tuchman's researches brought her eventually to a very different conclusion: "Preconceptions dropped off one by one as I investigated. The period was not a golden age . . . except to a thin crust of the privileged class. It was not a time exclusively of confidence, innocence, comfort, stability, security and peace. All these qualities were certainly present. People *were* more confident of values and standards, more innocent in the sense of retaining more hope of mankind, than they are today, although they were not more peaceful nor, except for the upper few, more comfortable. Our misconception lies in assuming that doubt and fear, ferment, protest, violence and hate were not equally present." The book will perform a useful function if it conveys this troubled character of the prewar world—a commonplace among serious historians for decades—to a broad reading public at last.

The book's chances of "conv the message" are facilitated l failure to make any taxing der upon the general reader. The lectual backgrounds of the thre tical movements described—ar ism, democracy, and socialism either ignored or covered in superficial paragraphs; such fa ating questions as that posed by Keynes and J. A. Schumpeter: did a system as abstruse and ped as Marxism succeed in becomin dominant ideology of Europea cialism?" are never asked, muc answered. There is practically comparative analysis seeking ans to such questions as, Why was archism so much stronger in I than in Northern countries? T is very little psychological or s logical analysis; the reader, v learning about the battle between perialists and anti-imperialists America, or between revisionism Marxist orthodoxy in European cialism, gets very little informa about who the protagonists were why they lined up as they Charles Eliot and Theodore Ro velt were both intelligent men patrician background and high ideals; yet the former considered annexation of the Philippines a betrayal, the latter an overdue ful ment, of America's ideals. W Eduard Bernstein and Karl Kaut were both German-Jewish intell uals who had sat at the feet of Fri rich Engels in London; Bernst became the passionate critic, Ka sky the passionate defender, Marxist orthodoxy. Why? Was merely a matter of temperament? so, will the explanation serve for f lowers as well as leaders? Were t differences primarily a matter of tonomous intellectual conviction, perchance a reflection of competi material interests? Unfortunate the author makes no attempt at se ous and sophisticated analysis these types of problems. She is co tent to introduce the reader to a mi cellaneous canvas filled with colorf facts, many pertinent and some relevant. She has no theory to susta and none to refute, and few biases e cept a mild dislike for Germans a an occasional disdain for upper-cla Englishmen (two prejudices on rarely found in the same author a all the more charming for that).

HE NEW BOOKS

readers will find the book's
ation upon "human interest"
ad innocence of serious anal-
e than compensated for by
or's contagious sense of dis-
he recency of her immersion
riod has left her unburdened
veight of the scholarly con-
s which have long bedeviled
oversies which preclude any
y wise, or very brave, profes-
storian from even attempting
al treatment of so complex a
Barbara Tuchman evidently
e trepidation about filling an
nt gap in at least the popular
al literature. There are cycles
rical interest, and many of
readers find the world of their
thers more fascinating than
their fathers. They will no
rovide a large market for this
nd readable but superficial

---

ooks in Brief

atherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

World, by George P. Elliott.
n—and if—one comes to the
f this excessively long novel
a Berkeley professor and his
nd family, one feels that one
en living with them for years.
ay, of course, this is good. In
ense it's a novel "in depth."
es through the marriage crisis
ddle-aged Professor Royce and
range but credible and likable
Beth (the most convincing
ter in the book). One lives
h the marriage crisis of his
pologist daughter, Lizzie, and
egro husband; the premarital
ms of another daughter; and
he pre-premarital reachings of
d daughter, still a child; not to
n the sexual entanglements of
ed suitors and other fully de-
ed characters, no matter how
ortant, along the way. Nothing
t out, extraneous material of
ts is thrown in. This is a pity

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because the author is saying a good deal about the problems of middle-class living "in the world" today. Professor Royce's ideas and moral judgments and decisions (he is a professor of law who is offered a judgeship) are important and interesting. So are those of his daughters, in another way. But the detail is nothing less than oppressive and, strangely enough, in one whose nonfiction seems to me brilliant, Mr. Elliott's style here in the novel is often not only inelegant but banal, if not downright embarrassing. The many, many bedroom scenes are particularly clumsy and elsewhere there are annoying repetitions of clichés: "her hands gripped the steering wheel so hard her knuckles were white" (p. 385); and a few pages further on, "Alfred . . . gripped the steering wheel till his knuckles turned white."

There are some good and endearing characters in this book, and stimulating ideas, but it is too self-indulgent and unselective to make a good novel. Viking, $6.95

The Comedians, by Graham Greene.

A strange assortment of people meet on a cargo ship bound for Haiti from Philadelphia and New York. They are an ex-Presidential candidate (vegetarian ticket, from Wisconsin) and his wife; a soldier of fortune (American?); and the part-English narrator, citizen of Monaco, owner of a Haitian resort hotel, and lover of the wife of a Latin-American consul in Port-au-Prince. Although the hotel-owning protagonist had originally come to Haiti by chance, he felt more at home there than in any other place in the world and his participation in events, if unwilling, was knowledgeable. For the others it was entirely accidental. Mr. Greene makes much of examining the motivations of the two rootless men, both bastards—the narrator, Brown, and Jones, the soldier of fortune who lives by boastful lies till one day his bluff is called and almost with relief he is willing to die for a story he has invented, especially as a pretty woman is standing by.

For Brown, the hotel owner, his lifetime of transience has made for insecurity and lack of an ability to trust or to love. For the other, Jones, blessed also with the gift of humor ("he makes us laugh," comes in like a refrain), it has made for the opposite. He is the ever-gay transient who always gets involved, ultimately committing his life, thus contributing his bit to the satiric title.

But all this is told, as always with Mr. Greene tells it, in terms of a dramatic story against a vivid background, the troubled, beautiful, terror-ridden country of the dictator "Papa Doc," and his henchmen, the *Tontons Macoute*. The vegetarian and his wife make perfect comic foils, philosophically and otherwise, for almost everything the author wants to talk about, and do their serious bit to justify the title. A book to enjoy and ponder over. Viking, $

Berg, by Ann Quin.

This is a first novel written in a new mode, mingling past and present sometimes by running into the narrative an irrelevant thought of the past sometimes only by the insertion of an out-of-place word. Yet it is perfectly intelligible and in telling the story of a young man who searches out (with intent to kill) his father who deserted him as a child, the author builds up a fluid tension that is remarkable. He finds his father living with his mistress in a dreary English seaside boardinghouse and proceeds to move into the room next to theirs. The interrelation of the three, with the mother's letters singing a kind of obbligato in the background, is sordid—but intensely exciting. Miss Quin is a very talented young woman. Scribners, $3.
(paperback, $1.6

Nonfiction

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story, told photographs with text by Archibald MacLeish.

This book scarcely needs describing beyond the title except to say that photographs and text are taken from the movie by the same name produced by Sidney Glazier. Who doesn't know Eleanor Roosevelt? Who doesn't know Archibald MacLeish? But Mr. MacLeish's poetic and dramatic genius does indeed re-create the terms of the unhappy childhood world of the lonely girl and of the woman who life eventually was to become crowded with humanity from the ends of the earth. And the informal snapshot-like photographs add to the illusion of

a story continually in motion. to hang on to long after the ovie theater goes on to some- se. Houghton Mifflin, $5

Vietnam

s seemed to me for some time e of the reasons for the des- n and unreasoning passion in an arguments about the Viet- war is that almost no one enough about that beleaguered and its background and peo- liscuss it with the thoughtful d-take of reasoned debate. is no question that the situa- ast and present, is infinitely ated but there are now enough available on the subject to help tand the issues even if they esolve them.

ound to Viet-Nam, by Bernard n.

o-China" is made up of Cam- Laos, and Viet-Nam. Viet-Nam e up of the three large prov- of Tonkin, Annam, and Cochin and in this book is instant and iate history of those three ces since the time when they onquered by China in 111 B.C. vivid narrative told by a man as taken part in the Viet Minh iet Cong wars and who has, British newspaperman, inter- l almost all of the important s on both sides of those wars. aders as well as the people and infinite problems become very t is a book full of information reads like a story and raises all portant questions. He believes ican withdrawal would be dis- s for us and for the Free World, akes no other prophecies. "It is ate for me," he says, "that my promises only an outline of the round to Viet-Nam, and not its e." Foy, $4.95

Eagle and the Dragon, by John lvester.

s is a readable summary which to do in capsule form and with- personal firsthand knowledge, Mr. Newman has done in some . It is a useful, quick look at am's geography, history, and nalities; it, too, comes to strong sions. "But," he says, "it is important for every American to think hard about Vietnam and to do it quickly. I welcome other opinions so long as they are based on fact and reason." Dorrance, $3

The Viet-Nam Reader, edited by Marcus G. Raskin and Bernard B. Fall.

Mr. Raskin is Co-Director of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, and Professor Fall of Howard University has spent a great deal of time in Viet-Nam since 1953, interviewing leaders of both North and South Viet-Nam. They have collected here all sorts of official documents and papers as well as articles by President Johnson, Mao Tse-tung, and de Gaulle among many others. There is at the end a most useful and instructive chronological table of events in Viet-Nam from 1945 to the present. Random House, $5.95

Vietnam, edited and with an introduction by Marvin E. Gettleman.

Here we have "history, documents, and opinions on a major world crisis," and though the documents and opinions are representative of widely divergent points of view they are edited from one: "The United States, no matter how pure its announced motives, cannot escape being seen as the latest in a succession of foreign interlopers. Earlier invaders, as every Vietnamese is proud to claim, were driven out. For America to ignore this history is to indulge in exceedingly costly ethnocentrism." Unlike Mr. Sylvester, Mr. Gettleman does not invite counter-opinions.

Fawcett, 95¢ (paperback)

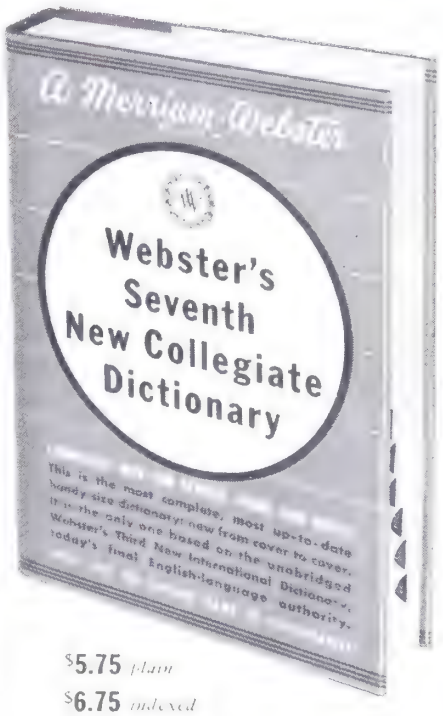
Vietnam Hearings: Voices from the Grass Roots.

This book, published at the expense of Congressman Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, is a report of the hearings which he held in Madison, Wisconsin, July 30 and 31, 1965, to find out what his constituents felt about the war in Vietnam. It is an extraordinary cross section of witnesses, committees, and individuals who took great trouble and thought to organize and express their opinions—extremely divergent—on this most important issue. One feels encouraged to try to do likewise.

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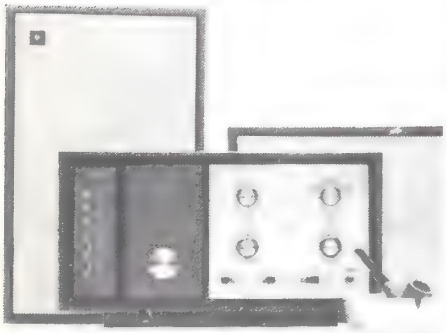
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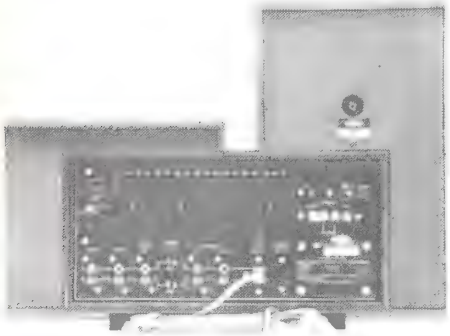
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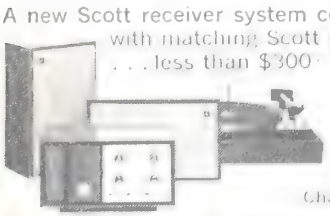


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Music in the Round

by Discus

Schoenberg Still Ascendant

His later music was of the future: the pilot model for today's entire avant-garde.

Igor Stravinsky and Arnold Schoenberg were born within eight years of each other: Schoenberg in 1874, Stravinsky in 1882. It was Stravinsky who made much the bigger initial impact, and *Le Sacre du Printemps* of 1913 turned out to be the most influential single score of the first half of the twentieth century, just as Stravinsky's long neoclassic period put its mark on all contemporary composition. But ever since the end of the second world war, it has been Schoenberg in the ascendant. Serial music (music based on the manipulation of a tone row, or series) has developed into the new international speech, with even so rugged an individualist as Stravinsky himself entering the orbit and composing in serial textures. So widespread has the new idiom become that we find Virgil Thomson in *The New York Review of Books* darkly discussing the "Schoenberg-Berg-Webern conspiracy." Berg and Webern were the two famous Schoenberg pupils who carried on his theories. Schoenberg, who died in 1951, outlived them both.

Two important Schoenberg pieces, one from his early period and one much later, have recently been recorded. They are of great interest. Just as Stravinsky's early works came out of the Russian nationalism of such as Rimsky-Korsakoff, so the early Schoenberg pieces have their roots in the postromantic German tradition, from Wagner through Mahler and Reger. By far the most famous of these early works is the string sextet, *Verklärte Nacht*, composed in 1899 and rescored for string orchestra (in which form it is usually heard) in 1917. Also from the early period (1903) comes the big [sym]phonic poem, *Pelleas and Meli[sande]*, which occasionally turns up in [con]cert. But the major Schoenberg e[ffort] in orthodox postromanticism is [the] tremendous **Gurrelieder**, which [now] comes to us as recorded by R[afael] Kubelik and the Chorus and [Or]chestra of the Bavarian R[adio] (Deutsche Grammophon 1898[35] mono; 138984 5, stereo). Lead[ing] singers are Herbert Schachtsch[nei]der, Inge Borkh, and Hertha Töp[per].

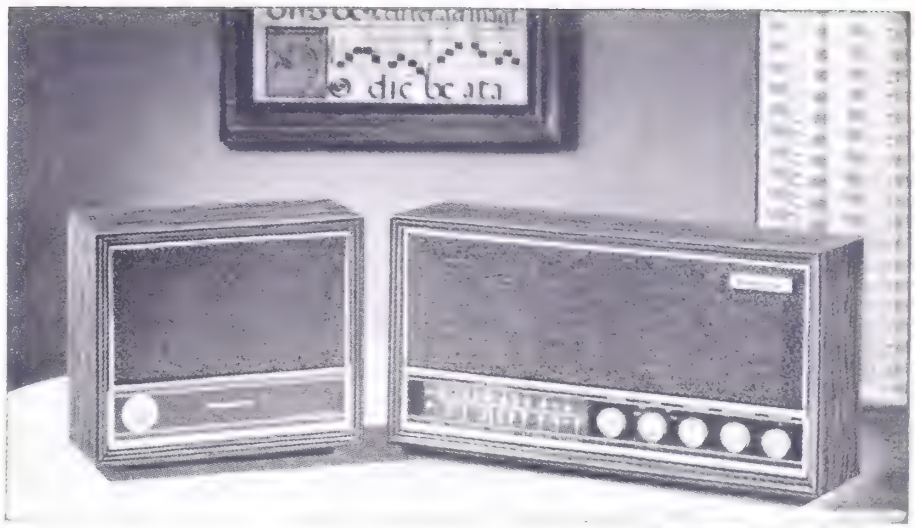
The score of the *Gurrelieder* is [an] oddity in musical history. Compl[eted] in 1901, not orchestrated until 1[91]1, it demands forces that make the [or]chestras of Wagner, Strauss, [and] Mahler dwindle into insignifica[nce]. That is one reason it so seldom tu[rns] up in concert. What symphonic gro[up], even the rich ones of the major Am[eri]ican cities, is going to try to get [to]gether a chorus, six soloists, and [an] orchestra that calls for (among ot[her] things) four flutes, four picco[los], five oboes, seven clarinets, three b[ass] soons, two contrabassoons, ten hor[ns], seven trumpets, seven trombon[es], four harps, eleven percussion, a[nd] strings to match? It is a gargantu[an] orchestra, most likely the largest ev[er] demanded for any single work in m[usi]sical history (except for the grou[ps] Berlioz demanded for certain ou[t-]door extravaganzas; but those we[re] one-shot affairs).

Then the Unforesee[n]

Many years ago Stokowski made [a] famous recording of the *Gurrelieder* and there have been two or thr[ee] since then. The present one was take[n] from a live performance in the Co[n]gress Hall of the Deutsches Museu[m] (the album does not give the date). It is an awfully good performanc[e], though, and the recorded sound [is] absolutely first-rate. What come[s]

is a most impressive and
l canvas, heavily Wagnerian,
athes the second act of *Tris-*
Isolde. The orchestration is
/agnerian tradition and so is
al writing. Chromaticism is
about as far as it can go. Big
, endless–melodies, à la Wag-
used. Over the entire spirit of
re is a brooding, romantic
forests, and fate, and forces
re, and love enraptured, and
it rides, and the specter of

Schoenberg been represented
his early scores, he would have
own as a derivative though in-
ng composer. Who could have
n what actually happened? In
ith the piano pieces of Op. 11
fifteen songs of the *Buch der*
den Gärten (Op. 15), Schoen-
oke with tonality. From that
is music was of the future, not
t. It was a music in which the
l of the fourth rather than
the third (the basis of classi-
mony) was to assume extreme
ance. Schoenberg began to
n the validity of the concept of
l center, and began to talk
"the emancipation of disso-
" All of this led to his famous
t of twelve-tone composition.
time. Not until 1923 did he
se his first serial work, the five
pieces of Op. 23. The same year
ed the twelve-tone Serenade.
n 1926 came the **Suite** for three
ts, violin, viola, cello, and
This has been recorded by the
Ensemble of London, and it ap-
to be the only current version
catalogues (Oiseau-Lyre SOL
ereo). Also on this disc are Al-
erg's **Five Pieces for Clarinet**
iano (Op. 5), played by Gervase
er and Lamar Crowson.
its title indicates, Schoenberg's
is based on old forms. The move-
are named Overture, *Tanz-*
te (dance steps) Theme and
tions, and *Gigue*. One listens to
rk with fascination. It is, after
e prototype, the pilot model, of
today's entire generation of the
-garde is doing. It is a compli-
work, and it is highly dissonant,
is compact. But it is neither as
icated and dissonant nor as com-
s most of today's writing, which
as much from Webern as from
nberg. And, modern as the



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Suite is, it nevertheless has not departed entirely from the Viennese or Germanic tradition. It has a good measure of nostalgia, sections are jaunty, dancelike, and even sentimental, and anybody who has any degree of familiarity with the modern idiom should find the Suite easy to assimilate.

The Berg pieces, too, are classics. They are not twelve-tone, having been composed in 1913. They are, however, atonal, and are short, highly compressed, and intense sketches. Analysts say that the four movements make up a kind of sonata. But it needs no analyst to place the music as a post-Wagnerian manifestation, revolutionary as the writing may be. Even in *Wozzeck* and *Lulu* Berg never was to escape—nor did he ever try to escape—a certain kind of chromatic intensity that links up with the postromanticism of the late nineteenth century. The music, too, has its own kind of melody, and it is of a highly pronounced nature. In our decades the young revolutionaries have been trying, many of them, to compose athematic music, music in which melody is abolished. Schoenberg and Berg would have been horrified at the idea.

Wild Ives

A few months ago this column was devoted to a discussion of the music of Charles Ives. Now comes an important addition to the Ives discography — the **Fourth Symphony**, with the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski (Columbia ML 6175, mono; MS 6775, stereo). It is a wild and wonderful work, typical Ives, full of the convulsive rhythms, the old American tune-snatches, the uncompromising dissonances of this remarkable composer. The Fourth Symphony has charm, wit, and a bracing open-air quality, all mixed up with shaky orchestration, clumsy organization, and a crazy rhythmic structure that requires the services of a pair of assistant conductors. But it is a masterpiece, and once Ives' speech takes hold it is impossible to stop listening to the music. The Fourth Symphony reinforces the belief that Charles Ives was by far the greatest American composer, and a nationalist unlike any in musical history. [ ]

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Arch

RCA Victor is making up for its [illegible] sins with a series of reissues, at [illegible] last, which seem durable and [illegible] sistent enough to survive. Previo[illegible] being large, and under such pres[illegible] to make each record a success, i[illegible] proached its library of early [illegible] recordings with a gingerly, un[illegible] conviction that they weren't "[illegible] mercial" anymore, so that the [illegible] pany's total performance, as a re[illegible] was at best whimsical and at w[illegible] indifferent.

With its present Vintage se[illegible] however, RCA seems to have dis[illegible] ered a way to tap the riches of its [illegible] recording past in good conscie[illegible] perhaps partly by mixing up the c[illegible] gories and including folk singers [illegible] Woody Guthrie and John Jacob N[illegible] along with the jazz patriarchs [illegible] Morton or Bechet. The jacket co[illegible] have a common background of rac[illegible] up champagne bottles, and the pro[illegible] in general seems to have confid[illegible] and effervescence behind it.

RCA's courage is made all the m[illegible] conspicuous by the obscurity, as [illegible] as the rarity, of the material t[illegible] are currently reviving. The proces[illegible] rummaging around in the jazz a[illegible] has now advanced so far that n[illegible] of the more obvious goodies h[illegible] been rediscovered and repacka[illegible] What we are getting today is so ra[illegible] fied that fifteen years ago no rec[illegible] executive would have touched it.

Consider Fats Waller. Victor [illegible] Riverside between them have [illegible] reissued some seven LPs of early W[illegible] ler, so that what remains for a [illegible] reissue in the Vintage series is [illegible] small Waller band of 1934-35 (p[illegible] three solo performances from the l[illegible] 1920s). This is specialization carr[illegible] to a degree, to a Ph.D., degree. C[illegible] can only marvel, and bow.

Count Basie in Kansas City. Ben[illegible] Moten's Band of 1930-32. RCA V[illegible] tor LPV-514. **Fats Waller '34/'**[illegible] RCA Victor LPV-516. **Jumpin' Pu[illegible] kins.** Duke Ellington 1940-41. R[illegible] Victor LPV-517. **Bluebird Blu[illegible]** Tampa Red, Joe Williams, e[illegible] RCA Victor LPV-518. **The Be-B[illegible] Era.** RCA Victor LPV-519. **Ben[illegible] Goodman: The Small Groups.** R[illegible] Victor LPV-521.

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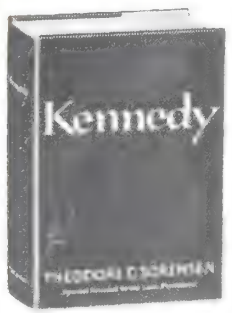
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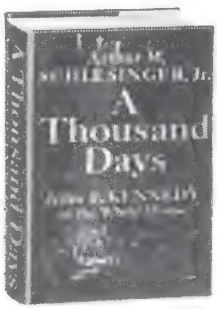
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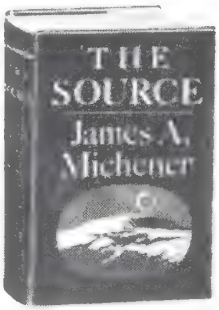
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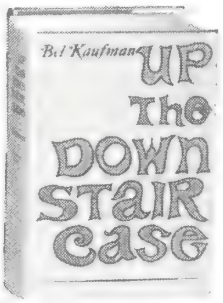
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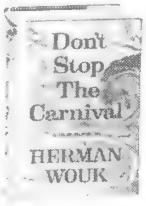
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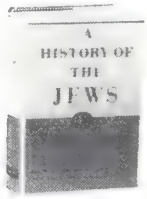
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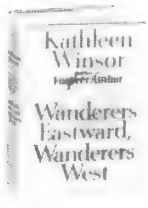
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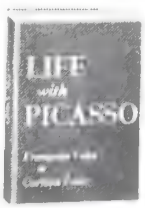
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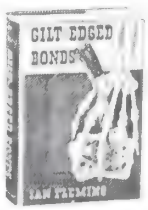
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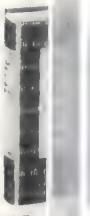
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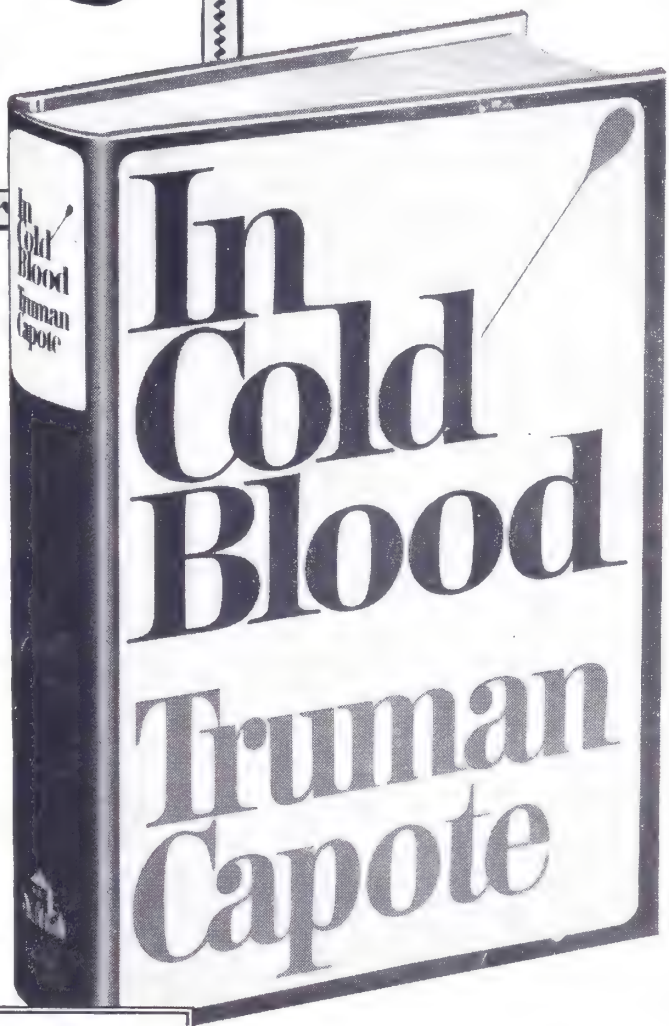


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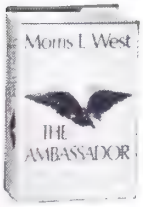
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Letters

Medal for a General

I read with absorbing interest General James M. Gavin's Easy Chair ["A Communication on Vietnam," February] and my own views accord completely with his.

General Gavin's penetrating analyses of our major military problems and policies, which he has made over the past decade and a half, have been conspicuous for fertile and creative thinking and far-ranging vision in the military field. It was his advocacy of the concept of "Sky Cavalry," as he termed it, a concept based on sound fundamentals of the military art, which resulted in our having a new type of Army combat division in our troop list today—the 1st Cavalry Division. Its battlefield performance in Vietnam has so far amply vindicated General Gavin's originality of thinking and brought further luster to this brilliant combat leader and politico-military planner.

GENERAL M. B. RIDGWAY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Curbing Youthful Violence

John Fischer's suggestion for a muscular outlet of aggression in manual work is certainly psychologically and physiologically sound ["Substitutes for Violence," Easy Chair, January]. If it would be sufficient or not would remain to be seen. . . .

As a psychoanalyst . . . I feel that our disapproval and fear of most expressions of anger and hatred have contributed to the excess in delinquency. It is quite true that a misunderstanding of psychoanalysis has frightened many parents into passivity and overpermissiveness, so that they feel guilt for imposing any kind of frustration and discipline on their children. . . .

The young people I sometimes see in my practice complain of lack or insufficiency of discipline on the part of their parents. Lack of parental reprimand, reproach, or punishment for behavior for which the adolescent himself has misgivings, makes his own burden of guilt too heavy and appears to him thus a lack of love and concern. The absence of obligations and frustrations imposes on the teenager doubt of his own capacity. Therefore, because he believes himself to be unimportant, because nothing is expected of him, he thinks he does not have anything worthwhile to give, and strives to make his mark with delinquency and violence, which he has not learned to curb.

HILDA S. ROLLMAN-BRANCH, M.D.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

I have read your article "Substitutes for Violence" and would like to report that the city of Paterson has not only thought of cleaning up our polluted rivers; but we have done something about it. We have recently completed the first urban beautification project in the nation to be carried out with federal anti-poverty funds, employing 103 youths. These youths cleared approximately one and one-half miles of riverbank in about two months. This is one of the most intensive programs to beautify this, the oldest industrial city in the U. S., founded by Alexander Hamilton. After inspecting the project, Commissioner of Conservation and Economic Development, Robert Roe, supported a proposal for a regional river cleanup campaign.

FRANK X. GRAVES, JR., Mayor
Paterson, N. J.

With all respects to John Fischer and his intellectual mentor William James, it simply is not true that warfare may in any way be considered a cultural universal. Equally in error is the assumption that primitive peoples, past or present, are especially prone to organized acts of aggression.

Aggression, stress, and conflict . . . do not automatically lead to war. All may be channeled and resolved in a number of less destructive, even socially constructive, forms. Not a few societies, especially the simpler ones, totally lack a concept of war. The Eskimos, for one, simply understand why men should l men as a matter of group pc

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Clev

Versatile S

As co-president of the Je herd Fan Club of Rye Cou School and member of the set," I feel that Edward G has conveyed the idea of Shepherd mania in a sup ["Jean Shepherd: Radio's Savage," January]. . . . I w to bring to light the fact t Shepherd writes for a nu publications, including *Spo trated* and *Playboy*; theref unfortunates who can't he herd's ideas and stories can read them. DANIEL S. R Harris

Some years ago Jean demonstrated the buying the Night People by urging request a nonexistent book sexy historical fiction title *time*. The requests poured in, too long thereafter, in 195 book appeared, written by a giant of an Englishman [R. Ewing] with startling cr from the worlds of acade brave heroes. The picture on cover, however, looked rer like Jean Shepherd. . . . An u ing Book-of-the-Month-Clu would certainly be impresse exotic diction and, unwarne even miss the satire, so clev ensconced amid the plummy lary, subtle twists of plot, dizzying descriptions of t pades of the libertine.

PAULINE M. MA
Nashvill

All

In his article, "Chicago muter Railroad Miracle" [J Andrew Schiller . . . could v given much more attention Burlington Railroad, for refers to as a miracle on th Western is something that ton commuters have long t granted. As a purchaser of

6 out of 7 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

In the past 7 years, the cost of living has gone up 9.7 percent. In the same period, the average price of steel has:

- ☐ increased 25%
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ton commuter tickets for fifty years I know that its coaches are kept clean, its trainmen have been courteous, and its trains have maintained a good on-time record. The Burlington converted to diesel operation, air-conditioned its coaches, and introduced the double-deck cars several years before these changes became a fact on the North Western. . . .

WALTER S. LACHER
Hinsdale, Ill.

Andrew Schiller showed genuine insight into railroad problems and potentials. I was pleased to see your magazine telling the public how today's railroadmen are breaking through some towering barriers to reshape their century-old industry and make it respond as never before to fierce competitive pressures and pyramiding public transport needs.

JAMES N. SITES, Asst. Vice Pres.
Assoc. of American Railroads
Washington, D. C.

Montana Serenade

As a chauvinistic Montanan, I must take umbrage with Adrienne Richard's story pertaining to a Christmas in the Miles City area of Montana ["One Christmas in Montana," December].

As a man and boy, I have known that area, and Montana, all my life, and *never* have I seen temperatures like 62 degrees below zero. To say that we in Montana enjoy climate while others endure weather is a statement of fact that has to be seen and lived to be fairly understood. We have a phenomenon out here known as "sunshine" and that makes all the difference. The high today—December 21—was 49 balmy degrees. . . .

I used to jest with my father-in-law, Robert Frost, by pointing out to him that Boston was a Johnny-come-lately sort of town, but we in Billings have 10,084 to tuck under our belt—because of climate. Man has lived in this particular area—and lived well—for, lo, these 10,084 years . . . because primitive man had all the requirements of fine living abundance of protein (antelope, buffalo, elk, and venison), plus shelter from the elements and plenty of fuel and water, for this is the area—the Rocky Mountains—in which water is made. Because of this, the Indians of this area were the tallest of all the Am . . Indians. Today, as then—if onl . . case the halls of our local coll . . you will see that the primitiv . . the tallest, because of our fine . . conditions, of all Americans.

WILLARD E. FRASER, . . .
Billings, . . .

Supporting the Sci . . .

In Daniel S. Greenberg's a . . . "The Scientific Pork Barrel" [W . . . ington Insight, January], he p . . . out that government support of . . . research has become so lucrative . . . Congressmen are now fightin . . . the issuance of research contra . . . their home states. In contrast t . . . political fight developing in Was . . . ton, the scientist is apprehensiv . . . cause about 1.25 per cent of th . . . tion's universities receive 68 pe . . . of all this federal money. This is . . . discouraging to many young sen . . . tists who fail to get financial su . . . for their research projects. . . .

The interjection of politics in his unfortunate situation can do no . . . but more harm. Although Con . . . certainly has both the right an . . . sponsibility to set the governm . . . commitment in supporting scie . . . research, it should not attempt . . . a decision without the advice . . . committee composed of recog . . . scientists. Once Congress decid . . . its commitment to basic rese . . . the distribution of money shou . . . left to the existing government . . . cies. . . . The thought of two sc . . . budgets (one for real science an . . . other for hush money) is cert . . . one which warrants a stricter d . . . tion of Congressional responsi . . . in the sciences. MARK SAL . . .
Asst. Prof. of Chem . . .
Rutgers Unive . . .
New Brunswick, . . .

Cities in Tur . . .

Our high school, a part of the . . . sive Los Angeles system, is in . . . dena, a community which bo . . . Watts. Our student body consis . . . not only Caucasians and Negroes . . . also a very large concentratio . . . Orientals. Recently, representa . . . from various Los Angeles . . . schools convened for a colloquiu . . . "Law and Order." The meeting . . . specifically an outgrowth of th . . .



Smooth roads, signposts, beautiful scenery—what more could a shunpiker want? This road is in Arkesden, Essex.

How to shunpike in Britain

ire, $63 a week. Bed-and-fast, $4 a night. Peace-and-no charge.

E *have* a splendid new super-turnpike in Britain, but it's quite avoid. And if you should blunder the exits are prominently marked. exit will lead you to a land of it roads and byways. And they're always well-paved. Dirt surfaces y and far between.

ere do these little lanes go? No-, really. They wiggle between y hedgerows, through drowsy and over rolling hills.

nposts point to Melbury Bubb, Wrangle, Adel cum Eccup.

en you get there—wherever *there* u'll find reasons for having come. a cozy bed and a thumping breakfast for about four dollars. fifty-cent lunch of fresh-baked country cheese, and local beer.

You can shuncar, too

off all that food. Our roads have le traffic that they're just the thing for strolling. Or climb a stile and amble down a grass-grown lane. You might like it so much, you'll plan a walking tour. Lots of British do. This may be why we make some of the best walking shoes in the world. Custom-made, they could cost you less than the machine-made pair you wear.

Signposts and samaritans

You won't get lost. Britain isn't an unfamiliar country. (You know many of the town names from novels and history books.) And the signposts and people speak your language.

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The Chateau La Salle is an excellent ex ple of the outstanding table wines, des wines, sparkling wines, vermouths and bran that The Brothers have been making for m years in California's genial soil and climate

If you would like Brother Timothy to s you a FREE WINE SELECTOR, which tells how to choose and enjoy wines, write to: Christian Brothers, Department W, 1255 F Street, San Francisco, California 94109.

LETTERS

atts riot and, generally, of the ed climate of our times. One students in Advanced Compo- attended and returned not to- atisfied with the results of the g. . . .

he same time, your November rrived. Your reprint of "The vide Plague of City Riots: A l View" seemed particularly it, so I read the article aloud to dents. Then I asked that they l letter to the editor giving an evaluation of the article. Upon g the papers, I was struck by ect the article had upon them. heir grasp of its implications, olite criticisms, . . . their altru- ll coming from seventeen-year- nade me feel that for once, at I had served them well as a r.

MRS. L. R. KRACHE
English teacher
Gardena High School
Gardena, Calif.

owing are comments from sev- f Mrs. Krache's students. We that space limitations prevent m including a larger number of thoughtful letters.

THE EDITORS

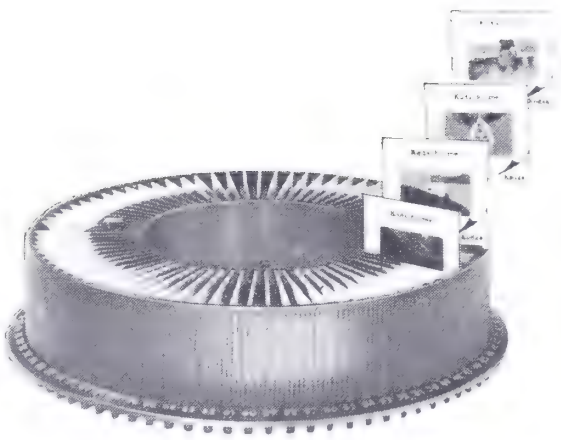
article "The Worldwide Plague y Riots" displayed a lack of in- The author suggests that the nonracial cause of riots is ur- ation: the deadly dull work and d leisure that is the lot of the rated bottom layer."

dly dull work is the cause of dissatisfaction among the mid- ass and among the lower class jobs. But the "frustrated bot- ayer" are the unemployed poor. leisure is wasted because they no money to spend in a society almost all the activities nor- regarded as pleasurable cost y. Thus, the problem behind the is not dull jobs, but no jobs.

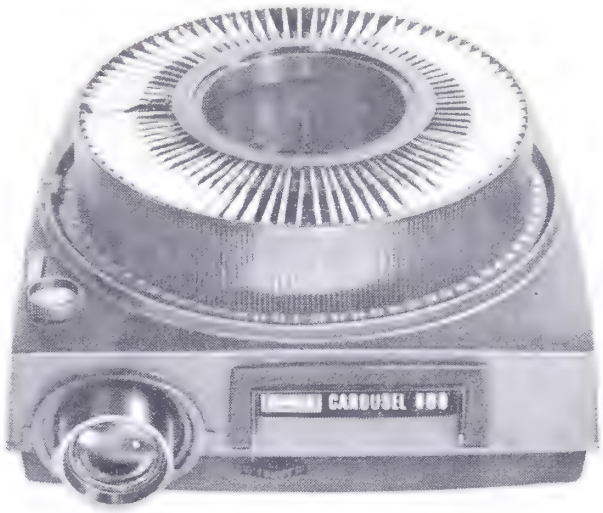
DAVE ZOLL

home being right on the out- s of Los Angeles and the riot Watts, I know that the author's ments in "The Worldwide ue of City Riots" are true. It me a great feeling of relief to that ours is not the only city ed with the problems of urbani- n and integration. . . .

JOANN TADAKUMA



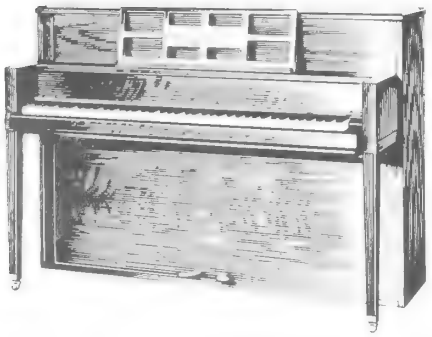
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LETTERS

Your author says the only so to the racial problem is the coll tion and mixing of races. This an easy thing to do. A Negro move into an all-white neighbo but as soon as he does, eve starts trying to sell his house reason, most homeowners say, i Negroes lower property values. or untrue, this is what most believe. The passage of Propo 14 indicates this. . . . Pre against the Negroes will be les by whites and Negroes livin gether, but it will not suddenl appear. There will always be g such as the Ku Klux Klan to s hate, for the world we live in Utopia. MARK F

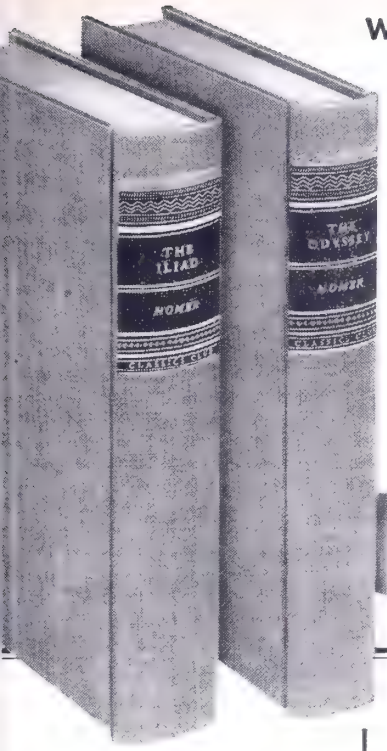
I would like to commend th article, "A Worldwide Plague o Riots." In this age of emotio which nearly everything one concerns either sex or Vietnam one discerning piece of w stands forth. VERNON LIND

Your author made many points, but I do not think that h ried the idea far enough. Wha happen when the trend of urba tion breaks upon the peasant ro India and China? Both of these . . . already have thriving metr tan centers. When factories be lure their millions from the there is only one probable res "bang" so huge as to make th Angeles riots seem like the po of a paper bag in comparison. .

Calcutta already has over tw lion people, most of them lower- Could it stand a tripling of amount within two decades? doubtful, to say the least. And of Shanghai, already with six m people? . . . Birth control has held out as a possible solution. postulate that it will not be enc even if population growth in and China comes to a complete s still, a redistribution of the exi population would be similarly c trous. Not only that—will the sw cities have enough food from shrinking farm corps? As yet is no answer to any of these ques I hope that future historians wi have to look back and say, "T where the mechanism of civiliz broke down."

HARRY TURTLEDO

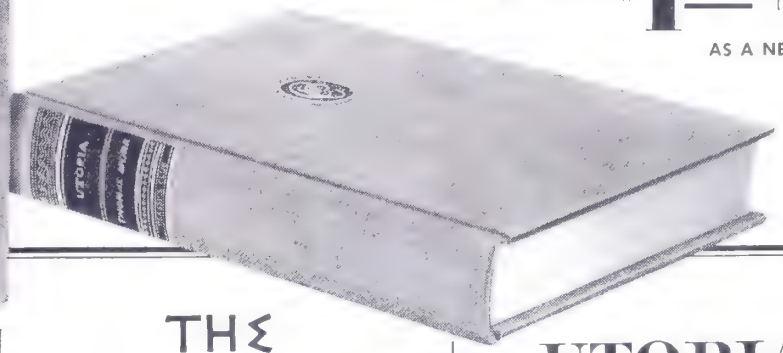
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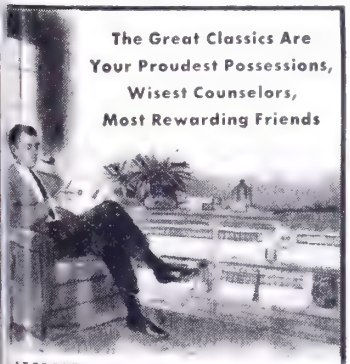
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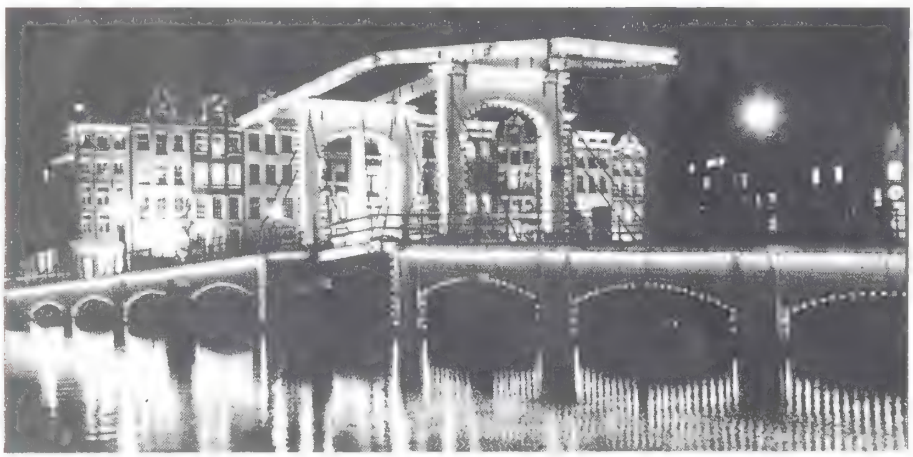
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1. Amsterdam has twice as many of canals as Venice. There are bridges *over* the canals for you to on—including the spectacular M Brug at left.

2. You can see Amsterdam's Roya ace—once called the "8th wonder world." This massive building si 13,659 wooden *"stilts."*

3. Hertz and Avis rates are neat bottom in Amsterdam. Example: rents for $3.75 a day, 6½¢ a mil *a 30-day auto tour, you could save $100 by starting in Amsterdam.*

4. You can dine in the world's ski restaurant. Amsterdam's *Green La* is 3 stories high—and only 6 feet

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7. Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum h most valuable painting ever p canvas. It's Rembrandt's giant " Watch." Museum admission: 15



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l world.)

g sounds. Amster-
city of musicians. It
f the world's great
y orchestras—and
rel organs than *any*

13. You can visit the Anne Frank House. The attic rooms at 263 Prinsengracht are just as the Franks left them. Open daily.

14. Amsterdam has more barrel organs than any other city. They serenade you with Strauss, Puccini—Cole Porter. Carillons chime in every half hour.

15. You can have a 21-dish feast for about $3—per couple. It's an Indonesian delight called "Rijsttafel." Included: curried meat, sprouted beans, stuffed omelet. You can dine in 12 languages in Amsterdam—at *half* New York prices.

16. You can hear one of the world's best orchestras for $2. That's the price of a good seat for a performance of Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Orchestra.

17. You can visit Aalsmeer and see 320 acres of greenhouse blossoms. Aalsmeer—next door to Amsterdam Airport—is the center of European flower growing. Flowers are cut at dawn, sold by 11:00 a.m., and rushed to KLM planes for delivery.

18. You can rent a boat (with skipper) and tour Holland by water—$4.75 a day. The rate is per person, in a party of six. This adventure is popular, so book your boat early. Your travel agent can help.

19. Near Amsterdam, you can see the world's most spectacular miniature town. It's called Madurodam. All the famous landmarks of Holland, past and present, are reproduced in exact 1/25th scale—on *five acres.* Admission: 35¢.

20. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in Europe. Most speak *English*—a blessing when you need directions. *Note:* you have a standing invitation to visit any of 245 Dutch families *at home.*

21. You can storm a dozen ancient castles on the outskirts of Amsterdam. There's a cozy coffee shop in the old wine cellar of the one at Muiden. Some castles even have guest rooms where you can stay the night for as little as $4.



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Letter to a New Leftist, From a Tired Liberal

by John Fischer

"Never trust anybody over thirty."

(A slogan of the Student Left which apparently originated during the Free Speech demonstrations at Berkeley.)

Dear Sam:

When I met you in Washington during the November march on the White House, I was not surprised that you quoted that remark; but I was surprised at the gentle way you did it. To me the most unexpected (and charming) thing about your generation of revolutionists is your tact in dealing with your elders. My generation of radicals was not so kindly.

You did make it quite clear, nevertheless, that you regarded us as The Enemy; that you saw no chance that anyone of my age could possibly understand your feelings or aims—or vice versa; and that any effort to bridge the gap would be a waste of time. The purpose of this note is to try to persuade you that you might be mistaken. Perhaps the gulf is not so wide as all that. And just possibly it might be worth your while to see across it, or at least to understand why it is there.

I agree that the leadership of The New Left ought to remain with people under thirty, for reasons that I'll get to in a moment. But even if you enlist into the cause everybody beneath that age (which you won't) you still would not have enough to make a revolution. You will need some allies from an earlier generation of rebels, and it is quite possible for you to recruit them without compromising your ideals or diluting the fervor of The Movement. Although you are convinced that they are finks, who sold out to The Establishment long ago, they still could be useful to you. Conceivably, too, you might learn something from their experience; for (to paraphrase that old saw of the historians) the child who is unaware of the mistakes of his parents is likely to repeat them.

Even if you reject these possibilities, you might yet find it profitable to try to understand something about the post-thirty graybeards. "Know your enemy" is a sound rule in any war, including the war between the generations. And, if you will forgive me for mentioning such a grisly fact, you will soon—ah, how soon—be over thirty yourself. Permit me, then, to offer a few clues to the odd behavior of those who live in the world of the middle-aged.

It is easy to see why they strike you as incomprehensible. They seem blind to the most obvious facts: for example, that war and racial discrimination and injustice are intolerable. Or, when they do grant the truth of these propositions, they lack your sense of outrage and urgency. For them other things have a higher priority: making a living, for one, or as you call it, the rat race. Worse yet, they seem insensitive to the ugliness of our society—to the patches of poverty, the defilement of the landscape, the squalor of our slum schools, the constriction of life inside T[illegible] organization, whether it be a c[illegible]poration or a multiversity. Most o[illegible] are equally indifferent to w[illegible] your eyes, is the sickening va[illegible] of American opulence, pe[illegible] everything from television to[illegible] Beach, from diamond-studded [illegible] openers to Forest Lawn cemet[illegible].

You can think of only two p[illegible] explanations for this moral d[illegible] ness. Most of the adults you [illegible] either are inherently crass and [illegible] —that is, evil—or they have be[illegible] rupted. Because of timidity [illegible] yearning for the soft life, the[illegible] surrendered to the power stru[illegible] that mysterious cabal which [illegible] learned from the late C. [illegible] Mills) has a vested interest i[illegible] poverty, injustice, and uglines[illegible] sequently you are resolved to [illegible] such corruption at all costs.

If I understand you correct[illegible] propose to achieve this laudab[illegible] through a kind of primitive [illegible] tianity. You don't call it th[illegible] course, since you think of y[illegible] as entirely nonreligious, scorn [illegible] churches as part of the power [illegible] ture. Yet, although you may [illegible] have read St. Paul, your p[illegible] sound very much like his. You [illegible] in effect, taken vows of holy p[illegible] believing with him that the l[illegible] money is the root of all evil. [illegible] point of view is intensely mor[illegible] censorious. You have dedicate[illegible] life to improving the lot of th[illegible] the persecuted, and the outca[illegible]

arch Submersibles: A report from General Dynamics

eed of vessel:

and thirty feet down in the a, a Byzantine galley had hid- rets for almost fifteen centu- n in 1964, University of nia Museum archeologists paired cameras on a new re- marine, Asherah, and learned n the three-dimensional pho- obtained in one "flight" over than had been possible from scuba diving.

is the first of dozens of under- lready done by Asherah. The is the 339th—and at 17 feet smallest—submarine built by Dynamics. For comparison, the the very first submarine we de- the Navy in 1900, was 54 feet r the years, we have built the s of most classes of United avy submarines, including its owered undersea ships.

e true manned research subma- really a new breed of boat. a score now exist.

and mobility:

athyscaphes, designed to drop depths but remain relatively e for passive observation, the earch submarines must have pability, the ability to perform ork, and the mobility to survey l areas at a reasonable speed.

ah is one of the first true re- ubmarines. It can dive to 600 orld War II subs rarely dived elow 300 feet), stay submerged hours, cruise at three to four nove in all directions. An im-



Asherah beneath the Aegean Sea.

proved sister ship, Star II, is made of the same HY-80 steel that goes into nuclear submarines; it has depth capability to 1,200 feet.

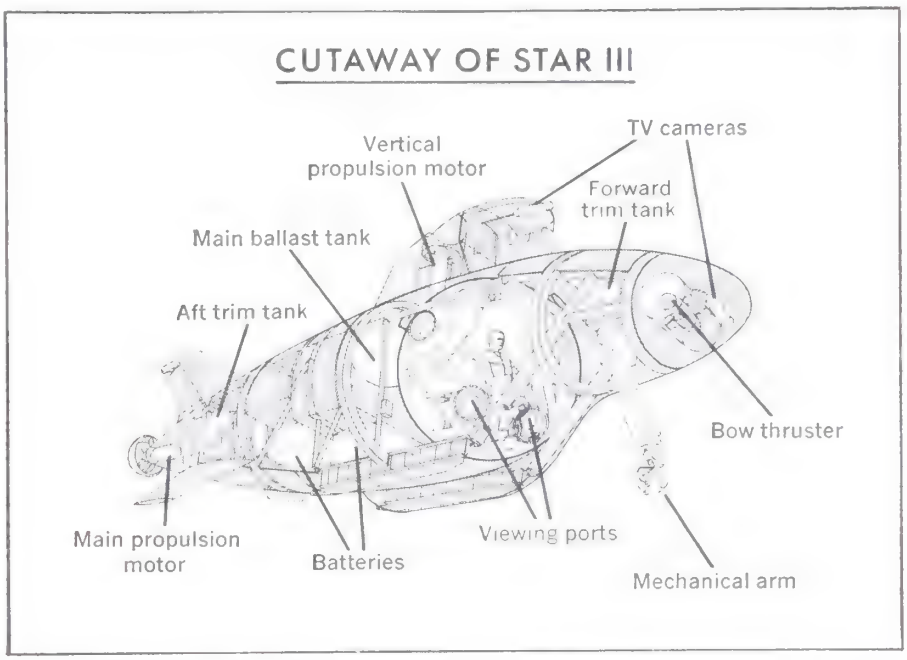
A larger boat we call Star III (see cutaway drawing below) is built of even tougher HY-100 steel. It has a cruising depth of 2,000 feet, and is equipped with an external mechanical arm that has interchangeable "hands"—a clamshell grip, a wire cutter, and a "three-finger" which can pick up a pencil or a 200-pound weight, or manipulate a valve.

rushed by air for a rescue operation.

But subs with many special characteristics will be needed for exploring—and for exploiting—the sea.

Some vessels will have to withstand pressures up to 10,000 pounds per square inch, to allow them to penetrate into mid-ocean abysses four miles deep. Work subs for, say, mining will have to be stable enough in a buoyant environment not to be whipped about in reaction to the force of their own tools.

We have already done a study for the



The Aluminaut, the largest research sub so far, was built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International to prove, among other things, the feasibility of aluminum as a hull metal. The 51-foot Aluminaut is designed to operate at depths up to 15,000 feet, under pressures up to more than 7,000 pounds per square inch. Aluminaut, in early sea trials, has cruised as deep as 6,250 feet, and remained submerged for over 30 continuous hours. A World War II military submarine rarely remained submerged for more than 24 hours.

Problems and needs:

These early research subs still have many limitations of speed, range and submerged endurance. They require back-up by a mother ship and have to be carried or towed to a job location.

This last "limitation" can sometimes be an advantage. Asherah and Star II, for example, are small enough to be

Bureau of Fisheries showing feasibility of a submarine to track oceanic fish. It would be 160 feet long, carry 31 persons at speeds up to 20 knots, and could cruise submerged for up to 90 days.

Right now, we don't think there will ever be one single all-purpose type of research-work submarine. Just as land vehicles range from motor scooters to 20-ton earthmovers, so will most manned submersibles be designed and built for special purposes.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building materials; coal and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

cause you take literally Lord Acton's maxim that all power corrupts, you want no part of power. You distrust organizations of any sort, because you perceive (quite correctly) that they require compromises—and to you "compromise" is the dirtiest of words. You have, in sum, renounced the world and its temptations, just as Paul demanded. No doubt unconsciously, you have even adopted the apostolic style: the pilgrim's sandals and rough-spun clothes (known in your circle as SNCC overalls), the shaggy hair and beard, the preaching in simple parables (usually set, in your case, to guitar chords).

Much of this—especially your motives and commitment—seem to me wholly admirable. While your indifference to soap and neckties seems to annoy some of your seniors, it doesn't bother me, for often I have the same impulse. After all, there *is* some relationship between being emancipated and unbuttoned.

But you are mistaken, I think, in both your diagnosis and your plan of action.

Your explanations for the behavior of the middle-aged are quite wrong. If they have been corrupted—or, more precisely, drained of zeal—the causes are different from those you assume. The dangers you seek to avoid are largely illusory; and the real dangers are something that you so far have not recognized.

Moreover, the life-style which you are cultivating so eagerly is likely to prove disappointing. Look what it did to the early Christians. Instead of ennobling their characters, the Pauline doctrine produced a lot of sour, ineffectual old bigots, like St. Simeon Stylites. Only when Christianity compromised with its principles enough to employ worldly tools—power, money, organization—did it begin to have much effect on the surrounding society. And then, because its dogmas were nearly as intolerant and self-assured as your own, it became embroiled in centuries of warfare and persecution of the unbelievers. "Crusade" is a word you are fond of. Remember that it referred originally to a ruthless and unprovoked aggression.

If you really want to understand the behavior of the middle aged generation, you must look first at its history. It has been through two major wars and a depression. These were experiences which you cannot even imagine—but I hope you will take my word for it that their impact was heavy and lasting. They shaped the character and outlook on the world of everybody who went under the hammer. If you prefer the word "distorted" rather than "shaped," I won't argue; in any case, they left a lot of scar tissue.

Consequently, people of my age don't feel quite as much anxiety as you do about the war in Vietnam, for example. They regard it as deplorable but hardly cataclysmic, since they have been through worse. Many of us have grave doubts about the way it is being conducted, for the reasons General James Gavin mentioned in this space last month. Nevertheless, most of us see it as a necessary evil, on the theory that if we don't fight a small war there and now, we very probably will have to fight a bigger and more tragic one a little later. This conviction is based on sore experience.

If you will allow me to cite a bit of private evidence, I can offer my own embarrassing case history. When I was your age, I edited a college newspaper. I filled it with editorials denouncing war in terms much like those you use today. Any fool could see that major conflicts were brewing up in both Europe and Asia, and I was passionately convinced that the United States ought to stay out of both of them. Because I grew up as a disciple of eloquent but rather simpleminded theorists, such as Bernard Shaw, Charles Beard, and Senator Gerald Nye—who were in many ways remarkably like your own *guru*-figures, Mills, Paul Goodman, and Staughton Lynd—I then believed that munitions makers were primarily responsible for war, and that the abolition of the arms industry was the quickest way to perpetual peace. (A simplistic reading of the history of World War I gave some support to this view.) To me it was axiomatic that any public official who was not an isolationist must be either a corrupt tool of the military-industrial establishment, or else blind to the follies of 1914-18.

A little later I was in Germany, as a student and reporter, just after Hitler had come to power; and I began to suspect that my notions about war were not quite adequate. In it dawned on me that Hitler h verted virtually a whole nati new kind of totalitarian religic most Nazis sincerely thou themselves as idealists; and th intended, for the good of man bring the world under the he of their Master Race—exterm in the process such lesser r Jews, gypsies, and Slavs.

This scheme might hav stopped and Hitler overthro small cost in bloodshed, if the boring nations had resisted h aggressive moves, into the Rh and Austria. But by 1939 could stop him except a maj Today it is easy to forget ho we came to losing it.

Sometime between 1933 an I came to believe that war, h horrible, might not be the wors that could happen; and that case the decision might not rest with Washington. When so publicly, *The Daily Work* cused me of selling out to the thirsty imperialists. (That, of was before Hitler attacked afterwards the American C nists became more bloody-m than anybody.)

My point is that this cha mind—for me as for millions o then-young Americans—did n pen because we were either s or intimidated by the power ture. It was produced by co inescapable events; and it wa forced, something more than a later, by the similar events Korean War. Most of us belie the same lesson applies right what is happening in Asia. Yo disagree with us—but I hope y grant, eventually, that our m are just as decent as your ow

You also misread, it seems to attitude of your elders towa pockmarks on the face of our society. Certainly it is infur but it does not necessarily from moral callousness.

In most cases it springs fr Depression. The hideousness o years really can't be conveyed one who didn't live through years when grown men p through garbage cans in sea scraps to feed their children, thousands of families lived in



›on of Koltanowski?



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So go to it. White to play and mate in two moves.

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. H-5, Saratoga, Calif.,

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowsk I'll be delighted to receive the International Laws of Chess. Also, I hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1966. I understand that unless my answer is postmarked before then it will be ineligible for a prize.

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1966 Buick. The tuned car.

shacks while the homes from
ey had been evicted stood
job—any job—was the most
hing we could imagine. Con-
, even today a secure spot
Big Organization does not
us exactly like a spiritual
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der the labor unions, for in-
To us it seemed self-evident
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was to muster all the unor-
workers into strong unions.
uld then form the backbone
ral political movement, some-
e the Labor party in England
then looked a lot more revolu-
than it does today). The

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of human improvement."
Dugald Stewart
(1753-1828)

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unions would pressure Congr
a radical remodeling of the ec
so that unemployment would
impossible. They would abolis
discrimination in jobs and
and housing. They would see t
we kept out of all wars. Un
leadership of the intellectuals,
ized Labor—with its newfour
dom, leisure, and money—wo
juvenate the arts and theater
up the soul and muscle of th
American society.

With that vision beckonin
good many young people work
(and at some economic risk)
the new unions—in my case th
paper Guild. We helped pass t
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long list of other legislation
the working man. We won ne
the battles—but the victory
turn out to be quite as gloriou
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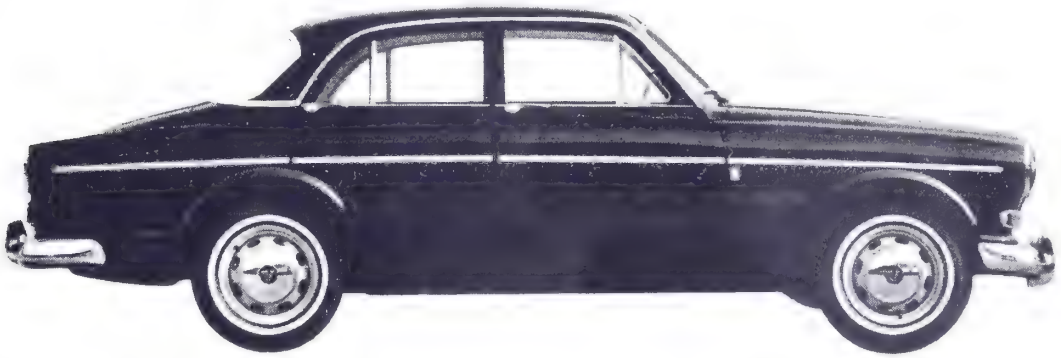
Instead of becoming the
troops of liberalism, the union
a very few exceptions) quickl
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Transport Workers Union
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To mention one more exar
what can happen to a radical
me tell you about the farm p
of the New Deal. In many way
a counterpart of the civi
movement today: it was inte
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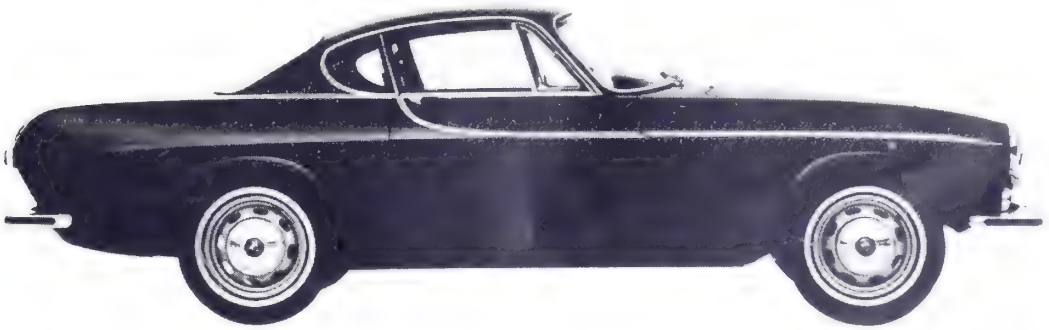
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

political power) of the Southern Negro. It had the fervid support of all the liberals of that day; and for a while it worked pretty well.

But at the same time another part of Wallace's program was—quite unintentionally—forcing hundreds of thousands of families off the land. Negroes and poor whites alike. Because it gave the biggest subsidies to the big farmers (as it still does) it speeded up the mechanization of agriculture, replaced the sharecropper with a cotton-picking machine and squeezed the little farms out of existence. The end product you can see now: a river of refugees, streaming into the cities in search of unskilled jobs or relief handouts—and sometimes, as in Watts and Harlem, exploding into a bewildered and intensely fury.

Another result was that American agriculture became the most efficient in history, capable of feeding the hungry of four continents for the last twenty years. But neither outcome was anticipated by Wallace and his corps of bright-eyed reformers. And our main purpose—a better life for the rural underdog—mostly went awry. We failed, not for any of the reasons you assume, but simply because we could not foresee the long-range consequences of our actions.

This is the main reason, I think, why the middle-aged no longer plunge into radical movements with a zeal equal to yours. They are not indifferent and they haven't sold out. They have just gone astray so often on the road to The New Jerusalem that they have to make very sure of the road map before embarking on another march. They have, in James Perkins' words, "reluctantly lost hope in the short cut and the quick fix." Still believing in progress, they have come to suspect that it can be achieved only by very hard work over a long period of time.

What I am describing, of course, is that prime target of your derision, The Tired Liberal; remember that he earned his weariness by years of aching labor, and many a disappointment and that you may not always be immune to such weariness yourself.

This also is the main reason why radical movements ought to be led by you youngsters under thirty. You



If they have time to risk their necks, they have time to learn piano

're in favor of strenuous outdoor fun for children. necessary and valuable part of growing up. But y spend too much time in aimless activity, they isk their futures as well as their necks.

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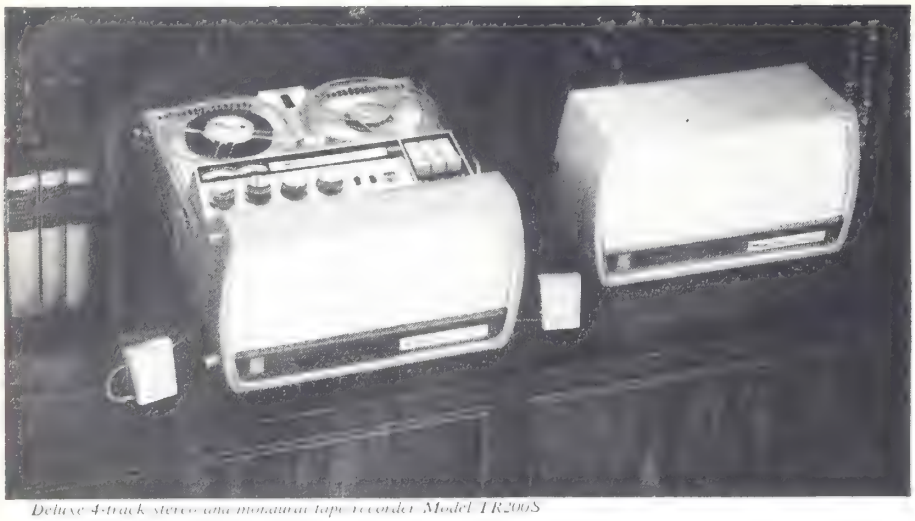
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CH R

have the zest for combat, the
of the unscarred. (In like fas
boys under twenty make the
combat infantrymen.) Your e
will not follow you into camp
which they deem hopeless or n
rected. But when they are conv
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for example, that you are in
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form of university education-
they can give you plenty of solid
port. You would do well to make
effort to enlist it; for sometim
may prove decisive.

How can you do so without fo
ing your principles?

First of all, you need to figur
a little more clearly where you
to go. So far as I can see, no ra
movement since the Luddites
been so incoherent about its
Some of your associates, in
sound like old-fashioned anarc
—but without the philosophica
derpinning which made Kropo
say, sound faintly plausible. De
strations are dandy; but they ar
enough. Shouting "Freedom
doesn't help train a single Neg
hold a skilled job, and "Quit Viet
does not constitute a foreign p
If you want to persuade any sub
tial number of voters to take
seriously, you have to tell then
only what you are against, but
you are for—specifically and i
tail; not only what you dislike
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propose to put in its place.*

In addition, you will have to
come your distaste for organiz
However repellent it may seem,
already overorganized world, yo
find that nothing else really w
If you seriously hope to overcom
ganized power, you can do it on
organizing a power base of your
You will also find—alas—that it h
have some kind of hierarchy,
degree of discipline, a conside
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"Participatory democracy" is a s
did ideal, but I think you alread

This, I assume, is what was
mind of James Farmer, one of the
militant of Negro leaders, when
signed a few months ago as na
director of the Congress of Racial E
ity, to head up a new, nationwid
gram for teaching literacy and wo
skills.

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se we're one of their good cus-s?

nly, that's one reason. No real- ignore the importance of rec- y in any business relationship.

iat's only part of the explana- Ve think a lot of banks do busi- with us for an even more im- it reason: Because they like our es and facilities; because they iem useful and important.

cample: There's plain conven- We have 161 offices around orld, and that means there's an int Executive with institutional v how" within easy reach.

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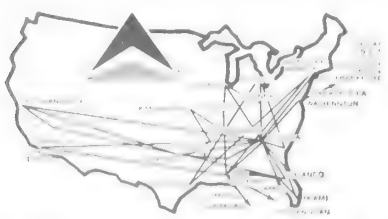
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discovering that it isn't very effective unless somebody takes the responsibility for drafting a program, seeing to it that decisions get made, and then making sure that they are carried out.

In the process of making these discoveries, you are going to find out some unpleasant facts about the Communists. Each generation has to learn these for itself, so I am not much disturbed that Communists are now infiltrating a number of civil-rights and other New Left groups; that probably is a necessary form of inoculation. It will show you, better than anything else, that Communists—whether of the orthodox brand, Maoists, Trotskyites, or Castroites—always try to destroy any organization that they cannot dominate; and that in spite of their professions, they have no use for democracy, participatory or otherwise. Before long you will learn that it is never possible to work with Communists unless you are willing to become completely subservient to their directives. And, if The New Radicalism has as much vitality as I think it has, it will eventually excrete them and go its own way—but not before you have had some bruising internal struggles, of the kind that nearly wrecked the Newspaper Guild, the CIO, and dozens of other organizations.

At the same time, you will make discoveries of a more pleasant sort about what you call The Establishment. You will find that, in fact, there is no such thing as a "power elite." Poor C. Wright Mills was an appealing character, but he never had a clue to the way American society actually works, or how the big decisions are really made. You may find it encouraging when you observe for yourself that the established structure is, in fact, far more porous, loose, and pluralistic than you have been taught by your *gurus*, and more susceptible to your influence, once you have learned the effective ways to bring it to bear. (One way is to use the apparatus of the traditional political parties; you would be surprised how easy it is to take over a precinct committee. I've done it myself, with no great effort, and so have thousands of others.)

As you begin to feel your way toward the levers that make things happen, your real danger is not that you may be corrupted by pow or the lure of a comfortable subu lies instead in that proverb of is-raeli's, to the effect that any mar is not a radical in his twenties a heart, while any man who ren a radical after thirty lacks a That, in my view, is the most cy of pronouncements, and the damaging.

What this country needs is rac who will stay that way—regardle the creeping years, the inevi blunders, defeats, and combat tigue. For the rate of change i world today is unimaginably f than ever before, and we can ho survive in reasonably good shape if we change our human institu fast enough to keep up. This m constant radical reexaminatio everything in sight, from pol systems to sex habits—radical i old sense of going to the roots. long can anybody hope for a d life, for example, if we keep on bling the earth's population forty years? Do our old pol boundaries make any sense wh single city sprawls across states? The list of such questio endless—and you can be sure tha conservatives won't even ask t much less find the answers.

You and your comrades-in- will keep trying, I hope, even you are long past thirty a younger generation of radica watching you with impatience pity. For the only corruption really need to fear is the corru of despair.

•

Card-burner

ST. JOSEPH, MO. Mayor Arthu Meers Wednesday received an lope by special delivery. In it w letter and some ashes. The letter "In protest against the recent in of overdue library book fines three to five cents, I have burne library card."

—Chicago *Sun-Times*, November 4. (quoted in American Library As tion *Bulletin*, December 1965).



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San Francisco's Cultural Donnybrook

by Russell Lynes

December a delegate to the nor's Conference on Design for tate of] Washington said to me, Francisco has had it. Seattle is move."

Francisco most certainly has d it, and it assuredly does not er Seattle a threat. It has, how- been going through an an- d middle-aged cultural spasm ultimately may be useful not o San Francisco but to the rest nation. The city has been learn- hard lesson. It considers itself rld city"—one of the physical ultural wonders not just of ica but of all creation. It regards era as superior to the Metro- n in New York and its Ballet e of the World's Great ones. It (I use the word advisedly) an nt symphony orchestra, three useums, the Actor's Workshop, is the home of painters, poets, sts, architects, and craftsmen fusion. It is a city where the arts are not only lively but, as in New York, commercially important as a magnet for tourists.

A little more than a year ago the presumably aristocratic nose down which San Francisco looks was put out of joint. Its position as the "Athens of the West" was threatened by what it has always considered a Southern cultural backwater, Los Angeles. Not, mind you, that there was any great cultural renaissance going on to the south, but Los Angeles had had the effrontery to erect, and to open with unseemly fanfare that attracted national attention, a $33 million Music Center. John O'Connor of Los Angeles was quoted in the San Francisco *News Call-Bulletin* as saying, "I dearly admire San Francisco. But I must confess San Franciscans are the smuggest people in the country, including Back Bay Bostonians." George Dusheck of the *News Call-Bulletin* headed a series of articles on "L.A.'s Culture Conquest" with this quotation and the headline, "It's Smogville vs. Smugville."

Whether Dusheck's series was in any sense responsible for the row that subsequently happened in San Francisco over the state of its cultural institutions is immaterial, but it opened the door to a gust of windy and sometimes acrimonious discussion and some soul-searching.

"Odious comparison," said the popular columnist, Herb Caen, in the *Chronicle*.

Dean Wallace, the art and music editor of the *Chronicle*, wrote, "San Francisco is rapidly becoming known from coast to coast as the place where everyone talks about culture and nobody does anything about it. . . . Sometimes it seems as though our city is engaged in a desperate struggle to remain second-rate — and not quite making it."

The poet, painter, and essayist (and contributor to *Harper's*) Kenneth Rexroth, wrote in the *Examiner*, "I think we'd better stop making comparisons and start worrying about what's wrong with San Francisco, *sui generis*, not comparatively."

The "odious comparison" erupted early in January 1965, and later that month San Franscisco "culture" received what, from press reaction to it, appears to have been considered a body blow. The justifiably famous Actor's Workshop seemed on the verge of collapse; its directors, Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, and half its company announced that they were moving to New York to take over the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. (New Yorkers are not now so sure that San Francisco was ill-served by this move, though it seemed a coup at the time.) The city Arts Commission was urged to step in to help save the day, and, according to the *Chronicle*, "got no further than approving the formation of a temporary committee . . . a nimble performance that neatly sidestepped the issues of leadership and the cold cash the workshop says it needs to stay in business."

Mr. Lynes's books on American manners include "The Domesticated Americans" and "A Surfeit of Honey." In recent months he has reported in 'After Hours" on faraway places—from Lisbon to Seattle and from the White House lawn to Persia on the Hudson.

The crisis, however, put two men in the spotlight who stayed there for months as the matter of the Actor's Workshop was overshadowed by a far more explosive cultural issue—a $29 million issue—that had what some of its partisans called the elements of "class warfare." The two men were Jeremy Ets-Hokin and Dr. Gerald Feigen. Ets-Hokin, a rich and politically ambitious electrical contractor in his thirties, was a member of the Arts Commission, appointed by Mayor John F. Shelley in recognition of the backing he had provided the Mayor in his campaign for office. Dr. Feigen was (and still is) the vice-president of the board of the Actor's Workshop, a witty and peppery man who, by his own account, "likes to stir up trouble" where he thinks trouble will benefit the arts.

It was because of the $29 million issue, a bond issue known to San Francisco voters as "Proposition B," that I found an excuse to talk with a number of members of what might be called the culturally concerned community. The fight was over when I got there and the contestants were licking their wounds. There were, however, some traces of bad blood still around, some acrimony, and even—among the opponents to the bond issue, who had prevailed—an uneasy satisfaction in their victory.

"Proposition B" (which came to be known as just "B"—bumper stickers carried the slogan "Vote Yes on B," for example) was offered to the electorate of San Francisco as the means of raising funds for the refurbishment and modernization of the Opera House and the Veterans' Building (which contains an auditorium and the San Francisco Museum of Art), the construction of a new Musical Arts Building, a five-hundred-car underground garage, and an underpass from the new building to the Opera House costing $1,500,000 (and, as it turned out, a good many votes). The functions of the Musical Arts Building were planned to include "a complete full-size rehearsal stage which will permit the San Francisco Opera Company to rehearse and produce new operas without tying up the Opera House for four and one-half months of the year." In addition to this it was to contain "a 2,200-2,700-seat hall for performances of ballet, incidental concerts, recitals, and repertory groups."

"Shelley's Cultural Explosion," as the *Examiner* called it in a page-one story, had been proposed by the Mayor on March 3rd. It seems unlikely that the Mayor had the slightest notion when he announced his proposal that his cultural explosion would not effervesce into a boom but that it would sputter into silence. His plan, he said, "will make San Francisco the envy of every city in the world" and would make people "again think L.A. is a Mexican village." Rexroth noted, "It's okay for columnists to talk that way, but a Mayor is supposed to be a gentleman, and not insult all the inhabitants of Los Angeles and of Mexican villages in one breath."

By and large the press was favorably disposed toward the Mayor's proposal, though the *Examiner* "at the risk of seeming to be against the finer things of life" suggested that the matter deserved further study and a more "cautious approach" to spending the taxpayer's money. There were other voices, however, that were anything but moderate and the most noticeable was that of Jeremy Ets-Hokin.

Ets-Hokin's attacks on the state of San Francisco's nonsupport of the arts started before the "B" issue was raised. He had already got himself in trouble with the chairman of the Arts Commission over his stand on the Actor's Workshop which, he said, the city should support. He had, furthermore, made himself unpopular with the boards of the Opera and Symphony and other such institutions because he called them the "Establishment"—which he defined as the "power structure of old families . . . a moneyed elite" which had stifled culture in San Francisco. "They are imbued with an almost incestuous lethargy," he said. "Their every effort is directed at keeping everything . . . the way Grandfather wanted it." He was in favor, he said, of a performing-arts center, like the ones in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

That was, as I say, pre-"B." He seems to have changed his tune if not his tone, when the proposal was made to raise money for a cultural center that was, in effect, more than the nucleus of the center for the performing arts for which he had been ing. He became a proponent of centralizing the arts and the le of the forces against the bond i He declared himself the champi the "people" against the "Estab ment." Mayor Shelley fired him the Arts Commission because he loudly and alone against the pro tion, and as a result he had trouble in rallying behind him a many individuals and organiza to oppose the bond issue. He g splendid lot of political mileage o his stand and a great many head Even his opponents admitted it good ploy.

The forces ranged against were august. A "Citizens Comm for the War Memorial Center" w ganized with the Mayor as hon chairman and the head of the Commission as one of the vice-c men. More than seventy comm members were listed on the le head, among them the presiden the Opera, Ballet, Museum of Arts, Symphony, War Memorial Spring Opera Company. They hi public-relations firm, devised gan, "San Francisco: the W Favorite City. Let's Keep Her Way!", opened a headquarters printed pledge cards, campaign ers, fact sheets, and 10,000 sti in luminous colors for car bun In a memo to committee me the campaign director noted,

> There is no question that the cious attacks of our opponents been detrimental; however, th have the effect of making the front-page news something a measure rarely achieves.

If Ets-Hokin saw that me must have been pleased.

The arguments of those wh posed the bond issue were n shrill, by any means, nor w virtue. In the first place everyo both sides of the argument a that the Opera House despe needed an overhauling backstag below stage. The House was b 1932, and scarcely any basic m nance seems to have been done then. But that was the only po agreement. The citizens agains blamed the proponents of "B slovenly management of the House over a long period of which, they said, scarcely w

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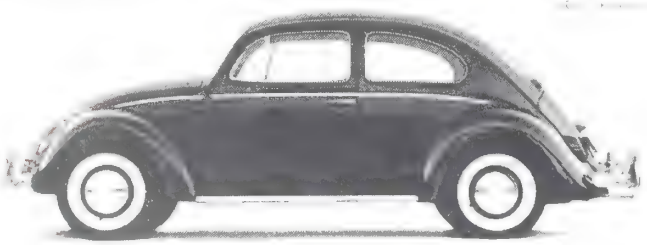


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This was the nub of the
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scarcely pick up a newspape
without discovering another c
has announced plans for a new
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"Oh!" they'd exclaim, the puzzled looks leaving their faces. "I see. U.S. Rubber needed a new international trade-mark; one that didn't say 'rubber' or 'U.S.' So they chose UniRoyal."

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By Margaret Scherf

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•

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•

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By Douglas Haskell

The street the President lives on is due for a radical face-lifting, and a grand plan has been devised that will make it one of the great thoroughfares of the world. Illustrated.

Plus a new column on the performing arts, by Robert Kotlowitz.

out what had happened and why what, if anything, it might por

I found no shortage of amiabl pitality or of people eager to about "B." Through a friend wh been involved with the ant group, though I did not know when I wrote him, I was intro first to the anti-"B" faction, the day to the leaders of the pr forces, and on a third occasi those who might be called the "m ates," who aren't necessarily ag "B" but who seemed more inter in the future of San Francisco' tural vitality than in whether i fashionably or unfashionably ho

At the airport I was met b Feigen and Howard Gossage (a vertising man who raised a con able fuss in the pages of this r zine several years ago with an a on the highway billboard cliq his profession). They had come said, because they wanted to "f in" on "the characters in this D brook."

"The Proposition-'B' people," Feigen said, "cashed in on the e of a lot of us and sprang their gap plan, allegedly studied for a time. They led the public to be even our 'intellectual' "—the q tion marks were in his tone of —"Mayor did, that the twenty million would solve the cultural lem of San Francisco and make look like a small Mexican town."

The doctor spoke in whole tences. He added, "It's a dece remedy for treating a sympton not a disease. If 'B' had been pa culture here would never have another nickel."

In San Francisco, he said moneyed families sit firmly on capital, and what was once adve ous money is now timid money l up in family trusts. (Later son else told me, "Forty Jewish fa came here in the last century al rich, civilized people, patrons arts, but their taste stopped Brahms' Second and it's still the

"These people have got an E Complex," Mr. Gossage said, usi epithet commonly reserved fo lege trustees. "Reasonable struc must be provided for all the per ing arts before we consider tw nine million for remodeling."

That evening I was the gu Jeremy Ets-Hokin at a dinner

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nt tour shopping is only a matter of finding the best nd, since *all* air fares on *all* airlines must be exactly the required by agreement, it is in the area of food, lodging r tour arrangements that one must look for values. In oney isn't everything. Don't *just* prices and go flying off some- ake a good look at what you're nto. And that means paying *care-* tion to 'Tour Conditions.' You'll in *all* tour folders. What to look mple: in our 'Tour Conditions,' d we state which hotels are 'first 'deluxe.' We point out that *we* those terms as one might say or 'charming.' Rather, that we erred to the government ratings id the hotels in question to be so , it's things such as that which se attention when you compare to another. In short, 'Tour Con- ell you *where* you are going, *how* here, *where* you are staying and *tly what* is included in the price. ere are brief descriptions of 5 European tours. We *know* they ually good travel bargains. And you to *know* it, too. Send for our ers, or see your travel agent. Then l want to compare, go right ahead. hose simple directions and per- ll see you on board. We hope so.



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red-plush dining room of an Italian restaurant. He was unable to get there as he was in the hospital waiting for minor surgery the next day and, as he said to me when I stopped in to see him after dinner, his physician wouldn't "spring" him. I was picked up, however, at the Bohemian Club, where I was the guest of Mr. Philip Boone, the president of the San Francisco Symphony (as you can see, I was very hospitably cared for by and on all sides), by a young man, Zev Putterman, who does public relations for Mr. Ets-Hokin. He told me who was going to be at the dinner.

"There's the director of the Actor's Workshop," he said. "His name is John Hancock; you know, like the insurance company."

"Um . . . ," I said.

"There's Alan Myerson, producer-director of 'The Committee.' Have you seen 'The Committee'?"

I said I hadn't. "The Committee" is a satiric review.

Over antipasto and scampi I heard a great many dire comments about San Francisco as a provincial town that thinks it is a cosmopolitan city, about how it is "a bad art town; it's hard to sell paintings here or to get people to museums . . . painters who live here sell in New York, not here." I was told, "It's a city that used to know how . . . ," and, "it's an enemy of artists . . . pushing them against the wall. They never use their local talent. It has to go someplace else to make a reputation." One of the men at the dinner (there were about eight in all) said, "This city is deceiving itself"—about its cultural eminence—"and it's deceiving the nation."

Dr. Feigen, who was one of those present, suggested that if all these things were so, then why did so many energetic and artistically vital young men and women flock to San Francisco? Then the temper of the conversation changed. I find the following comments jotted in my notes:

"Things are beginning to shake loose in S.F. The Establishment is beginning to disappear. When we talk about the Establishment, we don't want them assassinated!"

"S.F. is everybody's neurotic dream . . . fog and a lamppost . . . it's full-time marihuana."

"There isn't so much cooking here that you can't see what's going on, like New York. What we've got is a bunch of guys who see what's coming and they're going to stay here and do something about it."

John Hancock said that if he did not get a check from the city big enough to keep the Workshop going he had no choice but to return it. Alan Myerson said, "You ought to do it in a very spectacular way. You ought to burn the check on TV."*

So far as "B" was concerned, it was evident that those present were not only concerned with what they consider the dead hand of officialdom ("They want to run the best part of a world that doesn't exist any more," and, "It's the people who are in charge of culture who are provincial"), but they were disturbed about not having been taken into the counsel of the cultural organizations that had launched the drive for the bond issue. They had been treated as outsiders, which they most certainly are not, and they know it. They may be young and rambunctious, but they are deadly serious about the arts. They got the feeling that the Establishment was willing to admit that they might be serious, but there was no question that the Establishment thought that they were deadly.

The next day Mr. Boone of the Symphony gathered for lunch a group that the men I met the evening before would have called the essence of the Establishment. I was given an opportunity to talk with the chairmen of the Opera, the Ballet, the Spring Opera, the San Francisco Museum, and of the War Memorial which is, in effect if not legally, the landlord of them all. We met in a small dining room in the Fairmont Hotel. In general they seemed bothered by being called the Establishment, except for Robert Watt Miller, the president of the Opera, who said, "I don't mind being called the Establishment. I don't mind having my name associated with the Archbishop of Canterbury." This gentleman had a very low regard for the opponents of "B," f he was quite frank about his dista for the temper and the productions the Actor's Workshop. He is cha man of the board of the Pacific Lig ing Company, and he seemed to me be alone in that group in his attitu toward the experimental arts.

The group is an extremely hal working, dedicated, and intellig one. With the exception of M Walter Haas, Sr., of the Muse they are all businessmen and they give a great deal of time and ener to the organizations they chair. Th considered "B" without question attempt to meet the demands of merely a few but of a great many S Franciscans. It is also, I believe, wi out question that their view of city's cultural life and needs is Oly pian and somewhat distorted a softened by the haze of aerial p spective.

The tactics of the anti-"B" for semed to them unfair and unjustifi They felt that the statistics about numbers of people who are direc met by their organizations were m interpreted; the Opera, Ballet, Symphony, they contend, are he and enjoyed not just by a few but b very great many San Francisca including hosts of schoolchildr They said that the idea of havi small local theaters around the c promoted ghettos by discourag people from coming to and feel identified with the great cultural tivities of the city. They resented implication that the proposed $ million tunnel from the new Muni pal Arts Building to the old Op House was to keep ladies' slipp from getting wet on rainy nigh The function of the tunnel was make it possible to take scenery fr the Arts Building, where there w to be a rehearsal stage for the ope to the Opera House in any kind weather, and "any kind of weath is a common kind in San Francis

Mr. Miller said, "Next time, we got to be sure we have all the ba covered."

Mrs. Haas, though astonished the size of the opposition vote, s that she was "convinced that so thing good will come out of it."

She is quite probably right. I v surprised to learn that one thing t came out of it was attributable to visit. The next day on the telepho

It was reported in the *New York Times* on December 24, 1965, that "A Benefactor rushed from the wings today with $20,000 to rescue the San Francisco Actor's Workshop." The gift, presented through the San Francisco Foundation, was anonymous. The city contributed $45,000 in all from its "hotel tax."



The nicest thing about riding a bicycle is that everyone who rides bicycles talks to everyone else who rides bicycles. In Holland, everyone rides bicycles.

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liam Kent III, founder of the ing Opera Association, said, u've done us a favor. Do you real- that this is the first time that the ds of these boards have ever sat n together? It ought to become a nthly meeting." When I talked to nes Ludwig of the Ballet Guild a minutes later he said much the e thing.

y third delicious meal (whatever may think of the cultural climate San Francisco, the culinary climate delightful) was with a group her passionately for nor against ' but deeply concerned for the wel- e of the arts in the area. Among n were the president and vice- sident and executive director of Regional Arts Council of the San ncisco Bay Area, the director of San Francisco Foundation, the ctor of Urban Renewal, the art music editor of the *Chronicle*, the ctor of cultural activities of the versity of San Francisco (a iit), and Kenneth Rexroth, the whom I have already mentioned. . Elizabeth Eastlund, the attrac- and able executive director of the s Council, told me that the group been selected with great care to "a representative opinion"; it a relief after the partisanship of two groups with which I had met ind myself with people who were ching and not selling.

hey were disappointed but not itly surprised by the extent of the eat of "B." In general they had n for it because they were in favor ny show of cultural support in the a. Though the Arts Council, for mple, was listed among those or- izations which had sponsored the l issue, the Council had never been sulted in the plans for the issue or scope and intention. I was also n the impression that Mayor lley's interest could be defined as lture these days is good politics." What happened to Shelley's great ural program?" one of the men ed.

nother answered, "He was just for the beard and sandal vote."

his delightful oversimplification ealed a number of real concerns. Franciscans are very much aware he riots in Los Angeles' Watts and the potentially explosive racial ation in their own community. They do not want to be caught where anyone can claim that the cultural facilities of the city, financially or in any other way, exclude any racial groups. Furthermore they are eager to avoid the impression that the cultural life and vitality of the performing arts is an area bounded on all sides by their nationally known symphony, opera, and ballet, and is subject, as one of them put it, "to the crippling effect on the professions of the arts by the 'society' attitude." There is a vast amount of activity going on in the area which is not strictly San Francisco but is nonetheless essential to the area. The trouble caused by this decentralization is the familiar one: it pulls interest and vitality away from the mother city. It also pulls private money away from the city's cultural coffers, just as it has wherever the suburbs have become cultural enclaves in their own right. There is obviously no easy answer to San Francisco's problem of support for the arts; just as obviously, "B" was not it.

But the quarrel was a healthy one. It got some backroom issues out in the open and got them buffeted and banged about in public. It gave an airing to the values and the drawbacks of the cultural center vs. the diversification and spread of cultural facilities, and it gave the notion that cities must compete with each other on the basis of bigness rather than quality a chance to be argued and, indeed, ridiculed. It put on the front pages facts about the cost of theater and opera and ballet that usually hide on the society page or in critic's columns.

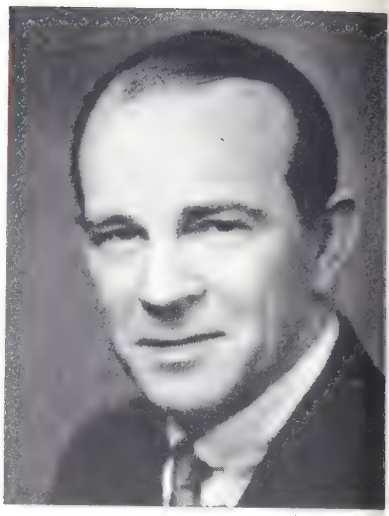
More important, however, than any of these was a lesson in democratization of the arts. The row over "B" made it quite clear that the arts cannot be administered from above and that *noblesse oblige* as a guiding principle is out of date. If, as the president of the Opera said, "next time we must have all the bases covered," then next time there will be some different kinds of people on some of the bases. The Establishment of the arts is no longer made up of wealthy patrons and impresarios and maestros and boards of directors. To say, however, that the patronage of the arts is not at least partially a social game would be to deny history and human nature; it will continue to be, and the nonsocial can be grateful to those who play the social game for helping to foot the bill no matter how frivolous their motives.

It has never been much of a trick in this country to get voters to say "No" to the adoption of funds for cultural purposes of any sort. The trouncing of "B" is no feather in the cap of the anti-"B" forces. It takes no skill to make a Philistine thumb his nose at the arts. However, the next time San Francisco sets out to shore up its reputation as the Athens of the West, it will call in a great many more Athenians and ask them to sit together to decide what the city really needs, wants, and can use for the benefit of its citizens. In so doing it might thus set an example that is national and not merely provincial. [ ]



WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Clayton Fritchey



Harris & Ew

The Leakiest Winter on Record

In spite of Johnson's efforts to manage the news, more really inside—and often secret—information has leaked out in recent months than ever before. On balance, this probably does more good than harm.

In some cities, it never rains except it pours. But in Washington it just "leaks." In this respect the American capital differs from most other centers of government. In the totalitarian countries, of course, there is no "leaking" of information at all, except on pain of death. In most of the other democratic capitals, the press generally learns what the government wants it to learn, and not much more.

That's not the way it is in Washington, especially in recent months. Whether or not this is related to the Johnson Administration's zeal for managing the news, there has never been a time when the marketplace has been so enlivened by the publication of hitherto secret insights into the intimate processes of government.

Is this bad or good? There is a growing belief that, on balance, disclosure is preferable to non-disclosure. But the question is a close one which inspires violent feelings and rude debate, for it involves grave problems of propriety and security.

It is no longer just the old problem of leak versus counter-leak, from warring bureaucrats. That still goes on, but lately Washington has been inundated by a torrent of inside, classified information coming from other sources: through retiring government officials; through memoirs and biographies; through informal, private "declassification" of hitherto classified data; through the last thoughts of prominent officials disclosed after their death; through the spilling of testimony given in secrecy before Congressional committees; through the effort to influence high policy by the ventilation of critical intelligence.

It is fascinating and dramatic to watch. It keeps the capital continuously excited. And nobody quite knows where it is going to end.

Washingtonians were intrigued by an extemporaneous exchange on this subject recently when both Dean Acheson, the former Secretary of State, and historian Arthur Schlesinger appeared at a Democra luncheon. Acheson hinted that he w preparing to write a sequel to his p sonal memoirs, *Morning and Noo* but, he added, he had left the St Department without "denuding t government of its papers." He is ju now getting permission to dust off t hitherto undisturbed State Depa ment files in an Alexandria, Virgin warehouse.

Schlesinger was unperturbed. stoutly defended his right as a h torian to deal with contempora events. To suppress information ur everyone is dead struck him as most curious view." He found it consistent for newspapers to ca paign for freedom of information a the "people's right to know," and the same time criticize him for his forts to inform, as in his recent bo about Kennedy.

It all ended serenely. Acheson sa he would be pleased to have Sch singer write his biography "if he w wait until I am safely tucked away And Schlesinger, in turn, said he be pleased to have Ted Sorensen, a other Kennedy biographer, write book about him.

Schlesinger could have remind Acheson, but didn't, that he had Pr ident Kennedy's personal approval f writing about even so touchy (a still classified) a matter as the Cub invasion of 1961.

At the start of his Administrati Kennedy said he did not want h

Mr. Fritchey, who begins this month as "Harper's" Washington Correspondent, was until last fall special assistant to the late Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson in the U.S. Mission to the United Nations, and director of the Mission's Office of Public Affairs. He has had a varied career as a newspaper reporter, editor, and publisher, was special assistant to General Marshall during the Korean War, and later administrative assistant to President Truman. He is a columnist also for "Newsday" and its syndicate.

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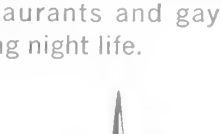
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staff recording the daily discussions of the White House. But after the Bay of Pigs he said to Schlesinger, his Special Assistant, "I hope you kept a full account of that." The historian reminded him of the earlier prohibition. Kennedy then said, "No, go ahead. You can be damn sure that the CIA has its record and the Joint Chiefs theirs. We'd better make sure we have a record over here. So you go ahead." So he did. This incident deals with the heart of the matter, for it eloquently reveals that in the competition for status in Washington, it's every man for himself, up to and including the President. This is the kind of competition on which the press flourishes, for it flushes out both fact and fantasy. It reminded Kennedy of Oscar Wilde's remark that "in America the President reigns for four years, but journalism governs forever."

Kennedy, Sorensen reports, gradually became more philosophical about a reporter's role in securing unauthorized information. He felt it took two to leak a secret, and "he blamed the premature or unauthorized publication of official information on the source, not the reporter, sometimes even requesting an FBI or informal investigation to find out who in government had violated security regulations." When one official with intimate friends among the press was resigning, the President told Sorensen he was "tempted to tell this man, as he took his farewell, the name of his still undisclosed successor, but the wrong name, simply to see if it turned up in certain columns or newscasts."

It might be said in passing that official efforts to track down the source of leaks are hardly ever successful. While the writer was at the Pentagon during the Korean War, and later at the White House as a Presidential assistant, numerous investigations of leaks were ordered, but the culprits were never found.

The sudden death of Kennedy, and the massive, authoritative biographical works of Sorensen and Schlesinger so soon after the event, have provoked a situation quite different from the conventional leak. They personally participated in many of the dramatic events they write about. They were truly on the "inside." And they make no bones about having kept notes for posterity, although both thought the material would be used much when the President himself wr own memoirs.

Whose Se

The question of which files be the government and which to ployees is an ancient one. Ch Roberts, the diplomatic cor dent of the Washington *Post*, that "apparently Sorensen took a set of the [secret] letters [b Kennedy and Khrushchev] w moved out of the White Hou also seems to have had at ha General Taylor's never-publis port on the Bay of Pigs disas numerous other documents. . body has yet raised a fuss abo ensen's use of what surely are fied documents, but a look principle involved is in order b he has done so."

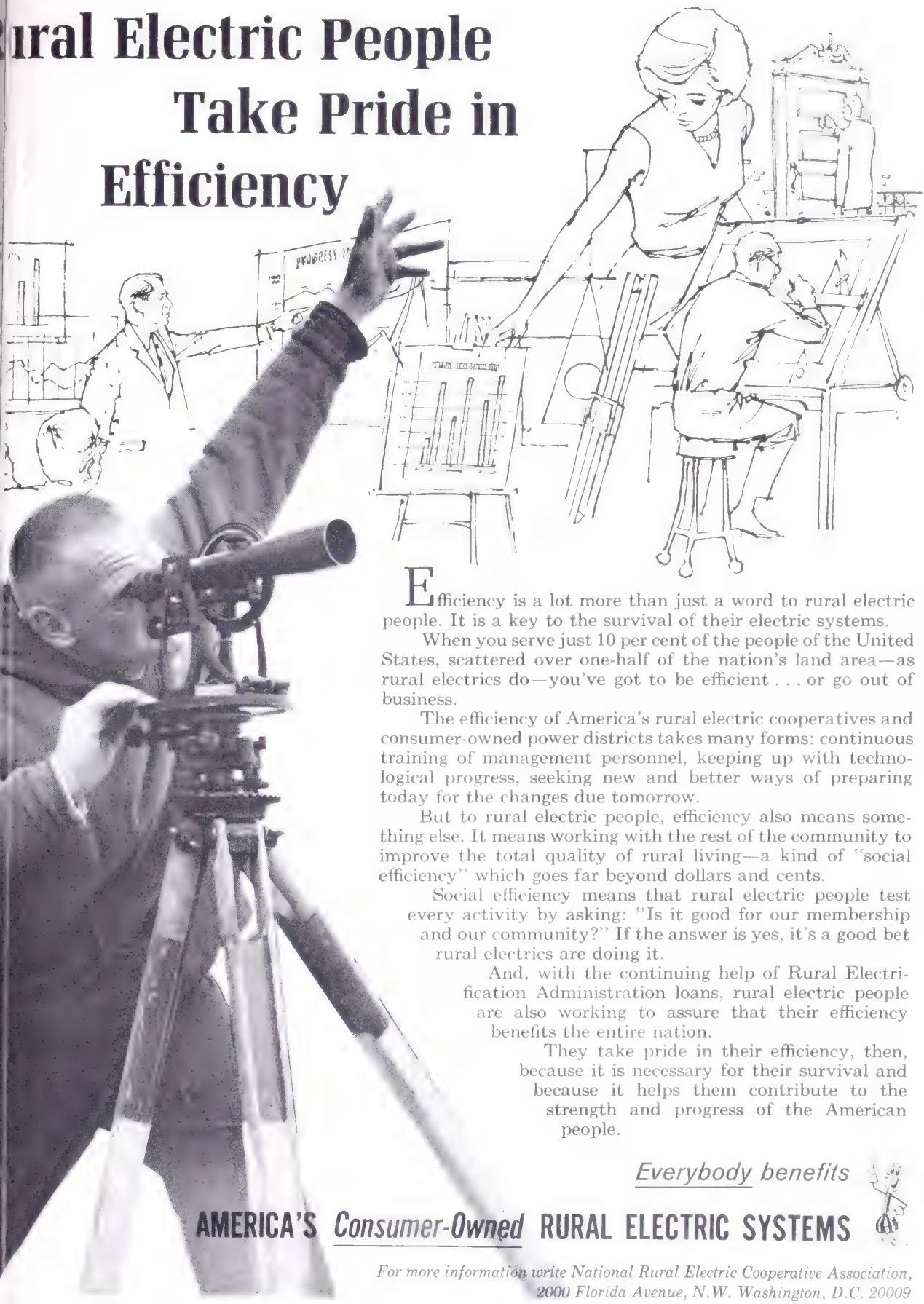
George Washington establis principle that a President's files, his "papers" so to speak, private property to dispose o pleases. President Washington sent his home to Mount Vern that was that. Every suc President has done much the s

The second half of Pr Eisenhower's history of his House years has now been pub In it, as Roberts points out, "ar documents, or parts of docume letters, which bore 'secret' or cret' stamps before he took t Gettysburg and declassified t his own." Only a former Pres own sense of what is fitting p any limit on what he may publ

For those below the rank o ident, carbons, microfilms, and copies enable them to leave the nal documents in the files for u transfer to the National Ar There is every opportunity officials to make copies for the take-home file. "Classified" of course, are another matt pecially when it comes to milita diplomatic affairs. Defense an operate on a time-lag principle anything can be released, and times the lag is absurdly lon White House, however, is un such restraints.

For former White House Roberts observes, "the rule se be: take and use what you away with . . . and if anybody

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complain that you are printing items you used to say were top secret, all you have to do is reply that now you are writing history."

It's a good answer. Leaks or no leaks, both Schlesinger and Sorensen have been writing history, and priceless history at that. It is clear that their primary motive was not to sell secrets, but to enrich our knowledge of an exciting time. Their sense of propriety and national security will serve as a good guide for similar books in the future.

What Wasn't Printed About the Cuba Invasion

As long as there is government and a free press there will be continuing differences between them on freedom of information. Generally, of course, government will be against disclosure, and the press will be for it. But not always. It is doubtful whether any good purpose was served when the government panicked and made public the actual correspondence with Amintore Fanfani, the President of the UN General Assembly, over the now famous "peace feeler" from Hanoi. Even the Washington press corps was dubious about this. The general feeling was that the State Department was more worried about its reputation than the success of the peace exploration. But the press can also reverse its role from time to time, sometimes out of a sense of patriotism or—like the State Department in the Fanfani incident—out of fear of criticism. The results have seldom been good for the long-range interests of the country.

We now know, belatedly, that shortly before the Cuba invasion in April 1961 *The New Republic* was about to publish a "careful, accurate, and devastating account" of the secret plans for the assault. The editor, Gilbert Harrison, sent advance proofs to Schlesinger at the White House, who asked himself whether the government could properly ask an editor to suppress the truth. Kennedy, however, had no qualms. He wanted it killed. Harrison complied at once—"a patriotic act," Schlesinger says, "which left me oddly uncomfortable." As well it might.

At about the same time, the *New York Times* also discovered a landing in Cuba was imminent, but the head of the Washington bureau, James Reston, was against publication. He reasoned that publication would either "alert Castro" and jeopardize the success of the expedition, or cause abandonment of the project, with the *Times* inviting charges of "grave interference" with national policy. "This was another patriotic act," muses Schlesinger, "but in retrospect I have wondered whether, if the press had behaved irresponsibly, it would not have spared the country a disaster."

Knowing, as we now do, how great were the President's misgivings and how close he came to calling off the invasion, it seems reasonable to suppose that it would not have taken place had there been advance disclosure; but public opinion never had a chance to save the President because the public was not informed. Later Kennedy, in anguish, was to say privately, "How could I have been so far off base? All my life I have known better than to depend on experts. How could I have been so stupid to let them go ahead?"

It may be useful to keep these incidents in mind when we hear Eric Sevareid castigated by some of Adlai Stevenson's friends for publicizing a confidential talk he had with the late UN Ambassador just before his death in London. In the opinion of the writer (who was the Ambassador's special assistant at the UN) Sevareid's account probably faithfully reflected what Stevenson said, but there would have been no report at all had he lived. This raises again the question of propriety and security, for Sevareid's posthumous report certainly dealt with highly secret matters.

Whatever the judgment may be elsewhere, in Washington—even in some official circles—the feeling is that Sevareid rendered a public service by forcing the State Department to admit that it had spurned peace overtures from North Vietnam, even though it was publicly blaming Hanoi for refusing to consider peace negotiations. This admission has certainly cleared the air in Washington; and the public everywhere is better informed.

Sevareid's interpretation of Stevenson's frame of mind and his views on foreign policy in general may be seriously disputed, but on balance the country is better off for his intir report.

All governments instinctively lieve, or they pretend to believe leaks invariably compromise nati security, but in practice, they n often just compromise the effort governments (always for the bes motives, of course) to fool the p lic.

Speaking of "patriotic" gov ment lies, Professor Eric Ben suggests it would be helpful if could know "when our leaders NOT lying, so we can talk over truth—the actual facts—with th When Mr. Bundy implies that if knew the inside story about Vietn we would approve of each stand government has taken, including doubt stands that contradict one other, is he patriotically lying? Johnson's explanation of what he in the Dominican Republic a tissu lies?"

Well, governments seldom tell right lies. They are more likely hedge, to insinuate, to be disinge ous; but one thing is sure—they seek in every possible way to jus their actions. And the Dominican tervention could not be a better c in point. The Administration (af intervening) tried out various ju fications for size, but finally set for the proposition that Communi had taken over the rebellion and U. S. was saving the country fron fate worse than death—Castroism.

Chastisement for Unruly Senator

This charge met with much pub skepticism, but the extent of its aggeration, and the extent of t U. S. government's secret cooperati with the militarists in trying to su press the revolt, finally became de nitely known only through a very l leak on Capitol Hill. The Sena Foreign Relations Committee c directed an investigation into t Dominican intervention, in the cou of which it took volumes of secr authoritative testimony. On the ba of this record, the Chairman of t Committee, Senator Fulbright, pu licly denounced the government's a tions. He was denounced in turn, a accused of distortions. Later, ho ever, when the actual testimony w leaked to the press, Fulbright w

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vindicated—but not at the White House. When foreign leaders are given state dinners in Washington, the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee is automatically included. But Senator Fulbright was noticeably absent at President Johnson's dinners for President Ayub, Prime Minister Harold Wilson, and Chancellor Erhard. That will teach him not to contradict teacher.

The Freedom of Information Committee of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalistic society, charges in its annual report that the Johnson Administration has tried to "warp the proposed federal public-records legislation into an almost unlimited authority for the President to establish broader security practices." One of the principal complaints is the policy of increased centralization of information releases at the White House, and increasing sensitivity over leaks having no connection with national security.

Perhaps American journalism should give some thought to the Swedish rule that all government documents must be made available for inspection by any member of the public who wants to see them. "The effect of this remarkable arrangement," says Andrew Shonfield in a new book,* "is most apparent in the level and quality of information available in the newspapers." He quotes Professor Nils Herlitz on what happens:

> Every day in the great offices in Stockholm, documents which have been received will be brought to a room, where representatives of the newspapers are welcome to see them. A representative of the leading news agencies will never fail to appear, and through him a flood of news will go to the newspapers and to the general public . . . Just as publicity in the courts all over the world makes it possible for everybody to know how justice is administered, the publicity of documents has the same effect insofar as documents reflect the activity of the authorities.

There are exceptions to this rule of ubiquitous publicity, but, according to Shonfield, it is not left to the discretion of the official bureaucracy to decide what is to be withheld. Specific legislative authority has to be given in the Secrecy Act.

This is a far cry from Administration policy. Recently Dean Rusk told Walter Cronkite, "I think there's a built-in conflict of interest . . . between the news media and the Secretary of State. You're interested in the drama of the news. What we are working for is the repose of solutions and peace. . . . Our business is, in a sense, to get foreign policy off the front page back to page eight."

News by Second Sight

There is in Washington another form of information to which the government might have more legitimate objections. It usually is presented to the public as exclusive news, which it often is; but in other cases it has its origin in the occult powers of the more gifted correspondents, some of whom have extrasensory perception.

A notable example is brought to mind by the imminent retirement of McGeorge Bundy, the co-Secretary of State who has directed the White House foreign-policy section under both Kennedy and Johnson. Mr. Bundy, as everybody must know by now, is going to be the new President of the Ford Foundation at $75,000 a year. The announcement of his appointment did not, however, come from the White House or the Ford Foundation. It came from James Reston in an exclusive *New York Times* story. There was no confirmation of any kind for weeks, but during this interval it was fascinating to watch the superstructure of conjecture that was day-by-day built on Mr. Reston's foundation.

Shortly after the first story appeared two other authoritative columnists quickly tuned in, and the public got these additional exclusives: (1) Bundy would be succeeded by White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers; (2) Jack Valenti, in turn, would become the Press Secretary.

We were even let in on the President's private feelings about all this: He wasn't upset over Bundy leaving. Indeed, he welcomed the opportunity "to close down the little State Department in the White House basement." On top of all this, a well-trained lady columnist reported that in the wake of these changes and others to come, the President had created a new task force to solve the Administra "brain drain."

At this point the most authorit Washington columnist of all (at for White House affairs) also t in, but his antennae got differen nals. Bundy, he reported, was to leave all right, but the logica cessor was not Moyers, but Clifford or Walt Rostow.

Moreover, the little State De ment in the White House wa going to be closed down. It migh be as powerful as in the past, b would remain a vital post. Ma were further complicated by an "inside" report that Bundy wou succeeded by Defense Secretary Namara, although McNamara just been appointed by another umnist to head up the new De ment of Housing and Urban Af

Now if Moyers doesn't su Bundy, how can Valenti become Secretary? Don't worry, another umnist has just revealed that Va is going to Rome as the new U. S. bassador.

In a testimonial to the ret Bundy, his close friend, Joseph A asks how a man (Bundy) "can b interested who is also so obvi ambitious and so evidently enjoy exercise of power." The answer Alsop says, "is that a public ser who is not ambitious and does no joy the exercise of power is at le flawed if not an entirely useles strument. A hesitancy in the fa power was in fact the flaw of the Adlai E. Stevenson." Could Mr. A be referring to that "flaw" w made Mr. Stevenson so "hesit about sharing Mr. Bundy's ent asm for those famous "exercise power," better known as the inva of Cuba and the Dominican Repu

I fancy not.

•

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—*Sweden*, a brochure from The Swe Institute, Stockholm, 1964.

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The Shame of the Graduate Schools

a plea for a New American Scholar

By William Arrowsmith

A leading classical scholar argues that the present Ph.D. system in the humanities is a scandalous misuse of talent—and the ruination of many of our best young teachers.

My purpose is to suggest a single massive antidote for graduate education in the humanities in America. While I do not regard graduate education in the humanities as pure poison, the degree of poison in the graduate system is alarming enough to justify calling countermeasures antidotes or purges. I expect to be told that my purge is hopelessly impractical, but this does not deter me. Our present system of graduate education is so much the creature of vested interests and dead tradition, contains so much sheer automatism, snobbery, and prejudice, and so little pertinence to the real needs of men, that any conceivably effective antidote would be too radical to be tolerated by its custodians and beneficiaries. In the circumstances practical agitation—which is my purpose—is best served by writing transcendentally, which I propose to do.

I am concerned here exclusively with the humanities, and with the literatures above all (though I think there may be relevance to the arts and philosophy and even to history). With scientific education at the graduate level I have no quarrel. It is obviously effective, and no more barbarous than scientific education at the undergraduate level. With the humanities, however, the case is quite different. Here there is almost no agreement whatever. Many humanists, though far from a majority, find both graduate and undergraduate education in the humanities pathetically wanting —timid, unimaginative, debased, inefficient, futile —and even the warmest defenders of the humanities are perplexed by their transparent lack of vigor and their fatigue. Why are the humanities in such sorry shape?

It is my belief that the humanists themselves have betrayed the humanities. Through mistaken loyalty to a cramped and academic sense of order,

the humanists have turned their backs on men and expelled the native turbulence and greatness from their studies. Thus the humanities have been distorted, and their crucial, enabling principle—the principle of personal influence and personal example—has been neglected and betrayed in a long, servile imitation of the sciences. If humanists do not have the courage to speak out for the imagination and the humanistic intelligence (which means, among other things, making intelligent statements about value), then they are not humanists at all, but merely technicians of dead and living languages.

II

For most of a century now academic humanists have been greedily domesticating and assimilating scientific procedures; and they still insensibly pattern their research after scientific research, as though imitation were a kind of sympathetic magic which would win them the tangible success of science or at least confer scientific respectability on their efforts.

Professionalization is not in itself a curse. What is fatal to the humanities is that they have been professionalized as if their end and purpose were the same as that of the sciences. The sciences aim at *knowledge*, and the student in the sciences is appropriately an apprentice, his professor a craftsman or technician. Method is of the essence; the professor teaches a skill, and the typical instruments of graduate education—the seminar, the supervision of the small group working on a problem, the research paper which culminates in the probatory essay, the dissertation, the emphasis upon thoroughness, precision, and accuracy—are all beautifully adapted to the purposes of *scientific* education. In his well-known lectures at MIT in 1953 Dr. J. Bronowski spoke of science and the human values it created, but the values he claimed were taught by science are without exception the values of the master craftsman. They are impressive values, but they cannot help a man to live or die well. Only the humanities can do that.

In every humanistic field today one still finds the same vogue of objectivity and the same hatred of the subjective; the cult of the fact and the naïve faith in the accumulation of data; an obsession with methodology and classification; a profound unwillingness to make normative judgments; a preoccupation with "problems" and the purely informational definition of knowledge.

In classical studies the typical monument of the age is still those immense Teutonic encyclopedias in which every known fact is embalmed. At the lower level are the dreary doctoral dissertations, with their weary prologues on methods-to-be-followed, and their statistical analyses of tropes and metaphors, their patient parsing of the obvious and the irrelevant, and their laboriously trivial discoveries. In musicology or Romance philology, it is the exhaustive monograph; in English, the monumental biography, the complete bibliography, the immense variorum.

In less than a century the combined efforts of European and American scholars have produced a corpus of fact so immense and so unedited that it could only be mastered by a lifetime of assiduous study. This is one of the older and less happy results of modern humanistic scholarship: in its effort to elucidate and clarify, it has somehow managed to interpose between us and the texts we study a barrier of knowledge more lush and impenetrable than our earlier ignorance.

Worse, modern scholarship seems to have no means of editing itself, of eliminating its own wastes. Having forsworn value judgments, it is reluctant to judge what is valuable and what is waste in its own works. And so committed has it become to the idea that every scrap of information is useful, and that every discussion of a "problem" or crux must at least be known, if not accepted, that it is literally mired in its own speculations. The commentaries begin to threaten the text; the details destroy the whole. Empson's splendid villanelle comes pat to the point*:

> Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills.
> It is not the effort nor the failure tires.
> The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.
>
> . . .
>
> It is the Chinese tombs and the slag hills
> Usurp the soil, and not the soil retires.
> Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills.
>
> Not to have fire is to be a skin that shrills.
> The complete fire is death. From partial fires
> The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.
>
> It is the poems you have lost, the ills
> From missing dates, at which the heart expires.
> Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills.
> The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.

As the waste and detritus of scholarship accumulate, the burden of ever-greater bookishness is imposed upon the latest generation of scholars. The result is self-perpetuating and self-regarding scholarly bibliolatry—the worship of its own books by the book-learned class who (as Emerson said

* From "Villanelle" in *Collected Poems of William Empson*, copyright, 1949, by William Empson. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

1837 in "The American Scholar") "value books . not as related to nature and the human constitution but as making a sort of Third Estate with e world and the soul. Hence, the restorers of adings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all gree"—all those for whom the activities of the holar become a kind of virtuosity of erudition urishing for its own sake.

It is not, of course, that scholars have become wly vain—of all the scholar's passions vanity surely the oldest and most consuming—but that eir "scientism" and their uncritical commitment bookish work have involved them in a vanity busyness and productivity which has no longer y rhyme or reason, and which is as futile and mpulsive as the arms race. Wherever one looks American universities, the only conceivable ospect for research is one of fantastic acceleraon and indiscriminate expansion. The explosion f the college population requires a vastly inreased supply of professors; "qualified" profesrs hold the doctorate; the doctorate is training research; hence more dissertations, more reearch, more bibliolatry.

What is now intolerable can only become worse. he bibliolatry from which the humanities now uffer will increase for the simple reason that obody cares, or is willing, to stop it. Universities, fter all, compete for researchers, and as the cometition between universities becomes keener, the mphasis upon, and the prestige of, research must ecessarily increase. Administrators must go long with the process or their universities will ecome losers at a very critical time. Moreover, ny failure to promote research now must inevitably mean loss of those government funds which onstitute so large a proportion of the science udget in American universities. And any drastic eduction in the science budget will also inevitably reduce the budget for the humanities.

As for the professional societies, they are, of course, managed and run by those scholars who have the largest stake in professional research. Offices in the major professional societies almost always go to scholars whose research has won them distinction nationally. As such they form a natural professional Establishment, and the societies they manage are, where research is concerned, not merely interested parties but extremely formidable lobbyists—lobbyists, let it be said, no more scrupulous and no less self-righteous than other lobbyists.

More and more the professor is loyal to his professional society rather than to his faculty or his university. For in the world of research it is the societies and their prizes and gossip which assign him his status. Deans and presidents and college opinion are now merely minor local deities, almost powerless to touch a man who is honored by his profession, whether rightly or wrongly.

And more and more in our major universities our undergraduates complain that they are being processed by the needs of the graduate students; basically they are right in so complaining. Any pretense of concern for great teaching (apart from a few rewards for excellence in teaching, for the most part sponsored by a small number of administrators) has almost entirely vanished among the professional societies in the humanities, for the simple reason that teaching is regarded as unimportant. Almost the sole purpose of our graduate schools in the humanities is to produce more and more researchers, more and more graduate professors, and this graduate emphasis has inevitably corrupted and constricted the undergraduate curriculum.

What these facts mean is that almost nobody—and certainly nobody with the power to affect events—is willing to oppose this acceleration. Research has become a juggernaut which every conceivable force—the national interest, professional self-interest, the fierce competition for faculty and prestige among universities—seems to favor and none to prevent. Worse still, a naïve professional optimism—perhaps one more example of the influence of the sciences on the humanities—assumes that everything is somehow happening for the best, even though the attempt to control and create educational policy seems to have been abandoned.

III

There is simply nothing happening these days in the humanities; over the whole field there lies a question mark. No new energy is visible, and the old energies have either withered or turned tyrannous in their old age. Not everyone will agree to

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Who Needs Them?

. . . WRITING about literature and writers has become an industry. The preposterous academic requirement that professors write books they don't want to write and no one wants to read, together with the obtuse assumption that piling up more and more irrelevant information about an author's life helps us understand his work—this makes for a vast flood of books that have little to do with literature, criticism or even scholarship. Would you care to know the contents of the cargo (including one elephant) carried by the vessel of which Hawthorne's father was captain in 1795? Mr. Cantwell has an itemized list, no doubt as an aid to reading *The Scarlet Letter*. Mr. Leyda knows what happened to Melville day by day and it is hardly his fault that most days nothing very much happened. Mr. Johnson does as much for Dickens and adds plot summaries too, no doubt because he is dealing with a little-read author. Another American scholar has published a full book on *Mardi*, which is astonishing not because he wrote the book but because he managed to finish reading *Mardi* at all.

—Irving Howe, "This Age of Conformity," 1954 (republished in *A World More Attractive*, Horizon Press, 1963).

this diagnosis, but it seems to me lamentably accurate.

In philosophy the analysts are not only senile but greedy. They identify what they do as the only conceivable activity of modern philosophy, but they have in fact abandoned the humanities. In literature almost nothing has happened since the New Criticism—and the New Criticism was old hat twenty years ago. Linguistics, true, has invaded the study of language, but this is nothing more than a scientific incursion into the humanities, a generally unwelcome one, I think. In the most backward disciplines—classics and musicology—almost nothing has happened at all, not even criticism, much less the New Criticism. A pompous, complacent, and narrow-minded Establishment rules classical studies, exalting Teutonic scholarship, textual criticism, and traditional philology. Those classicists rash enough to evince a critical interest in literature are darkly dismissed as Comparative Literature men, not true classicists at all.

Classics is, of course, exceptionally retrogressive, but throughout the humanities—with the possible exception of history and a few pockets of enlightenment—there is generally a sense of having reached an impasse, of being at odd ends, or at the end of an era, with no future goal yet in sight and nothing to do except rehearse the old activities. This sense of impasse is based, I believe, upon a growing realization that the materials of humanistic scholarship are not inexhaustible, and that the old mines have mostly been worked out. True, there are still texts to be edited, manuscripts to be unearthed, philological notes to be written, bibliographies to be compiled. But by and large the essential philological and historical work has been done. And we have reached the point of diminishing returns at a moment when the demand for research and scholarship is about to triple.

Typically, published research shows a quite revealing expansion. The actual argument or contribution itself may consume no more than a fraction of the total space. The rest is taken up by a parade of learning—indications of familiarity with the history of the problem, citations to show expertise—whose real purpose is to establish the scholarly credentials of the author. Each contestant proudly bears the blazon of truth and affects an Old World manner, but such is the blaze of malice beneath the device that no courtesy or credit is given or offered. Credit is credentials: you expose your credentials to hostile scrutiny, a deliberate ordeal of scholarly fortitude. Half of every journal is filled with these unlovely exercises exacted by the scholarly code; the other half of the issue is announcements, lists of membership, and obituaries.

Doubtless I exaggerate, it will be said. Doubtless I do. But in general my statement is sound. An alarmingly high proportion of what is published in classics—and in other fields—is simply rubbish or trivia. An alarming percentage of the subsidized books published by university presses have no business being published. An alarming number of the humanistic projects which yearly receive grants, fellowships, stipends, and support are not worth supporting. They represent the commitment of a given institution or university to support the humanities, in *spite* of the fact that the project is palpably unsound, or doubtful, or dull.

IV

This impoverishment is in some sense due to the state of impasse into which humanistic studies have fallen. But the real reason for it is a simple but overwhelming fact: we have trained as schol-

s men who are not fit to be scholars, or who are to have other fates. We then compound the in- ry done these men by demanding that they con- ıue to fulfill a fate for which they were not made. ur generous subsidies to humanistic research e a desperate attempt to sustain our own delu- ons. Having trained men to be scholars, we must ntinue to maintain them as productive scholars— providing them with the machinery to do the ork we insist they do. They must, as we say, ıblish or perish—which means that they perish ther way, by being compelled to do what they ck talent or the wish to do.

There is no more sickening spectacle in the odern university than that of the men whose ery natures have been violated in order to suit the equirements of a system whose reasonableness ıd value have never yet been ascertained. Very ew men are fitted by nature or bent to become holars. The world is large; men have different ifts. I do not myself regard the scholar's fate as ıe of the higher human fates, though I admire reat scholars. Humanistic scholarship suffers ow from the fact that those constrained to play ıe part of scholars necessarily reflect little credit n the part they play. It is these reluctant scholars hose efforts, born of constraint and willful per- istent hope, lack vigor. And it is their efforts hich fill the learned journals, deaden the air at arned conventions, and fill the seasonal lists of he university presses.

But the damage to scholarship is nothing in omparison to the human waste involved. Most f these quasi-scholars are men of intelligence, ıen of gifts and talent; yet they are men who, or the most part, happen to share the illusions f the wretched academic system they serve. They oo typically believe that the humanities aim ex- lusively at "knowledge"; secretly they really *do* hink that it is important to publish, perhaps ecause they do not. Tormented by failure and doubt, they wonder why they should have failed o become the men that everyone—the dean, their olleagues, their society, their wives, their stu- lents—say they should be. It is one of the more ommon and tragic wastes of human talent. Three ut of four men in academic life are the victims f this wasteful and terrible system; not more han one academic man in four has the stigmata f the born scholar. Three out of four men you eet in academic life are quite simply unfulfilled.

The commonest excuse for this intellectual overty of the humanities is, of course, physical overty. Humanists never tire of telling you of heir pathetic share of the university budget, and hey are right to complain. There is certainly no evident reason why they should have as little as they do, and the scientists so much. (I think, for instance, of graduate fellowships.) But the trou- ble with the humanities is not lack of money, and any large sums spent indiscriminately on human- istic research of a conventional sort would at the present time, I think, be money poorly invested. The humanities suffer less from lack of funds than from lack of organizational intelligence and com- mitted action.

This is why I cannot share the enthusiasm for a National Foundation in the Arts and the Hu- manities analogous to the National Science Foun- dation. The danger is not, of course, governmental interference (which is outlawed by the terms of the bill) but the virtual certainty that the National Foundation will duplicate the misunderstandings and deadnesses already institutionalized in the universities. There can be little doubt, for in- stance, that professional societies would conceive one of the functions of such a foundation to be the channeling of government moneys into conven- tional humanistic research.

Similarly, it is almost certain that the same professional oligarchies which now dominate the learned societies and the universities would domi- nate the Foundation. The effect, in short, would be to institutionalize all the deadnesses of the humanities, and the solidity provided by generous support would guarantee that the deadness would be permanent. The humanities would become a Byzantine foundation, and the arts would suffer a parallel fate by contagion.

V

I have no wish to present here a complete account of the shortcomings of graduate education. The chief complaints—the wretched pedantry, the meanness of motive, the petty rancors of rivalry, the stultifying professionalism—are as familiar as the air we breathe. We ourselves endured it and now, intolerably, we impose it on others. It is an old story, best avoided. But several matters are worth mention.

The most remarkable and agonizing feature of graduate education is, I think, the gulf between one's studies and one's life, between what we read and how we live. Our studies are alienated from our lives and—such is our professionalism—we are usually required to side with our studies against ourselves, against our lives.

We begin as graduate students to live profes- sionally, and there is almost always a severe and personal loss. We become a little less human, we lose our involvement in the present. Alternatively

we compartmentalize our lives and keep something like bankers' hours with the books; the rest of the day is our own. But for the first time one feels a real gulf.

Personally I have always preferred teaching undergraduates to candidates for the Ph.D. This is because I find undergraduates generally more serious. The undergraduate still acts as though he were a single human being, still integrated; he asks that what he learns should have some pertinence to his life; he acts as though the present really mattered. He can be touched by the urgency of experience in a book or a man, even when that experience lies beyond his own. It is therefore good to teach him, since his demands show us what is urgent, present, and serious in ourselves.

With the graduate student it is different. He is already half-corrupted by the fate he has chosen, the fate which makes him a graduate student. He wants knowledge and information. He has examinations on his mind, and hence tends to conform to his professor's expectation of him—the fate they have jointly chosen and now jointly enforce. The resentment they both frequently feel is their resentment of this mutual fate. For the graduate student the undergraduate's lucky integration is no longer possible—or if it is, God help him! The present is now less insistent for him. He has chosen to *know* rather than to *be*. For a man with a gift of life, that loss is like castration; the best leave rather than suffer it. Others grit their teeth and will their way through.

This, I believe, is what often happens in the training of the professional humanist: an essential dimension of the humanities is killed in him. If he is lucky and is given serious students later, he may recover the seriousness he has lost, but natural curiosity too may cause him to become a small scholar and a learned but shallow man. Research will probably keep him shallow.

A civilized and humanized man is the only ostensive definition of the humanities—the evidence of the text we study, a living example of the meaning and value of what he teaches. What he *is* persuades or compels the student's assent to the human necessity of the text, its humanizing power. It is this man's experience that the student admires, respects, envies, tries to grasp by grasping what he believes to be its ultimate source—the work, the text, the poem, the play. He may be wrong but the impulse is natural and right. If the good teacher is not himself a great man, he has at least the stigmata of a man who would like to be great. And this is a good thing, especially to a student who has, let us reasonably suppose, a hunger for greatness himself. What he lacks is experience, a knack of thought, a skill of feeling, a style of being. *Thi* is what draws him to this man, which makes hin submit enthusiastically to personal example an influence.

It is in this sense that teachers and scholars ar mediators. It is because they have seen *something* that they can talk to those who may have seen less but who want to see more. As Ophelia says "T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!" All scholars stand on tiptoe to reach a great book only the tallest among them ever see the work And their students should stand on tiptoe toward them, as they to the work. In this way the same current of sympathy is generated downward tha in Plato's *Symposium* flows from Diotima down the ladder of vision to those below. The loss of any stage in the scale of sympathy is a fatal break, and it is this break that has come in the humanities between the classics and their scholars, between scholars and students, and between the classics and the quality of our culture.

What the undergraduate, the serious undergraduate, demands of what he reads and of his teacher is, in fact, fully in accord with the nature of the humanities. It is not knowledge that he wants, but the experience whose form he can grasp by standing on tiptoes and following the urgency of the man who talks to him. Without the teacher the experience would no more exist, could no more be vouched for, than a quartet could be heard without the musical instruments by those who cannot read music.

The sciences are, if you like, pure Apollonian knowledge; glittering, hard, clear, comprehensible; the intellect grasps them. The humanities are largely Dionysiac or Titanic; they cannot be wholly grasped by the intellect; they must be suffered, felt, seen. This inexpressible turmoil of our animal emotional life is an experience of *other* chaos matched by our own chaos. We see the form and order not as pure and abstract but as something emerged from chaos, something which has suffered into being. The humanities are always caught up in the actual chaos of living, and they also emerge from that chaos. If they touch us at all, they touch us totally, for they speak to what we are too.

VI

To my mind there are three distinctive types of humanistic intelligence—three gifts of the spirit. The first is that of the teacher, whose technique is not showmanship but a power of being. On him is set the burden of showing the force of reality in a work or a book or a classic. It is because he

rs, unmistakably, the mark of that influence, t he has the power to influence others. He is at he teaches; he is, in the language of Plato's *Phaedrus*, the visible incarnation of his god, the l who provides him with the ideal pattern by ich he educates and is educated himself.

Second is the artist. Like the teacher, he has the ver of making experience compelling and myth-l. Not all artists, of course, will be attracted to versities, nor should all be sought. The artist ave in mind is above all an *emulator*. He can dy or teach English literature because he knows from competing against it; or he may prefer e contest with the ancient classic. Each man's rit stirs to a different kind of challenge, and s difference in the challenge or the source will ine his academic home. His whole purpose is to tdo the past, and he comes to the university cause in order to outdo the past, he must first ow it.

This the artist can presumably learn from, ird, the scholars, a new breed of scholars, who ay be able to show him better than contemporary nolars the immense turbulence of the past. In is sense of competition between past and pres-t, this *creative* emulation, a whole graduate cur-culum can be discovered and justified.

Experience; personal influence; example; the acher as *witness* to what he teaches. How in the orld can something like this be accommodated formal studies? Should it be accommodated at l? To this question let me answer roughly and uickly, Yes, it must be accommodated. Nothing but desolation has come from the old insistence that the undergraduate is educated for life, and the graduate student is educated for knowledge. This divorce between undergraduate and graduate education is an absurdity, sustained now only for practical and historical reasons. We have made the costly mistake of forcing our graduate students in the humanities into the common mold of the publishing and productive scholar. In order to do this, we have devised a system of ruthless and stultifying professionalism, and buttressed that system with every incentive and deterrent that could be imagined.

How can this be corrected? Humanistic scholarship, even in the old sense, will of course continue; new material will come to light, and old material will be revalued. Scholarship is an old and valuable habit of the human mind, even in its Teutonic form; it deserves to be continued. But it cannot continue in the form in which most humanistic research is now carried out or in which most doctoral candidates now win their wings.

Scientific scholarship must be completed by other skills. One of these is, in literature and ideas, criticism. By "criticism" I do not mean that thin and anemic academic version of the New Criticism which flourishes now in the American university. I mean rather what the late R. P. Blackmur, the best of our critics, called the "formal discourse of the amateur." By this Blackmur intended a free and unindoctrinated habit of mind, provisional and complex according to the nature of its subject, a habit of mind based on knowledge

Meat for the Bibliographer

I visited Princeton last spring, and one evening, at the house of a professor, I uneasily became aware that this all-absorbing scholarship was after me. I had already been slightly troubled by the efforts of the Princeton Librarian to collect the letters of Mencken and by his project of bringing out a volume of them while the writer was still alive. I still thought of Mencken as a contemporary, whose faculties showed no signs of failing; I still looked forward to reading what he should write. That the librarian should have been able to induce him to accept this semi-posthumous status seemed to me an ominous sign that the movement was folding back on itself before having finished its work. And now they were creeping up on me, who was fifteen years younger than Mencken and had arrived at middle age under the illusion that I had not yet really begun to write. I had even a chilling impression that the forces of bibliography would prefer me already to be dead, since the record could then be completed.

—Edmund Wilson, "Thoughts on Being Bibliographed," 1944 (republished in *Classics and Commercials*, Farrar, Straus, 1950).

and love. A criticism, in short, adapted to the nature of the work of art, "not merely to its 'order' or 'structure' "; criticism not as a discipline but as a kind of general civilized discourse—an educated amateur's discourse—supplementing scholarship, defining both scholarship and art generously.

What then? Then, it seems to me, we must take the large step, and attempt to permit, through a variety of possible studies and even degrees, the chief forms of the humanistic intelligence to realize themselves. We must, I think, take the risk of assimilating everything we can of the creative spirit—the writer, painter, poet, and musician. Universities today permit the artist to live, more or less as a tolerated outsider or freak, on the fringes of the academic community. But the time has come when the process of assimilation must be radically speeded up, and the domination of the humanistic faculties by the traditional scholars overthrown.

I am not suggesting that the scholars should be expelled from the university, or that the universities should become artistic seminaries. But I am convinced that the decay of the humanist's function, and the terrible overproduction of unhappy and incompetent scholars, is the fatal weakness in the modern university. And the humanist's abandonment of his subject has inevitably caused the students to desert the scholar for the artist, since the artist speaks to the student as a serious man committed to the present.

This increasing transfer of student loyalty and esteem from the humanist to the artist should be legitimized. If the artist or scholar-poet has usurped the teacher's function—as I think he largely has—then he *is* the educator. Let him be it.

At the same time the humanists should be encouraged to recover their own tradition by being liberated from their Procrustean training and their cramped sense of vocation. True scholars should be freed from the Babylonian captivity which scholarship now suffers, and the false scholars or non-scholars who are now the overwhelming majority in every university should be freed to find acceptable fates, preferably within the university. In the meantime every conceivable emphasis should be placed upon the teacher on whose ability to incarnate his subject rests the crucial and peculiar power of the humanities.

Let the scholars and the artists compete on equal terms. The academic world is uncongenial to the artist because it is dominated by men who, for the most part, have no stake in the present and who often dislike or even despise the imagination. The university as now constituted is no place for an artist, unless he happens to be, in at least a part of himself, a scholar. Awards for artistic activity are not enough; any university which wants to recover the turbulence of the humanities must have the courage to choose men who are committed to the present as well as the past. And it must have the courage to choose these men in sufficient numbers that the traditional balance is destroyed.

VII

I realize these proposals are impractical and even romantic, but they are necessary if we believe that the peculiar nature of the humanities can or should find appropriate academic expression. I do not cast out these suggestions unadvisedly. The one great experiment that has never been tried in our times is the deliberate adoption of the idea of emulation as the very basis of education and culture. True, scholars now compete against scholars, and artists against artists, but I see no sign that the present has ever, apart from the sciences, seriously considered a comprehensive cultural tilt against the past.

We like to say we possess the historical sense, but our sense of the past is either so worshipful or so contemptuous that the possibility of competing against it has never yet been taken seriously. But the very premise of all our philology is that the past is valuable to our lives and the quality of our culture. There are books so valuable that generations of scholars are, we think, well occupied in keeping the texts pure and uncontaminated. Scholarship thus mediates the past.

But mediates it *for what* and *to whom*? It is no longer clear. We must find room in our universities and in the humanistic curriculum for those who are capable of *acting upon a pure text*, of competing significantly against the greatness scholarship is presumably so busily preserving. It is, after all, in action as well as contemplation that a sense of identity is to be discovered—that identity which, we are always being told, moderns and the modern world are both dying for the lack of. And we find identity in action, in taking an older paradigm of greatness and deliberately proposing to outdo it, some high standard against which to measure our failures and achievements. We are, or should be, always in competition with the classic. That is the humanist's business; he has no other.

Thus the Christian fathers vied against, competed against, classical *paideia* in an attempted transvaluation whose heart was conscious competition—a new Homer, a more saintly Socrates, Augustine's *City of God* as the supersession of both Plato's *Republic* and the secular *urbs aeterna*.

So too the Renaissance competed against the classical past, first in imitation, later in real rivalry. So too in the ancient world generation competed against generation and hero against hero.

Here, for instance, is Plutarch's Theseus: "Theseus had long been secretly fired by the glorious valor of Heracles and made the greatest account of that hero, and was a most eager listener to those who told what manner of man he was. And it is quite obvious that Theseus felt what many generations later Themistocles felt, when he said he could not sleep for thinking of Miltiades' trophy. In the same way Theseus admired the *arete* of Heracles until his nightly dreams were all of the hero's achievements, and by day his ardor led him on and spurred him on in his purpose to do as much."

So too Alexander emulated Achilles, as did Sophocles' heroes; so Vergil emulated Homer, and Milton, Vergil; so too Eliot has, like Sartre, emulated Aeschylus and Euripides. Win or lose, this emulation is the spirit which, it seems to me, our universities must adopt, quite openly and unreservedly, if the humanities are not to perish from professional arrogance, or from the air of reverential hush that overtakes the classics in the classroom, or from a secret, patronizing, professional contempt, the attitude that a scholar's business is only to "know" and that his knowledge is useless for his own life or anybody else's.

Our professors and graduate students now compete only for professional plums, ever fatter professorships and fellowships. When it comes to their lives, they live as unclassically, as untouched by the humanities, as any barbarian. They are, almost all of them, the worst possible witnesses to the value of what they profess. And they will not become adequate witnesses until they once again take the risk of competing, both professionally and personally, against the thing they study –their *studium*, their desire and love.

VIII

Imagine, then, three humanistic fates, each corresponding to what might be called the fundamental types of human experience, three different humanistic saints, each with a different gift of the spirit. A spectrum–but *not* a hierarchy–of possibility showing three distinct conditions of being.

At the intellectual or Apollonian end of the spectrum is the Scholar. His gift is quick, ready intelligence, an athletic mind and a vast memory; he is an orderer and conceptualist. He is the true intellectual of the academic world. When he errs, it is because his intelligence is too quick and too cruel, it bypasses experience.

At the opposite end, the Dionysiac or Titanic pole, stands the Teacher or the Activist, a man whose characteristic mode is his radiance of *being*. He is all experience, a man who visibly suffers for his experience, and who guarantees the truth of what he knows by being what he is. He is no great intellect perhaps, but he is totally persuasive, with the eloquence of a great mime. His body speaks.

Between the Scholar and the Teacher stands the Artist, the man in whom vision Titanic and Apollonian meet, fused in a compelling tension. What in him is intellect emerges as formal power, exactly adapted to the chaos of his experience. These three types stand on a common level. Since all are necessary, none is higher or lower than any other.

The figurative and Nietzschean character of my metaphor renders it perhaps doubtful. But I am satisfied if my point is clear. Others will propose different definitions. There is a spectrum of different possibilities, and each variant fate deserves its honor and fulfillment. The sciences are basically, I think, all Apollonian; they must always seek knowledge–though the scientist's personal life may be no less creative than the humanist's. They offer only one kind of fate–that analogous to, but not identical with, the humanistic Scholar in my spectrum.

But the humanities are more various and require, for a statement of the truth, that every possibility be realized, that every mode of the mind and body be set into full and loving use. This is not our present usage, but our present usage has demonstrated its bankruptcy.

I dream, then, of an Emersonian university where past and present can, and do, compete; where the great teacher has equal honor with the great scholar; where creative emulation, even at the graduate level, might mean either great scholarship or creative work that competed with the classic; and where human greatness would again be in real repute with humanists.

There is no reason why this metaphor of three possible fates should not be translated into academic practice. I find no difficulty in imagining a program of study for each type, nor in imagining a man who incarnates the type. We can even invent degrees for them if we must. But until we realize a university in which these types can emerge as men, with equal dignity of opportunity and fate, until we can devise a curriculum in which men can use the whole of their natures and the whole of their knowledge and passion, "academic" will remain a synonym for the incomplete and futile man of great possibility.

Harper's Magazine, March 1966

An Ode to the Cigarette Code

by Sam Blum

How do you sell a well-known health hazard without actually telling people it is good for them? Well, the advertising industry has solved its problem in some wonderfully subtle ways.

For more than a year now, cigarette advertising has been tightly regulated by a voluntary, industry-wide code, drawn up by the nine leading cigarette manufacturers themselves. As everyone, both friend and foe of cigarette advertising, agrees, this code was created to soften much stricter orders which the Federal Trade Commission announced in 1964. To the tobacco industry the most objectionable of the FTC rulings was the demand that all cigarette advertising carry a health warning. This, the tobacco industry felt, was not only unnecessary and un-American, but bad business. As Bowman Gray, chairman of the board of R. J. Reynolds & Co., and spokesman for the industry before both the House and the Senate, testified in early 1965, "It would negate the whole force of the advertising." The FTC should therefore be forbidden to demand a warning in advertising. And he won.

Congress, in legislation signed by President Johnson in July 1965, specifically forbade the FTC, at least for the next four years, to demand that advertising carry the warning that cigarettes kill. The cigarette companies were instructed to mention on their packs that "Cigarette smoking may be hazardous"—and so cast doubt on the scientific certainty that it *is* hazardous—but for other regulation they were clearly to turn to their own code.

Robert L. Meyner, ex-Governor of New Jersey and Administrator of the code, has told Congress, "I am a judge, as it were, and the code is my statute. . . . I do not see myself as an image-maker for, or a detractor from, the industry, nor is it my business to increase the sales of cigarettes nor to depress them."

The code does, according to Meyner, have two main goals: *(1) to prohibit advertising appeals primarily directed to persons under twenty-one, and (2) to prohibit cigarette advertising making health claims.* To the degree these two goals of the code permit, the Governor has indeed great power. His decisions are absolute. He passes on everything from television commercials to the words on the pack itself, to the actual name of the brand. (This last, however, applies only to the names of new brands. Although great debate raged about the subject, it was decided that manufacturers could not be expected to give up years of investment in a brand name. Thus, despite the implied health claims, U. S. Tobacco was allowed to keep the name *Sano*, and Brown & Williamson, *Life.*)

It would be hard, however, to agree with various trade papers which have reported that the code is "changing the face of advertising." Its face, and probably its heart as well, seem totally unreformed. Pall Mall's People are still Particular; Winston's grammar hasn't improved. There are, in fact, very few major campaigns (an exception would be Carlton's, which relied on tar and nicotine statistics as a main selling point) that really have changed in ways that are instantly noticeable. But if we look at the ads more carefully, we find that although they look much the same, and feel much the same, and sell much the same, there are at least a few new principles operating.

A Change of Clothes

On health claims, the Governor has used his veto rights broadly. For example, lest it be thought an athlete's endorsement constitutes the unspoken claim that his favorite brand hasn't hurt his wind, one section of the code forbids the depiction ". . . as a smoker, of any person well known as being or having been an athlete." Thus has a hearty source of their last year's income been shut out for Phil Rizzuto, Richie Ashburn, Ralph Kiner, Bobby Thompson, and others. Another section states, "Cigarette advertising shall not depict as a smoker any person participating in, or obviously having just participated in, physical activity requiring stamina or athletic conditioning beyond that of

normal recreation." This had led to wonderful subtleties.

As one adman interpreted the rules for me, "You can't win a swimming meet, then pull yourself out of the pool and reach for a cigarette, the way we used to do it. That would suggest that the cigarette renews your wind, and God knows it doesn't. As a matter of fact, you can't even be breathing hard in a cigarette commercial. So we're limited to the less athletic sports. We go sailing, we go trout fishing. We pitch horseshoes. We go to the track—and maybe the horses get winded but the smokers don't. And we play Ping-Pong. We can have boy-girl fun in the water, but if we want to show surfing, the smokers are on the beach watching. If it's water skiing, the guys smoking are in the boat. You can sit there dressed for tennis, looking like a champ, and as long as you don't play you can smoke.

"Or there's the other thing we can do. You might not have noticed it, but the guy who has been swimming or water skiing, he'll change his clothes or put on a shirt, to indicate a time lapse—then he's allowed to smoke. And something else—our water skiers these days fall off."

Meyner, possibly unexpectedly, has also used his powers to say no to claims in the area of mental health. As one of the Governor's staff of seven explained, "you can't show someone in a bad mood, or tired, or tense, lighting a cigarette and then feeling better."

Over the years many, if not most, advertisers have implied a powerful tranquilizing or antidepressant quality in their products. A group of commercials done in pre-code days for Spring cigarettes became widely known in the industry as the "suicide series," for typically the woman in the empty railroad station in the middle of the night appeared so intensely depressed that it seemed possible she would leap in front of the train before she had a chance to light up a Spring and go into her manic stage. Camel commercials showed the first deep drag virtually quieting hurricanes at sea. And Kool commercials still (though a good bit less strongly than in the past) suggest that one of the lows in human life comes when one has smoked too much and cigarettes taste lousy and you're about to give up the habit—but help and happiness are at hand if you have a friend who will offer you a Kool. Most of this form of advertising is disappearing, much to the detriment of commercials' dramatic effects.*

Written into the code is the regulation that no cigarette advertising shall contain a picture or an illustration of a person smoking in an exaggerated manner. The practical effect of this is that nobody is permitted to inhale deeply any longer. Nor is he permitted to do a big take, or react with a huge smile. "I explain to actors these days," one director said to me, "that it isn't supposed to look like they're taking dope. We need a very short, fast drag, and then a very fast exhale. An actor might have to take three drags in twenty seconds of commercial time without looking as if he can't wait to get cancer. The main thing is that he's not supposed to be knocked out by it. It's not the greatest thing that ever happened to him. It's just good. You see, the cigarette companies are in a strange spot these days—they're trying to say the stuff's great and not say it, at the same time."

Sam Blum reports that he is a former three-packs-a-day man who now smokes a pipe and is not fond of it. He writes for numerous magazines, and was while interviewing lung-cancer patients for a medical article that he gave up cigarettes. Born in Wilkes-Barre, he now lives in Manhattan (the world center of polluted air, he calls it).

*As for the health claims of filters, the Administrator has cracked down in curious ways. Although the illustration of their unwrapped filter still graces the back of a Lark pack, the words that explained and praised it have changed. They now state, "Between two outer filters Lark has an inner chamber of charcoal granules treated to enrich the flavor by Lark's own special process (U. S. Patent Pending) . . . etc." It is no longer called "modern," nor is it billed as a scientific purifier. In the scrupulous excision of health claims, the Governor has cut from virtually all copy about filters those subtle claims of prophylaxis, "modern," "neat," "pure," and even "white," and the "filter" must stand unmodified by even the science-fiction labels Micronite, Selectrate, Deep-weave, Fortified, and Activated.

However, even when alerted to the fact that such copy changes are taking place, most readers and viewers are at a loss to find them. On having them pointed out, they are unable to say what difference they make. For example, take Tareyton's highly successful three-year-old campaign, "Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch." A typical full-color, full-page pre-code ad showed an attractive model, chin jutting somewhat pugnaciously, wearing a self-satisfied smile and a black eye; and the copy, in part, stated, "Get the charcoal filter with the taste worth fighting for." The word *charcoal* has now been dropped. The ad also used to say, "Tareyton has a white outer filter, and an inner filter of activated charcoal." Today it is "Tareyton has a white outer tip . . . and an inner section of charcoal." Precisely why the Administrator has disallowed charcoal in one spot and permitted it in another, or has vetoed "white outer filter" and admitted "white outer tip" remains, to me at least, an unsolved mystery. Similarly, no one seems sure why Parliament is forbidden to speak of its "recessed filter," but is permitted to refer to its "filter that is recessed in."

As cigarette salesmen have known for years, the direct promise is only a small part of cigarette selling. One salesman oriented toward motivational research explains, "We're not trying to sell cigarettes, we're selling a way of life, an exclusive club which has its own song, its own passwords, and a membership of millions. You say, 'Come on over to the L & M side.' You talk about 'Marlboro Country'; you form an in-group of 'Us Viceroy Smokers' and create an image of the swinging people who smoke your brand. We're saying, 'Look attractive, feel at ease, smoke Burpos with the filter of straw or that carcinogenic taste, and you'll never again be lonely.' "

Fresh, Healthy, and Over 25

Such promises are of course not put into words. Salem has never directly stated that it is a passport to a world of well-scrubbed, young, romantic people, but as my salesman friend insisted to me, "If the video didn't imply that, what reason would there be to show it? That's the reason no one is really worried about the code. They can't stop us from showing good-looking people doing good-looking things."

The code is specific on that matter: "Cigarette advertising may use attractive, healthy-looking models, provided that there is no suggestion that their attractive appearance or good health is due to cigarette smoking."

Under these circumstances Governor Meyner has found himself in a bit of a bind. He is aware that the same appeals of romance, snobbishness, masculinity, and youthful high spirits that attract adults also attract adolescents. But as he recently pointed out to me, "There is, after all, nothing in the code that says all efforts to promote cigarette smoking by persons under twenty-one are forbidden." Meyner's view is that he is charged with eliminating only appeals directed *primarily* to youth. But he is therefore faced with the ghastly problem of somehow separating them from appeals made to young and old alike, which under the code are completely permissible. In a few instances he is aided by clear and direct provisions of the code itself. For example, the code totally forbids advertising in "comic books" and in comic supplements to newspapers. It prohibits the distribution of sample cigarettes to persons under twenty-one, and proscribes cigarette advertising in school, college, or university media (and the Governor takes this provision to mean alumni publications as well as student newspapers).

Other than campus publications and comic pages, however, no other form of media was declared off limits. But the vague statement was written into the code forbidding ads ". . . on television and radio programs, or in publications, directed primarily to persons under twenty-one years of age . . ." The unsolved problem which has been facing the Governor this past year has been to decide which these programs and publications are. It seems clear that the traditionally smoke-free *Boys' Life* and *Captain Kangaroo* will remain officially forbidden ground, but what of *Ed Sullivan, Peyton Place, Wide World of Sports,* or *Beverly Hillbillies,* the latter a cigarette-sponsored show directed primarily at adults that at one time appeared to have within its audience 28.8 per cent of all the children in the United States between the ages of two and twelve? To carry out his mandate literally, Meyner would be forced virtually to ban cigarette commercials on television, and that is precisely the blow that the code was forged to ward off. So far this dilemma is unsolved.

But in the tobacco industry's desire to protect youth, certain very specific requirements were written into the code which, for whatever good they may do, are being policed with great care. As the head of R. J. Reynolds, makers of Winston, Salem, and Camel, has testified, "We are not for getting the youth to smoke . . . the appeals in the advertising the cigarette manufacturers are doing today are directed toward the adult mind and the adult population."

One of the requirements written into the code is that all persons appearing in cigarette ads or commercials be at least twenty-five years old and look it. Meyner has proved to be extremely serious about this, and actors reading for cigarette commercials are now required to bring their birth certificates along with them. Even that is not enough. A great number of commercials have now had to be reshot because some models over twenty-five have impressed Meyner as intolerably well preserved. On one occasion a scene was vetoed because the smoking lady—cute enough, but thirty-plus—was wearing a sweater which must have seemed to the Governor unacceptably girlish. Reshot with the same actress wearing a dress, it passed.

The women in the cigarette ads remain youthful. Their kittenish way of lighting a fellow's L & M while staring in his eyes does suggest the danger that they will set fire to his nose, but this is carping. They act for all the world like teenagers in an Italian movie, despite what their birth certificates might say. But there is probably no avoiding this. This is the main selling point advertisers are permitting themselves to make about their cigarettes—the people who smoke them have

at fun and a lot of laughs, and they are an in-
ensable part of having a good time.

n part, this sort of thing is occurring because
vner, under the code, has been closing off other
roaches. The clampdown has taken place under
rather loose interpretation of two provisions:
) Cigarette advertising shall not represent
t cigarette smoking is essential to social promi-
ce, distinction, success, or sexual attraction;
l (2) Testimonials from persons who, in the
gment of the Administrator, would have spe-
l appeal to persons under twenty-one years
age, shall not be used in cigarette advertising."
On the first provision, pre-code advertising
ver claimed that smoking was essential to any-
ng, but the Governor has chosen to stretch the
rd *essential*. No one, in fact, quite knows what
means by the broad interpretation, but he has
ned down plots in which smoking was merely
sociated with big-business deals, upper-class
tus, or seduction, and vetoed story boards (the
oting scripts of the commercials illustrated in
omic-strip style) if the cigarette seemed to be
ectly promoting a romance or marriage. There
no rule, however, against dating couples or peo-
e in love smoking. Similarly, although a cigarette
n't be shown helping the editor steady his nerves
ile trying to make his deadline, there is no rea-
n for him not to reward his taste once the paper
s been put to bed.

The second provision, forbidding testimonials
persons of special appeal to the young, has been
ken to mean fictional testimonials as well. The
arlboro man, for example, who is a cowboy, and
such is the American boy's classic hero, can no
nger deliver the sales talk himself. Now he just
es the acting job, while the announcer reads the
py. Camel, however, has been dramatizing the
ork and smoking habits of one Brian McAllister,
ho docks the big ships when they come into har-
r. Why can he talk and a cowboy not? The Gov-
nor answers, "I was in the Navy and saw a lot of
cking pilots, and they're just not glamorous to
e." Others in the Governor's office suggest, how-
ver, that the matter has been thought over and
rian will probably soon be muted.

In theory, heroism of any kind has been pulled
r down. As one gentleman involved with Marl-
oro explained to me, "We used to shoot the Marl-
oro man as if he were the Jolly Green Giant, Paul
unyan, Jack Gonads; now we've had to work him
wn to life-size. He's just a cowboy, going about
is business. I don't know whether it's from the
de office or where, but instructions go out not
shoot too low with a wide-angle lens and make
im look like Superman. He's supposed to come out
interesting, compelling, but human, and the message that's supposed to come over through the video is just that he likes to smoke and this is the particular cigarette he likes. Personally I think it's a lot more effective commercial this way. Nobody believes in fairy tales, anyway."

In a Tight Spot

So with a de-emphasis on heroics, athletics, sex, money, success, health, and extreme youth, the advertisers would indeed be in a tight spot if it were not for the still-open approach of associating smoking with the romp in the woods, the picnic on the beach, the gang around the piano, the half-witted joke.

Happily for the advertiser, though not surprisingly, this is the very approach that has proven to be the most successful these past few years. Winston's rise to the top of the filter field and its coming within a percentage point or two of Pall Mall's top spot among all cigarettes, seem to be based mostly on a swinging jingle that claims only that it "tastes good," and an insistence through words and pictures that Winston smokers do indeed have fun. When American Tobacco dropped its "Hungry for flavor? Tareyton's got it" campaign for the lighthearted black-eyed smokers who did not switch, their sales zoomed. Small wonder American hopes to repeat the miracle for Lucky Strike filters with the equally simpleminded symbol of a partially eaten hat.

Fears of discussing these changes and what these changes mean are widespread within both the advertising industry and the tobacco industry. The official statement by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company on the code and what the code has meant, is "No comment." The other companies have not been much more enlightening. Most ad-agency people and producers of commercials who are willing to discuss these matters asked not to be quoted by name. It was requested by the code office that no one be quoted except the Governor, and much that he had to say was prefaced "off the record."

The reason for all this shyness is hard to explain, but the question so many seemed to raise was "Why pick on me?" As one person did explain to me, "I know darn well cigarette smoking may give you cancer and all the rest of that stuff. I gave it up. But growing tobacco is legal, making it into cigarettes is legal, and selling them is legal. If the government ever says it's illegal to advertise them —fine—I'll look for another job. As of now, I feel like an honest man."

Harper's Magazine, March 1966



The Decline of the Church in England

by the Reverend Nicolas Stacey
Rector of Woolwich

A young and controversial Anglican minister describes how his Church is losing the allegiance of millions, and calls for drastic, unchurchly methods to help it save itself.

On paper, the Established Church of England still looks strong. It has nearly 27.5 million baptized members (67 per cent of the population), of whom nearly 10 million are confirmed and 2.5 million are Easter communicants. They are ministered to by 15,500 clergymen in full-time employment and 22,000 churches and chapels.

But the baptism, confirmation, and ordination figures for the last few years show a sensational decline. By 1956 and 1962 baptisms in the Church of England were down by 12 per cent nationally and by over 22 per cent in the London area. Many dismiss this as the melting of the fat of residual Christianity. But the figures for confirmation and ordination cannot be explained away so easily. Nationally, confirmations have declined by nearly a quarter in the last three years and in south London by nearly a third. The number of men being ordained started to fall only in 1964, but the intellectual quality has been in the decline for some time. In 1960, 49 per cent of the newly ordained were university graduates, but in 1964 they were only 39 per cent—and that at a time of unpre dented university expansion. A bishop said aft one of his recent ordinations, "I don't know wh they will do to the enemy but, my God, they frigl en me."

The Free Churches show a similar decline. A although the Roman Catholic Church is the or major Church in Britain so far escaping decli serious cracks in its monolithic structure are b ginning to appear. There are signs that it is b ginning to lose its grip on the "faithful."

Outside intellectual circles Britain hides t fact that it is no longer a committed Christi country, by paying lip service to Christian ethi It calls in the Church to say formal prayers ea day in Parliament, to crown its monarchy, bu its dead, and, on an ever-decreasing scale, mar and baptize its children. Even in the highly sec larized non-churchgoing areas the various orga zations within the community like having a pri around. Although nobody knows quite what he for, there is a vague idea that he lends an air respectability. Or, he is like a parachute, whi one hopes one won't have to use, but is reassur to have handy.

In intellectual circles, however, the Church meeting mounting hostility. To be a Christi today is definitely "out." The politeness, the r spect, the goodwill on which one has been able presume are disappearing. No longer can t

·ch impose the premises of the debate in cul-
: and moral issues. Even the BBC allows the
stian faith to be lampooned. I was the first
;yman ever to appear on David Frost's highly
roversial satirical program "Not So Much a
;ramme, More a Way of Life" and barely an
row was raised when I was set upon by three
ous agnostics or atheists—Brigid Brophy,
r Chaffer, and Angus Wilson—without being
n sufficient time to reply. A few years ago this
ld not have been tolerated.

loomy as the situation looks to those concerned
ı maintaining organized religion, there are
some opposing signs. Religion today is news-
thy. In a recent editorial the *Sunday Times*
ondon commented on the revival of thought
interest in theology far outside Church cir-
. Whereas the Church's angry young men of
eneration ago flew their kites in theological
;azines, they are now given the most highly
:ed spots in the secular press, and sales of re-
ous paperbacks soar. Another paradox is that
ough less than 10 per cent of the population
ularly attends a place of worship, there is com-
sory religious instruction and worship in all
te schools. Because of the attempt of the Na-
ıal Secular Society and the British Humanist
sociation to have religious teaching abolished
British state schools, the sociological weekly
w Society commissioned the National Opinion
lls to find out the public's views. Ninety per
ıt voted in favor of the present system, thereby
monstrating an overwhelming desire to main-
n some contact with the faith.

The root of this desire, I believe, is the fact
ıt our newfound affluence has not brought much
or satisfaction. There is as much bloody-
ndedness, bitterness, and resentment as ever.
ere is a lot less hardship, but there is probably
re depression, more loneliness, and more men-
illness. The veneer of adult self-confidence
l youthful arrogance often hides a deep sense
uncertainty or emptiness. Clergy spend so much
their time with people in moments of crisis
ıt they see, perhaps more clearly than anyone,

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*e Reverend Nicolas Stacey, who has been Rec-
of Woolwich, England, for three years, was
cted by his fellow clergy to the Dean of the Lon-
n Borough of Greenwich. He works with a team
assistant clergy from a church which has been
nverted into a community center, and he appears
ten on TV and in the press. He was a seventeen-
ar-old midshipman in the closing stages of
orld War II and decided to be ordained after
iting Hiroshima shortly after the bomb was
pped.*

how pathetically inadequate people's spiritual resources are.

The question that confronts the Church is: How can interest and searching be transformed into committed Christian discipleship? The answer may be nothing less than to dispossess the Church and turn it out into the world—by ridding it of its lands and buildings, by forcing its clergy to take secular jobs, and by a simplification and stripping down of its theology. The physical death of the Church may have to precede its spiritual resurrection.

Heady Optimism, Then...

Until about five years ago the most radical churchmen assumed that if the organization, liturgy, and spirituality of the Church, and its methods of communication, could be refurbished, the decline in participation could be halted and the Church could look forward to a flourishing and relevant future. Indeed there were some signs that this could be done. New canons and new ecclesiastical courts were created. Revised lectionaries, catechisms, and psalters rolled out. A report on the deployment of the clergy was commissioned. "Planned-giving" or fund-raising campaigns had crossed the Atlantic from America and were catching on. In middle-class suburban parishes where there was an active and imaginative minister, congregations were increasing slightly. In 1960 an editorial in the Church of England newspaper announced, "A new Church of England is being born, a Church efficient, sophisticated, and progressive, a Church with money enough and to spare." The Bishop of Woolwich, Dr. John Robinson, was able to say at the first confirmation he took as a bishop in 1959, "You are coming into active membership of the Church at a time when great things are afoot. I believe that in England we may be at the turning of the tide. Indeed in Cambridge University, where I have recently come from, I am convinced that the tide has already turned."

Since those days of heady optimism, two things have happened. First, the theological school of Christian radicalism emanating largely from Cambridge University and the south London diocese of Southwark and drawing heavily on Rudolph Bultman, Paul Tillich, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer, has been questioning much orthodox Christian belief. While the movement has undoubtedly brought hope and encouragement to many thoughtful people who had dismissed the orthodox Christian faith as incredible, it has also

disturbed faithful churchmen who claim to have had their fundamental beliefs undermined. The theological revolution has thrown open a lot of windows. One has to admit that so far more has gone out than has come in.

Secondly, those like myself who have implemented in our parishes the reforms that were being touted as the answers to the Church's problems have found that, in churchgoing terms at least, the returns have been negligible.

My experience as Rector of Thames-side Woolwich is typical of those clergymen who have worked in industrial areas where there is a well-established tradition, reaching back many generations, of non-churchgoing. As head of one of the largest and ablest teams of clergy of any parish in England, I saw a remarkable opportunity to make a breakthrough in getting people to come to church. To this end we have played every card in our pack. But we have achieved virtually none of the modest things we hoped for. The regular membership of our congregation has increased from about fifty to one hundred, drawn mostly from wealthier areas outside of this working-class parish. Yet if each priest on our staff had persuaded ten people each year to join the Church we would now have a congregation of five hundred.

We have no excuses. These have been the most dramatic and exhausting years of my life. We have laughed and occasionally wept. We have tried to pray and to love. We have been as brazen as a Hollywood publicity agent and we have tried to be humble and sensitive. We have raised a fortune and spent it. And we have quite obviously failed.

Teamwork and Bingo

I was daunted by the Bishop of Southwark's invitation to become Rector of Woolwich. South of the Thames the picture is one of derelict churches, bleak-hearted clergy (priests here turn over faster than anywhere in England), and disheartened congregations. I found that the parish church in Woolwich, magnificently situated in gardens on the banks of the Thames, had not been decorated for a generation and needed $45,000 to keep the roof from falling in. The congregation was minute. The only member of the staff was a gentle lady parish worker. The other two churches in the parish were virtually derelict. As Chaplain to the Bishop of Birmingham, I had seen many young men accept such "challenges," as bishops delight to call them, which are really death warrants. It was the newly appointed Bishop of Woolwich, Dr. John Robinson, who persuaded me t accept. I called on him late one night, having spen hours tramping round the parish. He himself ha recently come from Cambridge University, whe he had been a don, to take on the job of Bishop c Woolwich, and was about as depressed as I wa I thought it might be interesting to spend th next few years being depressed about the Churc of England together. So, on the whole, it ha proved.

My experience in Birmingham had convince me that the only hope for the Church in such diff cult areas was to form teams of clergy workin from a minimum of church buildings and to con centrate less on the familiar church organization than on getting out among the people. In ou parish, however, those who get on, "get out." W found very little indigenous lay leadership. Onl two members of the parochial church council live in the parish; the rest were drawn from middle class areas outside. Obviously it was for th clergy to lead, and our first task was to build u a strong team. I daresay no British rector in mod ern times has had such a strong team. It include a man from a working-class background who ha graduated from Oxford University with thre First Class Honors degrees. Another was a toug former Merchant Navy officer and track cham pion who had run a youth club in downtown Ne York. A third, the son of a famous novelist, ha won the top scholarship from Eton College t Trinity College, Oxford, and had worked in a ca factory, where he had become a shop steward. A fourth had got two Firsts at Cambridge Univer sity and scholarships to Teheran and New Yor Universities. Other members of the team wer gifted in their different ways. I do not believ their distinctions created barriers between them and our working-class parishioners.

We made the basis of our teamwork a commo spiritual discipline, involving two hours of praye together every day. Each priest specialized i certain aspects of parochial work. We rationalize the church buildings by pulling down one churc and turning a dingy little mission church into a hall now used mainly for bingo (which has done more to create a community spirit in a slum cor ner of the parish than anything else we have done —the profits go toward parcels for old people a Christmas). Our main building task was to trans form the enormous Georgian parish church. This we did by sealing off two unused galleries and cre ating a coffeehouse out of one and a lounge ou of the other. We were criticized, mainly from out side Woolwich, with the inevitable jibes of "coffee bar religion." This scheme cost $90,000 and since

spent most of the money before we raised it, ıearly landed in debtors' prison. But thanks as ıch to practicing Jews as to anybody else we are w out of debt. The whole concept—similar to the nerican parish house—is certainly one of con-nience, but it also had a theological purpose. tering the church building so that it was used ɔm 7:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M. every day of the week r many different activities helped to relate wor-ip with life—to tear down the barrier between e sacred and the secular, and to answer the com-aint that God has been shut up in a box of a urch which is only open for an hour or two on ınday.

That part of the experiment more than justified self; 1,500 people now use the church building ery week for everything from eating to private rayer, personal counseling to worship. For ıonths a gang of the roughest hoodlums in town ıade the coffeehouse their evening headquarters. eople have come from all over the world to see ır experiment. Yet after Princess Margaret and ord Snowdon had opened it in a blaze of pub-city, when we personally invited every man and oman in the parish (some 10,000 residents, a undred at a time) to a coffee evening, 95 per cent tayed away. This was not from hostility, but rom an extraordinary lack of curiosity which narks this type of area in England.

They Had Heard It Before

Nevertheless, with the restored church as a ɔase we embarked on a five-point program: the ɔastoral care of all parishioners, the training of he congregation, the rejuvenating of the Church's image, the participation of the Church in the community at every level, and the meeting of social needs not covered by the public welfare services.

We were determined to show that the Church cared for people, for their own sake, and not just as bodies to be got into the pews. So we undertook a massive house-to-house visiting campaign. We never had a door shut in our faces. Most people, especially the older ones, still love being visited by a parson for a little chat, a dash of reassurance, and occasionally a prayer as well—but how often I have watched that glazed "I have heard it all before" look creep into the eyes when one gently nudges the conversation toward the Christian faith. We did not make a rule of asking people to join us at worship—but we had been taught in our seminaries that a house-going parson makes churchgoing people. Yet one of our staff reported that house-to-house visiting for six hours a day for six months had not brought one extra person to church!

Theoretically, the Anglican Church has a golden advantage, since it christens, marries, and buries the majority of the population. We did not overlook this. A young couple, specially trained by the Marriage Guidance Council, conducted much of our marriage preparation. We took a lot of trouble over christenings. First we visited each family at home to win its confidence. We never refused to christen babies although we did try to persuade parents to withdraw if they were only "having their kids done because Gran's on at us about it." Then a week before the christening we had all the parents and godparents to coffee in our restaurant, with a film afterwards and discussion on the meaning of it all and a rehearsal of the service. (The christening service we rewrote in simple language, for the present Prayerbook service is literally nonsense.) We hold christenings only four times a year, with the whole congregation present. Our new home-made service in a packed church, with the mothers entering in procession proudly carrying their babies after the service has started, is a poignant occasion. The parents may not understand (who does?) the theology of christening, but our hope has been that they are left with the impression that something important has happened to their babies. A few days after the christening we call again with a plush christening card and every year for the five subsequent years a member of the congregation calls with a card on the anniversary of the christening. But this effort has been hardly more successful than our house-to-house visits: only one lot of parents of the hundreds of babies we have christened are now Church members.

The Church is not the clergy, and high on our priorities has been an attempt to train the congregation to be the body of Christ in the community. We have introduced a teaching month, with instruction periods on weekday evenings; group meetings in one another's houses for prayer and discussion; a fund-raising campaign; special sequences of sermons with an opportunity for the congregation to argue with the preacher after the service. We have tried to sharpen up the services and have made a list of all the reasons people give for not going to church (they are very rarely the real ones), and then we have tried to eliminate them. At our staff meetings on Mondays we have a postmortem on the sermons.

Yet one of our perpetual problems has been that our church, which seats six hundred, needs a con-

gregation larger than we have been able to muster to produce that corporate atmosphere so essential to worship. To give the congregation a spirit of camaraderie we have endless parish suppers, outings, and theater trips. We have tried to escape the popular sleeve-clutching image of the Church at work. Frequently non-churchgoing parishioners who have seen our clergy about a problem remark, "I didn't think clergymen were like you." Many parishioners come to see us with their problems because we have taken our public relations seriously and have a sincere "image." But the level at which most people want our help—"Can you fix an abortion for my daughter?"; "Have you got any pull with the National Assistance Board?"; "I have been caught shoplifting—can you keep my name out of the local paper?"—is more appropriate to the citizens' information centers.

The Reverend Nicolas Stacey's summary of the declining importance of religion in England points up many of the contemporary manifestations of doubt and change shared by denominations all over the world. In coming months, *Harper's* hopes to publish further appraisals of the continuing crisis in religion today, emphasizing its developing role and its influence in American life.

Again, since in many instances the church resembles a religious club for those whose hobby happens to be singing hymns, we clergy went out to get involved in the community. One of us attended meetings of the local Council of Trades Unions; we were in close touch with the schools, voluntary organizations, the Borough Council, and the political parties. All social workers in the town met monthly for a sandwich lunch and discussion in our church lounge. The Probation Service sent us a group of its trainees for a day as part of their course.

We tried to avoid building up ramified parish organizations that duplicate the social services; instead we concentrated on the gaps. An example of this was our Suicide Samaritan Branch, with some sixty volunteers on telephone alert in rotation twenty-four hours a day so that souls contemplating ending their lives could ring them. Another scheme provided accommodation for young people thrown out of their homes.

And yet after all this the response in churchgoing terms was almost nonexistent.

Some Days Are Numbered

When I told the story of our endeavors at Woolwich in an article entitled "The Failure of a Mission" in the influential Sunday *Observer*, it touched a nerve in the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury publicly criticized me for measuring success by the numbers who come to church. Othe Church leaders attacked me for the mixed sin of rocking the boat, stabbing the Church in th back, and washing its dirty linen in public. M impression from these and thousands of othe comments is that the Church of England finds hard to face the truth about itself and to accep the fact that there is no easy solution.

I am convinced that the Church's problems ar far too deep, complex, and elusive to be solved b even radical reforms of the ecclesiastical machin If they were pushed through (and with all Eng land's built-in safeguard the machinery for refor is notoriously cumbersom and slow), at best the would expose the rea problems more clearly; a worst they would merel save the Church as a re ligious club.

Though God is despe ately needed, I can se little chance of our cap turing people's imagination for Him by the trad tional methods, however lovingly, vigorously, an imaginatively applied, over however long a perio Indeed, I believe things will get harder still as th residue of formal Christianity disappears and th secularization of society is completed.

I am convinced that the only hope for eventua resurrection of the Church lies in its voluntar stripping itself down.

First, most clergy in full-time parochial em ployment should be encouraged to take secula work. Clearly this cannot happen overnight an would not be expected of the older clerics. But foresee a pattern in which no more than 10 pe cent of an increased ordained manpower will b engaged full-time in servicing the greatly reduce number of church buildings. Many clergy wi not need much encouragement to take secula work, for few people—except perhaps in suburbi —any longer come to the clergy with spiritua problems. While our large staff in Woolwich ha done useful work I have to admit they have rarel been required in the capacity and at the level i which they are meant to have special skills. Clea ly the days of the Jack-of-all-trades, all-rounde father-figure, and cheer-leader parish priest ar numbered. The traditional secondary function o the clergy to provide social services and commu nity leadership—a function of enormous signif cance in the past—will become irrelevant as soc ety becomes more secularized and the soci services still partly covered by the Church, suc

nental health, youth work, and care of the d, are taken over by the Welfare State.

here are already many secular jobs which e the parson a better opportunity of exercising ministry of teaching, counseling, and chal-ging the mores of our society, than the pres- parochial system. The religious instruction cher at a comprehensive (high) school and the urer in social and liberal studies at the day-ease colleges for apprentices both have oppor-ities denied to the parish clergyman, whose ching is confined to a handful of confirmation ndidates and the Sunday School class. Consci-ious parish priests spend hours with people o are marginally mentally ill. But so do psy-atric social workers who, apart from their eater professional know-how, have the whole sources of the Mental Health Services behind em. Citizens' advice bureau workers, youth-mployment officers, welfare officers, personnel vice workers, personnel managers, and proba-n officers are all doing more counseling work depth than the vast majority of the clergy.

"Convert" the Clergy

here would be no dearth of openings for the ergy in these secular professions. All the social rvices, the youth services, and the teaching pro-ssion are desperately undermanned. In fact, any of the things the clergy are doing at the oment in an amateur way they could do profes-onally after a "conversion" course. Many people nd this analysis hard to accept because they do ot realize how little time parochial clergymen ow spend (or have ever spent) in "spiritual ork." Most of their time is spent on the admin-trative chores of running a small-time religious ub, while the mainstream of life sweeps by un-eeding and untouched. Today, the religious ructures are becoming increasingly irrelevant. is the secular ones that determine the shape nd tone of the world. If the Christian has any-ning to say he must say it from within them.

Inevitably it will be asked why the "worker-riest" should remain a priest. The reason is that or the Church to come alive there is a need for acramental duties to be performed in every of-ce, factory, and street. This can be done only by he priest who works within these situations. In he destructurized Church for which I plead I vant to see more priests, not less.

In Woolwich we are trying to practice what we re preaching. I have ceased to be paid for my ervices to the Church and am earning my living as a free-lance journalist and director of a housing association for homeless families. One of our staff has started teaching in a state school, a third is teaching apprentices at a day-release college, and we hope to recruit other priests who are prepared to work in the secular structures.

Once it becomes normal, instead of off-beat and slightly disreputable, for clergy to combine the priesthood with secular employment, many more able young men will come forward for ordination. Theological seminaries must reorganize their curricula to enable such young men to train simultaneously for the ministry and a secular profession. Much of what is currently taught, from Old Testament criticism to New Testament Greek, could be cut out to leave room for training in other skills. Theological professionalism is no longer relevant, because we no longer accept the "science of God" as an exact science—the priest needs love, sympathy, and understanding above everything else. But the professionalism of the new social services becomes increasingly valid.

Secondly, there must be a reduction in the church buildings which soak up so much money in restoration and upkeep. In one downtown area of an industrial city there are twelve churches and twelve Parochial Church Councils and fifty-seven ill-supported, struggling, and largely useless church clubs—all within a stone's throw of one another. The congregations of the twelve parishes could easily fit into one building. The servant-church, like the domestic servant of old, should be living in someone else's house; it should be feeding and serving the secular world, rather than acting as caretaker of its own. Special problems are raised by the fact that many of our redundant churches are of great historical and architectural importance. But if the Church is not to be dragged to the grave by the weight of these historic buildings around its neck, it must deconsecrate most of them and hand them over to the state. No doubt many will survive as museums.

Last year the income from the vast inherited wealth of the Church was half the total income of the Church. It was used mainly for paying and housing the clergy; without it the present system would collapse overnight. A Church which is really committed to serving society should be giving this money away instead of using it to keep its own show running. An ecclesiastical charitable foundation might be created for pioneering social experiments. For example, one of our most pressing social problems in Britain today is the integration of the immigrant population. This can be achieved only by massive dispersal from the ghettos. A Church charitable fund would be able to

buy houses all over Britain for this purpose.

Stripping the Church of its cumbersome properties and putting them to social use is as necessary a job of modernization as is the theological stripping-down now in progress. The maximum of Faith with the minimum of Dogma must be the keynote for the Church in the new age; likewise, the Church should not express itself as a great estate of the realm, with mighty buildings, massive organizations, and prince-bishops, or as a part-time diversion or hobby for a few, but as a relevant and inconspicuous movement of many people meeting in their homes and places of work for Communion, for working out together what it means to be a Christian in the world, and for planning how best to serve the community through secular and voluntary organizations. This cellular movement will require the maximum of trained articulate laity, the minimum of paid clergy, organizations, and buildings.

The younger clergy have it in their power to begin this revolution. It they opt out of the presen system—especially by taking secular work—th Church in England may yet be saved.

In many fields America is a generation ahead o England. But from all I hear and read of th American religious scene the crisis we are goin through now could well be America's in a genera tion. I understand that the churchgoing boom o the 1950s is halted and there are signs that it i on the wane. A number of prophetic America writers such as Gibson Winter have exposed th weakness of American suburban Christianity The difficulty is that the more successful th Church the more complacent and conservative th leadership. And to us in Britain the America Churches are, superficially at least, tremendousl successful. Will your leadership have the courag to see the writing on the wall and make the nec essary changes in time? In Britain the slide-awa from organized religion has gone too far to b saved by reforms.

The Collector

by Peter Davison

How the meadows dazzle this morning!
Every songbird's throat is gasping
To swallow deeper draughts of sunlight.
The fresh flowers gape as thirsty as the birds.

Like the web of a net my path crisscrosses
The piebald fields from wood to marsh
On the trail of plump lady slipper
Or open-hearted black-eyed susan.

They flee me—lupine, arbutus, arethusa,
Dawn flowers fresh as the birds' dawn song–
Yet I am patient. There will be others.
Journeys end in lovers meeting.

Another day, another conquest:
The blush in the shadows, the crisp stem,
The velvet flesh against my fingers,
Head drooped prettily against my chest.

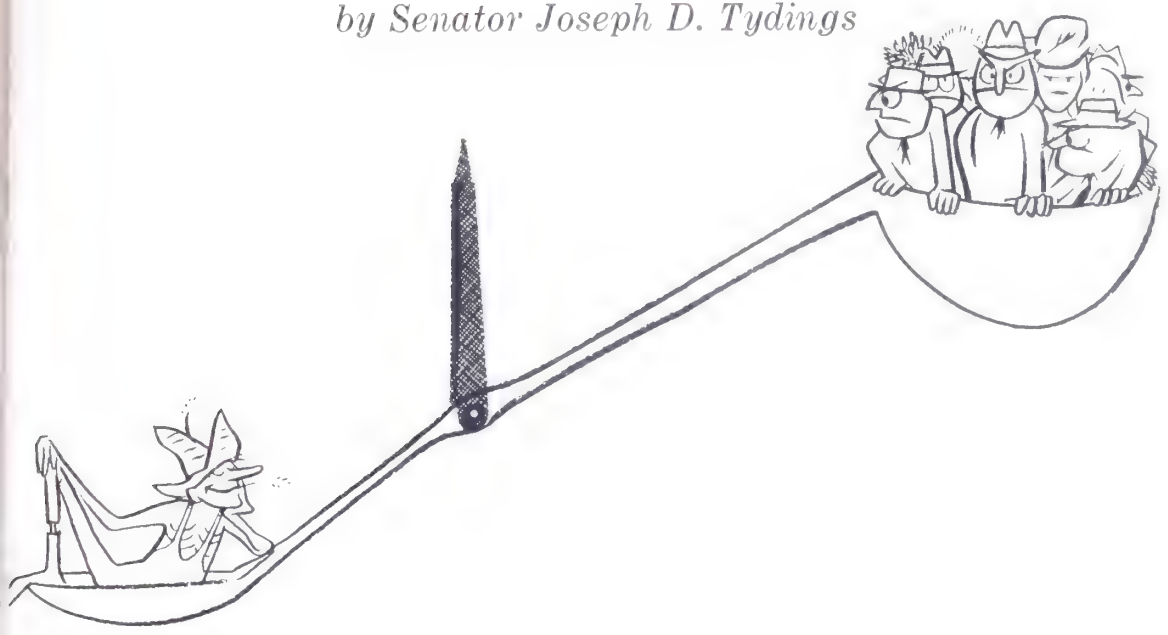
Hardly a field without its encounter!
Here are my prizes; here again, flowers
Taken in unlikely places and postures.
Some time I could tell you stories.

As the years pass, I take greater pleasure
In boasting where I found heart's-ease,
Forget-me-not, all the pretty creatures
That yearned so ardently from their dewy beds.

Harper's Magazine, March 1966

The Last Chance for the States

by Senator Joseph D. Tydings



ocal government—which seems doomed, y its own feebleness and the concen- ration of power in Washington—may ctually be ready for the most startling evival since Lazarus.

State government is dying—or so many of our olliticians, political scientists, and journalists ould have us believe. The obituaries have already egun to appear. During the reapportionment ebate last August, Senator Everett Dirksen de- lared in his typically colorful prose that the con- inued erosion of state authority will soon bring he day when "the only people interested in state oundaries will be Rand McNally." If we go much urther, warns Senator J. Strom Thurmond, an rticulate states' rights advocate, "in a few years he states will be nothing more than territories." The problem has become so acute that both ultra- onservative columnist David Lawrence and Brit- sh Socialist Harold Laski have concluded that state government is outmoded and should be re- placed by a system of regional governments.

Few liberals would want to be identified as "states'-righters" in the commonly accepted sense of the term, but the dangers of a vast federal bureaucracy are not the exclusive concern of conservatives. Many thoughtful people across the political spectrum believe that government operations, affecting millions of Americans, cannot be directed from Washington without a loss of efficiency, flexibility, and responsiveness. The answer does not lie, as some right-wing romantics would have us believe, in *less* government. We cannot repeal the twentieth century and the demands it has created for public services. The only realistic approach to the problem of over-centralization is a healthier distribution of power through a rebirth of effective state and local government.

Fortunately, the predictions of the demise of state government, like the premature report of the death of Mark Twain, are highly exaggerated. One of the great political ironies of our time is that the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions, which the self-proclaimed champions of "states' rights" so bitterly assail, will do more to rebuild our withering federal system than any other event in this century.

To be dealt with effectively, many of the problems generated by big business, powerful labor unions, superabundant agriculture, and the demands of world leadership must be met at the national level. But even after allowance is made for the inevitable growth of the federal government, the fact remains that with few exceptions our states have failed to meet many of the modern needs of their citizens. These failures, which John F. Kennedy called "the shame of the states," are primarily responsible for the decline of our federal system.

There is no inescapable logic of history or economics which makes elementary and secondary education, air and water pollution, urban renewal, mass transit, housing, medical care for the elderly, or adequate law enforcement the concern of federal government. But in the one year I have been in the U. S. Senate, we enacted federal programs in all these areas. My colleagues and I did not vote for these measures because we coveted more power in Washington. Our constituents were demanding governmental action and the states, for the most part, had failed to act.

The causes for this abdication of state responsibility are not hard to trace. Most state legislatures have simply been out of touch with a majority of the people in their states. Before the Supreme Court ruled that legislative reapportionment is a proper subject of judicial scrutiny, a large number of seats in almost every state legislature were allotted to rotten boroughs. None were quite as rotten as Old Sarum, the English borough with no inhabitants and two representatives in Parliament until the Reform Act of 1832, but most state apportionment schemes were indefensible. In 1962 a majority of the senators in eleven states represented less than 20 per cent of their state's total population.* In June 1964, when the reapportionment cases were decided, there were thirty-eight states—more than three-fourths—in which 40 per cent or less of the population could elect a majority of the representatives in at least one house, and fifteen states in which 40 per cent or less could select a majority in both houses.

The undemocratic consequences of malapportionment are easily illustrated. Last year, for example, the Missouri House of Representatives defeated a bill to provide a $1-an-hour minimum wage by a vote of 83 to 68. The 83 negative votes were cast by legislators who represented a combined population of 1.3 million people. The 68 affirmative votes were cast by legislators representing 2.6 million—exactly twice as many. Prior to its reapportionment, the Michigan Senate blocked bills to provide free polio shots, increased unemployment compensation, additional mental health hospitals, and other needed measures, despite the fact that in each case senators representing a substantial majority of the people voted for these proposals.

In addition to stifling popular legislation, rotten-borough legislatures have blocked much-needed constitutional reform. Most state constitutions, written in the last half of the nineteenth century, are permeated by the philosophy of Herbert Spencer: the government which governs least, governs best. As a result, most state legislatures are constitutionally designed to kill rather than enact legislation. A favorite device is the short, infrequent session. Thirty-one legislatures meet only once every two years. Most city and county councils, on the other hand, meet year-round. Twenty-six state legislatures face mandatory adjournment deadlines after ninety days or less—hardly time enough to consider multi-billion-dollar budgets, much less study and debate new legislation. This distrust of state legislatures runs deep. Even the usually enlightened Baltimore *Sun* seems to feel that if the Maryland legislature were permitted to operate more than seventy days per year, it might commit some grave error or encroach upon some restricted sanctuary.

Maryland's Need for Reform

Maryland, the state I know best, is an excellent case of the need for change. Our ninety-nine-year-old constitution, often amended but never revised, consists of 282 provisions, some of them contradictory. It contains such antiquated provisions as a ban on hereditary titles and a prohibition against officeholders dueling with deadly weapons. Our executive branch is weighted down with more than a hundred separate and virtually autonomous departments, agencies, boards, and commissions.

Maryland's General Assembly, in which I

*These states included California (10.7 per cent), Florida (15.2 per cent), Maryland (14.2 per cent), Nevada (8 per cent), and New Jersey (10 per cent).

U. S. Senator Joseph D. Tydings served for six years in the Maryland legislature before President Kennedy appointed him United States Attorney. Challenging Maryland's political machine in 1964, he won the Democratic primary and was elected Senator at the age of thirty-six. He has distinguished himself by his leadership in opposing the Dirksen Amendment.

erved for more than six years, was, until three ears ago, the fourth most unfairly apportioned egislature in the country. Three of our four larg- st suburban counties ranked among the ten most nderrepresented in the nation. Each county is till represented by a single senator, regardless of ts size. As a result, less than 15 per cent of Mary- and's voters, all living in rural areas, are able to elect more than half the members of the Senate.* n 1928, Maryland's H. L. Mencken wrote that the gross overrepresentation of rural interests cre- ated "barnyard government." Is it any wonder hat the Maryland legislature has been more con- cerned with the salaries of registrars of wills and egal limits on the size of rockfish than with slum nousing, mass transit, or an educational TV net- work?

Malapportionment fosters and perpetuates other anachronisms. One of the most debilitating practices of the Maryland legislature is the tradi- tion of "local option." Under this curious folkway a senator or the majority of a county delegation in the House of Delegates can automatically ex- empt their county from the provisions of any statewide law. By invoking this rule, the only two Maryland counties in which coal is mined recently exempted themselves from proposed legislation designed to regulate strip mining. For years the four counties which permitted slot machines were able to exempt themselves from statewide gam- bling laws. By the same device, twelve counties, including those in which racial discrimination had been a real problem, exempted themselves from a 1962 public accommodations law. The anti- slot-machine law and the public accommodations law were ultimately extended to the unwilling counties, but only after Governor J. Millard Tawes exerted a degree of executive leadership rare in Maryland's history to convince the legislature to override the custom of local option.

As with other legislatures, a flood of local meas- ures and the mandatory adjournment deadline combine to create a frantic end-of-session stam- pede in Annapolis. In the closing hours, when everyone is watching the clock and legislators are weary after several weeks of day and night ses- sions, good legislation is frequently killed while "snakes"—tricky bills with hidden and undesirable features—slip by. During the final hours of the 1965 session, the Senate engaged in a spirited debate on the location of a garbage incinerator for the city of Annapolis. Meanwhile, bills to regulate consumer credit and to control the distribution of firearms died in the adjournment crush.

Staff, technical assistance, and salaries in the Maryland legislature, as in most other states, are shamefully insufficient. As a member of the House of Delegates representing 76,000 people, I was expected to greet constituents, answer mail, study legislation and initiate bills—all without an office, an assistant, or even a stenographer. We had four girls in a Democratic secretarial pool to serve almost one hundred legislators. In addition to ac- tual days in session, I devoted an average of one- third of my time, year round, to my legislative duties, on a salary of $1,800 per year.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

All of these factors—low output, antiquated procedures, inadequate staff, low salaries—com- bine to create what is probably the most serious infirmity of most state legislatures: their low visibility to the electorate. Not one Marylander in a hundred can name his state legislators or explain what his legislature has accomplished or failed to accomplish.

This low visibility contributes very substan- tially to the poor repute of state legislatures. Free from the discipline of public attention, state leg- islators engage daily in activities that on a na- tional level would cause a torrent of criticism and demands for reform. Illinois State Senator Paul Simon has disclosed open bribery in his legislature.* The late Richard Neuberger, a dis- tinguished state legislator before he came to the U. S. Senate, reported blatant conflicts of interest in the Oregon legislature. And journalists have recorded innumerable examples of the undue in- fluence of lobbyists.

My own experience confirms some of these re- ports. Lobbyists for race tracks, liquor, slot machines, labor, big utilities, and small loan com- panies are an integral part of the Annapolis scene. They crowd the corridors, fill the restaurants, and, on occasion, walk right on the House or Senate floor. There is, of course, nothing inherently wrong about a group hiring a spokesman to repre- sent it in the legislature, but it has been my obser- vation that when powerful economic interests are at stake, the Maryland legislature has frequently proven more responsive to the lobbyists—and the special interests they represent—than to the public interest.

*A recent decision of the Maryland Court of Ap- peals assures that both houses of the legislature will be fairly apportioned before the November 1966 elections.

*See "A Study in Corruption" (*Harper's*, Septem- ber 1964).

How do lobbyists exert this influence? Trading on old political friendships, carefully cultivated over many years, the buttonhole brigade persuades key legislators, usually committee chairmen, either to bottle up reform or push forward special legislation. When the stakes are high, well-paid lobbyists, earning up to $30,000 for a single cause, work the corridors with every resource at their command. Bribery is not unheard of. Clarence Mitchell, III, an able and honest young delegate from Baltimore City, reported that he was approached by a lobbyist and offered $300 to "take a walk" on a bill to ban slot machines.

Generally, however, the financial incentives are more subtle. Liquor lobbyists, for example, were reported to supply whiskey to the alcoholic beverage control committees. Since legislating is only a part-time job in Maryland, every legislator has outside economic interests. It is easy for lobbyists to steer legal fees or real estate and insurance commissions to a friend in the legislature. Even the executive branch can indulge in this practice by directing state business to cooperative legislators.

Unrestricted lobbying by outsiders is bad enough, but the situation is infinitely worse when a member of the legislature lobbies his colleagues on a matter of direct economic benefit to himself. This occurred during the three-year fight to bring Maryland savings and loan associations under effective control.

Until 1961, Maryland and Alaska were the only states which failed to regulate either savings and loan associations or the private corporations which purport to insure them. As a result, numerous Maryland associations were plundered, and thousands of unsuspecting depositors lost their savings. From 1958 through 1961, I worked to place savings and loan associations under effective regulation. Despite the obvious need for this legislation, prominent legislators blocked my efforts at every turn.

When I became United States Attorney for Maryland, postal inspectors brought to my attention possible cases of mail fraud involving two out-of-state promoters who had created the Security Financial Insurance Corporation. SFIC was a seriously undercapitalized Maryland corporation purportedly established to insure savings and loan associations.

The grand jury investigated and found that among the original incorporators of SFIC were four legislators, including the two men who were the Chairman of the House Insurance and Banking Committee and the Democratic Majority Leader in the House of Delegates during the three years I fought for regulation.* Court records show that in less than three years, the Majority Leader had drawn $30,000 as a director and counsel of SFIC, and the Chairman of the Insurance and Banking Committee, who had become SFIC's president, was earning at the rate of $24,000 per year. These legislators were the principal opponents of my savings and loan legislation.

Eventually public attention, skillfully focused by Laurence Stern and Morton Mintz of the Washington *Post*, resulted in the enactment of reform legislation. The two out-of-state promoters, the Speaker of the House of Delegates, and the former Chairman of the Insurance and Banking Committee were all convicted of mail fraud, although three of the four cases are pending appeal.

I tell this story because I see the whole unhappy episode as an example of the power of public opinion to effect needed reforms. So long as our state legislatures remain invisible, so long as few know or care what happens there, a climate for corruption exists.

Admittedly, reapportionment will not of itself raise the moral stature of legislators. (The legislators involved in the Maryland savings and loan scandal came from the largest, most underrepresented suburban county in the state.) But reapportionment can bring a new capacity to state government to act, and this new capacity may stimulate the public interest and the press scrutiny that are the greatest deterrents to corruption.

Michigan's Virtuoso Performance

While the Maryland legislature has been all too typical, its style of doing business is rapidly going out of fashion. The Court's reapportionment decisions are awakening creative energies that are vitally changing state governments. The corridors of our statehouses are attracting suburban housewives, Negro ministers, college students, professors, and many others who previously had little or no interest in state governments. And these new voices are beginning to make an impact on legislation.

Michigan's first "one-man, one-vote" legislature turned in what the Detroit *News* called a "virtuoso performance." Educators, labor leaders, conservationists, and agricultural groups were all pleased

*By the time of the grand jury investigation, the Majority Leader had been elevated to Speaker, but the Chairman of the House Insurance and Banking Committee had retired from the legislature.



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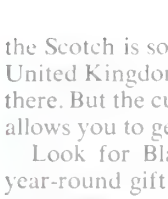
Imagine judging the maturity and character of over a hundred different malt whiskies without tasting one of them. And then selecting the perfect combination of over forty, again by aroma alone. Not many men could ever do that. Mr. Thomson is only the fourth master blender in the history of Johnnie Walker.

He rounds out more than forty aged Highland malts with just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky. And when he's done, the Scotch is deep and full. Quite frankly a luxury Scotch, for people who enjoy something very good now and then.

About supply and demand

There must be many people who do pre fer Johnnie Walker Black Label. In fact, the Scotch is so much in demand i United Kingdom, it's actually on r there. But the current U.S. import c allows you to get a reasonable sup

Look for Black Label with its year-round gift carton. In its own the carton is as d guished as the Sc inside. Johnnie W Black Label smooth, satisfyin vor could change taste for fine Scot

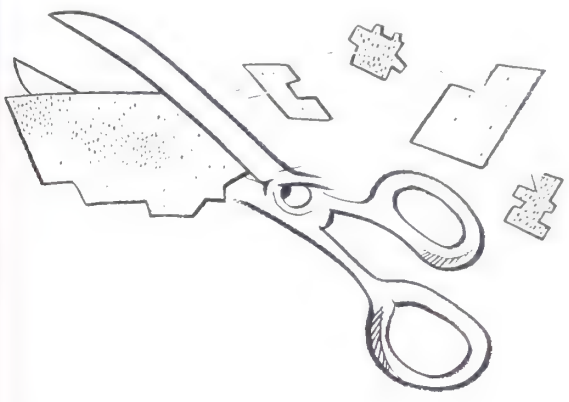






with the most productive legislative session since the 1930s. Among its accomplishments were dramatically increased state aid to education, a stringent water pollution law, an air pollution control commission, summer classes for children of migrant workers, licensing and inspection of agricultural labor camps, election reform, law enforcement training programs for police officers, and a birth control information program.

This record is particularly impressive when compared with this legislature's predecessors. Before reapportionment, the Michigan Senate killed a bill to provide an unemployment compensation increase of $3 per week. Voting for the bill were senators representing 3.5 million people; voting against it were senators representing 2.4 million people. Last year the Michigan legislature increased unemployment compensation benefits by 20 per cent and extended coverage to all workers. Before reapportionment, the addition of several hundred desperately needed mental health beds was blocked by senators representing 2.8 million people, despite support for the measure by senators representing 3.1 million. This year a broad new mental health program was enacted and funded.



Michigan has also made significant structural reforms. The 120 state agencies were consolidated into 19 principal departments. The legislators raised their own salaries to $12,500 a year, provided themselves with decent office space and stenographic services, and strengthened their research, legal, and technical staffs. House Speaker Joseph J. Kowalski says that "for the first time, we have a committee system operation."

Who are these new Michigan legislators? Half of them are freshmen. As a group they are the youngest Michigan legislators in memory. The average age is 44, as compared to 55 in 1959. Fifteen of the 37 senators are in their thirties and 12 more in their forties. "This is no longer an old folks' home for retired farmers and township supervisors," a veteran House member observed. The members of the 1965 legislature are better educated than their predecessors. Seventeen are teachers and educators, more than twice the previous number. There are 22 college graduates and lawyers in the Senate today; only 12 in 1959. There are also more Negroes and more women. These new legislators, the Detroit *Free Press* observed, "are carving out a broadened, more professional, better informed, and probably year-around role for the state legislative function—something akin to the place of Congress in the national scheme of things."

Lifting the Lid in Colorado, Delaware, and Georgia

The reapportioned Colorado legislature also tackled controversial problems that previous legislatures had ducked. Abolition of the death penalty was submitted to referendum, dissemination of birth control information and materials through public health clinics was authorized, and a long-standing deadlock on municipal annexation was broken. Substantial financial aid, long overdue, was given to education on all levels, fair housing legislation was strengthened, workmen's compensation benefits were raised, and a police academy was established for local law enforcement officers.

"Reapportionment was not, in and of itself, responsible for all this legislation," concluded the able speaker of the Colorado House of Representatives, Allen Dines. "But to a significant extent, I think, it contributed to all, by creating what one might call an atmosphere for action, not inaction." A young Denver legislator summed it up by saying, "We passed things which should have been passed ten years ago. The rural bloc sat on the lid too long—and now it is off."

The 1965 session of the Delaware legislature, also reapportioned in both houses, produced an impressive record of legislation last year, including adoption of the state's first minimum wage law after a thirteen-year fight, and improved workmen's compensation and consumer protection legislation.

Supreme Court decisions have likewise inspired reforms in Georgia. The abolition of the county unit system for electing a Governor allows, for the first time, the election of a man responsive to the needs of urban and suburban areas. Reapportionment has resulted in the election of ten Negroes to the Georgia legislature, more than any state except Michigan.

Under the leadership of an energetic and progressive Governor, Carl Sanders, the partially reapportioned legislature has begun to focus on urban problems. A larger share of the state tax revenues has been earmarked for the cities, and committees of the legislature are now preparing bills to provide a mass transit system for Atlanta and to combat water pollution.

Reapportionment: The Farmer's Friend

The reapportioned Colorado and Michigan legislatures not only began to meet the staggering problems of their urban communities; they also won praise from agricultural groups. A spokesman for the Michigan State Farm Bureau characterized the 1965 session as "friendly to the needs of agriculture" and "exceptionally productive of good farm legislation." The Michigan Farm Grange called the session the best in years. In Colorado, the great majority of rural legislators are reliably reported to feel that they received fair treatment and honest consideration of their needs.

These reports are consistent with the recent findings of the highly respected Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. In the four predominantly urban states whose legislatures had been more or less fairly apportioned prior to the reapportionment decisions, (Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Washington, and Oregon) the Commission found that the urban representatives "appeared to recognize certain special needs of rural areas" and allocated state aid for education and highways according to formulas that "clearly benefited rural areas."

I am sure that in my own state, for example, a fairly apportioned legislature is more likely to protect the Chesapeake Bay and conserve its recreational and underwater farming resources than its rural-dominated predecessors. It is ironic but true that those who depend on the Bay for their livelihood have, through the unwise exercise of their disproportionate power in the legislature, contributed to its becoming, in some areas, unfit for human use or animal life.

Reapportionment is not alone responsible for the recent surge of progressive legislation. Some credit must go to Barry Goldwater and the extraordinarily large number of Democrats who rode to victory on his backlash. But even if the progressive accomplishments of reapportioned legislatures have been magnified by President Johnson's 1964 landslide, there can be no doubt that reapportionment has opened doors that have been locked to change for more than half a century. Most experts agree that the results in Michigan, Colorado, Delaware, and Georgia indicate that reapportionment will, at a minimum, result in closer legislative attention to urban problems.

Perhaps even more important than the actions of reapportioned legislatures is the great wave of constitutional reform now washing over the states. Here the reapportionment decisions have undoubtedly prompted a major portion of the progress that is being made.

The Governor of Maryland has recently appointed a blue-ribbon commission to review the entire constitution and bring in recommendations for thoroughgoing reform. This step in all probability would not have been taken if the apportionment question had not been resolved by the courts. In fact, it was tried before without success. In 1930 and again in 1950 Marylanders voted overwhelmingly to call a constitutional convention, but the legislature refused to act. The legislature's refusal was based entirely on the fear that a constitutional convention would fairly apportion the legislature.

This same bottleneck existed in many other states, but now the pace of reform is dazzling. Since 1962, constitutional conventions have been completed or are in progress in six states: Michigan, Connecticut, Kentucky, New Hampshire, Tennessee, and Rhode Island. Conventions are scheduled in three more: New York, New Jersey, and Hawaii. All told, at least twenty-eight states have either completed or are working toward revision of archaic constitutions, probably the greatest burst of state constitutional reform in our history.

S.J. Res. 103 and the Minority Myth

The onstage action to revitalize state legislatures is heartening, but there lurks in the wings a nineteenth-century villain which threatens to undo the progress that has been made. The villain is Senate Joint Resolution 103, a proposed Constitutional Amendment called "The New Dirksen Amendment."

This amendment, like its predecessors, is designed to perpetuate a rural minority stranglehold over state legislatures. Immediately after the Supreme Court's 1964 decisions requiring both houses of a legislature to be apportioned substantially on the basis of population, the opponents of fair representation managed to push through the

S. House of Representatives a bill that would ve denied the federal courts jurisdiction to con- ler the apportionment of either house of a state gislature. That effort failed in the Senate.

The rotten-borough apologists returned last ar with a proposed constitutional amendment permit one house of a bicameral legislature to apportioned on the basis of "factors other than pulation." When that measure was killed in the nate last August, Senator Dirksen promptly troduced his revised constitutional amendment, hich would allow one house of a bicameral state gislature to deviate from constitutional stand- ds of apportionment "in order to insure effec- ve representation of the various groups and nterests making up the electorate." If that vague hrase means anything at all, it must mean that rtain minority groups may be given represen- ation out of proportion to their numbers in order guarantee them, in Senator Dirksen's words, n "effective check upon a rampant majority."

I do not accept the view that any minority hould hold the whip hand in a state legislature. n our majority-rule system, minority rights find heir legislative protection in the inevitable give- nd-take compromises inherent in achieving the majority" needed to pass any particular piece of egislation. Minority rights are ultimately pro- ected by the courts implementing the common law nd state and federal Constitutional safeguards, nd not through the exercise of a veto power in he legislature.

But even if the concept of preferential minority epresentation were accepted, how would a state letermine which minorities would receive special reatment? There are, of course, a virtually un- imited number of groups and interests which nake up the electorate in any state. The obvious nes are racial, religious, business, farm, and la- or interests. But there are also less obvious groups and interests: bird watchers, duck hun- ters, antivivisectionists, patriotic organizations. And there are numerous groups within groups. Within any so-called "urban group" there are bankers and beatniks, housewives and haberdash- ers, scholars and steelworkers. How can a state possibly determine—except by crass political log-rolling—which minority group is to be given "an effective check" on the majority?



After all of the various groups are broken down to their component parts, we find single individuals, each with unique aspirations. While each man may share common concerns with his fellow worker, his coreligionist, or his neighbor, there is no other individual who combines all of the same interests in the same proportions. That is why, ultimately, the only fair and effective system of representation must accord each man an equal voice.

Fortunately, we killed the Dirksen Amendment once before in the Senate, and I am confident we will do it again in the present session.

Federalism in the Future

With the Dirksen Amendment finally out of the way, we can begin to give greater attention to the pressing problems of federalism. There are grave dangers in the steady, almost inexorable growth of federal power. Necessary and justifiable as each single accretion of power may be, they add up to a centralization of power in Washington that has serious implications. This centralization in an age of nuclear weapons, strategic stockpiles, massive government expenditures, and tightly consolidated information media threatens our Jeffersonian principles of democracy and civil liberties.

Once our states are again responsive to the needs of all their people, we can consider other, more imaginative schemes for bolstering federalism. The former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Walter Heller, has proposed that excess federal revenues be distributed among the states with no strings attached. This may well be feasible once we are assured that state governments can be expected to use the money responsibly. We should also explore other possibilities, including greater use of interstate compacts to solve multistate problems, and perhaps even a constitutional amendment which would permit states within a region to form a superstate for some purpose that cannot be met by a compact.

Jefferson warned that the only way to prevent the encroachment of federal power into areas beyond its proper sphere is to strengthen state governments. Although reapportionment has been bitter medicine for some of our state legislators to swallow, it is the long-needed prescription to bring our federal system back to life. It is the last chance for the states.

Harper's Magazine, March 1966

An Unsentimental Report from Mexico

by Alexander Auldecambe

To most Mexicans, "dignidad" is more important than anything else—and it may be their chief handicap in creating a really grown-up nation.

In the eyes of many Americans, Mexico remains that underdeveloped country south of the border. But Mexicans don't see it that way. Their country is one of the most stable in the world, both politically and economically, and it has shown dazzling progress during the last forty years. Now its citizens feel they deserve a change in status. Mexico is applying for admission to the society of advanced nations. But is she ready to be a member of the club? Can Mexicans stand the unsentimental scrutiny accorded by the world to a grown-up country?

I doubt it. For it would conflict too violently with the concept of *dignidad* which underlies so much of Mexico's thinking and feeling. Mexicans, however deeply concerned about their country, do not seem to worry about the problems that seem so pressing to a foreigner. Government suffers from bureaucratic corruption and incompetence and an insane tangle of red tape. Private enterprise has something of the same sickness. The police, the army, and university students enjoy a multitude of unearned and irresponsibly used privileges. Mexicans are notably close-mouthed when it comes to public discussion of these matters. And there is an almost complete lack of effective political opposition—though perhaps in this case the cure might be worse than the disease.

It is true that Mexico's record of political stability cannot be matched in any non-English-speaking country outside Europe. It has not had a successful armed uprising, coup d'etat, or other break in constitutional rule for forty-five years. At least three of the last five Presidents have been men of outstanding ability; even under mediocre and ineffective chief magistrates the country has remained peaceful and has kept moving forward.

Mexico's highly centralized powerful government has become institutionalized and legitimate. Significantly, the President of the Republic is often called Tata (Daddy) by the Indians. The present chief magistrate, Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, is a slight, beaver-toothed, fifty-three-year-old bureaucrat inaugurated in December 1964. He is ensconced in one of the most freewheeling public offices in any "democratic republic." His powers are checked by no legislature or judiciary—both are completely subservient to him. The army will support almost any policy he espouses, so long as he doesn't tamper with military privilege. He is immune from public criticism, like the British monarch. He can overrule any decision of any other official in the nation, either outright or in-

rectly. For six years his word is law—no one is ıre what the enactments of Congress really mean ıtil the President has put them into effect.

This is not to say there are no limits on the residential power. Díaz Ordaz could not, for inance, turn the petroleum industry or the public tilities back to foreign investors even though ıere might be a good case for doing so on ecoomic grounds. He cannot aspire to reelection; he ıust prevent unemployment from rising above s high but tolerated level, and he must keep the rices of basic necessities low—by subsidy, if necssary. He must sound like an anticapitalist revoıtionary without going so far as to alarm the usiness community; and he must shun any posion which might make him look like a proconsul f Uncle Sam (which is one important reason why Iexico still, through gritted teeth, recognizes astro).

But Díaz Ordaz's control is vastly extended by is iron grip on the official—and only important—arty in Mexico, the PRI (Partido Revolucionario nstitucional). In most Latin-American and other nderdeveloped countries, political parties are veakly organized, with a tendency to splinter. The nly effective national organization usually is the rmed forces, which is why the governments of uch countries so constantly fall into the hands f generals.

Everybody Wins

Mexico's PRI, on the other hand, is as thorıughly organized as any U. S. big-city political nachine, except that it covers the whole country ınd has all the patronage, federal, state and local. From its impressive seven-story headquarters in Mexico City, it functions, in effect, as a kind of ıld-style Tammany Hall, performing a multitude ıf services for poor and befuddled citizens: free egal advice, financial help, jobs, medical attenion, introductions to officials. And, of course, PRI ıas the unabashed, unstinted backing of the government. All candidates are chosen by the Presiıent of Mexico or his advisers in consultation with ocal party leaders, and all "elected" officeholders know they can be forced to resign by one pressure ır another if they displease the President.

PRI can deliver a thumping majority in every ounty from the Rio Grande to the Guatemalan ıorder, even though disgruntled citizens will sometimes riot and try to prevent the inauguration of the officials they have just "elected." (One result ıf having only a single important political party is that almost everybody can feel he is on the winning side in each election.) Such is PRI's confidence that when two of the three feeble opposition parties (which could not win a majority even in an absolutely fair election) failed to win any seats at all in the Chamber of Deputies in the 1964 elections, the government simply handed the two little parties fifteen seats as a goodwill gesture.

With the nation's capital serving as the hub of all political, economic, and intellectual life, the federal government has unintentionally damned the hinterlands. The most serious result of this extreme centralization is the low grade of state and local government. Since the local governments have virtually no taxing powers they are almost helpless. The state of Veracruz, for example, could not find the $32,000 needed for the anti-tick campaign to protect their important cattle industry.

But the citizens, while complaining about poor public service at the local level, are very unwilling to pay for it; they assume (not without justification in many cases) that increased taxes will mean merely increased graft. Thus when the city of Querétaro tripled its fees for stalls in the clean new public market, after turning the filthy, rat-infested old one into a parking lot, the merchants went on strike.

State and local governments resort to desperate expedients to lay hands on extra revenue; some, after granting tax exemption to attract new industries, find themselves so hard up they beg the new industries for free-will donations; the salaries of policemen and street cleaners are sometimes assessed against the householders in the neighborhoods they serve; taxes are occasionally collected in advance at a discount, as in fashionable Cuernavaca.

Of course, revenue is not always spent on what the prosaic Anglo-Saxon mind would regard as the most immediate need. The poet Octavio Paz tells of talking to the mayor of a small Indian village in the state of Oaxaca. "What is the income of your village government?" he asked.

"About three thousand pesos a year." (That would be $240.)

"And how are the three thousand pesos spent?"

"On fiestas, of course," explained the Mayor.

Despite the bankrupt condition of Mexico's provincial governments, decades of political stability and reasonable freedom for private en-

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Alexander Auldecambe is an American businessman who has known Mexico for more than a quarter of a century. He has written often for American and British magazines, and has made long visits to other Latin-American countries.

terprise have brought the country a steadily increasing level of economic well-being.* The gross national product has been rising at 3 per cent per head per year, a remarkable achievement in the face of Mexico's exploding population, which has doubled in the last fifteen years.

Prosperity is much better distributed now than it was during Mexico's last long boom, which took place during the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz (1877-1911). In fact, the more enterprising urban poor are edging into the middle class, eating white bread as well as tortillas, and drinking branded liquor from bottles instead of 192-proof neutral spirits from jugs. Their sons and daughters are learning office skills and moving up from *obreros* to *oficinistas*. In the cities, almost anyone with gumption and some kind of skill can get a job; the main socioeconomic problem in Mexico is the same as it is in the States—how to take care of the marginal farmer and the unskilled laborer, except that in Mexico these people form the majority of the population.

In the course of building up today's prosperity the government has intervened so extensively in business that it is a surprise to learn private enterprise still forms the major part of Mexico's economy. The government has taken over the electric light service, the railways, the petroleum industry, much of the banking; it is in the grocery business, the movie business, in airlines and steel mills and many other industries.

Beyond that, government controls credit, prices, exports, and imports—not according to publicly known rules, but *ad hoc*, treating each case separately. As a result, top business executives in Mexico devote their time not to wooing the consumer but to wooing government officials, and the consumer in Mexico is really the forgotten woman.

The government-run public services naturally outdo private industry in their cavalier treatment of the customer. For example, one woman found an electric serviceman at her door one morning, ready to turn off her power because she hadn't paid her bill. "Just a minute," she said, "and I'll get my last bill to show you it's been paid." Feeling it would be discourteous to shut the door in the man's face she left it ajar; when she came back she found the man, without waiting to see the bill, had entered the house, cut off the electric power, and departed. She rushed to the company office, where they acknowledged she had indeed paid the bill, but in any case would have to pay a fee to have the light turned on again, and since this was Friday she'd have to sit in the dark till Monday.

Paying bills is an unnecessarily complicated chore in all government organizations and many private ones. Instead of being able to mail a check, one usually has to wait in line and pay cash. Some organizations introduce the additional refinement of compelling the customer to wait in line in one building to receive a form, which he must then take to another building (in at least one instance, on the opposite side of town) to make the payment, then bring the receipt back to the building where he started the operation.

The Mexican telephone service is good by Latin-American standards, but equally dedicated to bureaucratic harassment. If you dispute a long-distance charge, for instance, and ask whom you are said to have called, the telephone company refuses to tell you unless you pay the bill first.

The reason, perhaps, that this burden of irrational red tape does not bear so heavily on the individual as one might expect is that everybody tries to find an angle—a connection or a privileged position. No sensible person goes to get a driver's license or other government document without an introduction to somebody. No realistic citizen expects to comply with all the regulations in his dealings with a government department or even a large private corporation; he knows that a five, ten, or hundred-peso note will usually smooth over any procedural errors. Very often, indeed, the functionary behind the counter will first refuse to give you what you want because of your failure to fill in Form X-12345 in quintuplicate instead of quadruplicate; and then if he likes you he will waive the violated requirement for no fee at all. As for the poor and ignorant—well, aren't they always unfortunate? Besides, they'll get whatever it was they came for if they just have the patience to wait in enough queues.

The exasperated citizen in the United States can always appeal to his Congressman or to some public-service commission if he is up against a government bureau or public utility; but in Mexico there is no appeal from the little man behind the counter save through friendship with the little man's boss, political pull, or a *mordida* (bribe). Competition curbs red tape in private enterprises in the United States; but government regulations are tending to eliminate competition more and more in Mexico, and to set up a series of monopolies.

Mexicans are not enthusiastic about competition, anyway. Historically, most business in Mex-

* Probably one important reason why Mexico has been able to avoid the economic collapse that has afflicted such relatively advanced countries as Argentina and Brazil is the lack of political opposition. Mexico's presidential candidates, in their ritual election campaigns, do not have to outpromise anybody.

has been on the basis of monopolies; competi-
n is an ungentlemanly game indulged in chiefly
foreign entrepreneurs. The Mexican attitude
vard competition was exemplified by a tourney
at took place on a Mexico City street the other
y. The routes of two ambulant ice-cream ven-
rs crossed. Francisco continued to shout, quite
perly, "Ice cream! Rich ice cream!" But Tomás
gan yelling, "My ice cream is cheaper and bet-
!" Francisco thereupon dashed full speed at
más, his steel handcart in front of him; Tomás
ciprocated, and the two carts collided in a glor-
is, shattering crash.

The Special Three

Of course, the Mexican's low expectations are
rtly responsible for the neglect he suffers.
veryone seems resigned to the continued abuse
his privileges, not only by the government but
three elite groups of citizens—university stu-
nts, the army, and the police. Mexicans tacitly
cept the special status of students, whose sense-
ss rioting is the bane of so many Latin-American
publics and the ruin of education. In 1964, stu-
nts contributed importantly to the riots in the
ate of Puebla, which eventually brought about
ie resignation of the governor, and they added to
ie problems of the Governors of the states of
hihuahua and Guerrero.

Obviously, Communist and other extremist agi-
ators take advantage of the ingenuousness and
norance of the students to use them as cannon
dder for their own purposes. In the Puebla riots,
or instance, the students were protesting against
he establishment of pasteurization plants, on the
rounds that it would be a hardship to the peasant
airymen—though anyone who has observed the
onditions under which the milk is produced and
istributed wonders how any consumer survives.
Students never hesitate to damage bystanders'
roperty, or even property which serves them-
elves. Mexico City students, a few years ago, pro-
ested increased bus fares by destroying the buses
nd putting drivers out of work—thus giving the
wners new arguments to show why they had to
ave the increases. Students in the industrial city
f Querétaro staged a destructive riot merely be-
ause they wanted a week's more vacation (which
hey got). Nevertheless, the tradition of the cam-
us as a sanctuary persists, and in Mexico as in
most of Latin America the government will hesi-
ate a long time before sending police or troops
nto university grounds.

Army officers too have traditionally been above the law. When a young thug in a recent Mexico City holdup claimed to be the son of a colonel, police released the whole gang.

The police and the military usually respect each other's prerogatives, but Mexico's policemen have not won a place in the hearts of the citizens. Almost any newspaper, almost any day, carries routine headlines such as these:

"Gunmen with police pistol permits terrorize town." (Orizaba)

"Cops witness holdup; do nothing; outside their district, they say." (Mexico City)

"Police chief shoots judge in court because judge told him to stop taking prisoners out on drinking bouts." (Acapulco)

"Detectives arrest youth because he demanded to see warrant for his father's arrest." (Mexico City)

Many residents of Mexico can recount personal stories of police holdups of one kind or another. Sometime ago a Mexican employee of a friend of mine was murdered. The police soon pinned the crime on a petty criminal, then came around to my friend's office and asked for a present of 500 pesos ($40) as a reward for their trouble. When I indignantly related this episode to my Mexican friends, they merely laughed. "Usually," they said, "the police ask for the money *before* starting to look for the culprit—and much more money."

The Mexican's defense against these privileged uniform-wearers is characteristic. There is no uprising of outraged citizens to protect the individual's rights. On the other hand, there is hardly a Mexican with any pretensions who does not carry a special card of introduction or a letter indicating he is no ordinary citizen. A traffic cop once told me, "Naturally, you expect some guy driving a big new Cadillac to be able to prove he has connections, but it's getting so that even fellows in beat-up old Volkswagens have letters showing their cousin is the secretary of something or other, or at least a colonel."

One reason why Mexico suffers from the shortcomings discussed here is that Mexicans don't like to talk about them publicly. They grumble privately about abuses by the army, police, and students and particularly about the despotism of the bureaucracy, but no one ventures to suggest the obvious remedy of curbing the bureaucrats' power. Newspapers are full of stories about the problems of local government, but the only effective cure for this—giving the local governments real autonomy and taxing power—might revive some of the old evils of *caciquismo* (bossism) that are now fading out. And as for the one-party state, they prefer to perpetuate the fiction appearing in many

reference works that "Mexico is a democratic federal republic with a constitution modeled on that of the United States."

Viva the Status Quo!

Mexicans were not always so docile. In the 'twenties and early 'thirties a brilliant constellation of painters, writers, and educators produced works that crackled with controversy and the call to reform. The great muralists, Diego Rivera, Siqueiros, and Orozco, glorified the workers and peasants. Historian J. M. Puig Casauranc taught scholars to recognize without apology that Mexico is a mestizo (Indian) culture. Mariano Azuela wrote novels exalting the revolutionary wars of 1910 to 1920. Educator José Vasconcelos pressed for better education. As a result of those stirring days, when Mexico's real *dignidad nacional* was being built up, the Mexican—more than any other Latin American—has a clear and distinctive picture of who he is.

But in more recent times this ebullition of ideas has been dampened by the growth of vested interest in things as they are. Nowadays, except for the field of economics, where much solid work is being produced, most of what Mexicans write about Mexico is bland recitals of national accomplishments. The absorption in *dignidad nacional* has led in other directions than toward greatness. The presumably learned members of the National Geographic and Statistical Society became apoplectic with rage over the Spanish translation of Oscar Lewis' book, *The Children of Sanchez*. They were horrified that one of the Mexican slum-dwellers recorded on Lewis' tape actually said Mexico would be better off under an American President! The Society promptly took the matter to court and tried to have both the Mexican publisher and Lewis jailed. Fortunately, the judge was more enlightened, and scores of Mexican writers, cartoonists, and newspapermen have upheld Lewis' right to report what he believes to be the truth.

Educated Mexicans regard their periodical press as being, for the most part, venal. While there may be exaggerated cynicism in this viewpoint, one does hear frequent stories of editorial space being bought—and editorial silence. Very rarely does one see any general, objective discussion of the country's problems. Normal commentary consists of either praise of government policies or mild criticism of some lesser functionary's decisions, as in the Russian press, and when a really vigorous attack is published, the sophisticated reader's reaction is not to consider the attack on its merits but to wonder who paid for it and why.

One way in which Mexicans dispose of nationa problems is to assume either that Uncle Sam wi take care of the problems or that Uncle Sam won' let Mexico solve its problems or that Uncle Sa caused the problems in the first place.

Mexicans both detest and emulate Americans This ambivalent attitude results from their in tense preoccupation with *dignidad*. Americans for get that 184 years ago, when their feeble confeder ation of thirteen little colonies first establishe its independence, the largest, most prosperous, an most civilized country in the Americas was Ne Spain, whose government had a centuries-old tra dition of stability and effectiveness.

Thus, when the war between Mexico and th U.S. broke out in 1846 most Mexicans felt confi dent that their battle-tried armies could take o the raw Yanqui recruits with no trouble. Yet with in a few months the armed forces of the Unite States had swept clear across Mexican territor to the Pacific, and were dictating peace terms i Mexico's ancient capital—all without suffering a single defeat. Mexico lost more than half its terri tory, and only because wiser heads prevailed i the U.S. did Mexicans retain independence.

This extraordinary reversal of the expecte course of history—this almost mortal blow t *dignidad nacional*—is perhaps the most importan event in the history of the Mexican republic, and i of course (along with our racial discrimination the source of the traditional resentment agains the United States.

It is true that as they move upward in the socia and economic scale, Mexicans try to adopt som American customs and tastes. They drink whiskey if they can afford it; they smoke American-bran cigarettes even though they are made in Mexico More and more, Mexicans are studying Englis and sending their sons to college in the U.S.

But these are mere status symbols or device for making more money. Basically the two people are very different. The Yanqui is confident, extro vert, insensitive perhaps, but with a tendency t believe in the honesty and goodwill of his neigh bors. The Mexican is a prey to insecurity, intro verted, sensitive to slights, convinced that mos people cannot be trusted. The American believe all problems have a solution if you look har enough and work hard enough; the Mexican live in a hostile world that he feels he cannot control.

Perhaps as he perceives that he is in fact learn ing to control his world he will lose his fears of i and discover that there is more to living tha *dignidad*.

Harper's Magazine, March 196



ow do you get to Spain and Europe?





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on Iberia, where only the plane gets more attention than you.

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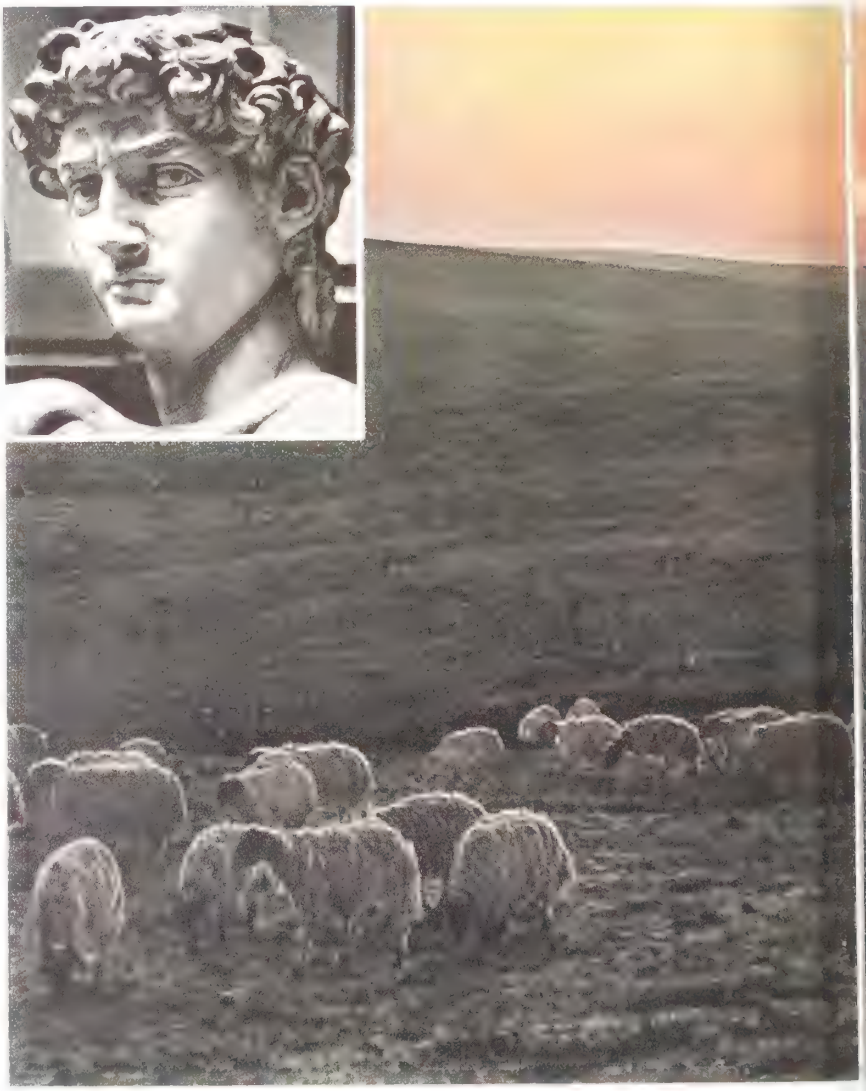
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You've seen the statue of David now see where he walked.



You can walk through the streets and alleyways of Jerusalem and out into the Judean Hills, and you will find yourself gazing at a completely bizarre landscape, yet one that is strangely familiar to you.

And this is the remarkable thing about seeing Israel. You know with certainty that David, the shepherd who became king, and Solomon, and all the prophets walked the same paths, gazed at the same landscape, drew inspiration from the same stony hills, the same sky so blue, that it seems almost unreal.

The supreme paradox: the unreality that leads to reality. You know the feeling within you is real because you experience it so fully. And all experience in Israel leads to one thing — a sense of holiness which hovers over the land.

Take Mount Zion, for instance, where every path, every tree, every ruined wall shares some portion of biblical legend.

There Isaiah had prophesied, Stephen had been stoned, Peter had hidden in a cavern, Bathsheba had bathed in full sight of David. And there the Last Supper had taken place.

From Mount Zion you can retrace the steps of Canaanites and Assyrians, Romans, Crusaders, and Moslems, and enter the Valley of the Cross where, above a Byzantine-Crusader monastery, you will find the Israel Museum and the Shrine of the Book which houses the precious Dead Sea Scrolls.

Everywhere, the land speaks of the Bible: from the Galilee to Eilat, from Mt. Carmel to Nazareth.

And everywhere you'll see the marvelous efforts of modern Israel to restore the Promised Land to the original lushness depicted in the Bible.

But the landscape is as spectacular as it is rich in biblical lore.

In fact, if you could forget the biblical associations for a mor if you could forget, too, the mi of modern Israel, you could a ciate Israel simply because it beautiful.

One thing is certain: your to the Promised Land will be most memorable you'll ever tak your life.

And that's a promise.

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Stein Eriksen: Horatio Alger on Skis

by Terence F. Smith

The unrivaled folk hero of the American slopes, he not only is the best skier in the world—he is also an uncommonly shrewd businessman and a sex symbol for a million snow bunnies.

Among the 3.5 million Americans addicted to skiing there are two distinct breeds. One is the Serious Skier—who may be a veteran novice or virtuoso. In either case, he is a dedicated soul who begins his preseason exercises in September, rises at dawn on winter weekends, and breakfasts on wheat germ the year round. The other devotee is the Lounge Lout. He—or more often she—owns every imaginable piece of equipment except skis, detests snow, and wears her socks outside her stretch pants.

The two breeds view each other with contempt. But there is one bond between them—an extravagant admiration for a blond, handsome ski instructor named Stein Eriksen, the ranking and unrivaled folk hero of the ski world.

My first glimpse of this Norwegian godling was on an icy afternoon in January at Sugarbush in Vermont. I was standing in front of the base lodge where one of the trails opens into a broad runoff when a war whoop sounded from up the slope. At that moment, Stein shot out from the trees at the head of a band of his red-jacketed instructors. They came rattling down the crusty snow like a raiding party of mountain troops, pouring it on as they bore down on the lodge. Sure of an audience inside the huge plate-glass windows, Stein flung himself into a 360-degrees spin on the granular surface, swirling his skis to produce a rooster tail of snow behind. The instructors clattered to a clumsy halt in his wake.

The experts gasped at his skill and the snow bunnies swooned at his profile—as they have been doing to the immense profit and pleasure of Mr. Eriksen for the past twelve years.

For the benefit of those who regard snow as

something to shovel, it should be said that this Eriksen—so far as I know—is no kin of Leif. He is simply the best skier in the world and the country's top professional who earns at least three times as much as his nearest competitor. When Stein arrived in this country in 1954, he had swept the Olympics and world championships and captured four gold medals. The American ski boom was beginning to gather momentum, but U. S. skiers were still neophytes who looked abroad for guidance on everything from equipment to style. The result was a mass importation of European skis and ski instructors and a winter exodus to Alpine slopes by those who could afford the trip. In recent years American skiers have begun to grow up. They have discovered the merits of their own mountains and equipment. There are now more than a thousand ski areas in forty-two states catering to enthusiasts who spend an estimated $200 million a year on parkas, boots, bindings, and other paraphernalia—much of it homegrown. But on the slopes, the Europeans are still masters and an instructor with an authentic yodel need not bother learning English.

None of them, however, has achieved the durable popularity of Stein Eriksen—nor come close to matching his $50,000 annual income. This feat can be attributed to the fact that there are, in reality, three Steins: there is the sex-hero-matinee-idol who bedazzles the girls. This Stein spins heads when he walks into the lodge; he once caused a snow bunny at a table behind me to sigh, "No one can be *that* beautiful." There is the hard-headed businessman who endorses any marketable product related to snow. And there is the athlete-hero who embodies that mysterious—if wholly spurious—sense of power and grace we all feel at the moment when we stand poised at the top of the snowy hill and dream of prodigious feats on the way down.

It is this fantasy, of course, that impels office-softened types like me to spend Friday nights driving anywhere from 100 to 350 miles on icy roads, to endure maddeningly long lift lines Saturday and Sunday, to eat tasteless food in crowded lodge cafeterias. A not particularly prosperous couple will cheerfully plunk down about $100 a weekend for transportation, lift, board, and lodge fees. Back in the office they nurse puffy eyes and aching muscles Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday is bearable and Thursday they start packing again.

To understand the lure of this expensive sport, one should see Stein Eriksen perform the feat that is his trademark and which—by all human standards—is impossible. It is a somersault on skis that defies gravity and invites a broken neck. He does it regularly every Sunday afternoon during the season.

With skis flush together, he comes down the hill with a whoosh and, at the crest of a small knob, heaves himself up into a swan dive. As the slope drops away, he seems to float for an instant, arms outstretched, back arched, ski tips pointing downward. Then, with an audible grunt, he jackknifes and hurls himself through a perfect somersault, his skis whirling full-circle until they go "whump" into the snow.

Stein has done this so often over the years it has become almost second nature. So, perhaps to keep himself amused, he frequently adds a little flavor. As he steams down the hill in a racer's crouch, he will purposely catch an outside edge in the snow, pulling himself off-balance for an instant. This brings a horrified gasp from the audience, and twice the applause when he completes a flawless flip and lands with a broad smile.



Born to Ski

Stein's varied gifts are inherited. His Norse ancestors bequeathed him a classic profile and superb physique, and his father, Marius Eriksen, was a champion cross-country skier and an able businessman. In 1925, he designed and patented the first metal toe binding to be fitted on top of a ski. With the profits he went into the ski manufacturing business and built the house where Stein, his second son, was born in 1927. It's a stone's throw from the famous Holmenkollen ski jump.

Skiing in Norway in those days was confined to the Nordic events—the suicidal leap through insubstantial air and the drudgery of cross-coun-

Terence F. Smith, a "New York Times" reporter on politics, has skied five years—with only one wrenched knee. He previously worked for the "Herald Tribune" and the Stamford "Advocate," and he free-lances for various magazines.

y shuffling. In the winter of 1930, Marius' Aus-ian friend and business associate Willy Bog-er came to Oslo and, on a pair of "Streamline kis" manufactured by Marius Eriksen, he gave ie first exhibition in Norway of slalom skiing—a ownhill dash on a course which zigzags through series of "gates" made of poles set a few yards part. (Bogner is famous today as a manufac-irer of stretch pants.)

Every winter Bogner visited the Eriksens, talk-ig business with Marius Sr. and teaching the oys, Marius Jr. and Stein, the rudiments of Al-ine skiing. They practiced on a small slalom ourse on a hill behind the house. Stein began at he age of four and ever since, he says, "skiing has een my whole life." Stein spent much of his boy-ood chasing his brother Marius, who was fast eveloping into one of Norway's best young rac-rs. Then the war and the Nazi Occupation inter-ened. Young Marius fled to England to join the oyal Air Force as a Spitfire pilot. He returned a var hero, who had shot down thirteen German ghters and endured two years in a German prison amp.

The boys now started skiing and training with vengeance. Marius won the 1947 Norwegian lalom championship and both brothers were mem-ers of the 1948 Olympic team. In St. Moritz hat year Norway took four gold medals, but no hanks to the Brothers Eriksen.

"We fell all over the place," Stein recalls. "We were fast but foolishly reckless. We had no con-rol at all." "Stein Skis With His Head Under His Arm," an Oslo newspaper reported.

Sobered by this international encounter, Stein went to work in earnest. Two years later, at the World Championships in Aspen, Colorado, he had improved enough to win a bronze medal for plac-ing third, the first Alpine medal ever won by a Norwegian outside his country.

The Aspen races gave Americans their first look at Stein. His style then was as dramatic and different as it is today. Skiing the reverse-shoulder technique, he leaned out over his skis at an im-possible angle. "At times he was so far forward it looked as though he was going to catch his tips in his nostrils," one spectator said.

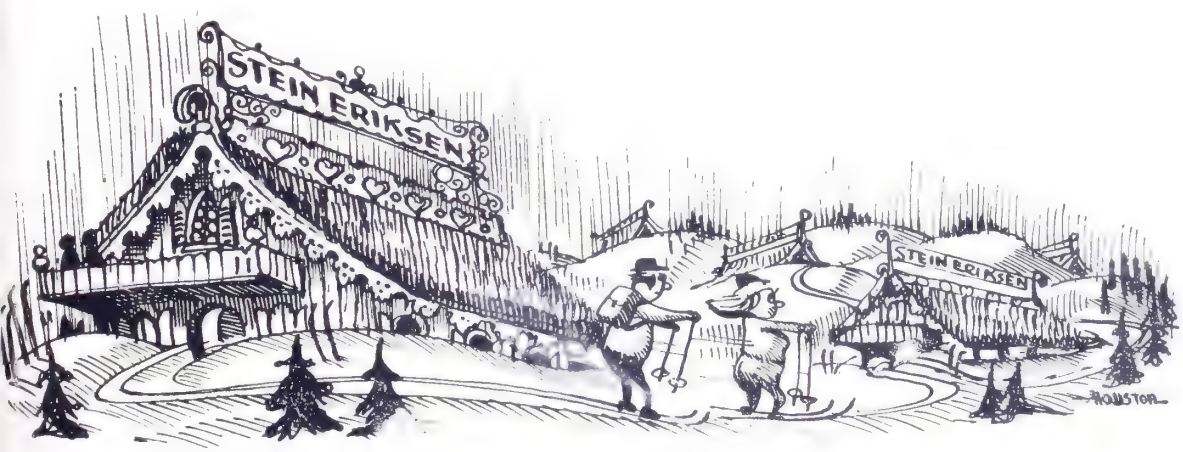
Looking ahead to the Olympics scheduled for Oslo in 1952, Stein put himself on a Spartan training schedule that included unending slalom practice and sweaty sessions in the Oslo gym-nasium. The effort paid off. He captured the giant slalom, won second place in the special slalom, and became a Norwegian national hero.

Immediately he was swamped with tempting professional offers which he shrewdly turned down. Instead he took aim at the 1954 world cham-pionships in Aare, Sweden. Sharpened by two more years of training and international compe-tition, he devastated the opposition. He won the slalom by a staggering 5.8 seconds, took first in the giant slalom, and picked up a third gold medal as the combined champion of the games. He was leading in the downhill when he caught an edge and smashed into the crowd. Scrambling to his feet, he poled back onto the course and finished a remarkable seventh.

General in a Parka

Now the merchandise was ready for sale. It went—not to the highest bidder—but to the first, Everett Kircher, a Detroit automobile dealer who had shaved the trees off a Michigan molehill and called it Boyne Mountain. Before the world cham-pionship he had made an offer to Stein, who agreed to come to Boyne after his triumph.

Kircher's slope rises to the height of 485 feet —which is puny by any standards. But the re-



sort has prospered, despite its size. Kircher attributes his success to Stein I—the matinee idol.

"This business is built on sex, sex, sex," says Kircher. "It's sex that brings young men and women up here and sex that brings them back. Stein knew what they wanted; they wanted him bareheaded in a bright sweater."

Stein spent two seasons on Kircher's anthill, smiling at the girls during the day and frolicking with the Grosse Pointe crowd in the evenings. Then Stein II—the businessman—asserted himself. He was offered and accepted a better deal, plus a ski shop, in Heavenly Valley, California, a man-sized area on the south shore of Lake Tahoe. The powder was deep and the mountains were high, but the action was in gambling casinos down by the lake. After two years, he moved on to Aspen.

He was lured East in 1964 by Damon Gadd, owner of Sugarbush in Vermont. Sometimes known as "Mascara Mountain," Sugarbush has a summit some 8,000 feet lower than Aspen, but it boasts a similar jet-set urbanity. Stein is a major drawing card to the doe-eyed clientele.

However, Stein III—the hero-athlete—also has a role. At Sugarbush he runs a ski school with twenty instructors, like a Marine boot camp. In early December, before the season really begins, he puts as many as forty prospective instructors through an arduous, week-long mountain clinic to examine their teaching techniques. The survivors are hired for the season, at salaries ranging from $1,500 to $3,000 plus room and board. Every morning they muster for inspection in freshly polished boots, pressed stretch pants, and clean turtleneck liners. While they teach for two hours in the morning and afternoon, Stein, in a dazzling blue parka, skis from class to class like an inspecting general. Exacting and even autocratic, he goads his staff toward self-improvement. At the end of the preseason training, he issues diplomas in the form of brilliant red parkas and grades each man precisely. This is serious business. Lest the master's prestige be damaged, an instructor qualified only to teach beginners may not wear the Eriksen parka when he skis for his own amusement on the more advanced slopes.

Stein has parlayed his skiing ability into a whole flock of operations. In addition to running the ski school at Sugarbush, he owns a ski shop in Aspen that grosses $120,000 in a season, has a small but profitable importing business (sweaters manufactured by a family firm in Oslo), and has endorsed all manner of products from beer to Buicks. For two months of the year he is the star attraction on the ski-fair circuit and between weekend shows he wedges in personal appearances at sporting-goods stores and ski clubs. He has completed the pilot for an instructional series on television, and plans a radio series on skiing and a syndicated newspaper column. He has also made several short movies, all about skiing and mostly for promotional purposes. In his spare time, he's been writing a book about the history of skiing.

He is also dreaming of a specially designed Stein Eriksen Ski Lodge, complete with authentic Norwegian grass roof and gingerbread façade, and he has an interested backer.

"If the first one is a success," he told me, "we'll build a string of Stein Eriksen Ski Lodges at the major ski areas all around the country, just like Howard Johnson's."

When the last bit of slush runs off the mountain at Sugarbush, Stein heads for Norway. He spends the early summer there, selecting next year's instructors and hunting with his brother Marius. August finds him back in Vermont, playing tennis or hauling trout from the mountain streams with an occasional jet trip to New Zealand or Chile to make a skiing movie.

Despite his romantic aura, Stein, in private life, is a contented family man. After a rocky first marriage and divorce, he married his present wife, Garvine, in 1962, while he was teaching in Aspen. Last summer they moved into a modern house in Sugarbush Valley. Its walls are decorated with Stein's hunting trophies, and the living-room rug is the coat that belonged to a huge Alaskan black bear.

Most of the time Stein works hard at being Stein Eriksen. As he goes the rounds of ski fairs or mingles with the customers in and around the lodge, he is the very model of the wholesome hero, indulgent to the children, attentive to the ladies, and generally as solicitous as a candidate running for office. One folksy gimmick, invented by the management at Sugarbush last season, is called the Stein Challenge Slalom. It takes place each Sunday, after he has startled the faithful with his somersault. Stein then lays out a slalom course with perhaps thirty gates, and races through it at top speed. For an entry fee of $1, ordinary mortals are invited to try to come within two seconds of his time. The reward is a gold medal. Winning a slalom race by two seconds, incidentally, is roughly comparable to winning the Kentucky Derby by ten lengths. One Sunday last year forty-eight optimists lined up to match their times against his.

Of course, Stein never loses. But someday he will, and that's one lure that keeps the frostbitten customers coming back. It is of such dreams of glory that the fortune of Stein Eriksen is made.

Harper's Magazine, March 1966



The Blessing

A story by Graham Greene

he archbishop was a quarter of an hour late, d Weld, who was uncomfortably pressed into e crowd on the dock, below a heavy glaring sky, sented the delay. It seemed to him absurd that was there at all. The ceremony could not pos- bly rate more than a couple of sticks in tomor- w's paper, insufficient to justify even his train re from the capital. He suspected that for some scure reason Smiley, his chief, had wanted him t of the office for the day. Perhaps someone of portance was arriving from England . . . Smiley d not been too pleased when Weld's story of a all pacifist demonstration had been raised to the ead of a column on the principal news page. He d made a slighting reference to the chief sub- itor of the foreign room—"He never had a sense values."

"You never know," Smiley had said to him that morning with the sour expression which belied his name; "some of your beloved pacifists may make a protest."

"It's very improbable. Even if they do . . ."

"Try to make a story out of the ceremony itself. You have a pretty sense of irony. Or so Crowe thinks" (Crowe was the chief subeditor). "There are no Catholics on the board—as far as I know."

But were there? Perhaps that was the point of sending him south. Perhaps Smiley was trying to blacken his reputation in London by encouraging him to take a false step.

When he arrived at the port Weld went straight to the *taverna* in the upper town where he could expect to find his colleagues, if anyone beside himself had troubled to come so far for so little. But

pyright © 1966 by Graham Greene

he had been overpessimistic. At least the agencies were represented by their junior men—Hughes of the AP, Collins of the United Press, Tumbril of Reuters, and of course all the natives. He saw no sign of the *Telegraph*, the *Express*, or the *Mail*.

One of the natives was drinking a horrible aperitif made out of artichokes and he was in the course of being interrogated by Tumbril when Weld arrived. Tumbril was a very serious young man, but under these circumstances he had the support of Hughes, who was obviously just as unhappy at being there as Weld.

"You haven't answered Tumbril's question," Hughes said.

"Oh, heretics like you cannot be expected to understand." He uttered the word "heretics" with a smile as an Englishman might have said "bastards."

"You told me yourself," Tumbril persisted, "that you thought this was an unjust war." They spoke in English in a hazy hope that the barman might not understand.

"Well . . . perhaps . . ."

"How can you bless the weapons which are to be used in an unjust war?"

"I do not suppose it will make them more efficacious, if that is what you fear."

"Are you going to bless the canisters of poison gas?"

"There is a difference. The canisters contain only gas—not human beings."

"What earthly good . . .?"

"No earthly good. I assure you, no earthly good."

"You are escaping with a quibble," Hughes said.

"What is a quibble?"

Collins said to Weld, "What's yours?"

"A Negroni."

"What are you here for?"

"What are *you* here for?"

"Caper thought there might possibly be a demonstration."

"Against an archbishop? Here? Not a chance."

"That's what I said. I was going down to the sea with Martha. You know Martha?"

"Oh, yes. Yes." Martha was the plump and prehensile wife of a German correspondent who was suspected of strong Nazi sympathies. She was s to look after men's needs with a simple and ind criminate fervor, and most men felt a strong mo duty to betray her husband.

"Why didn't you bring her with you?"

"I did. She's waiting for me at—" and he nam a resort popular with pederasts, lesbians, a English tourists.

"You won't have much time. These ceremoni are always late—and prayers drag on so."

"I was hoping, old man, that you'd do me favor. Tumbril won't and Hughes—for reasons his own which I can only surmise—can't. I thoug perhaps you'd telephone to me when it's all ov at the Grand Hotel—I mean only if something u expected occurs. I've seen so many of these affair I've got this one all written up—I just need a insurance, that's all."

"Very well. I'll ring you between five and si It's going to be bloody hot."

"They'll have rigged up something over th tribune."

"I'm not going on any tribune. The only chanc of a story will be in the crowd."

"What an optimist you are, Weld."

"I said the only chance. What's yours?"

"Campari soda. Cigarette?"

"Thanks." Weld took the cigarette, the tenth o the day, handling it like an enemy. He knew tha later in the afternoon his smoker's cough woul inevitably begin, rasping the dry throat, keepin him awake all the short night before the sun struc through the shutters at five. He had promised him self not to smoke till the ceremony was over, bu the Negroni had weakened his resistance.

"What about the men they are going to kill? Will the blessing help *them*?" Hughes returned t the attack.

"The 'unarmed savages' you are always writing about?"

"Not me, old man. If you work for an agency you can't afford fancy words. What's good for the *Express* is poison for the *Mail*. We give them the so-called facts and leave the irony and indignation to men like Weld here."

Two hours later Weld stood on the dock in a crowd that smelt of garlic and sweat-soaked cloth. He was a tall man and he could see easily, in spite of the police who were ranked shoulder to shoulder in front of them. There was no tribune, and when the moment came very little ceremony. In the space between the troopship and the crowd, tanks were lined up. Sullied with camouflage they looked secondhand, like old cars on a city parking lot waiting for a buyer or the scrap heap. The crews

Graham Greene's dozen or more novels often reflect his wide foreign travels—for example, a leper colony in Africa in "The Burnt-Out Case," Mexico in "The Power and the Glory," Southeast Asia in "The Quiet American," and Haiti in his latest work, "The Comedians." He has also been a playwright, journalist, and a wartime officer of the British Ministry of Information.

ged a little apart as though disowning them. hild screamed persistently close to Weld and finally given the breast. Only the flags on the pship, the strident posters on the walls of the oms indicated that at least someone had an usiasm for the war blundering on beyond the -polished horizon. The crowd had none. It ned to Weld they had come here like himself ase something happened. There was a general e of black because of the number of women, hat he had the sense of forming part of a ion in mourning rather than of a nation unarms.

He was looking the other way at the houses ond the railway, where the bright bedcovers ıg from the windows in place of flags, when neone gave an order, and as he turned the crews l snapped to attention beside their machines, l a little old man in a black cassock with a crimsilk edging was shuffling slowly down their ks. He wore a stole over his shoulders and violet ckings and picked his way in silver-buckled es. The lace on his cotta looked old like himf. A young priest towered over him from behind rying a purple biretta. There was a small flurry priests, and in the dazzling day they seemed to tter like feathers; Weld had the impression of igeon being plucked, a small plump pigeon. The wd was cheering now—so it wasn't, after all, a neral. As the archbishop came to each tank he used, and a priest thrust a great prayer book in nt of him from which he read, bending very se to the page as though his old eyes could see more than an inch or two ahead. Then another iest put a censor into his hand and he swung it and fro, and whatever breeze there was from e sea sent the blue smoke back toward the crowd, that for a moment the sweet smell dispersed e sweat and the garlic.

"Ah mother of God, sweet mother of God," said e man who stood by Weld, and Weld saw that was weeping. It shocked him. He had never en quite so close before to superstition. The an's face was wrinkled like a windfall apple hich has lain too long upon the ground. "The od old man, the good old man," he kept on reating. "Ah, the saint of God." He spoke in the cent of the country, not of the port. Weld was ritated by the man's piety, by his simplicity, or rhaps by the great heat of the day.

"So this is a holy war," he said scornfully.

The old man looked at him with surprise. "It a cursed war," he said. "Two men in my village ill never come home. Why should we fight over ere? The devil makes wars, not God."

"Then why not let the devil bless the tanks?"

The Dreamer

by William Childress

He spent his childhood hours in a den
of rushes, watching the gray rain braille
the surface of the river. Concealed
from the outside world, nestled within,
he was safe from parents, God, and eyes
that looked upon him accusingly,
as though to say: Even at your age,
you could do better. His camouflage
was scant, but it served, and at evening,
when fireflies burned holes into heaven,
he took the path homeward in the dark,
a small Noah, leaving his safe ark.

"The devil does not bless. He does not know how to bless."

"You are against the war," Weld said, "and yet you see nothing wrong in an archbishop blessing tanks?"

"Why should he not bless the tanks?" the old man asked. The archbishop passed on, and the old man clapped and yelled, "A saint. A saint," gleefully now as though he and the archbishop were sharing a joke together. Some children were flinging crackers over the heads of the police, the ceremony was nearly over, and there had been no demonstration. The holy mutter passed out of hearing, while the smell of incense faded.

Weld said to the old man, speaking very simply because his command of the language was weak, "I do not understand. You say this is a cursed war. Those tanks are going to kill men with spears and old rifles who are defending their country. How can your holy archbishop bless these instruments of evil?"

"I don't like them myself," the old man said, "ugly dangerous things—but then, if you have the desire to bless, you bless."

"I do not understand."

"I do a lot of blessing myself," the old man said. "It's when you want to love and you can't manage it. You stretch out your hands and you say God forgive me that I can't love but bless this thing anyway. I had a spade, the handle was always coming loose, and I cut my foot with it, so I blessed it—I had to bless it or break it—and I couldn't afford to break it. A woman comes to me every week complaining of my dog. She wants it gelded,

poor woman. I can't do that, it's against nature, she calls me all kinds of names, I hold out my hand . . . and I say and know I'm blessing her, poor thing, because I can't love her."

Weld could not follow. It was as though he had found himself in a very simple landscape, yet one where every path led into a maze from which there was no visible exit.

"But the archbishop," he said, "dressed up like that, the incense, the prayers . . ." He said, "All the world knows you have been using mustard gas . . ." He broke off; it was an absurd accusation to bring against one peasant. "And these tanks . . ."

"Ugly dangerous things," the old man repeated. They don't even shine like a new plow does. They look as though they had spotted fever. Perhaps the archbishop hates them—I wouldn't be surprised. We have to bless what we hate. I remember hating once it was a great gray rat and it killed my pullets. I had it cornered at last, so I put out my hands, and I blessed it. It died after that, run over by the priest's car. May be these tanks will die too and the poor souls in them. I've never known a blessing save a life. But then, if you want to bless, you bless. It would be better to love, but that's not always possible."

It was after five before Weld got back to the *taverna* in the upper town. He telephoned to Collins at the Grand Hotel. Collins replied petulantly perhaps the afternoon had not gone as well as he had hoped, perhaps Weld had interrupted something, he thought he heard a woman's laugh Collins said, "I only asked you to telephone if something interesting happened."

"Nothing happened."

"Well, all right, goodbye then," and he rang off without a word of thanks.

Hughes and Tumbril came into the bar while Weld was telephoning, and so the ritual of paying for rounds of whiskey began. Weld found that he had lost his packet of cigarettes. It had probably been stolen from him in the crowd. "A packet of Players," he said to the barman. The grime of the long hot afternoon had dried his throat. A cigarette would not help, it would only start his cough again, and he hesitated a moment with his hand raised before he took the packet; perhaps he could wait a little longer—say, until the third round.

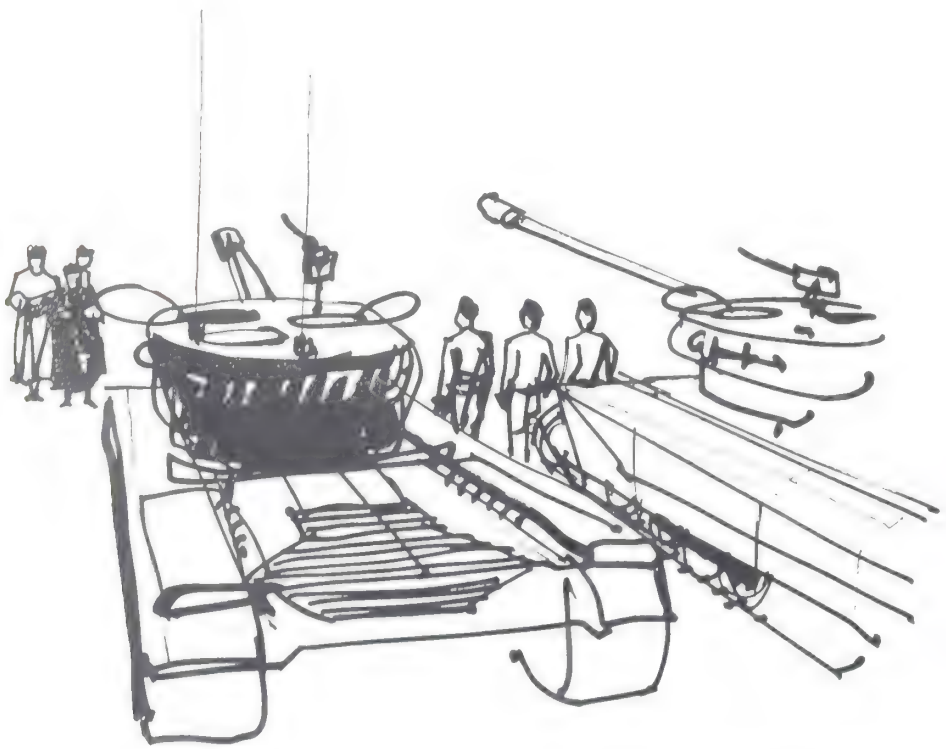
"Look at Weld," Hughes said to Tumbril, "he's blessing the cigarettes."

"I bless the whiskey," Tumbril said, passing his hand over the glass. "Sweet product of the fields. Sweet golden grain. I love you as dearly as the archbishop loves his dear old tanks."

"You don't bless what you love," Weld said.

"What about your cigarettes then?"

"They are my enemy. They'll kill me in the end." He couldn't wait any longer. He lit one and almost immediately he began to cough. "I've never known a blessing save a life," he said. The sentence sounded like a familiar quotation.



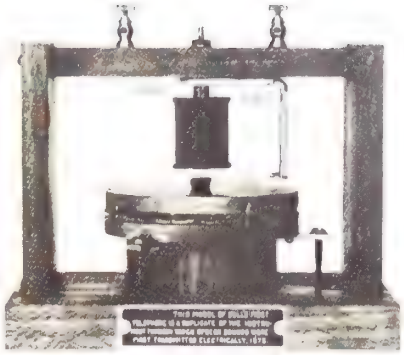
They laughed.



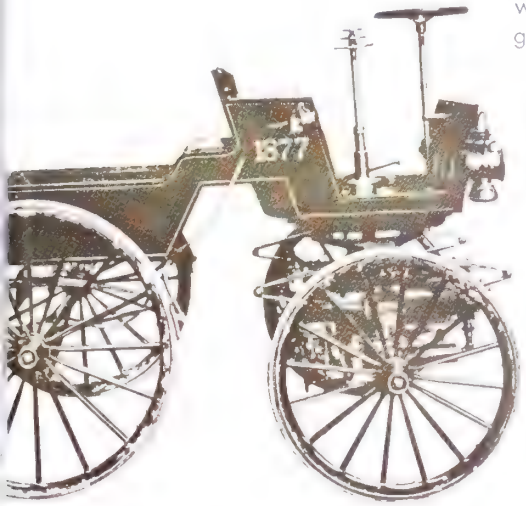
Somebody invented the wheel. It was unny. And since the road wasn't invented ody laughed.



1879. The electric light bulb. It was so dim, people had to use a gas lamp to see it. They laughed.



1875. The telephone. Who'd want to stand and talk to a box full of wires? They laughed.



The automobile sputtered down the road. orse and buggy passed it like it was standing id it usually was.



1807. The first steamboat in America made it from New York to Albany in 32 hours. A small boy could've beat it in a rowboat. They laughed.



airplane. Off it soared into the wild blue yonder; me 59 seconds later. They laughed.



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The Opening of the South Seas, Part II

by Alan Moorehead

Last month, Mr. Moorehead told how Captain ames Cook, with a ship's company of seventy, iled the Endeavour *into the harbor of the lush opical island of Tahiti on April 13, 1769. The urney from Plymouth had taken nine months. ook's primary mission was scientific—to observe e June 3rd transit of Venus across the disk of e sun. He was also to chart the island and pro- ed to the south Pacific to discover whether or not large continent existed there. Although a pro- oking incident of theft by the Tahitian natives ok place on the Englishmen's first day ashore, all as harmony by nightfall and none of the tragedy hich lay ahead was apparent.*

The following narrative, concluding this two- art series, is taken from Mr. Moorehead's forth- oming book, The Fatal Impact, An Account of e Invasion of the South Pacific 1767-1840, *to be ublished by Harper & Row this spring.*

Cook now felt secure enough to establish himelf on shore. He had seven weeks in hand before ie transit of Venus, and he decided to build a ort where his instruments could be set up and here he could trade with the natives for the fresh ood he so badly needed. He chose a site on the each at the northeast end of Matavai Bay which eemed to be of no value to the Tahitians—there ere no huts close by—and at the same time, in the vent of trouble, it could be covered by the *Endeavour*'s guns. The river, the Vaipopoo, that ran nto the sea at this point would provide them with ll the fresh water they wanted.

On the morning of April 15th a party was sent ashore, and they erected a tent and marked out the ground that was to be occupied. Cook tried to explain to the crowds of Tahitians who were watching in a transport of curiosity that they should not trespass on this area, and even if they did not quite understand they seemed to take the matter with good humor. Leaving a petty officer and a squad of marines on guard Cook then set off with the naturalists Banks and Solander, and the astronomer Green for another walk through the plantations. The crowds followed. We have several accounts of what next occurred. Here is Cook's:

"We had but just crossed the river when Mr. Banks shot three ducks at one shot, which surprised them [the Tahitians] so much that most of them fell down as though they had been shot likewise. I was in hopes this would have had some good effect, but the event did not prove it, for we had not been gone long from the tent before the natives again began to gather about it, and one of them, more daring than the rest, pushed one of the sentinels down, snatched the musket out of his hand and made a push at him, and then made off, and with him, all the rest. Immediately upon this the officer ordered the party to fire and the man who took the musket was shot dead before he had got far off from the tent, but the musket was quite carried off."

Hastening back to the beach Cook found the Tahitians had decamped in a body.

Sidney Parkinson was also ashore and he tells a somewhat different and grimmer story. "A boy,

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a midshipman," he says, "was the commanding officer, and giving orders to fire, they [the men] obeyed with the greatest glee imaginable, as if they had been shooting at wild ducks, killed one stout man and wounded many others. What a pity that such brutality should be exercised by civilised people upon unarmed ignorant indians!" He adds: "The natives fled into the woods like frighted fawns . . . terrified to the last degree."*

Banks' account is: "The midshipman, maybe imprudently, ordered the marines to fire, which they did, into the thickest of the flying crowd, some hundreds in number, and pursuing the man who had stolen the musket, killed him. Whether any others were killed or hurt no one could tell."

One rather fancies that Cook, with his official version of the incident, was covering up for the midshipman and his men, and that, out of fear perhaps, as well as a certain arrogance, the guard lost their heads. At all events it was the worst possible thing to have happened at this fragile moment, and Cook and his companions had great difficulty in persuading the terrified Tahitians to come out of hiding and to parley. Using old Owhaa as a go-between, they explained that the stealing of the musket was a serious thing, that the shooting would never have otherwise occurred, that there was no longer any danger. At length about twenty of the islanders were induced to come and sit in the tent and peace was made. Toward nightfall the tent was struck and without further incident the *Endeavour*'s men came back on board.

But the shock had not quite subsided as yet. No canoes put out to the ship next day, an apprehensive silence hung about the beach, and it was not until the evening when Cook went ashore that the islanders began to reappear. The breach was finally healed on the following day, when several of the chiefs came out to the *Endeavour* with banana branches and a present of two pigs and breadfruit. Cook handed out two more hatchets and now felt that he could get on with his plans for the fort. With Green and a party of men he came ashore and again erected his tent. In it they spent the night without disturbance.

Quite apart from the shooting it had been a trying few days; Alexander Buchan, the landscape artist, had been seized with another epileptic fit, and after lying unconscious for forty-eight hours had died without regaining consciousness. His body was committed to the sea, a surprising procedure to the Tahitians whose own dead man had been laid out in a special hut, there to rot until his bones were dry, surrounded by offerings of food. Since Parkinson was more of a scientific draftsman than an artist in general, the chance of our seeing competent pictures of Cook and his men on Tahiti was gone forever.

But now the building of the fort went briskly forward. As many men as could be spared from the ship, about forty-five of them, were brought on shore and put to work. Not realizing that it was designed against themselves, the Tahitians offered to help. On the western seaward side a four-foot bank was thrown up with a palisade of posts on top (and Cook paid for the trees he cut down). On the north and south there was a similar bank with a ditch outside, ten feet wide and six feet deep, and on the east, fronting the river, a double row of ship's casks was planted. Since this eastern side was the weakest, two four-pounder guns were established there. In the fort itself half-a-dozen tents were set up, one for the ship's company, another for Cook and the officers, others for an observatory and for Banks and his party. A large copper oven was brought from the ship, together with a forge, and equipment for the cooper and the sailmaker.

The work was impeded by daily showers of rain, but by May first all was finished and a quadrant and the other astronomical instruments were brought on shore.

These must have been wonderful days. Banks had set himself up as the expedition's liaison officer with the natives, and every morning at the gate of the fort he purchased with nails and beads quantities of coconuts, breadfruit, and occasionally pigs and fowls. Relations with the islanders had so much improved that one of the chiefs moved his hut close by so that he and his women could dine regularly with the Englishmen. The *Endeavour*'s crew were delighted to be on land and everyone was busy and healthy. And now, securely ensconced in his fort, with his ship anchored alongside, fresh water at his front door, and food in abundance, Cook was as snug and as safe from attack as Robinson Crusoe. Banks in fact felt that he thought nothing of spending the night among the Tahitians. "I lay in the woods last night as I often do," he notes in his diary; "at daybreak I was called

*See *A Journal of a Voyage to the South Seas*, by Sydney Parkinson, London, 1784. References to the writings of Cook and Banks were made in Part I.

Alan Moorehead's best-selling works of history have been recognized for their artistic achievement—from "Gallipoli" and "The White Nile" to "Cooper's Creek." In 1937 he left Australia, where he was born and educated and where he began newspaper work, and went to England. He became a war correspondent in Europe, the Mideast, North Africa, and the Far East. He now divides his time between England and Italy.



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by Mr. Gore and went with him shooting. We did not return till night . . ."

There had been just one incident. The chief Tubourai, whom Banks and Cook had originally called Lycurgus, and who had now become a fast friend, came to him one day in great distress saying that the *Endeavour*'s butcher, a certain Henry Jeffs, had threatened to cut his wife's throat with a reaping hook. She had apparently refused to part with a stone axe that Jeffs wanted, and he had whirled the hook about her head. Cook took a very serious view of this. He brought Tubourai and his wife on board and in their presence the butcher was stripped and fastened to the rigging. At the first stroke of the cat-o'-nine-tails the Tahitians burst into tears and implored Cook to let the man off the rest of his punishment—"A request," says Banks, "which the Captain would not comply with."

The Lusty Queen

Nearly three weeks had now elapsed since the *Endeavour*'s arrival, and the sailors and the Tahitians were entering a much more intimate relationship. Cook drove his men hard and they were only off duty on Sunday afternoons after divine service, but that left them sufficient time to meet the very willing Tahitian women, even though they had to be back inside the fort or on board ship at nightfall. "Queen" Obarea had appeared and had become a favorite of Banks and the *Endeavour*'s officers; she seems always to have been about the fort with her retainers. Cook found her "very masculine," by which he probably meant aggressive, Parkinson thought she was "a fat, bouncing, good-looking dame," and Banks, who had his eye on her young handmaidens, describes her as "about forty, tall and very lusty, her skin white and her eyes full of meaning; she might have been handsome when young but now few or no traces of it were left." Then there was the mass of the common people, never less than about three hundred of them, clustering around the fort like camp followers, and always wanting to attract attention whether by their songs and dances, by offering themselves as guides and companions or by bartering their goods.

It was a scene of crimson and gold—those were the colors in which the Tahitians most liked to dye their clothes: the *pareu*, the sarong-like skirt which they draped round their waists, and the *tiputa*, the poncho or shirt which was worn over the upper part of the body. Only the children were naked.

Banks loved to watch these people swimming in the sea and he gives us the first known description of surfing in the Pacific: "Whenever a surf broke near them they dived under it with infinite ease, rising up on the other side; but their chief amusement was being carried on by an old canoe; with this before them they swam out as far as the outermost beach, then one or two would get into it, and opposing the blunt end to the breaking wave, were hurried in with incredible swiftness. Sometimes they were carried almost ashore . . . We stood admiring this very wonderful scene for fully half an hour . . ."

Banks is a mine of information about the artifacts and the small daily habits of the Tahitians. He tells us of the fishhooks that were made from shells and human bones, and the lines that were woven from jungle creepers. Then there were the nets and traps for lobsters and crabs. The food of the island was very good and varied: at an average meal a chief would consume two or three breadfruit, several fish, and a dozen or more bananas, and this was served to him in some state. First he would wash, then fresh leaves would be spread upon the ground with a half coconut shell of fresh water on one side and another of salt water on the other. During the meal a man would drink half a pint or more of salt water, taking sips between mouthfuls and dipping each morsel of his food into it. The fish would be served to him wrapped in leaves and would be eaten cooked or raw. Then, at the end, he would again rinse his mouth and wash his hands.

The *Endeavour*'s crew thought the baked dishes were more delicious than any they had ever eaten. The oven consisted of a hole in the ground into which hot stones were placed with a layer of green leaves on top. The meat, usually a small pig, was then placed in the hole and overlaid with another layer of leaves and hot stones and the oven was then sealed with earth. The roast that emerged an hour or two later contained all its natural juices. There was then (but now no more) a race of native dogs on Tahiti, and Cook and his companions fell back a little when they were offered roast dog for dinner one day. Yet when they tried it they found it delicious, no doubt because the animals were vegetarians. They were few, Cook wrote, "but allowed that a South Sea dog was next to an English lamb." There was also a little apple growing on the island and the *Endeavour*'s cook produced passable apple pies.

And so little by little the sailors and the islanders, eating the same food, seeing the same scenes, and caught up together in the routine of the long hot day, were beginning to know one another. The



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Tahitians found it impossible to pronounce Cook's name but "Toote" served well enough, and Banks was known as "Tapane." The English on their side never grasped that in Tahitian the sound of "o" was the article sometimes affixed to proper names, and so the correct spelling was not Otaheite or Otahiti as they thought, but simply Tahiti. But this hardly mattered. It still seemed to the Tahitians that the Englishmen were rather dirty people since they did not pluck the hair under their armpits or bathe enough. To the Englishmen such practices as tattooing were bizarre and inexplicable—the covering of the skin with all kinds of dark designs, zigzags, and arc-like lines drawn across the stomach (of which the Tahitians were particularly proud) and their buttocks disfigured entirely with a heavy impregnation of lampblack. Banks one day came upon a fourteen-year-old girl spread out on the ground undergoing this operation upon her buttocks. The pain caused by the jabbing of the sharp bone was evidently excruciating, for the girl screamed and screamed; and days would elapse before her skin, now covered in blood, would be healed. But sailors it seems will try anything, and several of the *Endeavour*'s crew had their arms tattooed, thus becoming, as Dr. Beaglehole points out, the founders of the time-honored tradition of the tattooed sailor. Banks, of course, could not be left out of this and he had a design pricked into his arm.



Tahitian Girl
From the portrait by Webber in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England, on loan from the Admiralty

It was not exactly a paradisal life they were all living; the men were worked very hard (as Cook afterwards confessed), everyone suffered from the flies and the unaccustomed heat, and no doubt there were squabbles and punishments which are not mentioned in the records. But it had been a good landfall, better than they could have hoped for; Fort Venus—the name was chosen with an eye on the planet rather than the goddess—was functioning well, and all around them the extreme beauty of the island must have had its effect on even the most hard-bitten and recalcitrant of the *Endeavour*'s crew.

These happy circumstances were abruptly shattered on May 2nd. On making his rounds in the morning Cook discovered that the quadrant was missing. It was a very heavy instrument encased in a box about eighteen inches square, and it had been placed in the observatory tent with a sentry on duty all night. This man had seen and heard nothing. Now it was one thing for the Tahitians to make off with spyglasses and snuffboxes (and on one occasion they had even succeeded in prising out two of the ports from the *Endeavour*), but the theft of the quadrant was quite a different matter; it was absolutely essential for the astronomical observations they had come all this way to carry out. The alarm was raised at once, and one can imagine the beating of the drums, the comings and goings in the fort, the furious questionings of the Tahitians gathered at the gate. Cook gave orders that no canoe should be allowed to leave the harbor, and was preparing further reprisals when Tubourai drew Banks aside and revealed that he knew the thief and that he had taken to the hills. With Tubourai and some of his men as guides Banks, Green and a midshipman set off in pursuit.

"At every house we passed," Banks says, "Tubourai inquired after the thief by name, and the people readily told which way he had gone, and how long it was since he passed by, a circumstance which gave us great hopes of coming up with him. The weather was excessively hot, the thermometer before we left the tents was ninety-one degrees, which made our journey very tiresome. At times we walked, at times we ran, when we imagined (as we sometimes did) that the chase was just before us, till we arrived at the top of a hill about four miles from the tents; from this place

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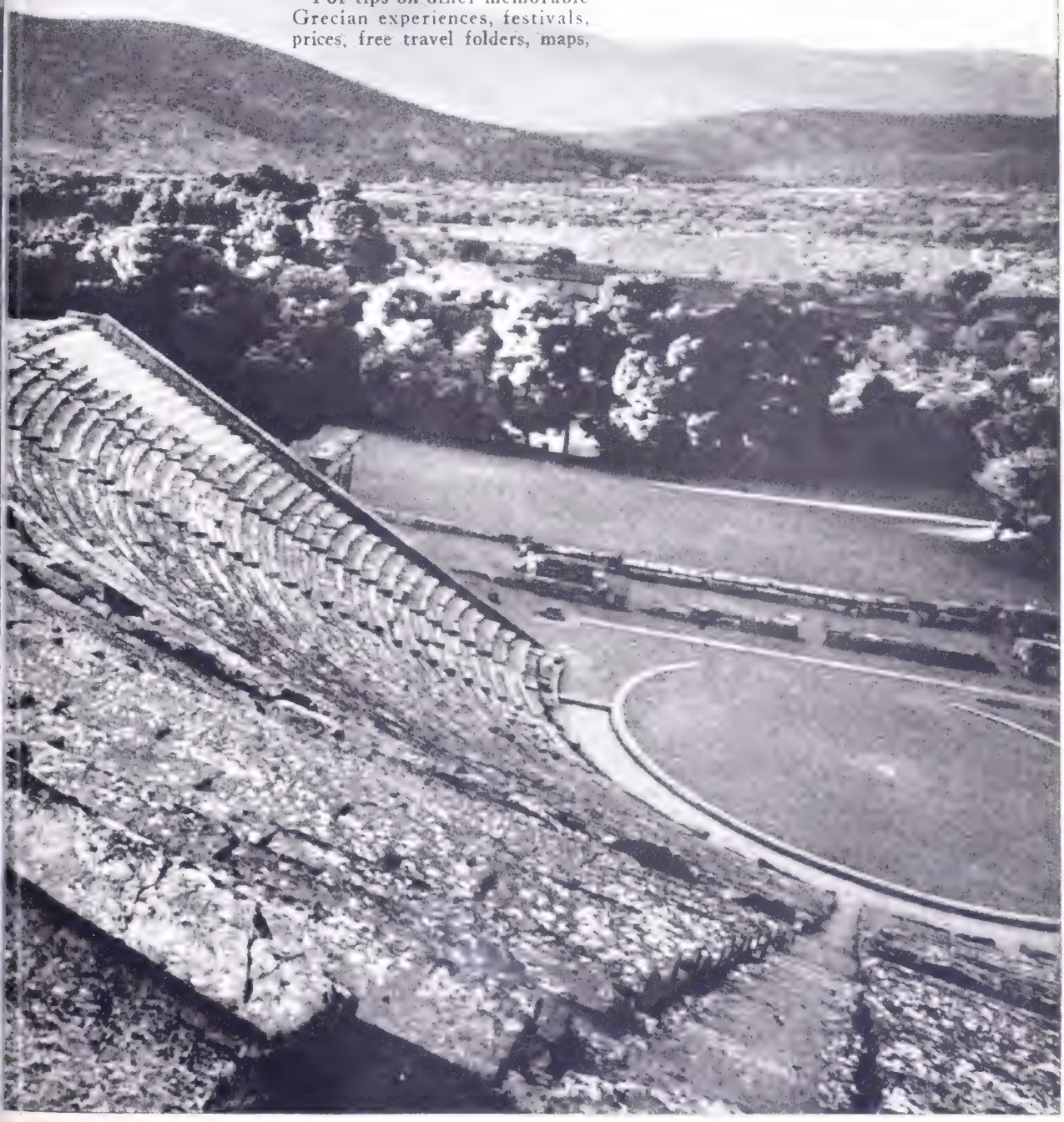
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Tubourai showed us a point about three miles off, and made us understand that we were not to expect the instrument till we got there."

Here was a predicament. They were now entering the country of a quite different group of islanders whom they did not know, and they were armed only with a brace of pocket pistols. It was resolved to send back the midshipman to Cook for reinforcements while the others pushed on. They had all but covered the three miles when Banks was immensely relieved to see some of Tubourai's men who had gone on before them, hastening back with a part of the quadrant. A large party of the hill people were at their heels.

"We now stopped," Banks continues, "and many Indians gathered round us rather rudely; the sight of one of my pistols, however, instantly checked them, and they behaved with all the order imaginable, though we quickly had some hundred surrounding a ring we had marked out on the grass."

The joke—and perhaps to the Tahitians it was no more than a joke—was now over and they realized it; one after another the missing parts of the quadrant were brought in and a quantity of other stolen property besides—reading glasses, a pistol case, and so on. The quadrant was slightly damaged but Green decided that he could easily repair it. And so in high spirits they began the return and had covered about two miles when at sunset they met Cook coming up the track with a squad of marines, and ready to do battle. When they all got back to the ship they found that Hicks had imprisoned as a hostage one of the chiefs, a man named Tootaha, and there was great lamentation among his followers who believed he was to be shot. Cook had him instantly released.

Love at Any Time

The next day there was an uneasy quiet around the fort and no one came to barter at the gate. But it was not in the Tahitian nature to keep up a grudge for long. Childlike, they wanted to be forgiven and to make friends again. An invitation arrived for the Englishmen to attend a banquet at one of the entertainment houses about four miles up the coast, and Cook gladly accepted this chance of making friends again. He set off on foot with Banks and Solander. A huge concourse of people, some five hundred in all, was making for the place and they had to be beaten back to make a path for the Englishmen. On arrival they found Tootaha, their erstwhile captive, sitting under a tree in a circle of old men, and there was an exchange of presents. This was followed by a wrestling match, a strange affair in which a dozen men wearing only waistcloths paraded slowly round a courtyard making a loud booming noise by striking their left arms with their right hands. Presently the actual wrestling began, each man seeking any opponent who was convenient. The challenge was delivered by the contestants joining their fingers together and moving their elbows up and down, whereupon they clutched one another, either by the hands, the hair, or the waistcloth, and struggled until one was flung down. This was the signal for the old men to break into a sort of laudatory chorus, and then the proceedings, says Cook, were always "resumed again with great good humor." The performance went on for two hours, and the only women allowed to be present were Obarea and her attendants. With so many people pressing around them the Englishmen found it excessively hot, and they were glad to get away at last. A banquet of roast pork was eaten with the chiefs back on board the *Endeavour*, and that evening the people flocked back to trade at the fort as before.

The performances of the *arioi* were not always as innocent as this wrestling match—innocent, that is to say, in the European sense. Their dancing displays were just as common and these were an uninhibited expression of sex. The band consisted of two instruments, a drum made of wood and sharkskin and a flute that was blown through one nostril, the other nostril being stopped with the thumb. The players never seemed to achieve more than six notes and they were accompanied by singers who repeated the same tune over and over again. Cook found this monotonous, the actual dancing rather less so. It was performed by young girls in groups of eight or ten—"a very indecent dance which they called Timorodee, singing the most indecent songs and using most indecent actions in the practice of which they are brought up from the earliest childhood. In doing this they keep time to a great nicety."

The girls, Cook adds, on growing older or on getting husbands abandoned dancing to the younger generation. But "both sexes express the most indecent ideas in conversation without the least emotion and they delight in such conversations beyond any other."

This was a matter that was going to bedevil the reputation of Tahiti from that day to this. Were the Tahitians really licentious, and if so what harm did it do them? Robertson, the *Dolphin*'s Master, declared that the girls were prepared to make love at any time for the most trifling gifts; most of all they preferred ordinary carpenter's



Lydia Diaz is working her way through [illegible] visitors' guide at the University of Puerto Rico.

ely youngsters with lively minds–
bright new generation in Puerto Rico

ugsters so eager to learn, the Commonwealth spends a full third of its budget on education

TO RICO has a new fountain of th—its eager-beaver, *well-edu-*ounger generation.

student in our photograph was d between classes at the Uni- of Puerto Rico. This university has a total of 23,000 students—up on every subject from agri- to nuclear physics.

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ails which they seemed to value as the Europeans alue gold. There had been a commotion on board he *Dolphin* when it was discovered that the sailors vere not only withdrawing nails from the ship's lanks but had even filched the nails from which heir hammocks were suspended so that most of hem were sleeping on the deck.

Bougainville, in the previous year, had been captivated by the beauty, the innocence—and the willingness—of the Tahitian girls, and Philibert Commerson, the naturalist he had on board, had echoed his commander's enthusiasm. The Tahitians, Commerson declared, were *"sans vice, sans préjugés, sans besoins, sans dissensions"*; a people who *"ne connoissent d'autre Dieu que l'amour."*

Bougainville describes a lively incident that occurred when he first arrived at the island. The Tahitian men, he says, "pressed us to choose a woman and come ashore with her; and their gestures, which were nothing less than equivocal, denoted in what manner we should form an acquaintance with her. It was very difficult in such conditions, to keep at their work four hundred young French sailors who had not seen a woman for six months. In spite of all our precautions a young girl came on board and placed herself upon the quarter-deck near one of the hatchways, which was open in order to give air to those who were heaving at the capstan below it. The girl carelessly dropped a cloth which covered her, and appeared to the eyes of all beholders such as Venus showed herself to the Phrygian shepherd, having, indeed, the celestial form of that goddess. Both sailors and soldiers endeavoured to come to the hatchway, and the capstan was never hove with more alacrity than on this occasion. At last our discipline succeeded in keeping these bewitched fellows in order, though it was no less difficult to keep command of ourselves."

Then when the French had come ashore they were "invited to enter the houses where the people gave them to eat; nor did the civility of their landlords stop at a slight collation: they offered them young girls. The hut was immediately filled with a curious crowd of men and women who made a circle round the guest and the young victim of hospitality. The ground was spread with leaves and flowers, and their musicians sang an hymeneal song to the tune of their flutes. Here Venus is goddess of hospitality, her worship does not admit of any mysteries and every tribute paid to her is a feast for the whole nation. They were surprised at the confusion which our people appeared to be in as our customs do not allow of these public proceedings. However I would not answer for it that every one of our men found it impossible to conquer his repugnance and conform to the customs of the country."

Bougainville's classical references were deliberate: here on this wonderful island, he claimed, nature really had maintained its pristine simplicity and purity; freed from hunger, disease, and toil, unrestricted by false modesty or artificial conventions of any kind, the people lived at peace with one another and were genuinely happy. It was the Arcadian age come to life in the Pacific.

Now all this was very engaging, but it was quite impossible for Bougainville, despite his gifts as an explorer and a scholar, to know much about the Tahitians during a stay of thirteen days, and although Wallis was longer on the island he was ill most of the time, he could not speak the language, and neither he nor his officers could lay much claim to be historians or anthropological observers. We have to wait for Cook's arrival for a more balanced account.

Who Gets the Blame?

Cook was no prude (it has to be remembered that the Victorian era still lay more than half a century in the future); he allowed his men to mingle with the native girls whenever they could, even to the extent of permitting the girls to spend the night on board his ship, and in general he seems to have been more amused than shocked at Tahitian morals. Admittedly he knew very little about them as yet, but he was learning fast, and as opposed to the romanticizing of Bougainville he took a detached but sympathetic view. We find him writing, even at this early stage, "Upon the whole these people seem to enjoy liberty in its fullest extent, every man seems to be the sole judge of his actions and to know no punishment but death, and this perhaps is never inflicted but upon a public enemy."

Banks was much more exuberant. "On the island of Otaheite where love is the chief occupation, the favourite, nay, the sole luxury of the inhabitants, both the bodies and the souls of the women are moulded into the utmost perfection . . ."

It was a question of course of just how far one insisted on judging the Tahitians from a European point of view. Toward the middle of May two incidents occurred which must certainly have been outlandish to European eyes. Cook describes the first of these thus:

Mr. Banks was as usual at the gate of the fort trading with the people, when he was told that some strangers were coming and therefore stood

to receive them. The company had with them about a dozen young plantain trees [bananas] and some other small plants. These they laid down about twenty feet from Mr. Banks. The people then made a lane between him and them. When this was done the man (who appeared to be only a servant of the two women) brought the young plantains singly, together with some of the other plants and gave them to Mr. Banks, and at the delivery of each pronounced a short sentence, which we understood not. After he had thus disposed of all his plantain trees he took several pieces of cloth and spread them on the ground. One of the young women then stepped upon the cloth, and with as much innocency as one could possibly conceive, exposed herself entirely naked from the waist downwards. In this manner she turned herself once or twice round, I am not certain which, then stepped off the cloth and dropped down her clothes. More cloth was then spread upon the former and she again performed the same ceremony. The cloth was then rolled up and given to Mr. Banks, and the two young women went and embraced him which ended the ceremony."

Banks was a gay and handsome young man and there could be no doubt about the meaning of this pantomine; it was a proposal from the two girls that he should make love to them. The phallic symbol of the banana was presented, the dowry in the form of cloth was offered, the sexual parts and the tattooed thighs and buttocks were displayed, and to make their meaning clear beyond all doubt the girls came and embraced him. Banks himself is very circumspect about all this but there does not seem to be much doubt that he succumbed—if not on this same day then on a number of occasions later on. We hear of Obarea and other women sleeping in his tent, and one day there was a violent row between him and William Monkhouse, the surgeon, over one of the girls. There is no evidence that Cook took a mistress,* but he too was clearly charmed by the warmth and naturalness of the Tahitians. His attitude seems to have been: why should this innocence be destroyed? Where there was no thought of evil how can you talk of modesty or immodesty on Tahiti? It is the girls' function to have children and it is natural that they should entice men by displaying themselves. Perhaps too, it might have been argued that this little ceremony had rather more dignity and grace about it than the usual Christian hypocrisy about the sexual act. In any case it was normal practice on the island, as normal as it was for the girls to put flowers in their hair, to smile at men who attracted them, to perform with the swaying of their buttocks the sort of dances that would lead men on, and, when the time came, to make love completely without shame or concealment.

Two days later, on May 14th, an even more explicit incident occurred. It was a Sunday and divine service was performed in one of the tents. Banks brought in two of the natives and they sat quietly watching the sailors and rising and kneeling when they did. Then, Cook relates, "the day closed with an odd scene at the gate of the fort where a young fellow above six feet high lay with a little girl about ten or twelve years of age, publicly before several of our people and a number of the natives. What makes me mention this is because it appeared to be done more from custom than lewdness, for there were several women present, particularly Obarea and several others of the better sort, and these were so far from showing the least disapprobation that they instructed the girl how she should act her part, who, young as she was, did not seem to want it."

Other witnesses of the scene say that Obarea went further than this; they say that she commanded the couple to make love, that they were too frightened to succeed, and that afterwards she was very strongly criticized by her own people for her part in the affair. Obviously this could be true. It may not be impossible that Obarea, fat and aging as she was, was eager to sleep with the English sailors and thought to attract attention to herself by this public display. However, it is interesting that Cook was not really shocked, even though his indulgence did not quite extend to seeing his ship's discipline endangered: he ordered a seaman, Archibald Wolf, two dozen lashes, an unusually severe penalty, for stealing a large quantity of nails from the storeroom. (The girls had increased their prices and were now beginning to demand two or even three nails instead of one.)

Then there was the serious matter of venereal disease. Bougainville later declared that it was introduced by Wallis; Wallis denied it and put the blame on Bougainville. It was a dispute that raged at long distance in the explorers' books for many years. The *Dolphin* preceded Bougainville's ship, *La Boudeuse*, in Tahiti by ten months, and it seems hard to believe that a hundred-odd British sailors, many of whom must have consorted with the prostitutes at Plymouth or by the Thames at

*One of his officers on a later voyage wrote: "It has always been supposed that Cook himself never had any connection with our fair friends; I have often seen them jeer and laugh at him calling him old and good for nothing." Cook appears to have accepted this reputation with good humor.



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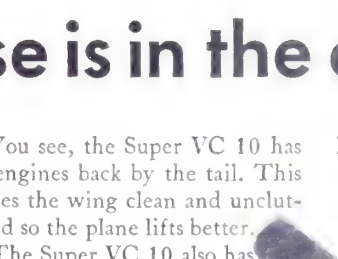
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flies daily from New York to London, Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica. Also three times a week to Lima. Once a week to Freeport. Also from Boston and Detroit to London.

Wapping, were entirely free of infection. Yet we have Robertson, the *Dolphin*'s Master, denying the charge absolutely. "No venereal," he writes in red ink in his journal. "The doctor affirmed upon his honour that no man on board was affected with any sort of disorder that they could communicate to the natives of this beautiful island." Bougainville, however, was insistent that the disease was prevalent on his arrival. It is highly likely that he mistook the symptoms caused by yaws for those of syphilis, for they are similar in appearance, and once again one is left wondering if it was really possible for four hundred young Frenchmen to have escaped infection in their own country.

Be all this as it may, Cook's doctor, after a special tour of inspection, gave the *Endeavour* a clean bill of health a month before the ship arrived in Matavai Bay, and yet no less than twenty-four of the seamen and ten of the marines—a third of the ship's company—were down with the disease within a few weeks of going ashore. Venereal disease, Cook notes somberly in his journal, "may in time spread itself over all the islands in the south seas to the eternal reproach of those who first brought it among them." This was to be all too brutally accurate.*

But in 1769 the excitement of the first contact overrode all thought of the disasters that were to follow, and it was a honeymoon of a kind between the colored people and the whites. Even Cook trusted himself to sleep in the Tahitians' huts at night, though he had sometimes cause to regret it. "Notwithstanding all the care we took," he writes, "before twelve o'clock the most of us had lost something or other. For my own part I had my stockings taken from under my head, and yet I am certain that I was not asleep the whole time. Obarea took charge of Mr. Banks' things and yet they were stolen from her, as she pretended." This was the occasion on which Banks lost his white jacket and waistcoat with silver frogs.

Reluctant to Depart

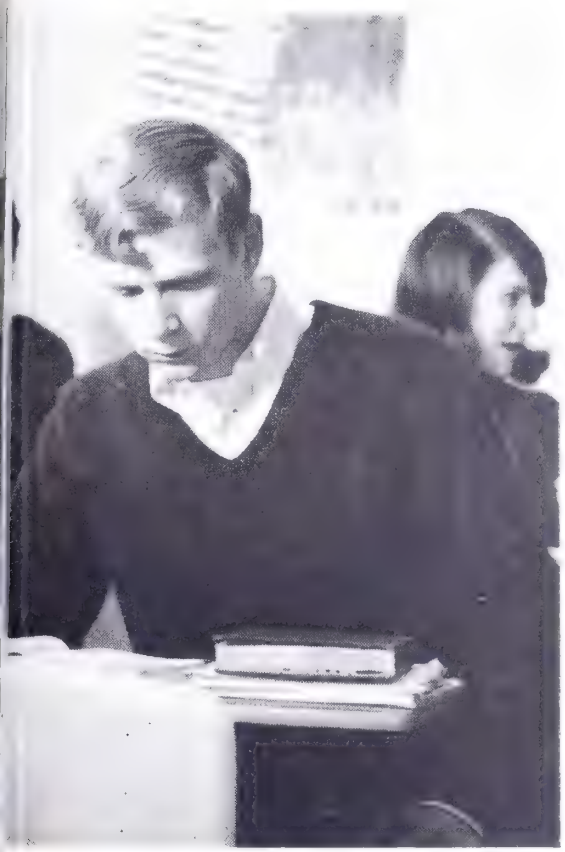
Showery weather continued, and toward the end of May it built up into a tremendous thunderstorm. Then the air cleared and as the vital day —June 3rd—approached it was fairly settled. The object in observing the transit of Venus across the disk of the sun (an event which would not occur again until 1874) was to determine the distance of the sun from the earth. Cook, with his quadrant and his telescopes, could never have made this calculation—other methods had to be employed—but in the eighteenth century no one was aware of this, and so he set about his arrangements with some confidence. Three parties were to take observations from three different points: Green was sent off a little further round the coast; Banks, Gore, and Monkhouse crossed to the nearby island of Moorea; while Cook himself remained at Fort Venus. There was some little anxiety when the night of June 2nd clouded over and a "dusky shade" was still hanging about Venus the following day, but all three parties had an adequate view and there was every reason to believe that when the calculations had been worked out the experiment would prove itself to be a success.

There was still a good deal to be done before the *Endeavour* could get away: the longboat was found to be riddled with worms and had to be repaired, the ship itself had to be careened and restowed, and it was necessary for Cook to gather all the fresh provisions he could before he committed himself to the unknown ocean once again. Another month went by before he was ready. The rain delayed him, and so did the Tahitians; he was obliged to break off relations with them for a few days in order to stop the continuous thefts. One also suspects that there was a general reluctance among the crew to depart from the indolent and happy island. This perhaps was a fortunate thing for the understanding between the two peoples; Banks and Solander began to speak the Tahitian language fairly well and they greatly extended their collection of South Sea island fauna and flora. Parkinson was busy executing his excellent drawings of hundreds of new specimens of plants and birds and tropical fish. As for the Tahitians, the *Endeavour* had become a fixture in their lives; every day disclosed the ship riding there at anchor in Matavai Bay and the crew at work about the fort. The *Endeavour*'s supply of nails, hatches, and beads appeared to be inexhaustible, and life was more amusing that it had been before. They may still have been frightened of the Englishmen but they had also grown fond of them.

Toward the end of June Cook set out with Banks in the ship's pinnace to circumnavigate the island. It was the pleasantest of voyages; Little Tahiti, the smaller end of the hourglass, pleased them just as much as Matavai Bay, and all the places that have since become tourist haunts were then a scene of pristine waterfalls, of mountain-

*The English missionaries in the *Duff*, which reached Tahiti in 1797, said that not more than 15,000 to 16,000 islanders were left, owing to wars, infanticide, and disease. By the end of the 1830s the figure was down to 9,000 and it later dropped to 6,000.

He's learning to remember the Alamo and the Maine but he can't remember breakfast



his student and thousands like him, fast has become the forgotten meal.

oo often, lunch is the first meal of the day for
en-ager. He used to eat breakfast every morning
he liked it. He felt better. But gradually his
stopped observing that regular mealtime pro-
. Oversleeping and morning chores crowded it
the schedule.

v he eats a candy bar between classes to tide him
ll lunch. His dad gets by on his morning coffee
and his mother usually settles for a piece of left-
ie around 10 o'clock. This is not the kind of break-
eeded to get the day off to a good start—nor is
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Did you know that:

about ½ of all adults skimp breakfast or skip it altogether?

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Tahitian War Canoes: ***From the sketch by Hodges, reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum***

ous tropical forests where no one ever went, and of huts and burial grounds with carved images never before seen by a white man. Obarea's great coral *marae* (temples) in the Papara district, 44 feet high, 267 feet long, and 71 feet broad (Banks measured it) must have been a remarkable sight, a more impressive structure than any on the island today.

Since they possessed no contrivance for exploring beneath the surface of the sea the *Endeavour*'s men missed the prettiest sight of all—the bright festoons of coral there, yellow, pale heliotrope, pink, and blue, and the myriads of fish, brighter and more fantastic even than the coral itself, some with streaming ribbon-like tails, others streaked and colored like butterflies, shoals of minute minnows that advance and retreat in a pale blue cloud, the occasional turtle, the slimy water snake, crabs that inhabit shells, and clams with scarlet and cerulean lips that close upon their prey and never let it go.

However, they charted the coast with Cook's usual thoroughness and wherever they made a landfall at night they were welcomed by the inhabitants; the fame of the English sailors had long since become known throughout the island. On their way they passed Bougainville's anchorage of the year before at Haitaa. Bougainville's visit had been puzzling them a good deal, and until the *Endeavour* returned to England they never did clear the matter up. They knew that *some* ship or ships had called at Tahiti after Wallis—the Tahitians had shown them pieces of iron an trinkets that could never have come from th *Dolphin*—but from the Tahitians description the thought they were Spanish. They were also mysti fied by a reference to a white woman who had bee on board. In fact this was perfectly correct. I was an odd story. Philibert Commerson had en gaged a valet named Jeanne Baré or Baret a Brest, and since this valet was dressed as a ma and behaved like a man no one on board had an idea that he was a woman. The Tahitians were no so easily deceived; the instant Baré came ashor they gathered round her, and instantly deduce her true sex. Commerson, a respectable and seri ous man, was much embarrassed.

All the Last Things

It was now early July. Fort Venus was dismantled, and the guns were carried back on board the *Endeavour*, together with as many provisions as could be got, mostly live hogs, breadfruit, and coconuts. Banks as a gesture to the Tahitians planted the seeds of melons, oranges, lemons, and limes he had brought from Rio de Janeiro, and he went for a last walk among the plantations behind Matavai Bay. The last thief got away with some pieces of ironwork, and the sailors on liberty sought out their girls for the last time. When the Tahitians realized that the *Endeavour* was really about to depart they implored Cook to remain a



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Also in Canada.

India

little longer, and Obarea and her friends came to live on the beach so that they should be with him day and night. Hardened though they were to departures, the sailors had seldom seen such genuine distress as this, such a sad, clinging reluctance to let them go. Cook was besieged by young Tahitians who wanted to sail with him, and at length he agreed to take "a chief and a priest" named Tupia (or Tupaia) who would be useful as an interpreter and as a guide on the other islands. Tupia was allowed to bring with him a servant, a boy named Tayeto.*

In the midst of these friendly and moving scenes the last *contretemps* occurred; on the night of Sunday, July 9th, two marines, Clement Webb and Sam Gibson, deserted from the fort. It had been known that all hands still ashore were to go on board the *Endeavour* on the following day, and so the two young men had seized this last chance to get away. Cook was told that "they were gone into the mountains and that they had got each of them a wife and would not return."

This was a serious business; every man in the *Endeavour* was vitally needed. Since there was no possibility of getting the men back without the help of the Tahitians, Cook's first act on the morning of July 10th was to seize Obarea and half-a-dozen chiefs and hold them as hostages in the fort. The Tahitians were deeply resentful—after all, they had not abducted the two marines—but they agreed to help in the search. The affair was soon over. A midshipman and a party of marines set off for the hills, and at nine o'clock that night Webb was brought in by some Tahitians. They reported that the midshipman's party had been seized by the natives in the mountains and that Gibson was with them. Hicks, the second officer, now went out with a strong bodyguard and was back with all the missing men before morning.

When Cook questioned the deserters they said they had become so strongly attached to two girls they could not bear to leave. Cook confined them until July 14th (when the *Endeavour* was already at sea). They were then given two dozen lashes each and the incident was forgotten. (Gibson sailed with Cook on his two subsequent voyages and never again deserted.)

The departure was a painful affair. All past agitations and disturbances were forgotten. Obarea and the chiefs bore no grudge for their confinement; they came on board the *Endeavour* to say goodbye overwhelmed with tears, and when the ship weighed anchor at 10:00 A.M. on July 13th she was surrounded by canoes filled with lamenting men and women. Banks climbed up to the masthead as they sailed away and stood there waving for a long time.

Something like half the ship's company were now suffering from venereal disease, and Cook decided to cruise for a while in the tropics to give them time to recover before he turned again to the cold south. On the whole he could congratulate himself. The chief object of his mission was accomplished. He had made firm friends of the Tahitians, he had established a valuable port of call in the Pacific, and he had gathered some notable information about the South Sea island way of life. On Tahiti the first shock of contact was over. The slow and more penetrating shocks of familiarity still remained to come.

L'ENVOI

Gauguin, arriving on the island in 1892, found Tahiti tamed, compartmentalized, and finally "civilized." In his Tahitian paintings no man or woman ever smiles; supine, defeated, despairing, and beautiful, his people gaze in a reverie into the lost past. . . . The overwhelming physical beauty of the Tahitian girl remains, but she does not dance. Instead she lies inert and naked on her bed, and Gauguin painted her waiting for nothing, hoping for nothing, the petals of the *tiare tahiti* scattered about her, a dark, conspiratorial couple in the background, and all around them the mystical shapes and symbols of the tropics. On this canvas the painter has written in English the one word "Nevermore."

On Tahiti today the French have coaxed back the population to just about the figure it was in Cook's time—roughly 40,000—and with wise government have completed the island's fusion with modern civilization. One further refinement of Western science is, however, to be introduced into this part of the Pacific in 1966. In this year, the two-hundredth anniversary of Bougainville's voyage to the New Cythera, the French will cause to be exploded, on one of the outlying atolls, their first hydrogen bomb.

Harper's Magazine, March 1966

*John Marra, one of the crew, has an interesting note on these two. Tupia was, he says, "a man of real genius, a priest of the first order and an excellent artist; he was, however, by no means beloved by the *Endeavour*'s crew, being looked upon as proud and austere, extorting homage, which the sailors, who thought themselves degraded by bending to an Indian, were very unwilling to pay; and preferring complaints against them on the most trivial occasion. On the contrary his boy, Tayeto, was the darling of the ship's company from the highest to the lowest, being [illegible] mild and docile disposition, ready to do any kind [illegible] for the meanest in the ship, and never com[illegible]but always pleased."

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d to think I started all that."



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e New Books

One Utopian, One Sensible Way to Reconcile State and Society

by Irving Kristol

n Through Power, by Wil-
ithers. John Day, $4.95.
ing the American Dream, by
C. Cornuelle. Random
$4.95.

ince its beginnings as a na-
e United States has insisted
e antithesis between State and
The State is an artificial con-
; Society is a natural phe-
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and their corollaries, were es-
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gma by Tom Paine, Jefferson,
, and their successors. And
e to two centuries the Ameri-
ple have tried to live by them
ever-diminishing success, pre-
because they *are* myth and
rather than rational philos-

ır own time, of course, the idea
"Positive State" has achieved
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le number of people however,
gard it as distinctly "un-Amer-
They are not so much wrong as
ant. For as the units of politi-
anization and political power
to be individuals in small
, and became corporations,
unions, the civil service, the
arties, the cities, they them-
grew ever more "artificial." To
ically together, they required
ance by a still more powerful
ial" creature. The legacy of this historical process is that we now have a very strong state indeed, but little coherent notion as to its proper scope and function, and an instinctive distrust of its every intention.

Both William Withers and Richard Cornuelle propose to ameliorate this uncomfortable situation, though in opposite ways. Mr. Withers proposes to strengthen and rationalize the state, Mr. Cornuelle to circumvent it. Professor Withers is a scholar, hard-headed, progressive—and, in the end, quite utopian. Mr. Cornuelle is a romantic—one might even say, reactionary—amateur who is full of eminently sensible suggestions.

Freedom Through Power may be read as an oversimplified popularization of the work of Adolf A. Berle (who contributes an introduction). Most of the book consists of a potted, though not necessarily false, socio-economic history of the United States. This serves as a prelude to the last group of chapters which try to sketch a system of central planning which will yet preserve individual freedom and a pluralist society. It comes down to a kind of state capitalism which is plausible in the abstract while being absurd in practically every particular. Just how absurd may be gathered from Professor Withers' description of the way in which central planning would work:

> The planning agencies in capitalist planning would be both public and private. The private agencies might consist of a national planning committee in each industry. This work could be supplemented by a labor planning committee and, if possible, a planning committee representing consumers. National organizations of business like The National Association of Manufacturers and The Committee for Economic Development might combine to form a central business planning committee. On the government level, state and local planning bodies would be required to make recommendations. On the federal level, the main planning bodies would be the Bureau of the Budget; the Joint Committee of Congress on the President's Economic Report; the Treasury; the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System; the Tariff Commission—

—and some dozen other agencies (including the Military Chiefs of Staff!) that it would be tedious to enumerate. All of these bodies would report to the Council of Economic Advisers, which in turn would report to a National Planning Board (itself made up of representatives of diverse interests), which would in turn present a plan to Congress, which would in turn—but all nightmares come to an end, and this is as good a point as any to wake up and desist from taking Professor Withers' proposals seriously.

Reclaiming the American Dream is another kind of book altogether. Mr. Cornuelle used to be a right-wing publicist, until he became persuaded that mere antistatism was both futile and mischievous. There were things in our society that needed to be done—people to be cared for, amenities to be

Mr. Kristol, who has been an editor of "Commentary" and "Encounter," is now chief editor of Basic Books and coeditor with Daniel Bell of a new magazine, "The Public Interest."

encouraged and sustained, necessities to be assured. They could not be coped with by the individual alone. Who else could do it but the state?

It was at this point that Mr. Cornuelle rediscovered Tocqueville, with his emphasis on the role of voluntary associations in American life. And, moved to apply Tocqueville to present-day America, Mr. Cornuelle developed the thesis that it was a gross misreading of American history—and a gross disservice to American politics—to see it as a constant struggle between the "public sector" and the "private sector." For between them there lay a vast "independent sector"—that area of social activity in which Americans have always been especially talented. Its distinguishing characteristics are (1) that enterprise is non-profit-seeking, (2) that organizations are staffed and run by private citizens, and (3) that the motivation is an uncomplicated desire to serve the public interest.

Having come to this conclusion, Mr. Cornuelle promptly acted upon it. He helped found the highly successful United Student Aid—a nonprofit organization which, by offering banks insurance on loans to needy students, has performed a distinct service. Mr. Cornuelle's account of how USA was founded, and of its trials and tribulations, makes fascinating reading. It is interesting to note that most of USA's problems were created by various governmental agencies which positively resented the intrusion by public-spirited citizens into an area that bureaucrats had come to regard as their own little private sector.

Reclaiming the American Dream is candidly an inspirational book, but a most engaging one. It is hard to believe that the "independent sector" can do all that Mr. Cornuelle demands of it in welfare, education, etc. But it can certainly accomplish a great deal; and its failures need be neither expensive nor tragic. Mr. Cornuelle is in the rare circumstance of having come up with a political idea that, if widely accepted, seems likely to do much good, and can hardly do any evil at all.

His Fame Proceeds in Giant Steps

by Robert Hatch

Re Joyce, by Anthony Burgess. W. W. Norton, $5.
James Joyce in Paris: His Final Years, by Gisèle Freund. Harcourt, Brace and World, $8.50.

The irony of Joyce's position in modern letters is that from book to book his power and fame proceed in giant steps and from book to book his audience declines from a public to an elite to a circle. *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* are established in the curriculum; a command of *Ulysses* implies study at an advanced level; and the claim to familiarity with *Finnegans Wake*—beyond an ability to recognize a few melodic passages and knowledge of the most penetrating puns—can be made by only a handful of dedicated men and women. As matters now stand with the literate public, *Dubliners* and the *Portrait* are fiction, *Ulysses* is a monument, and *Finnegans Wake* is a mystery of acknowledged but untested potency.

Joyce's major works are thus appropriate to their century of fragmented and compartmentalized understanding. Like Einstein's cosmology or the games theory or the twelve-tone row, *Finnegans Wake* is a totem of our age. It is humiliating, given a heritage of rational self-confidence, to acknowledge this proliferation of faith, and anyone who offers a commonsense guide to one of the presiding enigmas draws an eager audience (witness the insatiable appetite for introductions to the new mathematics). Such explicators are public servants even when they cannot entirely avoid being confidence men; the route to the summit is ne the Sunday stroll their enthusia impels them to make it seem, bu few followers may get there and th who stop part-way will enjoy at le a partial view. A little knowledge not invariably dangerous: no one the worse off for an inkling of E stein's general theory, and a wa appreciation of Leopold Bloom not less rewarding because has achieved only an exasperat glimpse of the very slippery H. Earwicker.

And that, I would say, is about balance point of Anthony Burge modest, ingratiating, but really v ambitious guide to the published w of James Joyce. He starts off at easy pace with *Dubliners* and with sign of strain or display of gymna erudition makes it in 273 pages "A way a lone a last a loved a l the" that swings the final page *Finnegans Wake* back to its beg ning again. It is principled and s citous instruction (and excellent c versation), but Burgess creates illusion with his cool amateur t that the gradient is steady and hazards are negligible.

This is so far from the true state affairs that the very nature of book changes as he moves stead along from milestone to milesto The first seventy pages, through *Portrait*, are literary criticism riched with biography and gos and with such insights as t Stephen Dedalus is the last appe ance in literature of the pure stude the scholarly vagabond and mer cant, who first stepped onto the ro of Europe at about the time Chaucer.

The section of *Re Joyce* reser for *Ulysses* runs about 100 pages is an accurate map and Baedeker the terrain. Burgess shows how Jo structured the book on his revi version of the Homeric story; th section by section, he traces the D lin wanderings of Stephen and Blo that are influenced not only by the ventures of Ulysses but by Joyce's cision that in each chapter an art science must be celebrated and a fr literary technique attempted.

Burgess carries this off at a g BBC Third Programme level of sponsible intelligence. He has, course, a gift for narrative and telescopes Joyce's labyrinth int

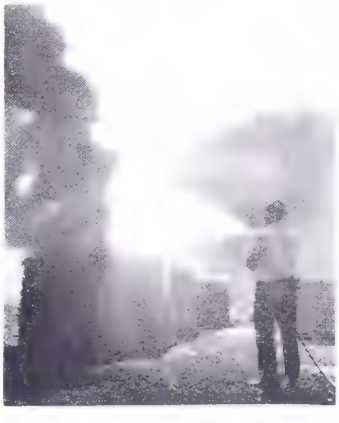
Mr. Hatch is managing editor of "The Nation," as well as a drama critic.

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end seventeen years under-
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d air of men who know that
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of the grave.
y not always be so. Books of



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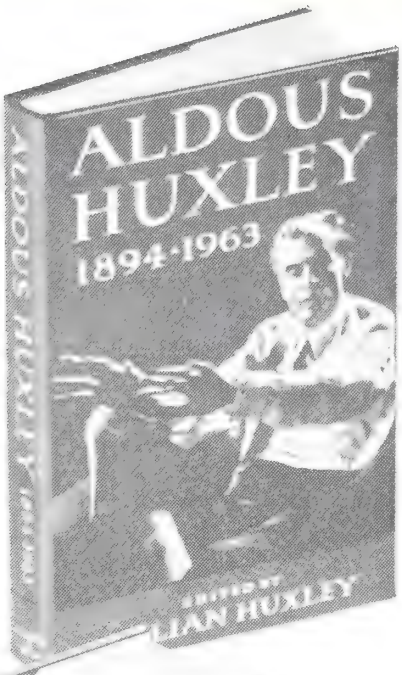




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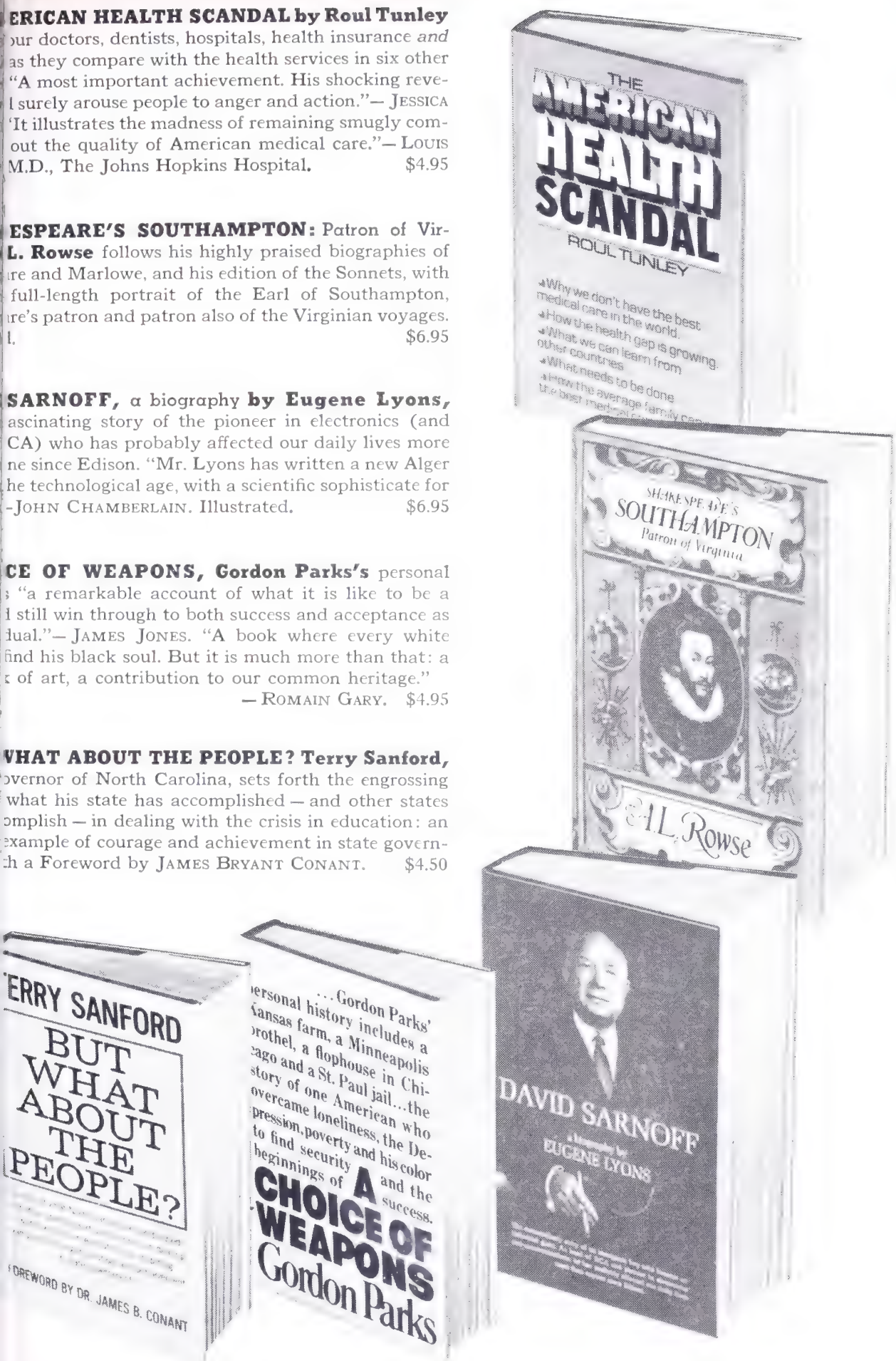
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what his state has accomplished — and other states
omplish — in dealing with the crisis in education: an
example of courage and achievement in state govern-
:h a Foreword by JAMES BRYANT CONANT. $4.50



formidable difficulty have a way of becoming more accessible to succeeding generations. The process is already operating for *Ulysses*, as it is for Eliot's *The Waste Land* (whose role of rival twin to *Ulysses* is a persistent thread in *Finnegan* that Burgess does not unravel, though his finger is on it when he mentions the tea-stained letter transhipt from Boston). But though the method of *Finnegans Wake* has already given language the temper and toughness of new alloys, we have not yet penetrated its substance. The ways in are presumably legion, but it will be some time yet before anyone gets far into the interior on the sort of excursion Burgess conducts.

In the preface to his biography, Richard Ellmann refers to Joyce's "cardplayer's face." With it went a dapper elegance—rings, watch seals, gray hat cocked back—that scarcely distracted attention from the wire-thin body beneath the smart clothes. This vision of Joyce's Irish toughness springs from the pages of Gisèle Freund's not very scrupulous picture book.

Miss Freund is scrupulous as a photographer, and she is often excellent, but something called *James Joyce in Paris: His Final Years* should contain more than nineteen pictures of its subject in more than 100 pages of plates. The rest of the space is taken up with views of Paris that are better than some and not as good as Atget, and with portraits of other celebrities who have posed for Miss Freund but frequently have no evident connection with Joyce. Simone de Beauvoir contributes a preface to the effect that the pictures enable her to recall what Paris was like when she was a girl. Miss V. B. Carleton writes connecting paragraphs and captions of stunning banality.

Miss Freund was lucky to catch Joyce (as she admits) and made good use of the opportunity. It is too bad that she allowed her small but precious set of prints to be used as the focus for this imposter of a book.

The Presidency, in Practice and Theory

by Alfred B. Rollins, Jr.

Presidential Government: the Crucible of Leadership, by James MacGregor Burns. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95.

The Chief Executive: Inaugural Addresses of the Presidents of the United States from George Washington to Lyndon B. Johnson, with an introduction by Arthur Schlesinger, jr., and commentary by Fred L. Israel, conceived and edited by Chelsea House Publishers. Crown, $4.95.

Economic Advice and Presidential Leadership: the Council of Economic Advisers, by Edward S. Flash, Jr. Columbia University Press, $8.95.

No one has counted the books which the American Presidency has produced, but they certainly run to the thousands. One might ask what, after 175 years of comment and critique, could possibly remain to be said. The answer is that a great deal more must be said. As James MacGregor Burns observes, ". . . we know everything about the Presidents and nothing about the Presidency." For the American Presidency is not only a unique institution and an endlessly dramatic office. It is also the center of American life in economics and in gossip, in society and in spirit, just as surely as it is in politics. And it is an almost incredibly complex institution, much more than a mere office, and a great deal more than the man who fills it. Man and office blend in a magic which makes the total larger than the sum of the parts. The office breeds genius in ordinary men; men themselves lend character and breadth to the wooden mandates of custom and Constitution. And the Presidency never stands still. What it means, how it works, what can be accomplished, are propositions which are never quite set. Furthermore, men have all too frequently asked the wrong questions regarding it. What need to b[e] vealed are the tortured proc[esses] through which decisions grow[.] have enough of the intimate life- Franklin, or Ike, or Jack, whic[h] sated our senses and dulled our [per]ception even of the important [deci]sions themselves. We must learn immensely more about precisely [how] things are done. And, having sp[ent a] generation or two in cultivating [real]ism, we need now to go back ag[ain] what Presidents said, as well as [why] they did. It was not all lies, n[or] naïveté. There is much that mark[s] man and his times in the wa[y he] speaks to his peers.

The Presidency will continu[e to] command the scholar and intrigu[e the] reader, and three books newly a[vail]able this season make disparate [and] significant contributions to our [un]derstanding. *The Chief Execu[tive]: Inaugural Addresses of the P[re]sidents of the United States from George Washington to Lyndo[n] Johnson* is the least complicated. [Pro]fessor Fred L. Israel of the City [Col]lege of New York has provided a [com]mentary on each address. These [brief] statements are models of terse [sum]mary. They put the speeches int[o ac]curate context, but surprisingly [avoid] all comment on the texts. [The] speeches are left to speak for t[hem]selves. And they do, reflecting r[ich] the manner and mind, the lite[rary] style and political idiom, the pr[ofes]sions and faiths of each era. [As] Arthur Schlesinger, jr. points [out] in a thoughtful introduction, "[The] inaugural address is an inferio[r] form. . . . The platitude quo[tient] tends to be high, the rhetoric st[ilted] and self-serving, the ritual obses[sive] and the surprises few." All th[is] true. Yet the documents are w[orth] reading for the warmth of rec[ep]tion on encountering old and [familiar] phrases, and for the excitement w[hen] comes when the past as it was act[ually] spoken can be revisited.

Edward S. Flash, Jr., who tea[ches] at Cornell, does a great deal [more] than might have been expected of [the] scholar and one book in revealing [the] free-flowing processes of exec[utive]

Professor Rollins teaches histor[y] Harpur College in Binghampton, [New] York, and is the author of "Roos[evelt] and Howe."

n making. His *Economic Advand Presidential Leadership*: *ouncil of Economic Advisers* s upon the growth of one unagency during the Truman, ıower, and Kennedy Adminons. But Professor Flash's good s also a revealing study of the f personality, institution, and ıt in the executive branch. all, it explores the relationbetween knowledge and power, en the commanders of informaıd the commanders of action in ıment. The author has brought study a thorough understandgovernment and exhaustive re- in private as well as public s. The result is a major conion to our understanding of ar history, of the Presidency as ually works, and of ways of ng this kind of problem. This nsible and important book. One ly be sad that the clear exposind narrative which characterost of its chapters have been oned in both introductory and ading sections in favor of jaridden and pretentious formal nents of definitions and conclu-

ere is none of this stuffiness in s MacGregor Burns's new book. *dential Government: the Cru- of Leadership* is an essay toa theory of the Presidency. The sis grows naturally from s's earlier studies in which he ayed FDR as a mere "broker" ıe interests and in which he pos- four-party theory of American cs. But this new book goes well ıd the others in imagination and ht. Burns has broken away from uperficial rigidities of his interroup concept of politics. In lookıt the Presidency, he provides ple, restrained, and provocative ers for the significant questions. three "models," Hamiltonian, sonian, and Jeffersonian, are l stances from which to view the of Presidential history and enge. He goes on to probe deeply ides toward the Presidency—recing that what it can be made des upon the vision of the maker—ıature of decision making and ion makers, the relations be- leadership and purposes, leadp and its political base.

rns's provocative theory can be

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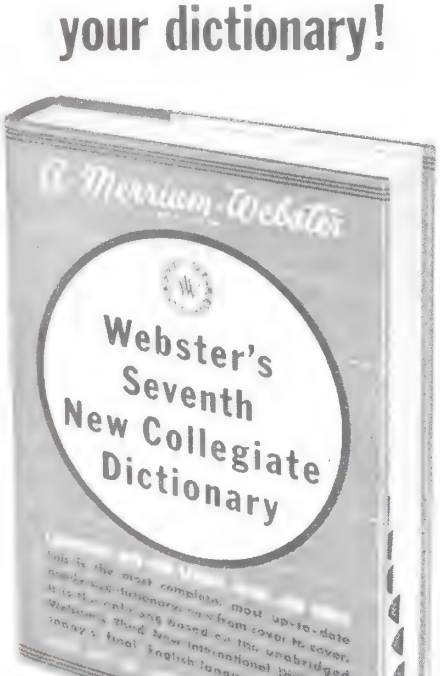
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appreciated fully only with a complete reading. But, beyond this, the book has a compelling relevance to our own day. Burns looks closely at the "triumph of Presidential government" and comes to fear not autocracy or irresponsibility, but rather success itself. He writes: ". . . this is the corruption of consensus—the attempt to find universal agreement on so many issues that great public purposes are eroded by a torrent of tiny problems solved by adjustment and adaptation. Ways and means are more and more rationally elaborated by increasing numbers of technicians for a society having less and less human purposes. . . . A great society," insists Burns, "needs not consensus but creative leadership and creative opposition—hence it needs the sting of challenge in a society rich with diversity and in a politics rich with dissent." This may be one of the major books of our generation, for it points with conviction to the problems of character and values which will enlarge or foreclose our future.

The Double Vision of Society

by Paul Pickrel

The Embezzler, by Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95.

Reviewing a new novel by Louis Auchincloss is a little like reviewing a new novel by C. P. Snow. Both men have clearly staked out their fictional worlds and firmly established their fictional techniques; both have settled down to work with apparent ease and impressive productivity in the tradition of the novel as social history, different as Auchincloss' old New York society of wealth is from Snow's new British society of talent; and both have by this time reached their appropriate audiences, which turn out to be large and ent si but by no means identical. S a book by either is not an oc si place the author, either am g peers or in relation to the e a public, for he has already d e most satisfactorily for m rather the task is to see how he book amplifies or otherwise a er vision of men in society at author has been creating.

The tension that braces th n of Louis Auchincloss is a m double vision of society: he d drawn to the conviction tha n certain times and places had i ism or a grandeur that they r lo have, but simultaneously h h strong suspicion that most n always been out to get all th and the splendor with which t y sometimes been able to surrou persons and their motives h largely a disguise. He both l e golden age of New York soc y doubts that it ever existed.

Consequently Auchinclos vates literary strategies tha e him to present his subject j ously, leaving it to the reade t cide who was knave and who w s In *The Embezzler* he tells h three times: first from the i view of Guy Prime, a well-co New Yorker who thought Wa was a gentlemen's club and a prison in 1936 for his miscon then from the point of view best friend, a poor boy out o England parsonage who, as th ful Wall Street banker he beca the choice between coverin Prime's defalcations or letting made an example of; and final the point of view of Guy Prime a refugee from the Europe of James trying to find her bear the financial society of New Y

The multiple narration pr the ambiguity of the subje neatly, but at a considerable There is a question whether Prime is quite worth such ar rate deployment of literary for lacks the power of charact depth of conviction, and the of idealism that energized the of Justin through Auchinclos more elaborate last novel. Hi gift, a kind of halo effect tha others to see him as slightly and more golden than life, a turn sees them, is extraordinar

Mr. Pickrel is managing editor of "The Yale Review" and teaches English at Yale University and Smith College.

IE NEW BOOKS

apture in first-person narra-
. the retrospective accounts
lose who once felt the power
effect but have since out-

ecesses of the novel lie less,
h the main character than
shifting views of the lesser
s, particularly Guy Prime's
nd father, and their rather
world of shabby gentility on
es of great wealth. With such
uchincloss' profound sense
mbiguity of life in society
orks, and the question
keeping up appearances is
or chivalry goes beyond a
tion of provincial pretense
upon something that almost
involves.

e of Everything,
Including
e Kitchen Sink

Daniel J. Boorstin

**S. A.: An Unexpected Fam-
rait of 194,067,296 Ameri-
wn from the Census,** by Ben
nberg in collaboration with
M. Scammon. Doubleday

imist, someone said, is a man
s bad when he feels good for
ll feel worse when he feels
or some years now this kind
mism has pervaded writing
merican life. It is a great re-
efore, to read about automo-
d washing machines instead
"poverty" or "urban blight"
nquency." There's something
lly soothing about a fact—
perhaps especially) if we're
what it means. The authors
readable book are adept at
us share their pleasure in
ts. And in these pages many
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many facts there really are about our collective self.

Drawing primarily on the Decennial Census of 1960 (the full reports of which actually fill seventeen feet of shelf space), brought up to date by the Current Population Surveys and other surveys since then, the authors tell us in lively prose how many of us are young or old, how much money we earn, how we spend it, what we own, where and how we live, and scores of other items about which we have been curious. They use these as benchmarks for the trends of recent decades.

The work is put together with such skill and imagination that the least mathematically minded of us will learn how to sharpen his generalizations about poverty, income, race, family, sex, religion, education, consumption, cities—in a word, about American Ways of Life. We learn, for example, that today a larger proportion of households (93 per cent by 1964) have television than have telephones (about 80 per cent). In 1960 almost 60 per cent of the families with less than $4,000 annual income had an automobile; this had been the figure for all families in 1950. But by 1960 nearly 80 per cent of *all* households had at least one car; ten million households (one in five!) had two cars; 1.3 million had three or more cars. During this same period, the increase in working wives has been spectacular. In 1960, 31 per cent of all married women were in the labor force (*i.e.*, actually working or looking for a job). For households with a family income of over $10,000, the 1960 figure was 38 per cent, compared with a figure for that group in 1949 of only 19 per cent. During the same period there has been a marked decline in the proportion of male workers who are self-employed (26 per cent in 1940; 21 per cent in 1950; 16 per cent in 1960). But there has also been a decrease in the percentage of employed males in unskilled labor (15 per cent in 1900; 12 per cent in 1940; 9 per cent in 1950; 8 per cent in 1960) and in the percentage of employed females in domestic service (28.7 per cent in 1900; 18.1 per cent in 1940; 8.9 per cent in 1950; 8.4 per cent in 1960). Illiteracy (20 per cent in 1870; 10.7 per cent in 1900; 7.7 per cent in 1940; 4.3 per cent in 1950; in 1960 reached a new low of 2.4 per cent. Until the decade of t most Americans did not at dergarten. In 1960 the med ber of school years complet persons over 25 was 10.5 yea pared with 8.6 years in 194 the median school years com persons aged 25-29 was 12 pared to 10.3 in 1940 and 8.3 If present trends continue, th the median for the whole p by 1980.

There has been a general in certain specific unpleasa For example, as late as 194 cent of all housing units had tub or shower and 35 per ce flush toilet; by 1960 thes were reduced to 12 per cen per cent. In 1940, as many cent of housing units cooked coal, or oil stoves, and 23 were still using wood as a fuel, 55 per cent were using 21 per cent had no electricity only 5 per cent cooked wi coal, or oil, only 4 per cent u as a heating fuel, and only 1 used coal. The 1956 housin showed that 99 per cent of had electricity; from then on tion was asked about electr As late as 1950, the housin was still asking about "kitch (nearly 15 per cent of dwell had none) and "refrigerati ment" (80 per cent mecha per cent ice); by 1960 these were superfluous. In 1960 three out of four America holds had washing machi substantially the same pr held for the families "in (*i.e.*, with family income $4,000).

The authors have taken perature, our weight, our he our blood pressure; but they tle to offer in the way of d Their optimism is based on t universal assumption that Better. But "more" is not a fining notion. More of what ample, "more" hours of leis "less" hours of work on j we better off with this "moreness" than we would qualitative improvement in isfactions of work? What ab mobiles? As the authors sh are far more motor vehicle United States than in the e of the world, and nowaday

HE NEW BOOKS

erican household (excluding
households, of which only
nt have automobiles) that
automobile has one. Yet, as
now, more cars and more
hours mean less of scores
things—including parking
at happens to the quality of
the landscape, and of our
other travelers?
ittenberg and Mr. Scammon
s one helpful, simple notion
lecting on. This is what they
Absence of Specific Human
1910 vs. 1960." "There is a
ence of misery' in that num-
ildren who don't die, and in
missing unskilled laborers;
illions of marriages that
arren, millions of women
't spinsters, millions of fam-
v undoubled, millions of
ot at work, tens of millions
certain illiterates who in-
read and write, millions of
now in the middle class, mil-
hildren who'll go to kinder-
illions of men who will re-
lthy and compensated at
or sixty-two, hundreds of
s of women who will never
in domestics, and hundreds
ands of farmers who own
ms and do not have to share-
ese non-miserable millions,
ons more like them, populate
we call the Better America."
e envy the Age of Cathedrals,
e are tempted down the gold-
ath to the Village that Never
would do well to see what
n growth has rid us of.

oks in Brief

y Roderick Cook

Fiction

l Mandala, by Patrick White.
s an engrossing book on an
theme. It's the story of twin
, living together in "Sarsa-
somewhere poor and ob-
Australia. Waldo and Ar-
e twins, complement each
neither's satisfaction. Wal-
a library clerk at fifty) is
ght and sensitive enough to

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other people to be tongue-tied and self-conscious in the saddest sense. Arthur (still a messenger boy at fifty) is simple, or simple-minded, enough to be cheerfully articulate (within his limitations) and self-conscious in the happiest sense. They live out their drab lives, tied together, with a fierce interdependence, a little like George and Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*, but more like the two tramps in "Waiting for Godot"—though the twins' story has a more dramatic ending, and a beastly one, at that.

It all sounds very depressing—this gray area of poverty and thwarted sensibilities, Down Under. But the exhilarating thing about the book is the special vigor and brio of the writing. It's not meant as a slight to Mr. White's own brand of wit, imagery, and dramatic wordplay to say that it reminds one of Dylan Thomas' stories.

The little tragedy is told with an air of detachment, like a sad and witty farce, chock-full of verbal nuts. The irony is sharp without being cutting; the compassion is built-in, not stated. And the book gets off to a fine start with a wickedly funny dialogue between two women on a bus that sounds like nothing so much as Angus Wilson and Harold Pinter at their sharpest, putting each other on.

Viking, $5

Some Doves and Pythons, by Sumner Locke Elliott.

A light, amusing skirmish with an artistic crowd, grouped round one Tabitha Rice, New York literary agent, one weekend at her place in the country. It's a neatly-cut jigsaw of professional hatchings and emotional mismatchings, pieced together with a lot of smart cracks and Dolce Vita overtones. But the total effect is oddly 'thirties; the dialogue and sentiments have the crackle and gloss of a Philip Barry comedy, and the lovelorn heroine—who ends up facing her fate as a Career Woman, bravely over brunch—is the younger Katharine Hepburn. It's a disappointment from the author of that very good novel, *Careful, He Might Hear You.*

Harper & Row, $4.95

The Tin Men, by Michael Frayn.

A lot of this British novel is taken up with a spoof on a Ceremonial Visit by Royalty to Declare Something Open, which is surely getting to be a very Olde Englishe joke indeed. Much brighter and funnier are the incidental fantasies invented by the Tin Men—the computer experts—whose institute Her Majesty is to visit. They suggest "a programme which will permit all the bingo games in the country to be run simultaneously from one central computer." There are "moral" computers who push inferior survivors off a raft (these are called "Samaritans"). There is talk of computers writing pornographic novels, which, after all, have a "very small range of finite variables." Best of all, the author (who is a well-known British journalist) describes the computer program to reduce newspaper reporting to something "soothingly familiar and yet calmingly incomprehensible." By the time he has shown the mileage to be got out of permutations of the headline "STRIKE THREAT PLEA PROBE MOVE SHOCK," one wonders just how much of the news really is fit to print.

Little, Brown, $4.95

The Evening of the Holiday, by Shirley Hazzard.

A blighted little idyll that takes place in Central Italy between Sophie, on summer vacation from London, and Tancredi, separated from his wife and family. The affair begins grudgingly and ends bittersweetly, while in between the lovers wander around the countryside being happy in an alert but foreboding way. Miss Hazzard is capable of such nice little reflections as, "Do you ever notice . . . how easy it is to forgive a person any number of faults for one endearing characteristic, for a certain style . . . while someone with many good qualities is insupportable for a single defect if it happens to be a boring one?" Unfortunately, she is also capable of referring to her heroine as "a delicate, resonant instrument," whose "thread of happiness was no stronger than the clasp of her fingers on his coat," while "an immune silence ticked towards its end." These things sadly tend to make up single defect among the many qualities, as quoted above.

Knopf,

The Egyptologists, by Kingsley and Robert Conquest.

A very funny book about a g of Englishmen who pretend to a society devoted to Egypto when what they are *really* up t only be described as "Sphinx ship." It would spoil the suspen the first few chapters to let out their secret is, but the fact that chapter is headed by a bland q tion from *Antony and Cleo* might give you a clue. The jo kept up splendidly throughout, some very funny turns of pl and twists of situation. It sh turn up soon as a marvelous m with Peter Sellers and Alec Guin playing all the parts.

Random House,

The Wizard of Loneliness, by Nichols.

The central character of this starts off as an angry young ma is mad at things like baseball, el spinsters, parents, grandparents skunks. What he really likes to to daydream dramatically, to lift, or to sit in the bathroon hours, reading *A Farewell to* or *Look Homeward, Angel.* Bu the end of the book, he has learn more tolerant and humanitarian tude to things—which is comm able, for he is still only eleven old. The setting is a small tow Vermont in 1944, and the rest o townsfolk have some intere problems too, particularly a brai airman who sneaks home, ha been presumed dead. Most of time, it's a brightly written though there gets to be a lot of re lessly lyrical bits and pieces w make the pace what is known as surely."

Putnam,

The Animal Family, by Ra Jarrell. Decorations by Ma Sendak.

A short parable, by the late about a lonely hunter who acq for himself the sort of family he he needs—which turns out to bear, a lynx, a small boy, and a maid. Beautifully produced and

Mr. Cook, now a New Yorker, was educated at Cambridge University. He is a regular reviewer in these columns and writes also for the theater and television.

OKS IN BRIEF

ly add) beautifully written, ich a "children's story" as *h Giant* or *The Little*

Knopf, $3.50

in the Bottle, by Manfred anslated by James Clark. e too put off by the pub- unting advertisement that biting satire on life in to- d by a significant new nov- East Germany." True, the ifaz, is that slightly well- erary figure, the innocent corrupt world—and he gets aky start by insisting that err be changed to Human- ; he then embarks on a se- caresque adventures, real ned, in places "where even d T.B.," with girls on whose could get the whole Old . . . in shorthand, with a ctice, of course," in situa- a war between Luxembourg South Wales on the Sardine The hero's quest for purity dummy sort, like that of Bonifaz is quite informed and is prepared to do any- t will let him remain what neutral, in Germany, after ar II. The book is remark- pecially considering its ecause the satire is really d imaginative: in its Ab- , it often strikes one as a mic Kafka. It has been very lated by James Clark.

Dutton, $4.50

Nonfiction

Hero, by John Pearson. llant story of the famous ng to emulate a famous par- makes glum reading. But grand and gripping story ing driver Donald Campbell, famous record-breaker Sir and how he made a bid for Speed Record in 1964. Well- and written with humor, it w the younger Campbell the bogey of his father's nd won his own on the flats yre, Australia. It's a touch- xciting adventure tale that commended to anybody, even have never wanted to look bonnet of a car.

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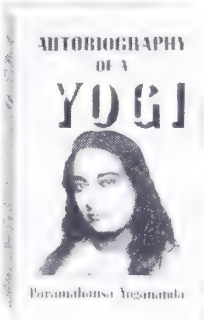
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ond and Third Piano Concertos with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia ML 6155, mono; MS 6755, stereo). The kind of inertia that resists so handsome and large-scale a piece as the G major Tchaikovsky can be explained only by the general and well-known laziness of pianists and conductors, who would much rather repeat a piece they know well. Ballet-goers, incidentally, may find they are unexpectedly familiar with both works: the G major as Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial*, the E flat as the same choreographer's *Allegro Brillante*. But at the ballet one never gets the kind of powerhouse performance that Graffman and Ormandy supply.

We mentioned baroque music earlier. The outpouring is staggering, and recording companies have fallen with special delight on Telemann, the well-known contemporary of Bach. There is at least one good reason for this; the man composed more music than Bach and Handel put together. The latest Telemann to come this way is the two-disc **Musique de Table,** played by the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis under the direction of August Wenziger (Deutsche Grammophon Archive 3236/7, mono; 73236/7, stereo). The contents of this album includes the usual baroque mishmash —an overture, a suite, a quartet for recorder and flutes, a concerto for three violins, and so on. The music bounces heartily along, rising and falling, obviously the work of a superior technician.

But it never *says* anything. Trying to pass Telemann off as a great composer, as many are trying to do, is equivalent to trying to pass off a mannequin in a Saks window as a live fashion model. The only thing in common is that both are well tailored. So is Telemann's music. Otherwise it is harmonically unadventurous, melodically undistinguished, rhythmically monotonous, and technically conventional. Perhaps its popularity these days comes from the fact that you don't have to think when you hear it. Basically it is wallpaper music, with much the same patterns endlessly repeated; and it has the emotional wallop of wallpaper. But the same is true of most of the one-two-three-four baroque music that is so much with us these days. An hour of it, and you can be dead from boredom. ||

jazz note

by Eric Larrabee

Dive

Jazz still has the happy fa producing music which stril ferent listeners in diametric fering ways—that is to say still come to it with sharply d demands. One of the demand warmth and simple, sensual p another is for challenge, ori passion. They both can't al met at the same time.

Last summer RCA Victor den division began a new called "Living Jazz," the wo group of New York prof musicians under the genera tion of woodwind-player Phil The intent is plainly to highly listenable music, main on *bossa nova* rhythms. "Her jazz that's both commerc good," wrote George T. Si the jacket of one record in th "Who said commercial jazz dull?"

One critic gave the series send-off. Writing in *High* John S. Wilson praised "cohesive, fluent group" for and airy performances full native touches." He descri ner's arrangements as " little gems of quiet joy, ca . . . with exceptional taste."

But the next record didn' well. Don Nelsen, writing *Beat*, answered Simon's que saying that commercial jaz *have* to be dull, "but it us The trouble with "studio these," he wrote, is that "jazz is an avocation, a thing and have fun with rather th time dedication. . . . It places on the imagination, nor bu fire in the breast."

Neither statement is disp the truthfulness of the ot records are delightful and th generate any divine dissati We are lucky still to be affor options.

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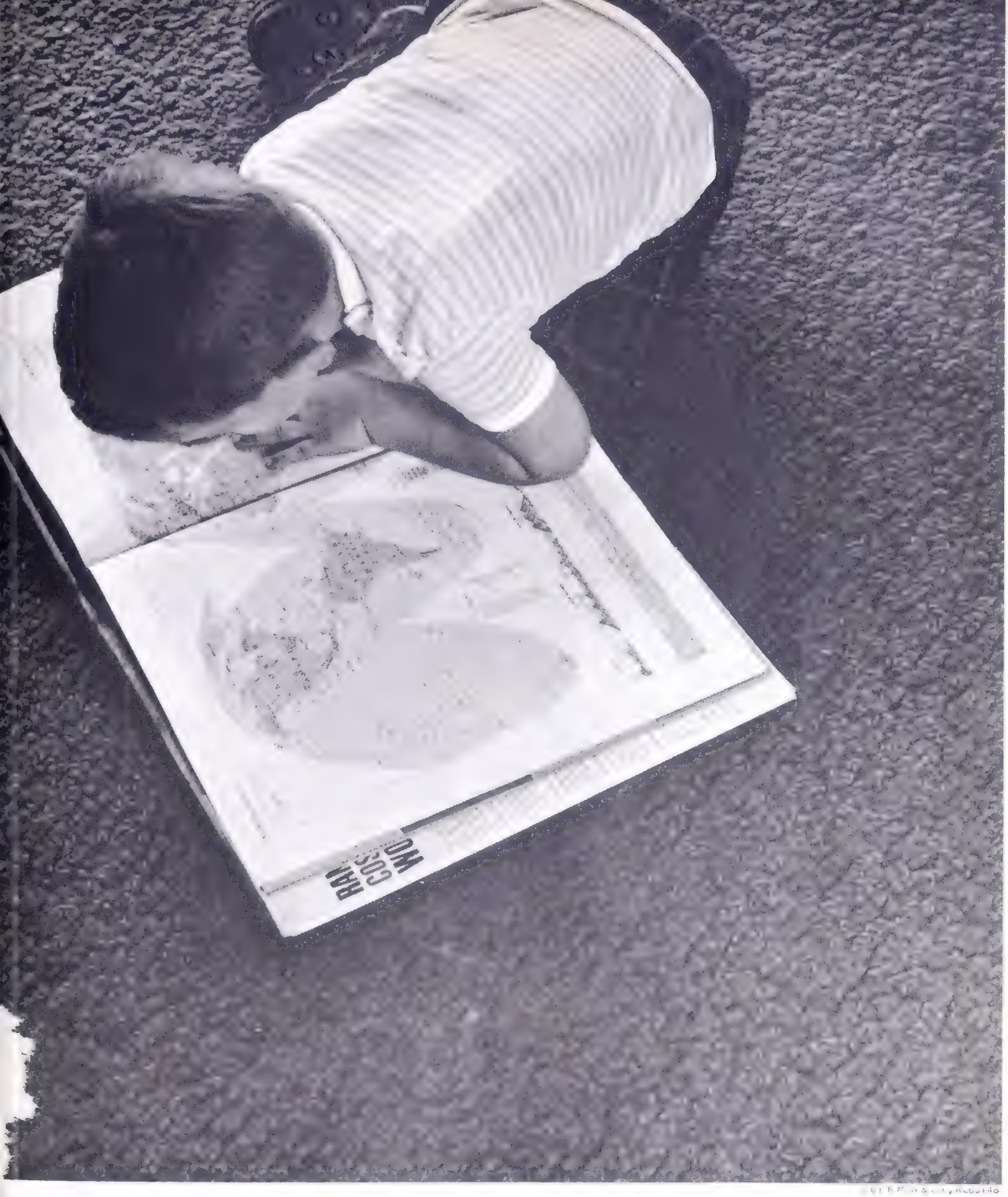
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Why are so many people like you now investing in stocks?

What are their goals?...Should you consider joining them?...The right way to start.

t now, you may be asking yourself her you should invest in stocks. re the year is out, an estimated 1 on people (many in financial posi- that may be similar to yours) will the step, joining the more than llion who now invest. Their basic vill be to make money, but many ave a more specific goal in mind.

as an example a man with several oung children. He wants them all e a college education. As a hedge st possible inflation, he invests of his money in common stocks n the hope that his investment will in value as the years pass and one lp him pay tuition expenses. Many s listed on the New York Stock nge have proved capable of such h in the past.

nagine a man who wishes to sup- nt his salary by building a second e. He might turn his attention to that have regularly paid divi- (Some 500 stocks listed on the nge have paid quarterly dividends years or more.)

idle-aged widow might have a different investment goal. Let's e her husband left her a com- le sum. It has to be her main rt for the rest of her life, how- n addition to buying common , she may decide to put some of nds in high-grade preferred and bonds because they usually good yield with relative safety.

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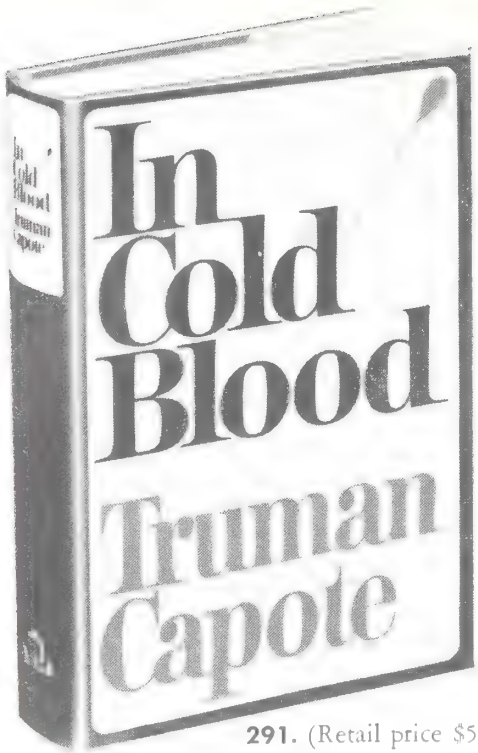
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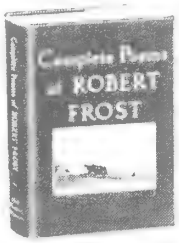
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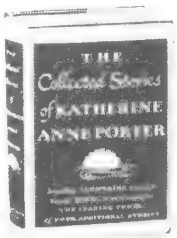
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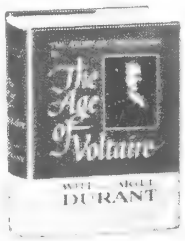
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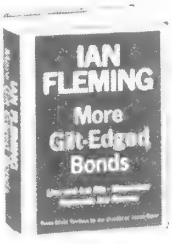
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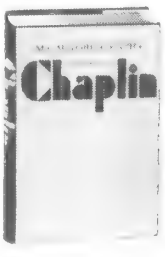
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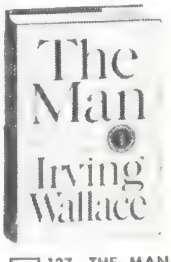
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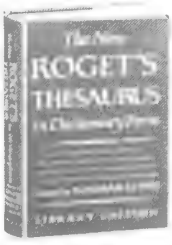
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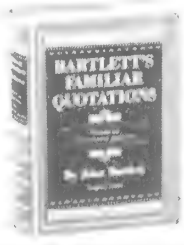
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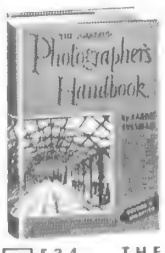
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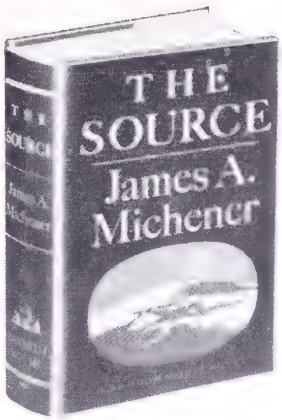
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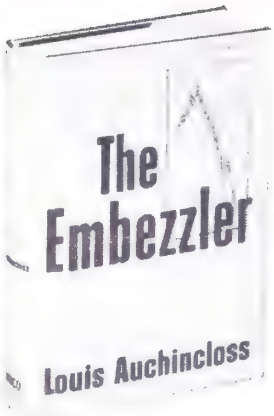
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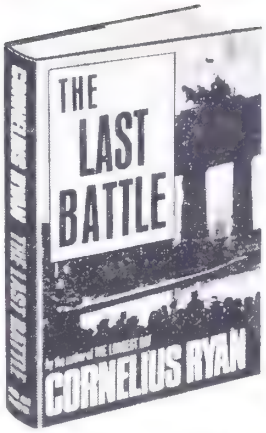
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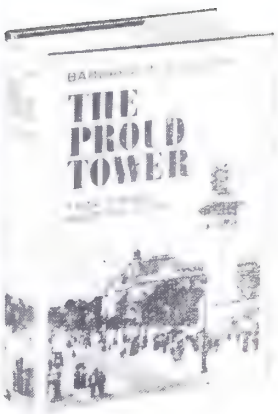
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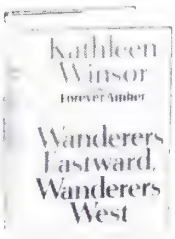
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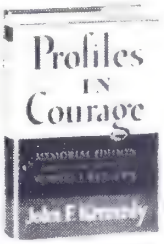
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Letters

Gavin's Strategy

General James M. Gavin, writing as a military-technician ["A Communication on Vietnam," Easy Chair, February], urges a retreat of our forces to coastal enclaves on the theory that "we are stretching these resources beyond reason in our endeavors to secure the entire country of South Vietnam from the Vietcong penetration." . . .

The question must be asked: have our options come to the bitter point that . . . retreat to a few coastal enclaves is our only choice and that we must hope for the best by seeking "a solution through the United Nations or a conference in Geneva"? The withdrawal to coastal enclaves would be a clear abandonment of the South Vietnamese, diminish our negotiating power, and establish the measure of our moral integrity and of the role we would play in world affairs in the future. . . .

There is no doubt that General Gavin is troubled deeply. His attempt to diagnose the South Vietnam situation solely from the military-technical point of view rests on an assumption that we are about "fed-up" and will not support an extension and reinforcement of military operations. On this he does violence to the political, philosophical, and moral considerations which are inseparable from the military-technical. . . .

I would suggest that the President and his advisers, both civilian and military, are better qualified to determine the capacity and will of the people of the U. S. to support further military commitments and to evaluate . . . future courses of action.

I am forced to say, in conclusion, that it surprises me that a professional soldier would assert that the military-technical point of view can be or should be divorced from other considerations, and then to proffer a solution involving a military retreat whose final validity would be determined at the conference table by the extent of our willingness to compromise, at the expense of the South Vietnamese, our honor and our political, philosophical, and moral commitments.

JAMES H. STRATTON
Brig. General, USA Retired
Englewood, N. J.

I think General Gavin's letter is a most significant contribution to the Vietnam debate. I am much heartened by it and have already referred to it in discussing our Vietnam policy on the Senate floor.

JOSEPH S. CLARK
U. S. Senator, Pennsylvania
Washington, D. C.

I am surprised—to put it mildly—at General Gavin's claim that his 1954 *Harper's* article ["Cavalry, and I Don't Mean Horses"] "was the genesis for [the Sky Cavalry] form of mobility for our ground forces." The fact is that the "vertical envelopment" concept for helicopter-borne assault—which is that of the much publicized Sky Cavalry—dates from the 1946-49 studies and experiments by the U. S. Marine Corps at Quantico, Camp Lejeune, and elsewhere.

The seminal concept was stated . . . in the December 16, 1946 report of the Marine Corps Board to the Commandant of the Marine Corps. Implementation began immediately. Within a year the Marine Corps had organized HMX-1, the first transport helicopter squadron in the Armed Forces. In May 1948 Exercise *Packard II*, at Camp Lejeune, featured the first helicopter "assault" by tactical units of the Armed Forces. *Packard II* also had the first carrier-based landing operations of helicopter troops.

When Korea exploded, the Marine expeditionary force which relieved Pusan Perimeter in August 1950 included a helicopter unit. . . . By 1953 Marine helicopters in Korea had already flown 18,607 combat sorties, transported or displaced 60,046 troops (many in tactical operations), and lifted 7,554,336 pounds of we[a]pons, equipment, and cargo. . . .

R. D. HEINL, [J]
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps (r[et.])
Washington, D[. C.]

Although a mere civilian engin[eer] I was privileged to serve on the [De]partment of Defense Weapon S[y]stems Evaluation Group (WSEG) [in] 1958. General Gavin should be c[om]mended for the conciseness [and] accuracy with which his "Commu[ni]cation on Vietnam" reflects the c[on]flicts of that year between Army [and] Air Force partisans. Surely the G[e]neral's long-range views, in both Ai[r] research and strategic planning fie[ld] are now conceded to have b[een] accurate. . . .

R. J. M[.]
St. Louis, [Mo.]

GENERAL GAVIN REPLIES:

I must say that General Stratto[n]'s letter is quite disappointing. On th[ree] occasions he suggests that I urg[e] "retreat to coastal enclaves," all [of] which suggests that he may not h[ave] read my letter. I suggested a th[or]ough evaluation of where we are [in] of the costs, a look at the alternati[ves] and what they might cost, and fin[al] an objective judgment on our part[y] what we should do. I did deny [the] validity of the concept of "url[im]ited bombing," as it might possibly [be] applied to Hanoi and Peking.

General Stratton's interest s[ug]gests the possibility of a discourse[on] Vietnam which would certainly [be] commendable, but unfortunately [he] doesn't seem to have read what I h[ave] written or, if he did, he didn't und[er]stand it.

Col. Heinl's letter is certainly [no] surprise since I was aware of the f[ine] work done by the USMC in lift[ing] marines from the carriers to port[s] helicopters and also their ship [to] shore movements as well. At ab[out] the time they began to experim[ent] with this, I was talking to the Na[vy] about troop carrier transports flyi[ng] off carriers also. Earlier, in 1941 I had worked with a Marine parachu[te] battalion, made my first free-f[all] jump with them, and had the high[est] regard for their imagination a[nd] capabilities. I regretted the inacti[on] tion of the unit when it occurred.

So often, when one postulates a n[ew] form of warfare based upon a cha[ng]ing concept, it is slow in adoption, b[ut]

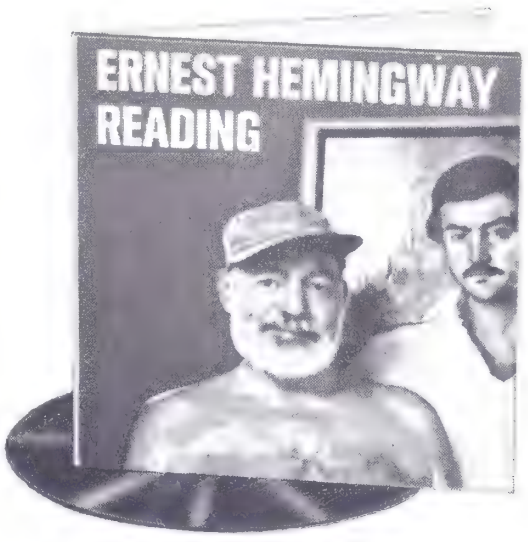
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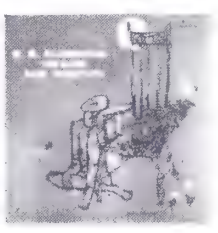
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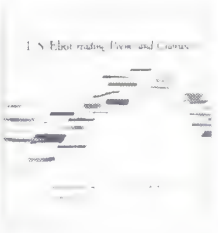
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once accepted, many take credit for the idea. I am sure there will be others besides Col. Heinl.

I began to experiment with helicopters in 1946 in the 82nd Airborne Division. Their potential was obvious, and for far more than merely troop-lifting. The Army was denied their purchase by the Chief of Requirements in the USAF, Major Gen. Carl Brandt. I called on him personally to try to change his decision, about 1948 or '49, to no avail. Hence, the Army was seriously short of this type of mobility in Korea. It was clear to me at this time, and I wrote a book on this subject in 1947, that the parachute-glider combination of World War II was woefully inadequate in providing a mobility differential so essential to success in land combat. I continued to experiment and test helicopters in Europe in 1951, '52, and '53. Out of this came a conviction that the helicopter should be adapted to a complete new system and that it would entail the development of reconnaissance helicopters, support helicopters, command helicopters, and logistical support helicopters. If Col. Heinl will read the Sky Cavalry piece, he will find the development of the idea from the inadequacies of the Normandy airborne assault to the concept of the Sky Cavalry unit as a completely integrated system. . . .

In conclusion, I would like to emphasize again how much respect I have for the work done by the USMC in the use of helicopters, as well as their work with parachutes and gliders, as they, too, sought to find a new form of mobility twenty-five years ago. The important thing now is that both the USMC and the Army get on with the next significant innovation in tactical combat; there is challenge for all and credit enough, I am sure, to go around.

Critic on the Spot

Having read carefully Barbara W. Tuchman's *The Proud Tower* as a reviewer for the *Christian Science Monitor* and now having read Prof. Klaus Epstein's review [The New Books, February], I would say that if a more unjust, unfair review has been published anywhere about any book in a serious publication it has escaped my notice. Prof. Epstein . . . has not reviewed Mrs. Tuchman's brilliant social history. He has patronized the book, a recent tendency among what are "professional" historians who find competition from non-Ph.D.s as much violative of their self-generated rules as a union steamfitter resents a non-union competitor.

Take the sentence—"Informed readers will be annoyed by a good many minor factual inaccuracies . . ." How many is "a good many" . . . And what is a *minor* inaccuracy? And, above all, why not an example of just one or two "minor" inaccuracies? Pedantry is bad enough but at least it should present some documentation when it makes serious charges against a serious work of history.

Let me say that I did not find Mrs. Tuchman's book without flaw or blemish. There are misspellings of several proper names . . . In my review, I cited stylistic lapses which . . . demonstrated that occasionally Mrs. Tuchman has a fallible ear. What she does not suffer from are the sins imputed to her by Prof. Epstein. He accuses her of giving "very little information about who the protagonists were and why they lined up as they did" in the battles between the imperialists and the anti-imperialists in the U. S. or between revisionism and Marxist orthodoxy in European socialism. But the book clearly—not in close monographic detail, of course—does give this information. He taxes her for allegedly having "changed" her mind as she wrote *The Proud Tower* about the quality of prewar society, implying that avoiding a prioristic rigidity is some kind of self-betrayal by an author. "She has no theory to sustain and none to refute, and few biases . . ." Is it not obvious that when the historian selects his materials, shapes them, fits them and produces the final work somewhere there is "a theory"?

I am a reviewer and I suppose the regulations of my "craft" forbid one reviewer publicly attacking another reviewer. Yet the whole business of reviewing has been so cheapened by the lack of critical standards, by lack of understanding and generosity toward serious writers (the miserably low-level attacks on Lionel Trilling in the *New York Review of Books* and the *New Leader* are two recent examples), the "in" coterie jealousies, the covert psychic motives for cruelties masquerading as critical judgments that I must protest public Prof. Epstein's review, as an exa ple of that *deformation professiona* particularly among those who fi it intolerable that non-Ph.D.s—am teurs!—should be so graceless as invade the regal deer park. . . .

ARNOLD BEICHMA
New York, N.

PROF. EPSTEIN REPLIES:

I regret that Mr. Beichman and differ on the merit of Mrs. Tuchmar book, but a letter to the editor is n the place to argue this question detail. It would be pedantic to iter ize here the minor inaccuracies to l found in *The Proud Tower*, supe fluous to repeat the general criticisr directed against the book in my r view, and undignified to enter in an argument about motives. I w address myself instead to the gener question raised by Mr. Beichmar letter—the relationship between ac demic and popular history.

There exists, of course, a freque conflict between academic historian often too exclusively concerned wi scholarship, and popular historian often too exclusively concerned wi vivid writing; but the conflict neither irreconcilable nor inevitabl Many of today's leading historians to give only two examples, C. Wedgwood and Arthur M. Schle inger—succeed in combining schola ship with popular appeal. (Neithe incidentally, possesses a Ph.D.; n professional historian thinks th worse of them for that.) Both illu trate the gratifying fact that it possible to write vivid history for th general reader while at the same tin maintaining meticulous scholar standards, differentiating betwee the important and the unimportan asking searching questions about period, and developing coherent in terpretations. My criticism of Mr Tuchman is that her book does no meet *these* criteria of first-rate hi tory; that it has many *other* merits have already acknowledged. Her boo is, to repeat, readable and popular but it is also, in my judgment, pr tentious and superficial.

Breeding Peop

I have just read and enjoyed "Gen tics and the Survival of the Unfit" Lucy Eisenberg [February]. It w

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d which one would you give as a gift?



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roid Color Pack Camera.

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Well?

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The [illegible] Conquistadores [illegible] or town hall. It has been restored, from roof to dungeon, as an antique store. Photos by Tom H

Something beautiful is happening to Old San Ju

The people of Puerto Rico are restoring this historic American city brick by brick, beam by beam and balcony by balcony. Today, Old San Juan is beginning to look like a brand-new 18th-century city.

Its cathedral is older than St. Paul's in London. Its governor's mansion is older than Versailles. Its fortress was repelling the English and Dutch long before Louis XIV built Versailles.

But Old San Juan was beginning to feel its age. Paint was peeling, balconies were teetering.

Then a few years ago, an old Spanish town house was restored to its original elegance, and turned into a museum for rare books. Next, a 300-year-old convent became a luxury hotel. And suddenly, the rejuvenation of the aristocratic old city was under way.

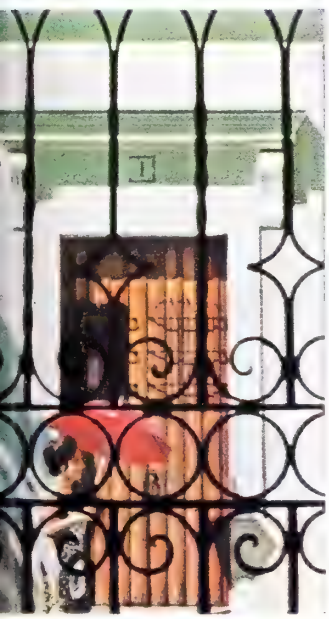
The people of Old San Juan are painstakingly restoring town houses and transforming them into antique stores, art galleries, shops, restaurants—even night spots. Or they are restoring as dream homes with patios, bal elegant arches and ceilings with ancient ironwood.

Authentic replica

Puerto Rico's Institute of C guides the owners by digging ou inal plans, and by advising on aut furniture and décor. Someday, O Juan will be virtually a brand-new century city, but already the hints of the elegant replica to c



La Casa del Arte, one of many new
es and museums which find ideal
the city's restored town houses.



xterior of restored town houses,
re become dream homes for writers,
sicians, executives and expatriates.



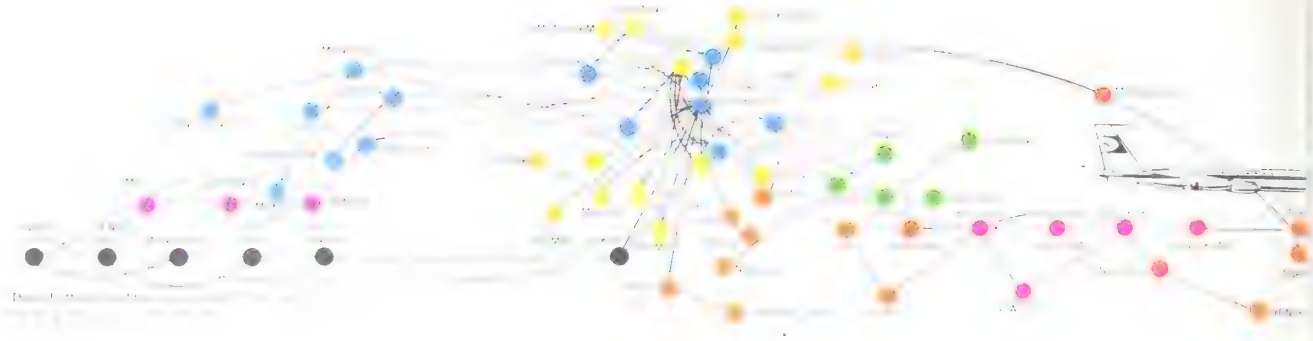
Hotel El Convento, above, was once a convent. Here you see the Ponce de León Room, decked out with tapestries, chandeliers and furniture from Spain. Some restored town houses are now night spots. Below, Las Cuevas d'Altimira.



valk past the "new" buildings,
become aware of the vigor-
spirit of Puerto Rico. Here is
creating whole new industries
t can have new homes, new
a higher standard of living.
it pulls itself up by its boot-
is young Commonwealth still
its heritage. The restoration
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LETTERS

ndeed to tackle the subject of sis and excellently done!

article contains one error. . . . osomal recessive inheritance, oth parents heterozygous for a deleterious gene, it is not "one four children" who will be af- Rather, *each* child has a one- chance of being affected. is a critical difference. When child is born with a disease in- in this way, the parents fre- believe that their next three normal because they have had one child in four." It's an in- y difficult job to get them to tand and accept the fact that ond child also has a 25 per cent of inheriting the same disease. does often happen!

VIRGINIA APGAR, M.D., M.P.H.
Director, Division of
Congenital Malformations
The National Foundation
New York, N. Y.

Man has been bombarded with on for thousands of years. It ly produced the mutations that d in man being different from nkey. I personally can't help this an improvement, as get- me in my car is certainly eas- n swinging through the trees.

DANIEL M. LANE, M.D.
Memphis, Tenn.

ould like to commend your ine on its publication of the ex- y important article "Genetics e Survival of the Unfit." How- would like to clarify the point Genetic Alert is still a pilot m. . . . At this stage . . . blood s are not obtained from *every* by brought into the clinics, as in your article. It is our hope pon successful completion of ot phase of Genetic Alert, this health advantage can be made le on a much broader scale. In ir major goal is to prove the lity and advisability of routine for genetic conditions among tomatic children as standard health procedure, thus making e early treatment and genetic ling. This, indeed, would be a step forward in preventive ne.

RUTH Y. BERINI,
Exec. Dir., Nat. Foundation for
Neuromuscular Diseases, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

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LETTERS

Managing the S

Allan R. Talbot's description difficulties of city school admi tion is unhappily accurate ["N A New Breed of School Super dent," February]. Public educa short of bright ideas; certifi requirements for superintende often indefensible; public pr frequently makes their jobs impossible.

These are perfectly sound ments, but they don't suppor Talbot's conclusion that the s would be in better shape if they directed by "nonprofessional" tives.

Some of the worst school have come in cities where the intendents are known best for executive skill, their capacity t things done." They are in troub cause they have gone briskly getting traditional things done they would better have been le their boards, staffs, and commu in finding more promising thi do.

The successful superintende day is intelligently sensitive t forces that are now reshaping A can society, and has the profes competence to respond to them ucational terms.

To argue that the top executi a school system should be no than an effective administrato pending for educational exp wholly on his subordinates, argue that priority in education form should be given to speed r than direction, that operating ciency is more important than nose, tone, and substance. schools closer to the heart of country's concerns than they ever been, wouldn't it make sense to put a first-class educat charge, under a wise and stable b and to give him the professional executive staff he needs to get th done? Effective management is a dispensable in education as in other field, but it is not to be fused with professional leadersh statesmanship. . . .

To be good enough for the job superintendent must be able, in Gardner's words, to "conceive articulate goals that lift people o their petty preoccupations, them above the conflicts that t



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Of course such people are ha
find, but the chances of finding
will be a good deal better if w
cide seriously to look for them
stating the problem to fit an
answer just won't do.

JOHN H. FISCHER,
Teachers C
Columbia Univ
New York,

I was delighted with "Neede
New Breed of School Superi
dent." As an educator who has
considerable time working on in
ship programs for teachers an
ministrators, I can testify to the
dom of Mr. Talbot's article.

ALEXANDER ROSENBLATT, Pri
Henry Bruckner Junior High S
New York,

Clarific

I was dismayed and shocked t
excerpts from a personal letter
published in the January iss
Harper's without any clearance
me or permission from me. I
therefore ask you to publish th
ter *in toto* (including this
graph) in your next issue.

I used the word "petulance"
regard to Governor Stevenson
shorthand communication be
two members of his 1952 cam
staff well acquainted with his
ness for amiable grumbling and
plaint in the presence of his f
—as Senator Benton put it in h
ter, "his habit of talking to him
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publication, I would have place
exceedingly unimportant trait
context and emphasized the
that your piece greatly exagge
Stevenson's alleged indecisiv
He was occasionally indecisive
himself but very rarely about hi
cies or beliefs.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGE
The Institute for Advanced
Princeton

*We regret the inclusion o
Schlesinger's comments among
published concerning the Nov
1965 Easy Chair, and we are g
to him for his clarification.*

—THE EDIT



Hotel Good.

In Switzerland, even when a hotel is Bad, it's good.

Bad means "bath" or "spa". You know what good means.

Whether they're lakeside grand palaces, or spotlessly clean country inns, they've been made good by the application of two principles:

(1) Strict training in the art of Swiss service maintained through an apprentice system.

(2) Family ownership that guarantees that the high standards will be passed on from generation to generation.

The result is hotels known for the little things: Service in the Grand Manner.

So much food that it's nearly too much of a good thing.

Gigantic eiderdown comforters that turn beds into clouds.

And the language problem. Since just about everyone speaks English, there isn't any.

Swiss hotels are one of the reasons Switzerland is the best way to begin Europe.

Once you see how good Bad can be, you'll know good from bad wherever else you travel.

You reach Swiss hotels on Swissair jet flights from New York ($360 round trip*) or Chicago ($435 round trip*) to Switzerland.

Call your travel agent or Swissair in principal cities.

It's the only way in the world to get good Swiss hotel service at 30,000 feet.

✈SWISSAIR

Tactical Missiles: A report from General Dynamics

Evening the odds against surprise attack:

Even for those who weren't there, newsreels of World War II and the Korean War have made this scene familiar:

Troops are moving along a road or field. Suddenly, an enemy plane swoops out of the sky with machine guns and cannons blazing. Troops scatter for cover. A few fire at the disappearing plane—but in vain

Today, the foot soldier does not have to head for cover. He has an equalizer. Now the scene would go like this:

An enemy plane is seen in the distance. An infantryman shoulders a weapon that resembles a bazooka. Through an eyepiece he sights the plane, squeezes a trigger and a missile whooshes out of the tube. Seconds later, the plane explodes.

Such a weapon is now moving into the hands of field troops. It is made by General Dynamics and called Redeye. It is a tactical guided missile designed to be used by one man.

The bullet that gets a second chance:

A bullet or shell is affected by gravity and wind, but, by and large, once fired it continues in the direction it was originally pointed.

A sharp eye, a steady arm and an accurate gun are all you need to hit a stationary target.

A moving object has to be "led"—the gunner judges where the moving object will be in a few fractions of a second and points his bullet there.

But to "lead" an airplane traveling at the speed of sound, miles high and able to change its direction in a hurry, you need a guided missile.

An effective surface-to-air weapon must be capable of fast reaction. Its warhead must be powerful enough to destroy an attacking plane. Its speed and range must be enough to reach the attacking aircraft before the plane's offensive weapons can be launched against ground troops.

But the real key is in the word *guided*.

The guided missile, like its evasive target, can be steered and sometimes steer itself. In fact, you might call a tactical guided missile a "bullet that gets a second chance."

Let's take a look at three produced by General Dynamics—Terrier, Tartar as well as Redeye—to see how some tactical missiles work. All are essentially defensive weapons.

Terrier and Tartar are supersonic, solid-fueled missiles used by the United States Navy. Both have what is known as "semi-active homing" guidance. This involves a complex of shipboard radar and computers, combined with sensing, computing and controlling devices within the missile itself.

When search radar aboard a ship finds an oncoming target, a radar illumination beam, controlled through a central computer, seeks out the attacking plane. The radar waves reflected from the airplane are picked up by a sensor in the nose of the missile, which will chase its target to intercept ev the plane changes course several t

Terrier:

Terrier is the bigger of the two. C launcher aboard a Navy cruiser, about 27 feet long. The first 15 fe the missile proper. The second 12 tain a booster rocket for propulsi

Terrier is always ready to go. A within the instant that the illumin beam fastens on the approaching craft, Terrier is triggered.

The booster blasts the missile o launching rack. The finder is alr receiving the reflected beam fron target. Two small charges withir missile have already ignited. Their



Terrier (27 feet)

ing gases turn two small turbines. provides power for the guidance control systems. The other opera hydraulic pump whose fluids mov small guidance fins on the missile's

As the booster burns out and drops away, a sustainer rocket w the missile proper commences firi continue necessary velocity to inter

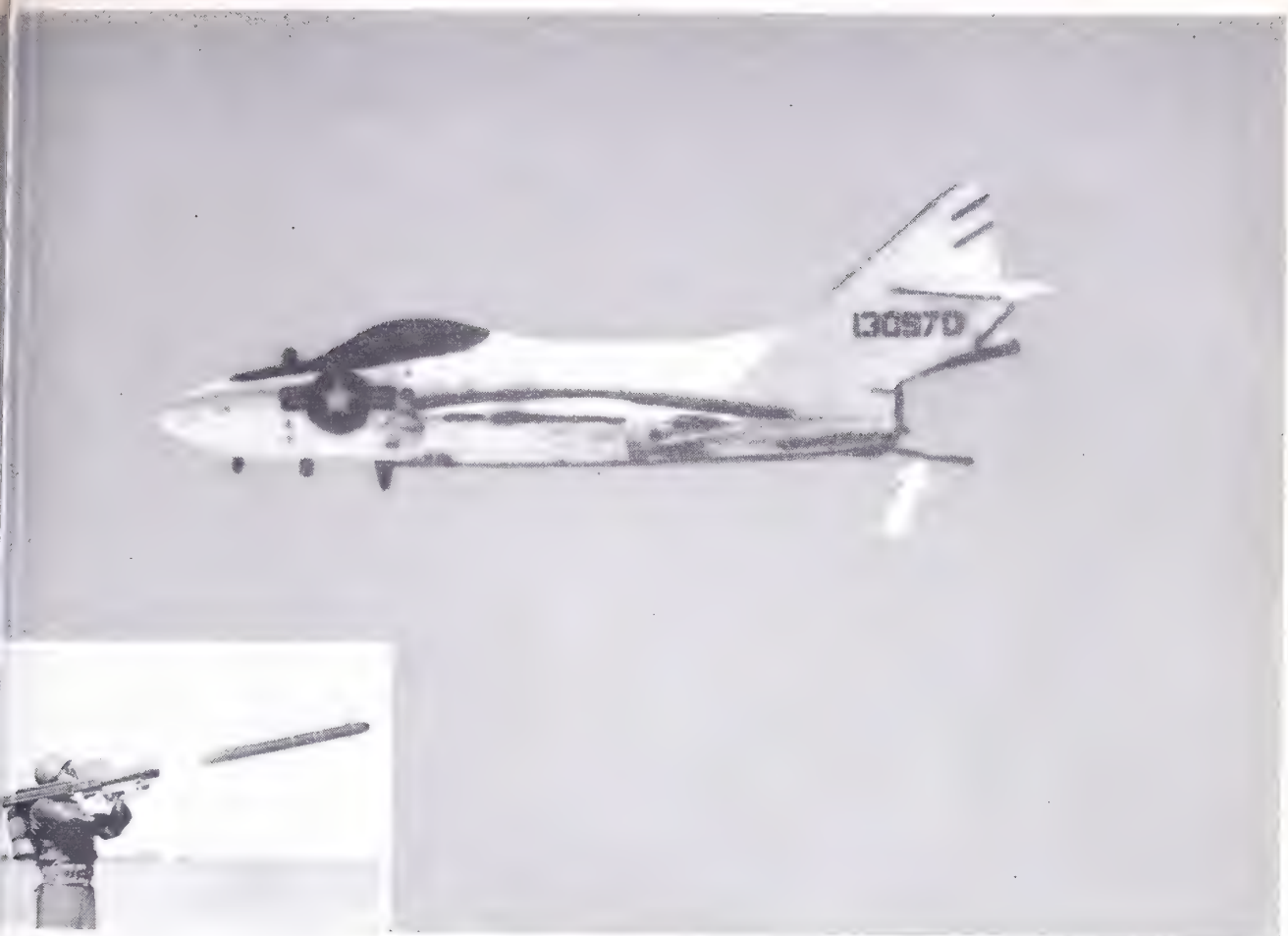
Tartar:

Tartar is similar to Terrier, but r compact (15 feet long and about 1 pounds compared to 27 feet and a 3,000 pounds for Terrier).

Its booster and sustainer are c bined into a single-rocket engine. W



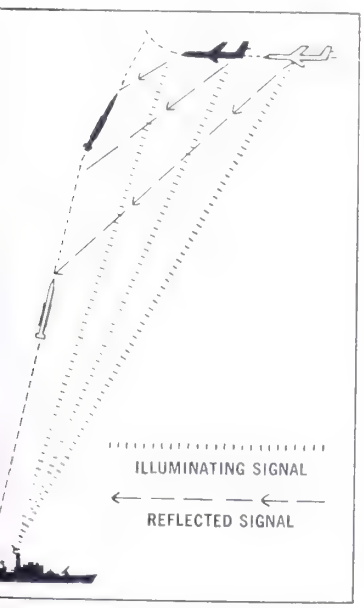
Above: Cruiser fires a Terrier. **Right:** Diagram shows radar waves sent from a ship and reflected from a plane being received by sensor in nose of the missile. Even if the plane takes evasive action, the missile will change course to intercept.



An infantryman (above) fires a Red-
e missile at a target drone airplane.

2. This is an actual photo of a Redeye missile (arrow) entering the jet exhaust of a drone airplane. Immediately after this photograph was taken, the plane exploded.

ar gets its signal, the engine gener-
high initial thrust to shoot aloft.
reduces its force to provide the
sustained velocity to reach and
e a distant target.
oth Terrier and Tartar, in spite of
size, can be fired repetitively al-
as fast as a bolt-operated rifle.



agram shows how missile changes
urse as the target changes course.

Stored in automated magazines, they can be lifted onto a launcher, hooked into the central computer radar control and fired within seconds.

Ships equipped with Terrier or Tartar can defend themselves against an armada of attacking aircraft today far more effectively than would have been possible against a single aircraft ten years ago.



Tartar (15 feet)

Redeye:

Redeye is designed to destroy low-flying aircraft rather than high-altitude supersonic attackers. Four feet long and three inches in diameter, it weighs only 28 pounds complete with its launcher.

Redeye's heat-seeking guidance is wholly self-contained. Reaction time is little more than it takes the soldier to lift the launcher to his shoulder, find the attacking aircraft in the sighting scope and squeeze the trigger. By that time, Redeye's infrared sensor has locked onto the source of heat it must follow.

A small charge projects the missile from its launching tube. At a distance far enough to protect the soldier from rocket blast, a fuse lights the major rocket charge. Miniature computer circuitry within the missile directs a set of steering fins which enable Redeye to change direction as necessary and chase the target at supersonic speed until it intercepts it.



Redeye missile (4 feet)

During the long history of combat, the advantage of surprise has almost invariably lain with the attacker. The modern tactical missile now more than evens the odds for the defender. At General Dynamics we are already developing newer ones with still more punch.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS



Billboards, Glass Houses, and the Law

by Richard F. Babcock

The guest in the Easy Chair this month—a partner in a Chicago law firm—is active as a lecturer, consultant, and trial lawyer in the field of zoning and city planning. This article is adapted from his talk in Austin to the Texas Conference on Our Environmental Crisis. Mr. Babcock serves on the board of directors of the American Society of Planning Officials and on many other public and professional commissions.

I am delighted that junkyards and billboards are at last getting the attention of the White House. Their indiscriminate presence has been too long a national outrage. I am dismayed, however, by a growing American tendency to treat beauty as something akin to a municipal bond issue for sanitary sewers—a matter to be resolved by a majority vote. Surely it is not necessary to come out foursquare for ugliness in order to sound a note of caution in our present burst of national conscience over the preservation of natural beauty.

Once we have disposed of the "bad guys" represented by billboards and junkyards, there is a danger that we will shift our campaign for natural beauty into one labeled aesthetics and then direct our communal wrath to that which is different or merely "out." We need look no further than the widespread suburban effort to control housing design in the name of aesthetics to suspect that precisely this is happening. Who, in the name of beauty, is next? Our neighbor in his crazy hexagonal house?

When one embarks on a campaign to make aesthetics a public issue in a democracy, the line between the conservationist and the philistine is narrow. Once we move from the scenery along the public highway to the design of structures we verge on an area where I, for one, would accept the consequences of individual choice—with all its risks—rather than permit a consensus to have the force of law. If it follows that I must defend the most tasteless developer as well as a Frank Lloyd Wright, I accept that burden. Neither I nor my contemporaries should have the power to deny the next generation the right to judge whether our efforts had grace or were ugly.

Ugly, or Merely Different?

My fear that we will not distinguish between the "ugly" and the "different" has some basis in our legal history.

From the earliest court decisions on the regulation of billboards, the articulated rationale was that they endangered the public health and safety because, as one judge said, they "promote immorality, constitute hiding places and retreats for criminals and all classes of miscreants."

Now (to steal a phrase from that aesthete Li'l Abner) "as any fool can plainly see," the main offense of the billboard is that it offends everyone's taste by intruding upon the landscape. Legal commentators have teased the courts for decades over the judicial pretense that this regulation was designed to discourage a miscellany of offenses against public morals and safety. On reflection, however, I wonder whether this pretense was not a good illustration of the usefulness of the myth in judge-made law. For one thing, as long as the hazards of robbery and furtive fornication were stated bases for regulation, the comparative aesthetic quality of signs was not an issue.

Suppose aesthetics were the articulated rationale of regulation. What then would we do with the billboard which carried a tolerable reproduction of a Rembrandt or Picasso, but which, by an optical trick (viewed at an angle of 45 degrees from a car going 60 MPH) flashed to the driver "DRINK BURPO" for one-tenth of a second. (The subliminal along the roadside!) Or, putting aside the constitutional issue, could a regulatory doctrine based on aesthetics cope with the sign that carried only the words, "Jesus Saves"?

Or how would we take care of those services in an industrial society that probably cannot be made to work if they must be aesthetically acceptable? Consider the case of one Henry C. Soto of San Pedro, California, reported in *Forum* magazine, who transformed a public dump into something he called "Disposal Gardens." Soto replaced a wire fence with bamboo and installed some plantings. The rub was that the dump showed up so pretty that truckers passed it by, assuming it was no longer a dump site. So Mr. Soto was forced to erect another sign to counteract the decor.



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d half-timbering you see in the picture, and for
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The population explosion hasn't caught us sleeping.

We made the Volkswagen Station Wagon big enough to hold about twice as much as a regular station wagon.

So why not two families?

There'd be seats enough (9). And luggage space enough (13 pieces). And enough windows to go around (21). And 5 doors, not counting the sunroof.

Also, you'd be able to split fuel bills. (It averages 23 mpg to begin with).

And you could park our 2 Family Wagon in 4' less sp than a 1 family wagon.

The problem, naturally, is to find another family with same tastes in drive-in restaurants and movies, and such.

However, maybe you already have enough people belongings around your house to fill two wagons.

Then all your problems are solved.



new sign said, "PUBLIC DUMP. TRANCE."

ne solution to Mr. Soto's dilemma ggested by the battle cry of a Des nes, Iowa, group dedicated to ning up the roadsides. They pro- d the slogan: "Help beautify yards. Throw something lovely y today!"

ntil recently—as long as the courts sed to concede that aesthetics the real basis for control over oards and dumps—no one could a billboard decision as a prece- for an ordinance intended to e a choice between competing es in houses or office buildings. , however, there is evidence that judicial legend of traffic hazards, lurking highwaymen, and the have run their time, and in order ıstain municipal control over bill- ds and other annoyances the ts have found a correlation be- en aesthetics and the general wel- .

The Case of the Flapping Bloomers

ere you a judge, how would you on this one? The City of Rye, York, passed an ordinance that in part: "No clotheslines, drying s, poles or similar devices for ging clothes, rags or other fab- shall be erected or maintained in ont yard or side yard abutting a et."

here was no question that this law aimed at Mrs. Webster Stover, , as a lively protest against her l taxes, had five years previously g clothes on a line in her front l and each year thereafter for years had added an additional nesline.

n 1961," said the court, "there- , six lines, from which there hung ered clothing, old uniforms, un- vear, rags and scarecrows were ng across the Stovers' yard. . . ." he Stovers were denied a special nit, they did not remove the le of linens, and in due time they pinched. They defended on the nd that the ordinance was uncon- ıtional because it interfered with speech and deprived them of r property without due process of

he New York Court of Appeals not put much stock in the free-speech argument. But it was more troubled by their additional argument that the ordinance was nothing more than an attempt to regulate "aesthetics." The City Attorney had read the old billboard cases and in his brief he gave the Court a chance to fall back on the old litany of health and safety by arguing that the ordinance was "intended to provide clear visibility at street corners and in driving out of driveways, and thus avoid and reduce accidents; to reduce distractions to motorists and pedestrians; and to provide greater opportunity for access in event of fires."

I surmise the Court sensed that even the best of fables eventually are played out and it had to face up to the facts of suburban life—at least in Westchester County. Though it struggled a bit with the traditional distaste of the bench for aesthetics as a legal yardstick, the Court upheld the ordinance because, as Justice Fuld said, "It simply proscribes conduct which is unnecessarily offensive to the visual sensibilities of the average person."*

". . . *the visual sensibilities of the average person.*" What a dreadful criterion for public regulation in a democratic society! Justice Fuld's language will haunt us. Let me illustrate with a hypothetical case:

The Gracious Outdoor Advertising Company proposes to erect a series of 20 x 40 foot billboards in the County of Jefferson in the State of Franklin. They will intrude upon the first breathtaking panorama of the foothills of the Iroquois Mountains. The County of Jefferson bans them, the GOA takes the County to court, and eventually the case reaches the Supreme Court of Franklin. The County makes two arguments. First, the area is a popular ski resort, there are two colleges, and even in the midst of a blizzard students love to love behind billboards. The second argument is that billboards are ugly, the foothills are beautiful, and in the name of aesthetics the regulation should be sustained.

All the judges agree the collegiate seduction argument is preposterous but only six out of the seven go for the aesthetic ploy. They accept Justice Fuld's thesis in Mrs. Stover's bloomer case: the billboards unnecessarily offend the visual sensibilities of the average man. The regulation is sustained.

The seventh judge (whose wife undoubtedly makes mobiles for a Jefferson department store) is disturbed. So he concurs with the decision but says:

> I agree that the ordinance which forbids the erection of billboards within 400 feet of this public highway in an area where their presence will intrude upon a superb view of Bald Mountain and Twin Buttes is a valid regulation by the County. I cannot, however, accept the rationale that this ordinance is within the scope of the general welfare because these advertisements offend "the visual sensibilities of the average person." I sustain this regulation because these commercial promotions are undertaken for one reason only: that the county and nation have made this unusual vista available by the construction of this highway; and the nation or its agency, the county, may impose reasonable conditions upon or limit any effort to profit from this expenditure of public funds. Furthermore, I uphold the prohibition not because the proposed commercial enterprise offends the sensibilities of the *average* man but because it would outrage the conscience of *every* man be he the most abysmal ignoramus or the most rebellious artist.

Three years later an apparently similar case comes before the Supreme Court of Franklin. An area in the County of Jefferson is zoned for single-family, detached houses on 10,000 square foot lots, each house required to have a facing of red brick but with a roof line varying from its neighbor by not less than five nor more than eight feet. Louis Sullivan Wright owns two adjoining 10,000 square foot lots and proposes to erect a duplex, hexagonal in shape, with aluminum siding. His proposal will not increase the density of development nor cause more children to be thrown on the schools; in short, it will not impose greater burdens on public facilities than had two detached dwellings been built on the two adjoining lots. His plan is turned down—naturally—by the Architectural Review Board of Jefferson as not consistent with the character of the neighborhood, and the case eventually reaches the Supreme Court of the state.

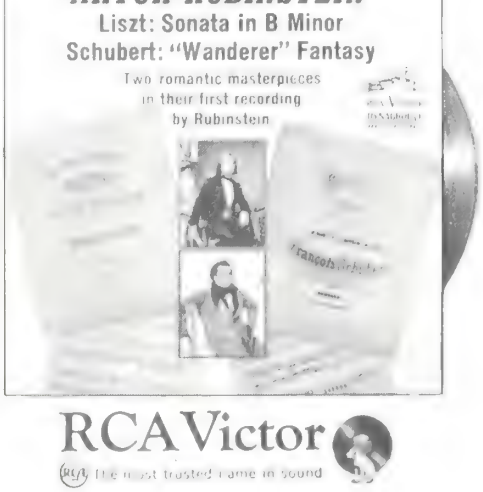
**People v. Stover*, 12 N. Y. 2d 462, 191 N.E. 2d 272 (1963).



Rubinstein

Two treasured "firsts" on one disk

Record collectors have long awaited Rubinstein's recording of Liszt's *Sonata in B Minor*, considered by many to be the great composer's finest virtuoso music. The occasion is made doubly exciting by his performance on the same disk of Schubert's *"Wanderer" Fantasy*—a composition which Rubinstein has not performed for some sixty years. Rubinstein's masterly sense of control transforms Liszt's difficult work into one great musical arch from beginning to end. And Rubinstein gives a beautifully paced reading of the *"Wanderer" Fantasy*, named for the theme in the second movement which is based on the Schubert song *Der Wanderer*. Hear this new recording in *Dynagroove* sound on RCA Victor Red Seal



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THE EASY CHAIR

The same six justices sustain denial on the ground there is no ference between this and the board case: the structure would fend the visual sensibilities of average person. Our perceptive currer, the seventh judge in the pi ous case, dissents once more:

> This [he says] is distinguish from the billboard case. This str abode does not intrude on a nat landscape, it does not offend a t shared by the average, above aver or below average person, nor do take undue advantage of a public provement such as the highway i billboard case. This man's prop was rejected simply because it is ferent from other man-made st tures and that is no basis for pu regulation. I may not like it but u today I did not understand that l and dislikes were equated to the eral welfare.

He reminds his six brethren t not everything that affects prop values is therefore within the gr of municipal regulation. And fin he quotes Santayana's aphori "Culture is on the horns of this lemma: if profound and noble it m remain rare; if common it must mean."

And that is the distinction tween protecting the mountains valleys from billboards and prot ing our suburban ranch houses fro hexagonal aluminum duplex.

The Suburbs Are Anxi

This distinction, I should add, is now recognized in suburbia. I can exaggerate the extent to which mu ipal control over design of str tures has swept the country. I o a few examples—not hypothetical:

In Dade County, Florida, "all bui ings hereafter constructed shall of an architectural style and co which will *harmonize* with the pre ises and with other buildings on b sides of the same block and wit two hundred feet (200') in all dir tions in the same neighborhood."

In Danville, Illinois, the Archit tural Control Board has power "determine the suitability of a str ture to its existing or proposed s roundings. This judgment to be ba upon consideration of the charact appearance, size and cost of the bui ing in relation to the existing a

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When you do Venice, do it justice.

But do it.

Centuries ago Venice was built smack on the water as a fortress against outsiders.

But the plans went wrong.

Perhaps it was the sun, or all those reflections, or that Venetian moon dancing around those candy spires.

At any rate, people today say it's so beautiful they just can't stay away.

Time has seasoned all that architecture, those romantic canals, and the descendants of those ancient gondoliers.

Weathered and worldly, the city possesses an all-pervading enchantment.

So if you're going to see Venice, don't you think you should give it time to work its charms?

Sure, you can do the little lace shops, eye the handiwork of the legendary glassblowers, spin through the casino on the Lido, loll on the famous beaches or stroll the labyrinthine passageways... all in pretty good time.

But some insiders say Venice is best at dawn, when the last of the party-goers are floating home.

And others... no, let's stop. These discoveries are yours to make. And we certainly want to do you justice.

VeNICe

Complete information and travel plans are available through your Travel Agent or any Alitalia Airlines Ticket Office. (Alitalia—first and fastest way to Venice, and to all of Italy.) Write for literature to: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York; Ente Provinciale per il Turismo; or Azienda Autonoma Soggiorno e Turismo, Venice, Italy.

desired type of structure in th
mediate location or affected a
the proposed construction. . . ."

In Riverside County, Calif
"architecture and general appe
'shall be in keeping within the c
ter of the neighborhood and s
not to be detrimental to the g
welfare of the community in w
is located.' "

Paradoxically, for those of yo
collect oddities I recommen
ordinance of Scarsdale, New
which forbids the erection of
or two-family dwelling "if it is
substantially like any neigh
building . . . in more than th
the following six respects . . ."
the ordinance goes on to spell
agonizing and incomprehensib
tail those features of design—th
the location of windows, the
of outside walls, et cetera—thr
of six of which shall not be "sir

If you wonder how one sub
consensus can conclude that a
ics is a matter of identity of
while another may determin
good taste is a matter of dissi
ity, let me assure you it is no
At least Greenfield, Wisconsi
the dilemma. Its ordinance pr
that a building permit shou
issue unless the City Building
had found "that the exterior ar
tural appeal and functional p
the proposed structure will,
erected, *not be so at variance wi
so similar to* either the exteri
chitectural appeal and function
of the structures already const
. . . as to cause a substantial
ciation in the property values
(italics added).

Parenthetically, I am intrigu
the evidence that most of these
to regulate design appear in ou
urbs. The central cities, to
credit, display a remarkable in
ence to public rules for contem
private design. I trust some
social historian will explain wh
suburban mind, so bitterly op
to collective decision-making i
ters of economics and social w
was the first to insist upon col
ism in matters of taste.

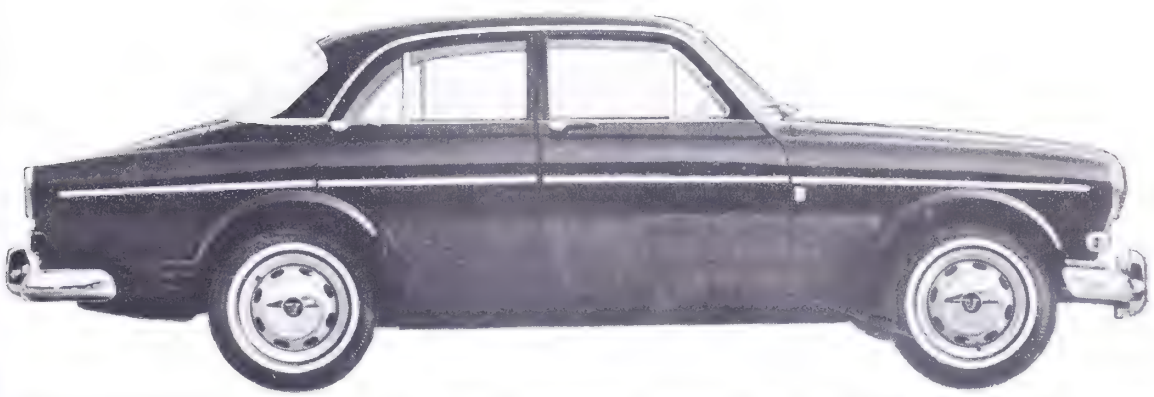
Who or What Is Offe

I suggest it is time for the arch
to look to the consequences of
exhortations and for the courts

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think their rationale. A bad rat invoked against a thing or p commonly regarded as nasty way of becoming a bad rule of la vokable against everyone.

Are we prepared, when we pa yond billboards and clothes from junkyards and garbage d to matters of taste in housing, cept the yardstick of Justice that the municipality may reg that which "is unnecessarily offe to the visual sensibilities of th erage person"?

I would feel more comfortable the case of billboards or junky we forgot aesthetics and—if we replace the old shibboleths—we i some new doctrine that would b susceptible to extension. Such a every junkyard shall be enclosed solid fence of billboards; or tha boards are permitted only where enclose a junkyard. It seems t that such a foolish category ha merit of its silliness; there is danger it will be extended.

Or perhaps we can devise a dignified classification that ha danger of extension than "aes ics": the billboard and the junk (unlike the apartment in a si family neighborhood) offend other human artifacts but the scape. When the neighbors i single-family dwellings protest intrusion of an apartment we ar comfortable because we sense n aesthetic but a social prejudice with billboard or junkyard the i sion is upon a vista made acce by public funds. When Pres Johnson signed the highway bea cation bill he implicitly made thi tinction. He was not talking of r efforts but of "the forests an flowers, the open prairies, the slo the hills, the tall mountains. . long as I am President," he concl "what has been divinely given b ture will not be recklessly taken by man."

The evil in making a rule of la of a public consensus on aesth lies in the invasion by the maj into the most intimate, the mo effable of man's glories—creativ —without, and this is the key, out any demonstrable benefit t majority. The one indispensabl gredient of man-made beauty i absolute dominance of the single over the majority. We should re

ugh. Burst into song. Bust a bunch balloons. Have a ball. Greece.

on't mind.
t, we'll do everything
rage you to be happy.
And to squeeze every
enjoyment out of life.
ouldn't be Greek if we

iple: An American
ust landed in Athens
first time. He asked
driver if he would put
that "Never-on-Sun-
l-of-bouzouki music"
adio.
zouki, bouzouki."
the driver as he slam-
the brakes, dashed
the trunk, returned
pile of bouzouki rec-
ipped one in his cab's
player, turned up the
, turned down the win-
nd burst into a haunt-
ntic, lyrical song.
ke that everywhere you
ur sunny, fun-loving
.
re yourself in a quaint
vered taverna in the
(The old, old city of
s: a sort of Greek
artre.)
re sipping your first
f delicate retsina wine,
e about to dig into a
f juicy charcoal-broiled
hops.
unch of balloons pop;
start laughing; the
ext to you bursts into
nd the whole taverna is
up in a swinging happy
ant mood.
will be, too.
ugh be sure to partake
lovely 3-hour afternoon
it'll give you a lot more
d pep for the evening's
ties.
cially in Athens, where
starts at 9, and every
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ber Tennessee Williams' dictum that "Beauty was a world of its own whose anarchy has a sort of godly license."

If government is going to regulate design in the name of aesthetics we risk either a cultural dictatorship or, if we insist on a democratic decision-making process, then we are bound to substitute taste for beauty. The prospect of the first alternative is apparent when we recall that much of what we regard as beautiful in Europe was created in an autocratic political atmosphere. Neither the Renaissance popes, nor Napoleon III, nor the petty German princes were moved by what they regarded as a consensus when they authorized their works of urban splendor. If decision-making over beauty in design is a function of government then by much historical evidence a persuasive argument can be made that the achievement of beauty is directly proportional to the degree that government is not democratic. Lewis Mumford made the point when he said,

> As the inner life of the Greek city disintegrated, the outer aspect of the city showed a far higher degree of formal order and coherence. . . . Not the city of the sixth and fifth centuries [B.C.], but that of the third century would be the modern town planner's dream; not the city of culture but the city of commerce and political exploitation; not the city of free men but the city of insolent power and ostentatious wealth.

If, on the other hand, we insist that our institutions remain democratic, then public control of design will substitute taste for beauty, and taste, as Picasso observed, is the enemy of creativeness. What we are getting in television, by the way, is a result of testing taste in a most democratic fashion. The dreary suburban landscape that confronts us today is as much the result of democratic municipal preferences as it is the consequence of greedy builders. It does not surprise me that the pressure for new ideas in residential development comes from the private builder faced with a tightening market.

And when democratic government does make an effort to encourage new ideas in design its efforts seem condescending. Such as the following excerpt from a directive from FHA Commissioner Brownstein to Insuring Office Directors: ". . . you are urged to view with an open min or untried proposals of recogniz chitectural firms, or of respo progressive, and forward-lo sponsors." Apparently if a sp has a triple-A financial rating t gional offices can overlook his a idiosyncrasies.

The Finger of Govern

Artistic creativeness is a fu of the individual, and we soci entists, concerned with the pl grace in urban design, will either to choose government Borgia or, if we insist upon a g ment of burghers, to declare d off-limits, for the politicians. Th is that if we opt for the dictat may get Dr. Goebbels rather t Renaissance prince. So my c even at the cultural level, is to democracy but insist that des not the function of governme cept in the following limited ar

First, we should be hearten the evidence that a represen government is concerned enou encourage the untried and the ent in design and in any of the arts. This is a different breed from a command by gover municipal or federal, that *must* conform to the estab order. Nor do I regard as incons with my thesis governmental to preserve, by eminent domain regulation, those features of the made landscape that by any defi are landmarks of our heritage I do not regard as difficult th tinction that must be made be a thousand homogeneous suburl a Beacon Hill; a Galena, Ill portions of San Antonio; o unique nineteenth-century squ Woodstock, Illinois. I am even to concede that from this tion it must logically follow we must be prepared to preser or perhaps two postwar suburb which proves beyond question m votion to logic if not to beauty!

Second, government cannot cate its duty to select which n amenities shall be shielded fro scheme of man. (The only issue is whether government must p can achieve the result by regula The government, local and nat must play the dominant role i debate over whether any con





: The 38,645 ton ip s.s. Rotterdam



Below, left: Moonlight strolling on the promenade deck of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam, 36,982 tons

Below, right: Dinner in one of the s.s. Rotterdam's luxurious dining salons

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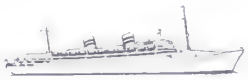
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hall be permitted along the
o lakefront; whether a hy-
tric project on the Hudson
should be constructed irrespec-
the consequences to historic
irks and natural beauty;
r the Allagash River in Maine
Dinosaur Area or the Red-
or the Dunes shall be pre-
or sacrificed for the economic
nterest of the country; and
r the public view of San Fran-
ay shall be spoiled.

d, government can and should
y those circumstances where
in the private sector will have
onstrable impact upon public
s. Government must prescribe
imeters of the choices allowed
igner in such cases. If, for ex-
one accepts the premise that
g bulk and density do have an
on the efficiency of public serv-
ch as streets, sanitation, and
, then one can more readily ac-
egulation designed to protect
facilities that may limit free-
choice by the designer.

lly, the government should of-
entives to the builder to pro-
nore open space than would
ise be required. The Chicago
ordinance grants a bonus in
m of additional permitted floor
the builder who will provide
r open space at ground level.
suburban ordinances will per-
greater number of dwelling
per acre to the developer who
s his houses, thereby creating
usable common open space.
are examples of what baseball
presidents call the "natural
" The developer gets increased
revenues, the city gets addition-
space.)

nd these limits I fear to go in
gulation of design.

an unreconstructed supporter
ost everything which govern-
as done in the last thirty years
social and economic arenas,
e and public, and I welcome
ival of public concern over the
f our natural amenities. Yet I
mmand me not in matters of
rative aesthetics, for there you
e upon the one area where I
xercise my unique talents, be
lean or glorious, without cross-
y fellow man except in matters
te. And taste, as Edith Sitwell
ded us, is a dreadful thing. [ ]



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, makes reading easier for all.

It even makes reading possible for some. Steven
lls, an eleven year old boy in Edwardsville, Illi-
s one. Born with only partial sight, reading had
a slow, painful ordeal all of Steven's life. When
or lamp was employed in an effort to help the
ster, a most gratifying thing happened. As it was
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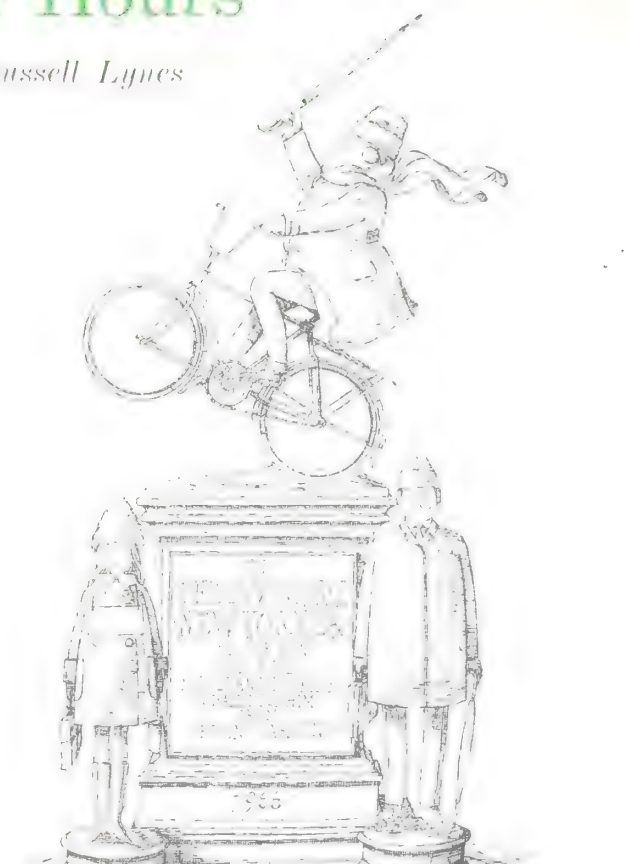
Tensor lamps are available at most department, gift, stationery, and specialty stores. Ask to see one. You won't be looking at a new kind of lamp. You'll be looking at a new way to see.

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*If any part, except bulb and finish, wears out or fails to function because of defects in material or workmanship, we'll fix or replace it free. Just take the lamp or mail it postage paid, the nationwide Tensor Service Centers. The one year guarantee is good for one year from date of purchase, the lifetime guarantee is good for the life of the owner. ©1966 Tensor Corporation.

After Hours

by Russell Lynes



Two Wheeler

New Yorkers seem to be practicing for Armageddon. First the drought had them saving the water they boiled their eggs in to put on their geraniums. Then the night all the lights went out and all the transistor radios went on, dinner candles appeared from nowhere on the fortieth floors of office buildings. And most recently the transit strike, which gave rich and poor a common enemy, made heroes out of everyone who wasn't a villain.

The rest of America must have got extremely tired of hearing about how noble the savages of New York became under duress; New Yorkers themselves got awfully tired of it about the tenth day of the strike and they looked it. Their feet hurt and their backs were tired; millions walked millions of miles on hard pavements while other millions sat for four or five hours a day in traffic or stood in lines waiting not just to get on trains but into the shelter of a station. It was cold. A few took to roller skates. Tiffany & Co., jewelers, put a Pogo stick in one of its windows and a monocycle in another. A certain number of middle-aged men rode bicycles.

One of these was a friend of mine in his mid-fifties. I questioned him closely about his experience on two wheels, and he made some observations about techniques and people and middle age that I think may be worth recording briefly.

"If the boy had been a little older," he said, "I would have had less trouble."

"What boy?" I asked.

"The boy whose bicycle I borrowed, of course," he said. "He's in boarding school. He's only fourteen and small for his size, I mean for his age, though I raised the saddle some, knees seemed to be constantly in line of vision. The bicycle was s from saddle to handlebars, and gearshift was broken. It worked in third gear, which meant I wen fortlessly down hills where it n no difference but when I saw wh fourteen-year-old would conside anthill I found it expedient to ge and push. I learned some interes things about hills in Manhattan. can go downtown from about Street to 14th Street and be g downhill the whole way, except two blocks, and you can come and go downhill or on the level al the whole way uptown. Manha has a much more irregular ter than anybody except a bicyclist noticed in decades. I was just be ning to work out a system when called off the strike . . . which wa right with me.

"The first day I borrowed the I rode it up First Avenue and a about eighteen blocks of taking hills as they came—that is, I pun up them—I realized that my heart pounding and my breath was sh So I pulled over and stoppe stopped, in fact, at the entranc Memorial Hospital. I considered an executive order from a hi power and gave up pumping. I to myself pedal yes, pump no. Pu ing is for delivery boys not for gr fathers.

"One thing you have to watch for is front-wheel wobble. It hap when you start up, and in traff can make you look as though you d know what you're doing (whic what I was doing) and it frigh motorists. It is very important n frighten motorists. They get pani As a matter of fact I was not a panic a few times myself."

He sighed.

"One of those times I fell of front of a car on Vanderbilt Ave next to Grand Central. Sudden found a car so close to me (it hardly moving) that I turned sharply and there I was flat on pavement surrounded on all side my bicycle. I got up and apolog to the driver of the car. 'All my fa I said. He didn't say anything, the woman sitting next to him She agreed with me. A young ma a bike with a placard on his back



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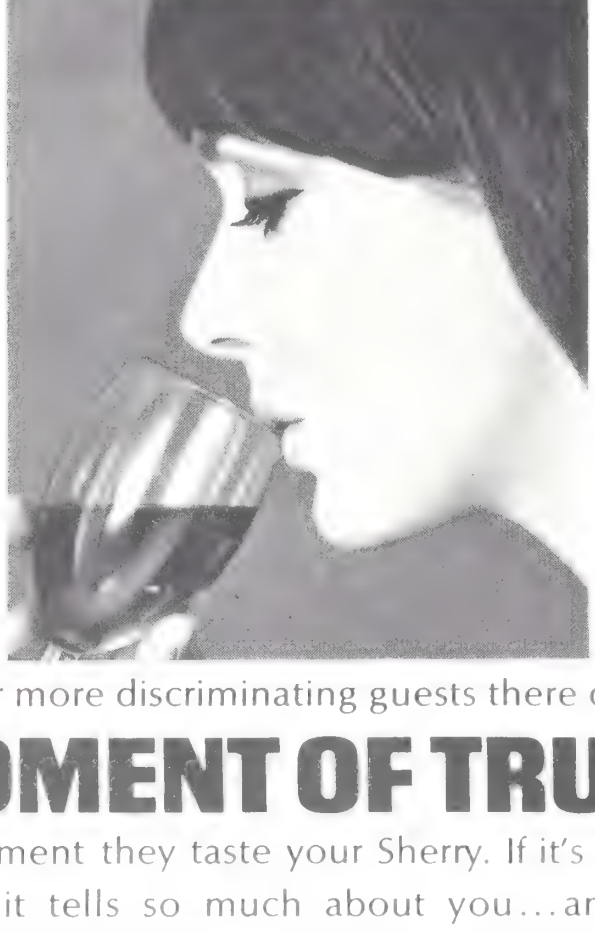
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said something about settling in court stopped and asked if hurt myself. I said no. The te ture was about fifteen degree morning, and I was bundled padded like a football player. I tell my wife until the strik over."

"Did people laugh at you?" I "I don't mean when you fell mean otherwise."

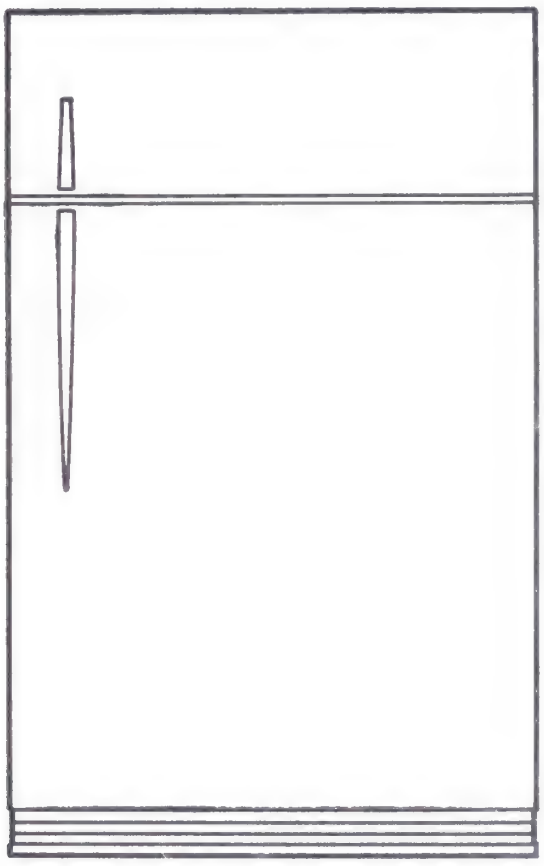
"There was a kind of camara he said. "Bike riders stop lights and exchanged self-cor latory complaints. Truck leaned out and yelled, 'Get a and even cops, who God kno their hands full, would say least one said—'Getting your tutional?' I got smiled at by many pretty young ladies wh have thought it was quaint t father image on wheels. The ard joke was to thumb a ride— boys did, so did men carrying cases and women with ma carts. A few souls with sore fe 'You've got the right idea.' I wa ing far better time than the in cars; they were not amused

He was slightly amused.

"It took me about ten minute to get to the office than it did and subway. It's a little mor three miles—maybe four. I did as well as motor scooters, could squeeze between cars but go with the traffic and stop lights. Most of the time I against traffic, the way we taught to as kids in the c When the traffic was heavy southbound avenues in the m I went south on the north where there was little traffic. me about thirty-five minutes first day of the strike I did it and it took an hour and for minutes—sixty-odd blocks. One biggest hazards was double- trucks. You can't see around on a bike; they're likely to close to the car at the curb through on that side, but if t not, and you try, somebody is to step out of the cab of the tr the moment you reach it and sca hell out of you—and of him.

"Pedestrians," he said, "are than trucks. They pretend you' there. They look right at you an right in front of you. I didn't hi one, but I brushed a few. W

out of 7 could not answer this uestion correctly. How about you?



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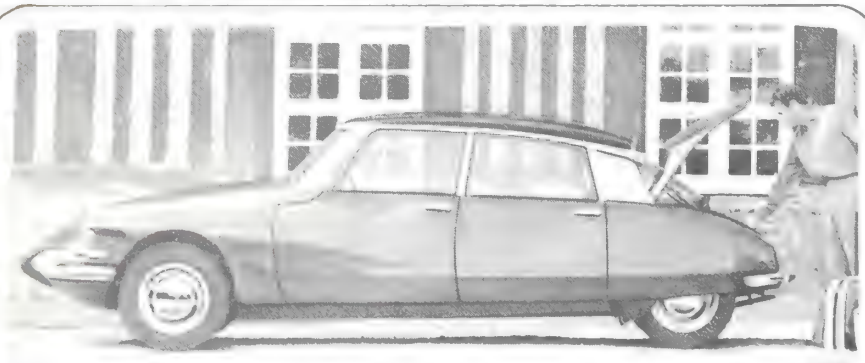
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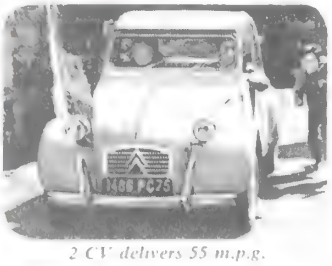
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apologized they seemed surp
New Yorkers don't apologize m

"Did you have any really
scrapes other than the tumb
Vanderbilt Avenue?" I asked.

"That wasn't close; that wa
embarrassing," he said. "But
was one time I was scared. I w
ing down First Avenue and a ga
tough kids spotted me and st
after me. I don't suppose they
have done anything worse than
me a shove and spill me, but it
me a nasty feeling that I was
ting duck for a kind of viole
hadn't thought of."

"When was the last time you'
den a bike?" I asked.

"The second world war," he re

"When will the next time b
asked.

"The third world war," he sai

A Profane View of Bull Baiting



"It is preferable," says the En
version of the *Guide Bleu* to P
gal, "to attend a bullfight in the
pany of an aficionado capabl
explaining the technique of the
ferent passes and reactions of
public, which are not always
comprehensible to the profane."

Even to the profane (and n
could have been more profane
I) the bullfight says all at once
eloquently what appears to be a
of truth about the Portuguese.
as though just for a moment a r
exploded in the dark sky above a
dle of people, and the light
shadow that it cast on their
told you everything you need
know about them. The fights I
were in Lisbon at night (they st
at ten o'clock, just after dinner)



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Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

pink Moorish stadium with its rets and slender columns of s wound in colored paper, seemed ontain all of Portugal that one likely to be able to digest on one . (Digest? Not likely. Europe North Africa in one way or an- have been trying unsuccessfully gest Portugal for ten centuries more.)

ly once before, many years ago, I been at a bullfight. That was in rid before the Spanish civil war, I had forgotten how small, com- d with an American ball park or ium (or, indeed, a Portuguese ball arena) the ring is. But there an instantaneous reminder of my er encounter: a smell of hair oil omade which, when mixed with smell of sand and sweat, was as ian in its way as the smell of stocking feet in the mosques of bul is Middle Eastern in its way. nst this sweetness and the noises crowds make on outings any- e, and against the unshielded s above the ring and the hawk- cries and the brass of a band, the mony of the fight methodically aled a series of tableaux on the uguese character. They might have had a heading: Pomp, e, Elegance, Defiance, Skill, age, Dignity, and Humor.

some respects the devotees of the ish bullfight (I am not one) can at home with the Portuguese tacle. It opens with an elegant de of *toureiros* and their min- The costumes of the matadors *stros* or *espadas*) are the char- istic, skintight, heavily embroid- ones; their stockings are Mexi- pink, the intensity of neon. nted on animals that seem to have ed straight out of Velasquez's strian portraits, the men who challenge the bulls from their es, the *cavaleiros*, are dressed in eenth-century (Louis XV) vel- nd brocaded coats with ruffles he throat, their tricorn hats med with white feathers. Over e breeches they wear high black ; their boxlike stirrups are em- d silver; and the blankets under saddles are leopard skin. (At important fights the *cavaleiros* gray or brown, tight-fitting ers and a short jacket of the color and on their heads a opped, flat-brimmed Andalusian hat.) Having saluted the master of the fight, who sits at the opposite side of the ring from which they entered, they then salute the crowd, riding one in each direction around the ring, sidestepping their elegantly beribboned and plumed horses, so that they always face the crowd, in a spectacle of masterly horsemanship.

The Portuguese bullfight is closer to the ancient sport of bull baiting than it is to the relatively modern Spanish fight in which the bull is killed by a man on foot. Initially it was a gentleman's sport indulged in by noblemen and occasionally by members of the royal family, but under the reign of José I, the Marquis of Pombal, a dictatorial, indeed tyrannical, minister of state (one encounters his traces continually in Portugal), persuaded the king to abolish the practice of killing the bull with a lance from a horse. As a result the bull's horns were capped with wooden balls held on by leather, and the killing of the bull became symbolic rather than actual.

That is not to say that if one were a horse one would want to change places with the bull, which has a rather rough and entirely frustrating go of it for twenty minutes or so. The bull is almost invariably a black beast, not as big as the Spanish bulls, but extremely fast for short distances. The *cavaleiro* challenges the bull to pursue him. He maneuvers his horse directly in the line of the bull's vision, shouts at him, makes his horse advance a few steps toward him, and then, when the bull is finally baited into charging, the *cavaleiro* wheels his horse and heads for the barricade that surrounds the ring at a full gallop with the bull just inches, or so it seems, from the horse's flank. The closer the bull to the horse and the closer the horse to the barricade when it turns and speeds along the rim of the ring, the better the crowd likes it.

After several such passes, the horse and *cavaleiro* then face the bull again, but now the *cavaleiro* has in his right hand a staff, wrapped in frilly colored paper, an elongated *bandarilla*, as the Spanish call it, or *farpas* or *ferro* in Portuguese. Again the bull is challenged with more shouts and enticements to charge, and this time, the *cavaleiro* rides toward him and at full gallop plants



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MERCEDES-BENZ

the metal end of the staff in the bu neck behind its head, and comes holding the staff from which flie paper flag where the iron spike been. Now from the bull's neck t ters a paper streamer, which *cavaleiro* has planted there.

This is just the beginning. At barricade the *cavaleiro* is hande far shorter but equally brillia wrapped *ferro*. In order to plac next to the fluttering streamers in bull's neck, he must come far cl to the bull's horns. On some occasi I have since been told, the *caval* drops his reins and with a *ferr* each hand plants them simulta ously in the bull, guiding his h with his knees. The horse seems understand the bull as well as, if better than, his rider; somehow has more at stake.

If the horsemanship of the Po guese fight is as graceful as the n and picadors of the Spanish fight clumsy and brutal, what follows the Portuguese fight, while in s respects as daring as the intri passes of the Spanish matador, c bines a rather dire element of hu with a display of plain guts. Enter *moços de forcado* (or farmhan in knee breeches, short jackets, string ties. They line up in si file facing the bull, and the ma the head of the line, his hands a gantly on his hips, shouts at the weary beast until he gets its at tion and the bull charges dire at him. He neither moves a mu nor bats an eye, as he stands, his slightly apart, until the head of bull is almost at his gut, then leaps between its horns and grab around the neck, while the oth who have been behind him, swa over the beast and one grabs his Originally this was a means of g ting him out of the ring, and the ercise was repeated until the called it quits. Now, however (o least at the fight I saw), a herd brown steers with cowbells aro their necks come trotting into ring in what seems to be perfect s their bells banging in a rhythm clonk-clonk-clonk. They are gui by two men in stocking caps carry very long thin poles with m points. The steers surround the and out of the ring they go . . . or supposed to.

The classic Portuguese fights

lternated during an evening
ghts that in every respect—ex-
at there are no picadors (and
uently no gored horses) and
he bull is not killed—are the
counterpart of the Spanish
Indeed the best of the mata-
are, I gather, from Spain.
are those who believe that even
ncession to Spanish tastes on
rt of Portuguese *aficionados*
ents a barbarism that is be-
Portugal's dignity.

ing the fourth fight of the
g a young spectator in a brown
apt over the barricade carry-
muleta and a sword and chal-
the bull which a rather inept
it seemed to me) matador was
ibly fighting. The boy, fighting
ly the bull but, in effect, the
hters, handled himself with ob-
courage and, I thought, some
Matadors with capes dis-
l the bull from him and still
chased him. He lost his muleta
s sword in the scurry, and after
ppeared from a distance to be
f plea to the *espada* to let him
ue, he was spirited away. Sev-
ys later I mentioned the inci-
o a friend who lives in Lisbon.
ll cost him two weeks in jail,"
d, ". . . the standard penalty.
f this were a small city, he'd
o spend the day in jail whenever
is a bullfight."

t just after midnight and just
the last fight of the evening.
s getting cold, though it was
and close attention to a spec-
o demanding, especially to the
ie, is tiring. The tableau that
nfolded, however, suggested a
r of tentative conclusions
the Portuguese character, some
ch I found confirmed by other
uite different enthusiasms of
They seemed to be more in-
ed in pageantry with a taste of
ce than in passion, in continu-
n in finality, in embracing life
than in conducting a public
on with death, as the Spanish
ie Mexicans do. And though
ere proud their pride was not
t humor; they could turn their
er on themselves.

y be wrong. I am not sure that
ld like to have the American
ter judged by a non-English-
ng Portuguese on the basis of
ening at Shea Stadium. [ ]



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Clayton Fritchey



HARRIS & EW

A New Appraisal of the Old Domino Game

Washington is beginning to question one of its most hallowed theories—and Congress is taking a fresh look at the way it does its job. And other matters.

When it comes to government and the conduct of foreign affairs, at least, Washington is a blasé city. It is bombarded daily by the President and the Cabinet and visiting chiefs of state. It gets used to it; it is not easily impressed. But, happily, it is still susceptible to a few well-chosen words (even by a private citizen) when those words are on target.

The sudden, sharp debate inspired by General James Gavin's recent communication to *Harper's* has now subsided in the capital, but it is clearly going to have a lingering and possibly significant long-range effect. The fallout is still being measured, but it is not difficult to see that the hitherto sacrosanct "Domino Theory" may be the most notable casualty. The Gavin challenge has prompted a new and widening reassessment of this doctrine on which the Administration has leaned so strongly in trying to justify its intervention in Vietnam and elsewhere.

The essence of the domino idea is that some countries, even though they may not be important in themselves, must be held or defended, on the assumption that their fall would cause other nations in the region likewise to fall (like dominoes) until all were engulfed by communism. For over a decade this notion has been carefully cultivated by the government, under both Republicans and Democrats. The government has been so successful in agitating and bemusing Americans with this figment of its imagination, that the theory can now be used to win public support for almost any foreign adventure, no matter how foolish or reckless.

Just before General Gavin's views were published, President Johnson reinvoked the Domino Theory. Specifically, he said, "to yield to force in Vietnam would . . . undermine the independence of many lands, and would whet the appetite of aggression. We would have to fight in one land, and then we'd have to fight in another—or abandon much of Asia to the domination of the Communists. And we do not intend to abandon Asia to conquest."

It was former President Eisenhower who in 1954 first enunciated the domino doctrine when he was considering U. S. military intervention in Indochina as a last-minute effort to save the French from defeat by the Vietminh forces of Ho Chi Minh. The other Western powers were eager for a political settlement, and this led to the now-historic Geneva Conference and the agreement calling for the withdrawal of foreign troops and the neutralization of Indochina.

There were hawks in 1954 just as in 1966, and they fiercely, and no doubt sincerely, contended that this solution would quickly lead to communization of the whole area. First, it would be Cambodia, Laos, and South Vietnam, then Thailand and Burma, and, finally, India, Pakistan, and Malaysia. To the east we would lose the Philippines, Formosa, Japan, Okinawa, e
Prominent hawks actually predict
publicly that the U. S. would
driven entirely out of the Pacific,
though just how was never qu
made clear, since China had no na
and no strategic air force, no ope
tional nuclear power, and no Pac
bases.

Now, suddenly, in the wake of Ge
eral Gavin's skepticism, the valid
of this proposition at last is being
viewed, and the first fact to surface
that nothing at all has toppled sin
the Geneva settlement twelve ye
ago. The settlement worked to
disadvantage of only one leader,
Chi Minh. He apparently *did* swall
the Domino Theory, accepting
logic that his political victory wo
inevitably extend his dominion wi
out further military effort. H
chagrined he must be today. He
learned the hard way that, histo
cally, the Domino Theory is an Am
ican fantasy. In Asia the Communi
have actually lost ground rat
than gained—in Indonesia, Malay
India, and elsewhere.

As in Latin America, the domin
when they topple at all, usually top
to the right. It will be recalled t
the U. S. had the DTs about Cuba t
that was our justification for sp
soring the Bay of Pigs invasion

*Clayton Fritchey has been Spe
Assistant to Secretary of Defe
George Marshall, to President T
man, and to Ambassador Adlai S
enson. He is now columnist
"Newsday" as well as "Harpe
Washington Correspondent.*

SHINGTON INSIGHT

uba, we said, was not a threat U. S. but it was to the hemis- If Castro was not eliminated, sm would spread throughout America, and again domino- e nation after another would b to the Communists.

Castro has been in power for rs, but nothing has yet fallen eft. It is true that during this numerous Latin-American es have been taken over by but, without exception, they eized by right-wing military rships. As in Asia, communism t gained, but lost ground, in years.

White House Style-makers

re is one word they are sick und the White House it is " Kennedy had it; Johnson : that's the tiresome refrain. hnson has just been elected to d term as one of America's lressed men," but this is not ıd of "style" that the Kennedy peak of so fondly. There is a sh, irritating implication of ority in the way they use it. uggestion is that you either t or you don't, and if you don't what it is it is useless to try to n it. See?

an't be denied that the two lents have different styles, but is not much to support the no- hat one is a vulgar primitive, ıe other a highly cultured intel- l. This superficial impression a little examination. It seems accepted, for instance, that on favors nothing but barbe- while Kennedy wouldn't touch ing less than the *haute cuisine* nch chef René Verdon, and the White House departure of M. n has done nothing to lessen otion. But Kennedy's close pals stify that, left to his own appe- he late President was at his hap- with a sandwich and a bowl of preferably hot dogs and clam ler.

rriman Smith, who probably s more about the White House any living reporter, thinks that of Kennedy's suddenly acquired ation for being a man of highly ated taste in food, literature, , painting, architecture, writ- ompanions, etc. was the creation

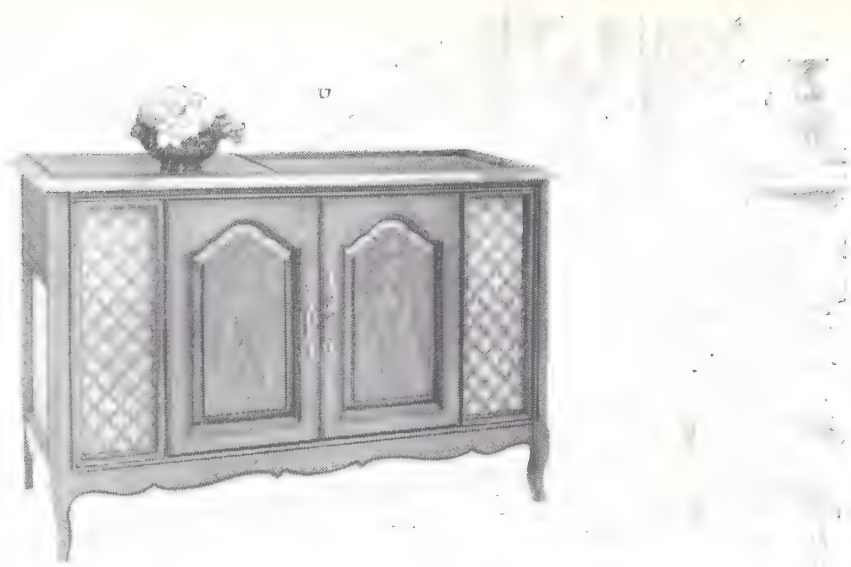
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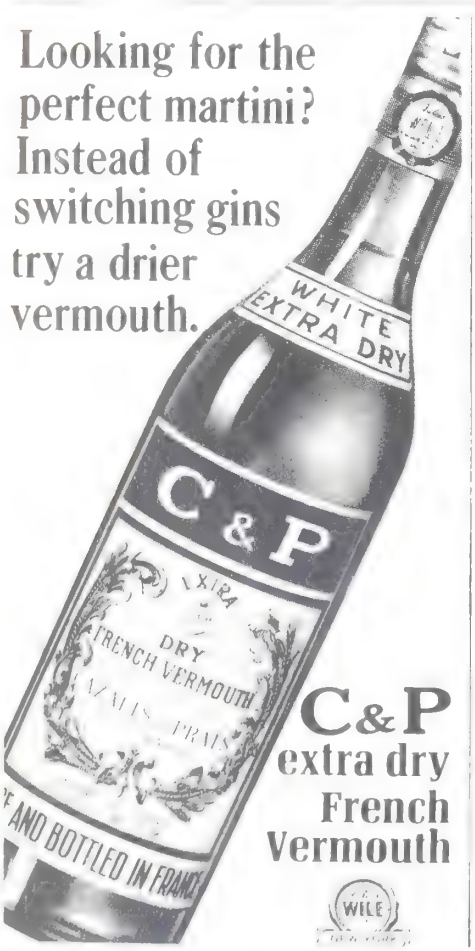
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WASHINGTON INSI(

of his wife. She herself was s
edgeable in these fields that
some of this glory on her hu

When it comes to books,
we are told, concentrates on
the economic works of Barbar
while Kennedy supposedly g
history and biography. It w
closer to the mark to describe
mostly hopeless addicts of
pers and magazines.

As to writing, the Pres
speech style has changed so
actually many of the
"ghosts" who helped Kenne
also been lending Johnson
sometimes a little obviously
strange coincidence, for i
both Kennedy and Johnson t
to be admirers of the Chine
osopher, Lao-tse, who once sa
journey of a thousand miles
with a single step." In July 1
Kennedy cited this ancient
in urging support for the
test-ban treaty. Recently, M
son also quoted it in denounci
poverty. "Its abolition," he sa
require a journey of a th
miles."

The most notable writing
came with the departure of T
ensen. In composing many
nedy's speeches, Ted relied m
on a stylistic peculiarity th
cinated the Washington cor
dents, and which defied des
until Ned Kenworthy of th
York Times triumphantly fo
word for it: chiasmus. Chias
to a sentence (roughly) what
drome is to a word or phra
example: palindrome—"Laval,"
a phrase, "Able was I ere I saw
They read the same backward
ward. Now for Sorenson and
mus: "Ask not what your
can do for you; ask what you
for your country" (Inaugur
dress). Or, in another speech
not stress what our country is
to do for us as a people. We
what we can do for the country

Well, the good old chiastic d
over, but the level of White
style is still acceptable. On
while, Johnson invokes a k
heavy-duty prose, and, for G
occasions, even descends to o
lable Western Union rhythm
on his grander outings he h
been at a loss for eloquence.

In the realm of music, no one

HINGTON INSIGHT

/hat charms LBJ most, but uite true that JFK counted ng lost without a symphony, or at least an hour or so r music. It is a fact that he Casals around to the house ly publicized musicale, but Smith swears that Ken- said he found it "damned ay awake while Casals was

en there is that delicate of cronies. Not friends, Some people think JFK entire time with Robert ding favorite poetic lines, s not quite the case. Actu- those of most Presidents, R to LBJ, many of Ken- sest pals—the cronies as dis- n good friends—were more regarious than intellectual ic. Of this small circle, the vas probably most cerebral, tan, and purposeful, was— or not—his brother, Bob. s when the Kennedyites style they really mean taste. ld be on sounder ground s hard to believe, for exam- Jack Kennedy would have his personal staff to the in- of checking their White ephone calls. But Johnson as stopped it now, but only most severe mauling by the e President probably still alize how damaging this in- s been to him. Not so much f the incident itself, but be- press at last can point to a t to explain its vague un- about him, its feeling that President who has a touch other in him.

Poor Judd Is Not Dead

Gavin is not the only for- ingtonian to be heard from Walter Judd, the ex-Minne- ressman who made a long of seeing Communists un- bed (especially Democratic urned to his old stomping ith a novel idea on how to in its place.

S., he said, might be re- the aggressor if it declared orth Vietnam, so the way to d that is for Congress to solution "painfully and re- recognizing that North

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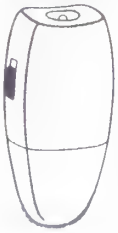
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Vietnam is at war with the U. S. The U. S., supposedly, would then have to defend itself against this declaration.

"It is weakness and hesitation that lead to nuclear war, not escalation," Mr. Judd said. People should not panic, he said, at such words as "confrontation" and "escalation." Certainly not, but his advice recalls the story about the Civil Defense official who said, "In case of nuclear attack, put on a shroud and walk quietly to the nearest cemetery." Why quietly? Answer: To avoid panic.

Too Many Blank Checks?

When the 89th Congress opened its second session, the general notion was that it should take a "breather" and simply coast to an early adjournment in June. As this is written, the closing date is more likely to be around Labor Day than Independence Day.

The "breather" thought was based on the dubious proposition that Congress was exhausted by its prodigious labors in the 1965 session, and that no new legislation should be enacted until that of the first session had been "digested."

The positive performance of '65 was certainly refreshing, but hardly justification for turning Congress into a rest home this year. In any case, the members are finding that, even if the Great Society is great enough for the time being, there is still plenty to do—such as reconsidering some of the unfortunate Congressional practices that have been developing in recent years. Some of the more thoughtful members believe this is a good time for Congress to start breaking itself of wrongfully usurping powers, and, just as bad, wrongfully delegating them. The debate on Vietnam has underlined this.

Under the Constitution, for instance, the power to declare war is reserved to the Congress; conversely the right and obligation to conduct foreign policy are reserved to the Chief Executive. But the Congress has been violating both concepts.

Lately Congress has not waited for the President to ask it to declare war. In its surrender to flag-waving patriotism, it has abdicated its constitutional role by insisting on prematurely handing over to the President future blank checks to go to war whenever it suits him. This has been going on since Eisenhower's first Administration.

And just before Congress adjourned in October, it overwhelmingly passed a resolution calling for U. S. intervention anywhere in the Western Hemisphere where there was a threat (real, imagined, or potential) from the left. The State Department did not initiate this invasion of its prerogative to make foreign policy, but it did not seriously oppose it.

Fortunately, the Senate, at least, seems to be having some second thoughts on the handing out of blank checks. After the sharp exchange between the President and a group of key Senators over his right to extend the war in Vietnam as he pleases without further recourse to Congress, the Senate may not in the future be so hasty to give the Chief Executive the blanket authority he now thinks he has.

The President informed Senator J. W. Fulbright, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and fifteen of his colleagues that he would "continue to be guided" by the resolution passed on August 10, 1964. The Senate vote was 88 to 2; the House vote was 416 to 0. The resolution was rushed through immediately after North Vietnamese torpedo boats attacked American destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin.

In questioning the validity of the later escalation of the war, Fulbright took a different view of the resolution. He now says it was acted on "very quickly" to strengthen the President's hand for what he thought were limited purposes. And Senator Gore promptly added, "I certainly want to disassociate myself from a decision that this was a declaration of war" or anything comparable.

As usual, it was Senator Wayne Morse who sharply went to the heart of the matter. The resolution did not give the Administration authority to conduct an "executive war," he said. "I oppose giving the President any unchecked power." The President still thinks that Congress did, but blank checks may not come so easy in the future.

Greener Pastures

Time was when promising men went into government with the idea of using this experience as a stepping-stone to a plush job in private enterprise. But now, in this topsy-world, the rewards and unique quisites of Academe have beco alluring, that some of the mo table men in government are tu down Big Business for Big Th

Not so very long ago $10,00 sizable pay for a professor, b Regents of New York State ar ing up $100,000 a year for s staff, and related expenses t Arthur Schlesinger, jr., forme cial Assistant to Kennedy and son, back to the academic wor all goes through, he will occu Albert Schweitzer Chair in th manities at the City Universi New York. He will have not c handsome salary, but free office free secretaries, free researche his future books, and lots and l free time to think and travel—a penses paid. How can private i try compete against such an off

George F. Kennan, our f Ambassador to Russia and slavia, has just become Har University Fellow in History Slavic Civilizations. It is inten give Mr. Kennan broader oppo ties for research and writing, is so arranged that Mr. Kenna be able to retain his appointm the Institute for Advanced Stu Princeton. He will just make sional trips to Harvard to take in conferences and give lecture and then. In short, they want h spend his time thinking, whi what he is best at. Good pay, no punching, be your own man. would want to be president of a poration or, for that matter, a versity?

Wesleyan University in Con cut also has made off with two o most gifted young men in go ment: Richard Goodwin, like S singer, a Special Assistant to Kennedy and Johnson; and Pat nihan, the former Assistant S tary of Labor, who quit to ru President of the City Council in York City. Both turned down at tive offers in private business fo good life at Wesleyan, which m they will be able to write the b they now have on their mind doubt their books, too, will land o best-seller list, so they will pro end up rich as well as virt Hallelujah.

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The Several Worlds of American Jews

An Unauthorized Guide

By Marion K. Sanders

At a time when religious bonds have loosened, American Jews thrive as never before. But old issues—and some urgent new ones—still trouble and divide their numerous spokesmen and defenders.

Last winter a Texas friend of mine who subscribes to the *New York Times* sent me a batch of clippings on such diverse matters as Negro voting rights, draft-card burners, federal aid to education, Mexican-American problems, and the Vatican Council. Each item included a pronouncement by either the American Jewish Commitee, the Anti-Defamation League, the American Jewish Congress, or all three. With the clippings was a scrawled note: "What in the world are the Jews up to? And why do you need three organizations to do it?"

These seemed simple questions but I found myself stumped for an answer. The Committee was known to me chiefly as publisher of *Commentary* magazine, which I read faithfully but which never mentions its sponsor, except on the masthead. As to the Anti-Defamation League, I had occasionally made use of its excellent file on extremist groups in the United States without inquiring into the reason for its existence. And I was acquainted with the American Jewish Congress through old friends whose interest in Israel exceeds my own. Beyond this, I had only vague notions of what these organizations were all about. This ignorance stems from the fact that—apart from a lobbying stint in behalf of German refugee children during the Hitler years—I have not been involved in Jewish affairs throughout my adult life.

Such detachment would be unlikely in any American city except New York. For though nearly half of the nation's 5,600,000 Jews make their homes in this area, it is possible to be completely caught up in other currents of metropolitan life and forget one's ethnic or religious iden-

tity except when reminded by the Jewish philanthropies, which forget no potential donor of even modest substance. New York, of course, has heavily Jewish neighborhoods and suburbs. But there is no all-inclusive "Jewish community"—as there is in Cleveland, Baltimore, Cincinnati, or Detroit—which keeps in constant touch with its members.

However, my Texas friend's curiosity triggered my own and the report that follows is the result. To the best of my ability it is accurate; but I cannot claim that it is "objective," for my exploration which extended over many months and several states—became a kind of sentimental journey filled with nostalgic overtones.

I had, of course, braced myself for a public-relations barrage. But I was not prepared to be everywhere welcomed as a prodigal daughter, as a member of the "Jewish intelligentsia" who had "come home." Thus one of the first things I discovered is that Jewish activists worry mightily about the flight of the intellectuals. Like their Protestant and Catholic equivalents, increasing numbers of the brightest Jewish young people are finding their spiritual satisfactions in the secular worlds of public service, politics, or the arts.

"So you're an atheist," said one rabbi after patiently answering my infantile questions about the dietary laws. "But you're a Jewish atheist. That's what's important."

Guardians of "Identity"

This was a comforting thought. But it did not make me any more sure-footed in the slippery terrain I was trying to map. It is pitted with contradictions and inconsistencies which obscure broad plateaus of agreement. And a list of the hundreds of national and local organizations devoted to some aspect of Judaism in America would fill a huge volume. In the end I was to find that current differences between the major secular agencies—the Committee, the Congress, and the ADL—are more a matter of style than substance. (There is, however, a real ideological cleavage—which I will try to define later—between these three groups and a much smaller body known as the American Council for Judaism.)

The world in which the secular organizations operate is closely related to two other Jewish worlds ruled respectively by the synagogues and the philanthropic fund raisers. Though their functions differ, the three worlds are joined by interlocking directorates, mutual interests, and a common awareness that "Jewish consciousness" has been furiously rekindled by the catastrophic events of the twentieth century while piety has been steadily diluted by the pleasures and pressures of middle-class American life.

With good reason, the secular organizations see themselves as the chief guardians of "Jewish identity" in our time. This task has fallen upon them as the philanthropies—though still wholly supported by Jewish contributors—have become less and less sectarian in their activities. For example, in 1964 sixty-seven "Jewish" hospitals around the country reported that 60 per cent of their patients were not Jewish; similarly a Jewish welfare agency in New York City finds that 35,000 persons it serves each year are Protestants or Catholics. And in many cities settlement houses founded in Jewish ghetto areas are still financed by their Jewish boards. But the people they serve are largely Negroes and Puerto Ricans who have replaced the departed Jewish population.

The secular organizations—rather than religious leaders—are looked upon today as spokesmen for American Jews. There are no longer any nationally famous rabbis—such as Stephen Wise and Abba Hillel Silver. And the boundaries between the three branches of Judaism—once ardently defended—have grown fuzzy. Most distinctive still is the Orthodox. However, no one who has to earn a living in the United States can perform all the more than six hundred rituals—governing virtually every moment of the waking day—which are prescribed by rigid Orthodoxy. So Orthodox Jews pick and chose among the ancient laws. The least traditional branch is Reform Judaism which imposes neither food taboos nor rigid Sabbath observances. Invented in Germany, the Reform movement was introduced to the United States by Rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise in 1875 as a highly "Americanized" version of Judaism; sermons were delivered in English instead of Hebrew and Sabbath services were held on Sunday in places of worship called temples rather than synagogues. However, Reform Judaism subsequently returned to Saturday worship and has lately been reverting to other discarded traditional practices including the Bar Mitzvah confirmation ceremony for boys and even a Bas Mitzvah for girls. Meanwhile, the Conservative movement sprang up as a kind of

Marion K. Sanders, an editor of "Harper's" since 1959, has written on a variety of subjects, including the place of women in American society, social work, and politics. She edited this magazine's special supplements on "The Crisis in American Medicine," "Crime and Punishment," and "The American Female."

compromise between Orthodoxy and Reform. It has retained a good deal of ritual, including kosher food, but abandoned some of the more archaic aspects of Orthodoxy such as the physical separation of men and women in synagogue.

While all synagogues are either Orthodox, Conservative, or Reform, all their members cannot be sorted out in this way. For example, a recent survey in Baltimore disclosed that only 63 per cent of the Orthodox synagogue members professed Orthodox beliefs; 28 per cent regarded themselves as Conservative, 3 per cent as Reform, and the rest as none of these. A poll of Reform and Conservative congregations revealed similar contradictions.

Where Did You Come From?

The secular organizations provide an umbrella for Jews of all shades of belief or none. Their staffs and leaders are a mix of Orthodox, Reform, and Conservative. And one finds intermingled in their ranks nearly all the diverse strands of secular culture and tradition which Jews brought with them to this country when they came here as immigrants. These flowed through two main streams. One came from Germany—which had sent some 250,000 Jewish immigrants by the turn of the century. These were "modern" Jews—products of the Emancipation of 1791, when the French Revolution followed by the Napoleonic Code conferred citizenship for the first time on Jews living in Western Europe. Though still subject to social and economic restrictions (which drove so many to emigrate) they had been exposed to the science and learning of the Enlightenment. They were men of their own time when they came to America.

Inside the Russian Pale, however, and elsewhere in Eastern Europe the Jews were still penned up in virtual ghettos. Upon occasion, one of their gifted sons escaped to the centers of European learning; but the vast majority were practically trapped inside a menacing society where an intense family-centered piety was the only source of hope and dignity. A few talked of socialism in "Bunds" formed by Jews subsisting on starvation wages. Others embraced the dream of returning to the historic homeland in Palestine. The modern Zionist movement, however, was launched in 1896 by Theodor Herzl, an "emancipated" worldly Viennese who was persuaded that the Jews could only be safe in their own country after the Dreyfus case unleashed a wave of anti-Semitism in liberal France. Meanwhile, inside the ghettos Yiddish literature and humor were nurtured in the midst of what Ruth Gay in her excellent short history, *The Jews in America*, has called "a life beyond despair." Its quality is summed up by Shalom Aleichem, who winds up a long tale of woe with the words, "And now let's talk about something cheerful. Tell me, what news is there about the cholera in Odessa?"

It has taken a half-century for these diverse cultural strands to be blended into anything resembling a sense of common identity among American Jews and no one is yet agreed as to precisely what this is. But at the time when the secular organizations came into being, the blending process had not even begun. Jews were divided by sharp differences of conviction and caste.

Those who set up the American Jewish Committee in 1906 were—like the peers in *Iolanthe*—"the richest and rankiest of them all." And the committee still operates in an aura of aristocratic elegance inherited from its creators—the Lehmans, Warburgs, Schiffs, Rosenwalds, Strauses, and their friends and relatives. These were all German Jews and leaders of the Reform movement.

Far less opulent German Jews—including my father—had no doubt that they were superior to the hordes from Russia, Poland, and other Eastern European countries who began to pour in around the turn of the century. In the then-accepted social hierarchy, German Jews also conceded that they were a shade inferior to the earliest Jewish settlers in America—these were the Sephardic Spanish and Portuguese who are today a nearly vanished remnant.

The Sephardic group called the German Jews "Ashkenazim," a slightly pejorative term later applied by the Germans to the immigrants from Eastern Europe.

Typical of this bygone age was the consternation of my family in the 1920s when my cousin Bertha married a "Russian." (In fact, he came from Poland, but this was a generic term for all non-German Jews.) Sam was an embarrassment not only because of his national origin. He had an "accent"; furthermore, he was a Socialist and a Zionist, which meant that he was basically un-American, or un-Americanizable. Bertha and Sam settled in Boston while I was a student at Wellesley. During a weekend visit my parents invited them to lunch at the Copley. It was a ghastly confrontation. Bertha arrived wearing some sort of peasant smock while Sam's unruly hair was crowned by a ragged peaked cap which he considered suitably proletarian headgear. In my memory the hatcheck girl was almost as flabbergasted as my father, who was something of a dandy in mat-

ters of dress. He was also a generous and faithful contributor to causes for the relief of poor Jews in the slums of New York or the ghettos of Europe. But Sam's physical and public presence was something else again.

Two Kinds of "Insecurity"

I was reminded of these ancient and now largely vanished snobberies when I recently read an article written some years ago by Will Maslow, executive director of the American Jewish Congress, a constant critic of the Committee. "It was precisely the wealthiest, the self-styled 'most assimilated and best integrated' and the most conservative groups," he wrote, "which felt the most insecure." These leaders, he said, opposed any action which would make a Jew too conspicuous, resisted the Zionist movement, feared identification with Jews in other lands lest it give credence to the canard of an "international Jewish conspiracy." Their ideal of "defense" was to induce the non-Jewish majority to "tolerate" the Jews. While "claiming to be the most 'assimilated' [they] were nevertheless the most insecure. . . ."

To be sure, in the days of which Maslow writes, mental-health concepts were not yet fashionable and little attention was paid to that brand of "insecurity" which is a form of self-hatred. Sociologists and psychiatrists have since discovered that this is what ails Jews who deny their origins. In effect, the persecuted accept the stereotype of the persecutors. A striking example among Negroes is the preference of their little girls for white dolls because they have learned from earliest childhood that to be white is to be superior.

However, in the early years of this century, for the more than two million poverty-stricken Jews who poured in before immigration quotas were set up in the 1920s, "security" involved finding a job and being reasonably safe from persecution and physical annihilation. The same rich and powerful—if inwardly "insecure"—German Jews who formed the American Jewish Committee also set up the philanthropic agencies designed initially to "Americanize" the immigrants and their children and to minister to the sick, the needy, and old among them. As its principal task the Committee took upon itself the defense of Jews against anti-Semitism. Its method generally was discreet diplomatic protest at the top levels of government or society to which the Committee's distinguished members had access.

Based in New York, and moving in an upper-class atmosphere of their own creation, the Committee's leaders had little social contact with a growing German Jewish petty bourgeoisie of small businessmen scattered across the country. Many of them belonged to the fraternal organization B'nai B'rith—founded in 1843 as a kind of Jewish equivalent of the Elks or Masons. One of them, Sigmund Livingston, an attorney born in Bloomington, Indiana, persuaded the lodge to establish the Anti-Defamation League, which would devote itself specifically to halting the "defamation" of the Jews in America and particularly to ending the anti-Semitic stereotypes perpetuated by vaudeville and movie comedians. The ADL was in an excellent position to exert this kind of pressure since many of the lesser Jewish entrepreneurs were theater operators or in the movie business and were friends or members of B'nai B'rith. Appropriately, the current chairman of ADL is a show-business luminary—Dore Schary.

Today, the ADL has become a large organization, which overshadows the parent lodge in the public eye. It has twenty-eight regional offices and, like the Committee, spends over $4 million a year on similar research and public-relations programs. B'nai B'rith remains the only secular body with a mass base, claiming a membership of 350,000. Though there is some rivalry between the Committee and the ADL, the difference between them is more a matter of tone at their headquarters and social status of their members. Thus in local communities, ADL-B'nai B'rith types are likely to be active Rotarians while the Committee's local chairman might adorn the Symphony Orchestra Board.

In the 1920s and '30s, the Committee and the ADL were drawn into increasing collaboration by a series of shocks which shook all American Jews.

One such jolt occurred on August 16, 1915, when Leo Frank, a prosperous upper middle-class Jew, was hanged from an oak tree near Marietta, Georgia, by a lynch mob after being convicted on trumped-up evidence of murdering a Christian child. (The story has been retold in detail by Harry Golden in his latest book *A Little Girl Is Dead.*) Louis Marshall, chairman of the American Jewish Committee and a brilliant appellate lawyer, carried Frank's case to the Supreme Court—unavailingly, as it turned out. It was Marshall, too, who in 1927 finally induced Henry Ford to stop publicizing the forged and scurrilous "Protocols of Zion" in his Dearborn *Independent* and thus ended a virulent anti-Semitic campaign waged for seven years.

Marshall, who died in 1929, was a man of great ability and broad sympathy. Late in life he

studied and mastered Yiddish in the hope of narrowing the gap that separated him from the new immigrants. He was also a man of iron will, and president of Temple Emanu-el in New York. This "cathedral" of Reform Judaism in 1905 offered its pulpit to Stephen Wise, a young Reform rabbi then preaching in Seattle, who had won considerable fame as an orator and battler for civic reform. He had also met Theodor Herzl in 1898 and become an ardent convert to Zionism. Wise respected Marshall's compassion and wisdom but rejected his essentially cautious, diplomatic approach to the problems of Jews in America. Marshall, on the other hand, recognized in Wise the qualities of charismatic leadership which were eventually to make him a world figure. (The encounter between these two stiff-necked men is recorded in Rabbi Wise's autobiography *The Challenging Years.*)

Wise declined the Emanu-el pulpit (or perhaps the offer was withdrawn by mutual consent) and went on to found his own Free Synagogue—Reform in affiliation but free-wheeling and hard-hitting in its social philosophy. In speeches and conferences, Wise challenged the American Jewish Committee, whose leaders, he said, had imported an archaic tradition from Germany. They had constituted themselves "Hof-Jude" (Court Jews) whose role was to mediate between the Jews and their oppressors. Such patrons, he said, were of little use to American Jews, the majority of whom were by this time proletarian in origins, sympathetic to Zionism, and attached to their ebullient Yiddish culture.

Supported by a handful of wealthy Reform Jews —notably Judges Louis Brandeis and Julian Mack —Rabbi Wise in 1917 created the American Jewish Congress as a competitor to the Committee. The Congress was dedicated to a militant support of Zionism and domestically to the "full and frank public discussion of issues affecting the Jewish community." The other defense organizations continued to expend much of their energy improving the Jewish "image," on quiet behind-the-scenes protests to anti-Semitic employers and institutions and on interfaith committees aimed at increasing tolerance. But the Congress took to the courts. "We decided," said Will Maslow, "to ignore prejudice and combat discriminatory behavior—not through appeals to employers but by working through government and the law."

These strategic differences—similar to those which have recently split the civil-rights movement—are still perceptible. Congress members are likely to be found picketing Jordan's pavilion at the World's Fair or sending a huge delegation to Selma while the Committee's local chapters finance sociological studies of the Watts and Philadelphia race riots and sponsor "parlor dialogues" between Jews and their Christian neighbors. The ADL concentrates on keeping a vigilant eye on the Radical Right. Recently it published a thoroughly documented report on anti-Semitism in the John Birch Society and also brought to light the circumstances which had led to the singing of anti-Semitic songs at Young Republican rallies in New Jersey and Florida. In the latter instance, the Committee and the Congress joined with the ADL in public protests which were supported by prominent Republicans.

The Congress was the first to make common cause with American Negroes. Rabbi Wise was among the founders of the NAACP, and studies sponsored by the Congress helped provide the basis for the 1954 Supreme Court school-desegregation ruling.

Today, however, support of the civil-rights movement is high on the agenda of all three organizations. Morris B. Abram, now president of the Committee, and former counsel to the Peace Corps, served last winter as Chairman of the White House Conference on Civil Rights. He is also the son of a Polish immigrant—a fact which marks a minor social revolution within the Committee, a bastion of German Jewry.

Race, Nation, "People"

The philosophic accord between the secular agencies has been reached in the years since World War II. For they are now agreed that the great lesson of Hitler Germany was that the real enemy is not so much anti-Semitism *per se* as an anti-democratic society. Hence they are all committed to combating bigotry of any sort—whether directed against Jews, Negroes, Mexican Americans, or any other group and to supporting public and private attacks on poverty and ignorance in all areas of American society.

Zionism—long one of the most divisive issues between them—has not been a matter for much argument since the creation of the state of Israel in 1948 and the subsequent discovery that hardly any American Jews wanted to exchange their accustomed comforts for the rigors of a pioneer life. (Fewer than 10,000 have done so.) Thus the menace of "dual citizenship"—a thorny question first publicly aired at the "Sanhedrin" convened by Napoleon in 1806—virtually disappeared. There are still numerous and faction-ridden Zionist organizations in America whose representatives go

Sand Hill Road

by Morton Grosser

The landscape here is Africa
in California, scattered stands
of flattened Eucalyptus spread
their shallow horizontal hands
and make a spotted shade for leopards
or giraffes. I look for leopards
under every tree, for lions
in the grass; the passage signs
are not the tracks of elephants
but panting yellow tractors, stamping
down the bushes, trampling on
the slender trees, like elephants.

But still, the river draws a belt
of green across the brown, the veldt
is still a perfect veldt. I know
that if at dusk I climb a tree
and if the moon is bright, I could
be watching when the cautious,
softly snorting herd of bulldozers
comes watering at night.

to international Zionist gatherings. But in the United States their function is chiefly to sell bonds and raise money for charitable purposes in Israel —activities in which all American Jews join today though with varying degrees of zeal.

The issue of "dual citizenship" is occasionally revived when David Ben Gurion sounds a clarion call to all Diaspora Jews to return to the historic homeland.* No one pays much attention to these appeals except the small group mentioned earlier —the Council for Judaism. This organization devotes its energies mainly to denouncing the "Zionist conspiracy" and to exposing machinations of Israeli undercover agents said to be infiltrating Jewish community centers. The Council stubbornly maintains that Jews are identical with all other Americans except in their religious convictions. This was the basic tenet of "classic" Reform Judaism. It was shared also by most of the Jews living in Germany in the years between World War I and the Third Reich, most of whom were fated either to flee the country or perish in gas chambers.

Many American Jews do not accept this religious definition of their identity though they have been unable to agree on another. The Council, however, is dead set against one of the central purposes to which the three other secular organizations are now committed, that is, to fostering a sense of "peoplehood" (as opposed to nationalism). The Committee, the Congress, and ADL all fear that the "melting pot" (the title of a once popular novel by Israel Zangwill) has gone too far and that strenuous efforts must be made to preserve that which is unique in Jewish culture and tradition. Thus they all exhort their constituents to be at once more Jewish and more American.

* See his article "The Facts of Jewish Exile" (*Harper's*, September 1965).

Full-time Jewishness

In the offices of the Committee, the ADL, and the Congress, experts returned constantly to the theme of "cultural pluralism." It is an appealing concept but one wonders how it works in real life. In the hope of finding out I accepted an invitation to visit people active in the Jewish community of Detroit and there observe how Jewish identity manifests itself. I spent my first morning talking with Albert Elazar, superintendent of the United Hebrew Schools.

"The American environment is so strong it sucks you in," he said. At intervals, in the course of our discussion, bells rang and the corridors resounded with the noisy chatter and folk-singing merriment of several hundred blue-jeaned boys and girls who come here daily to study the Hebrew language and the lore of their ancestral faith. Mr. Elazar conceded sadly that most of them learn little and that, on the whole, Jewish education has been too short of teachers and modern teaching materials to improve much since the days when I learned practically nothing at the dreary Sunday School operated in New York by Temple Emanuel. Still, he has hopes that a small elite will follow in his footsteps and become serious Hebrew scholars. Meanwhile, the rest will at least be sufficiently acquainted with the meaning of the major Jewish festivals and rites to bring up the next generation in homes where candles are lighted on the Sabbath, where Hanukkah rather than Christmas is celebrated in December, and where no one goes to work on Yom Kippur or Rosh Hashanah.

"Whatever we can do that is not obnoxious to others that makes us different is valuable," he said. Born in Palestine during the years of Turkish rule, the son of a merchant who was also a noted Hebrew scholar, Elazar is one of a rather small group of Jewish thinkers who believe that

the Hebrew language and the study of the Bible and Talmud are the only significant anchors of Jewish identity.

"One must know Hebrew to have a real understanding of the Bible and the Talmud," he said. "To read the Bible in translation is like kissing your bride through a veil. And the wisdom of these ancient writings is pertinent to life in all times. Did you know, for instance, that a Talmudic sage once said, 'Never threaten a child. Punish him or forgive him.' What modern child psychologist could improve on that?"

The Hebrew scholars have not, however, won any large following among American Jews. Nor has a rival cult of Yiddishists. As a result most local organizations devote themselves to providing what may be described as intensely Jewish equivalents of all American middle-class institutions.

Thus a Jewish lady living in Detroit (as in many other cities and suburbs) can, if she desires, devote all her leisure hours to Jewish benevolence. Hadassah—the women's Zionist organization founded by Henrietta Szold—beckons with an endless round of buffet luncheons, bowling tournaments, dances, lectures, and card parties designed to make you feel good while doing good. The proceeds support a network of splendid hospitals and health services in Israel. At the huge Jewish Community Center—a kind of super-settlement house for the well-to-do—the mother can work off a few pounds at a "Hips Away" class in the gym, the father can take up cabinetmaking, photography, or a dozen other hobbies while the youngsters choose between a recreational smorgasbord of games, crafts, community sing-a-longs, guitar lessons, ski outings, scavenger hunts, and puppet shows tailored to the various levels of teens, tweens, and tots. There are performances by an excellent theater group, a first-rate symphony orchestra, and such ethnic specialties as Hebrew conversation courses for tourists to Israel, a Jewish Book Fair, and Yiddish movies for the less assimilated "senior adult" members.

A Hilton of Synagogues

About half of Detroit's 86,000 Jews are dues-paying members of a synagogue. This is close to the national average. Since the end of World War II there has been a steady upsurge in membership and handsome new synagogues are springing up in Detroit as elsewhere, particularly in the suburbs, to which Jews, along with other prosperous Americans, are steadily moving.

I visited one of the most imposing, Shaarey Zedek—the name means "Gates of Righteousness"—a craggy concrete pyramid of ultramodern design that juts out of its own landscaped forty acres and huge parking lot within a maze of superhighways. The synagogue is the creation of its Rabbi, Morris Adler—a brilliant scholar and an esteemed figure in Detroit civic affairs. An astute organizer, he prudently moved his flock to Southfield, now one of the most elegant "Jewish" suburbs, before the trek from the inner city was well under way. The exodus has left several other institutions stranded.

Belying its stark exterior, Shaarey Zedek inside is a Hilton of synagogues—part school, part house of worship, part pleasure dome. The main sanctuary is flanked by two equilateral triangles which serve as social halls. In one of them, I joined several hundred ladies of the sisterhood at a luncheon. Hovering over the proceedings was the Rabbi's ebullient wife, Goldie, a woman of earthy wit and formidable energy. Her book lectures are a popular feature at Jewish women's club meetings throughout the city. "Afterward they don't have to bother to read the book," she said, "but they buy plenty of copies at the meeting so who is losing anything?" The program was devoid of the usual tedious women's club reports and rituals. Right after lunch the entertainment began—a program of Leonard Bernstein's compositions, starring the assistant cantor as chief vocalist, the sisterhood choral group, and a visiting (non-Jewish) modern dance troupe. It was a good show.

After the luncheon Mrs. Adler took me on a tour of the hundred-foot-long lobby, lined with showcases where Hebrew scrolls and other religious artifacts are displayed. We also inspected the gleaming, supermechanized kitchens which can feed twelve hundred banquet guests. In sunny schoolrooms more than a thousand children from six to thirteen are daily given religious instruction after their regular school day. There is also a nursery school, a summer day camp, and a year-round program of youth activities including athletics, social events, amateur theatricals, and a youth symphony orchestra.

The architecture of Shaarey Zedek is functionally suited to the current state of Jewish piety. At routine Friday night and Saturday services, the main sanctuary can more than accommodate the congregation. But on the high holy days the movable partitions of the social halls must be raised, every seat is filled, and overflow crowds attend simultaneous services in two smaller chapels and in the basement.

"There is no 'religious revival' among Jews today," Rabbi Adler said. "The upsurge in synagogue membership means simply that Jews have joined the American middle class, which requires that you identify yourself as a Protestant, a Catholic, or a Jew."*

Most candid Jewish theologians share this view as indeed do the Christian clergymen who see little spiritual significance in the burgeoning membership of their churches. To the secular organizations, however, synagogue membership is one way of maintaining "Jewish identity," though by no means the only one. "The Jewish religion," says Dr. Salo Baron, one of the leading contemporary Jewish historians, "has never been a religion in the Christian sense, primarily related to worship, prayer, and theology. It was essentially a peculiar way of life. Even today the Jews who get together for social reasons, for charitable or defense purposes in a typical Jewish organization, are performing a Jewish religious service, although they do not quite know this is religion."

Maimonides in Modern Dress

This thesis is the ethical underpinning for the world of Jewish philanthropic fund raising. In Detroit, where Jews constitute only 4 per cent of the population, they contribute $5 million to the annual Allied Jewish Campaign—apart from what they give to their synagogues and hundreds of individual appeals and benefits for Jewish causes. In contrast, the all-faith United Appeal (to which Jews also give handsomely) raises only $25 million. Detroit's Jews are prosperous—largely concentrated in the professions and managerial occupations—but there are no Jews among the city's auto magnates or major merchants.

Sentimentalists attribute the phenomenal success of Jewish fund raising to their religious commitment to charity spelled out in Maimonides' eight laws of giving. Others hark back to the pact made by the first Jewish settlers who landed in Manhattan in 1654 and were permitted to remain by a reluctant Peter Stuyvesant only after their leaders promised the Dutch East India Company that "the poor among them shall not become a burden to the Company or to the community but be supported by their own nation."

Whatever the reason, it is true that Jews are, in the main, generous. It is also true that they are the objects of the most ruthlessly professional fund-raising techniques of modern times. In diffuse cities like New York and Chicago, the fund raisers exert their leverage through professional, business, and labor organizations of Jews. Where there is a cohesive Jewish community, as in Detroit, the arm twisting takes the form of what one unhappy contributor called "social blackmail." "Either you give what they say you should," she said, "or you can't belong to Franklin Hills [the Jewish country club]."

"These people are not giving," a rabbi added. "They are buying something—social prestige, a chair in a university, a name on a hospital bed or building."

In the end the justification, of course, is the acknowledged excellence of Jewish philanthropic services. The fund raisers and some contributors worry because, in this country, the "Jewish poor" have nearly vanished and the beneficiaries of their benevolence are quite likely to be non-Jewish. In Detroit, for example, the pet project of the local Council of Jewish Women is a half-way house for ex-mental-hospital patients of any faith; the local chapter also takes justifiable pride in the work its members do as volunteers in the public schools, in Operation Head Start nursery schools, and in the women's Job Corps. In these activities they work side by side with volunteers from Protestant, Catholic, and Negro women's national organizations.

"These are about the only contacts I have with non-Jewish people," one volunteer said. "I guess you would say we lead a ghetto existence here."

Ghettos Without Walls

She did not sound unhappy about it. This cheerful attitude, which I found predominant, casts doubt on the theory that the fear of rejection is the sole reason why Jews huddle together. Nor, on the other hand, is there any real evidence that—as is sometimes alleged—Jews feel superior and want to exclude others from their society.

"Why," asked a friend of mine, a lapsed Congregationalist, "have I never been invited to join a Jewish club?"

The answer, of course, is that it is assumed he would decline. No Jewish club imparts the social luster of its Gentile equivalent.

So far as housing goes, Jews are, in fact, still discriminated against. Although restrictive covenants have been outlawed by the Supreme Court, gentlemen's agreements among realtors function

*The people of Detroit were horror stricken when a few weeks after my visit Dr. Adler was shot during a Sabbath service by a mentally deranged youth. *Harper's* readers will recall his provocative article, "What Is a Jew?" published in January 1964.

ffectively to keep certain sections and suburbs f Detroit and many other cities rigidly non-Jewsh. These boundaries are as plainly marked to he natives as if walls were around them. The ddity is that Jews, who have staunchly supported pen-occupancy ordinances for Negroes (though hey have physically fled as they became operaive), have made no particular fuss about their wn segregation.

And many of their leaders prefer it that way. 'he fund raisers' work is made much harder when he Jewish population is physically dispersed. Sprawling Los Angeles, for instance, is the desair of Jewish fund raisers—United Jewish Welare drives there collect only around $15 per apita—less than a fourth as much as in cities vith physically united Jewish communities, and he total sum raised in the Los Angeles area is ess than it was in 1948 though the Jewish popuation has doubled since then.

A synagogue is also more likely to hang onto ts congregation if it is clustered around it—at east within reasonable driving distance.

This institutional logic dovetails neatly with he persistent fear of many Jews that their chilren will marry Gentiles. And the classic way to revent this is to make sure that they don't meet ny, particularly in their mating years. Social atterns formed by youngsters of high-school age eem to be crucial in this respect. I recall, for exmple, when I was in college that my Jewish riends from Cincinnati and Cleveland never ated any but the Jewish boys at MIT and Harard and were scandalized when one of my beaux urned out to be an Episcopalian theological stuent. In truth, however, I did not take him very eriously; my parents were certain that it was etter or perhaps "safer" to marry a Jew, and in ue course I did. At the time, however, both I nd my husband—a doctor with a nonsectarian assion for healing the sick—would have scoffed t the idea that Judaism had anything to do with ur romantic affinity. My parents had been bold nough to risk sending me to a school where Jews 'ere only a small minority.

Many Jewish families today do not care to take uch chances. And residential segregation simpli- es their problem. For instance, in Detroit up to he 1940s there was always one public high school nown as "Jewish." First it was old Central, then ew Central, and then Mumford. No such school egregation is possible in suburban school disricts, for though some areas are now definably Jewish" they are by no means totally so. Jewish dolescents are now spread over six city and subrban high schools.

The extensive youth activities in synagogues and community centers are an attempt to create a total social life for the young and to implant in them such a solid "Jewish consciousness" that they will be impervious to interfaith dating when they go off to college. An astonishing number do go to college. As of 1963, according to a survey published in the American Jewish Year Book for 1964, more than 75 per cent of all college-age Jews were enrolled in colleges. This figure seems likely to rise. In 1965 the American Jewish Committee in collaboration with the Community Center in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, asked a representative sample of Jewish high-school boys and girls: "Do you expect to go to college when you finish high school?" More than 90 per cent of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh graders answered affirmatively. Among the twelfth graders the response was 100 per cent Yes. While some of them may not meet the entrance requirements, these expectations contrast sharply with those of the general U. S. population, in which it is estimated only 30 per cent of the youth expect to go to college.

A New Messianism

The phenomenal financial support drawn by Brandeis College—one of the most successful of Jewish fund-raising enterprises—reflects the hope of Jewish parents that their children will be more likely to marry within the faith if they go to a "Jewish" college. But Brandeis students mingle freely with non-Jews both on their own and nearby campuses. And so, of course, do the Jewish students scattered at other universities across the land. Some of them join Jewish fraternities and sororities set up because Jews have been generally excluded from their major non-Jewish equivalents. Others join the Hillel Foundations which B'nai B'rith operates on some two hundred campuses. Roughly equivalent to the Catholic Newman societies and the Methodist Wesleyan clubs, each Hillel is run by a resident rabbi. According to Rabbi Jay Kaufman, the vice-president of B'nai B'rith, the youth movement is highly successful. "We do not have enough rabbis to meet the demand," he told me, and the B'nai B'rith people generally do not seem greatly worried about the future, despite the fact that about 18 per cent of Jews today marry outside their faith. It is possible that B'nai B'rith, with its broad and earthy constituency, mirrors the attitude of those young Jews who are as middle-class and unintellectual as their parents. But the fact remains that the brightest of the lot—like the brightest young Gen-

tiles—today stay away from fraternities in droves and are not greatly interested in formal religious observance.

"I don't believe in organized Judaism as such," one typical teen-ager recently told Manheim Shapiro, a sociologist on the staff of the American Jewish Committee. "I am a Jew but I couldn't tell you what I think or feel," said another. At a conference in Israel last summer, sponsored by the American Jewish Congress, a delegate from New Jersey reported that, although there are six thousand Jewish students at Rutgers and there is a functioning Hillel Foundation, "we can't get more than two hundred students up there. . . . It is difficult to gather a *minyan* [a quorum of ten men required to conduct a service] on Friday night."

Many idealistic young Jews, said Rabbi Moshe Davidowitz at the same conference, "are finding Judaism to be spiritually obsolescent and intellectually irrelevant. . . . They are turning instead to a sort of secularized messianism that motivates the young Jews who work in the civil-rights movement, the Peace Corps, and the domestic Peace Corps."

Intoxicated by Justice

However most American Jews—like the majority of their fellow citizens—do not devote the greater part of their time to lofty causes. What then is the purpose of maintaining "Jewish identity" in a country where anti-Semitism is no longer a serious problem and the whole society is increasingly secularized?

For the fund raisers and the synagogues the answer is self-evident; they need congregations and contributors to stay alive. But is the issue really worth discussing at a time when other far more critical problems command our attention? I have come to feel that it is, on several counts.

I say this even though I, for one, would not enjoy the ethnocentric life of the Jews in Detroit and similar cities. But membership in their community is not compulsory. For those who do choose to join, it provides a viable defense against the anonymity and alienation which plague urban America.

Sensing the verve and even the special contentiousness that permeate all Jewish activities, one cannot doubt that this is indeed a special culture, however American in its manifestations. And the country would be poorer if it vanished; "cultural pluralism" is an empty slogan unless subcultures flourish—not only in ethnic groups but in our regional traditions. All are in danger of being homogenized in an America of identical super markets and subdivisions.

Apart from their many other activities, the Jew ish secular organizations perform a valid functio in this sphere. There is, to be sure, considerabl duplication of effort between their large and com peting bureaucracies. But perhaps this is a luxur the Jews can afford in a time of prosperity an minimal peril. And, as one man put it, "the mor organizations you have, the more vice-president there can be." This is not a frivolous observatio The members of a minority group need opportun ties—which the majority society cannot possibl provide on a sufficient scale—to acquire the dignit and sense of purpose which comes of participatio in respected community endeavors. The Jewis organizations have indeed provided such oppo tunities in abundance.

One may question the direction of some of the efforts—notably those concerned with imag making. The organizations, for instance, turne their collective wrath on Hannah Arendt becau she raised some painful questions about the b havior of European Jews in her book *Eichman in Jerusalem*. Alfred Kazin in *Contemporari* reports that Philip Roth was "called in and wo ried over by at least one professional Jewish o ganization" after he published a story in whi Jews were portrayed as less than lovable.

These seem to me outmoded reactions; ant Semites can always fall back on Shylock or Fag for their models. Most Americans today know th Jews—like everyone else—represent the wh spectrum of contemporary vices and virtues.

On the other hand, one must salute the Ame ican Jewish Committee for giving free rein Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commenta* (in which the Committee is said to have sunk mo than $2 million over the years), even though so of its chief supporters are often pained by wh this controversial magazine publishes. Throu *Commentary* the Committee seeks to demonstra that the primary commitment of American Je is not to self-interest but to truth, liberalism, a intelligence.

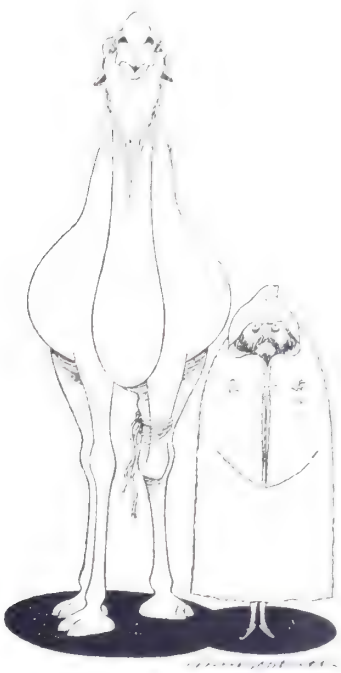
Rabbi Joachim Prinz, president of the Co gress—who differs with the Committee on ma issues—has stated the same proposition somewh differently. "The Jews," he wrote, "are a justi intoxicated people. It is justice and love for h man beings that determines their behavior."

This may seem a rather extravagant flight rhetoric. But, as a weary staff member of o organization put it after a long and frustrati conference, "We sometimes drive each other cra But you know, really, we believe in all this stuf

Harper's Magazine, April 19

There's a Camel in My Cocktail

A story by William Eastlake



"Give me the meaning of life in five words," Martha said.

We sat outside the Sidi el Aide in Marrakech, February 25, 1965, waiting for the king to show up. The king was Hassan the Second and the king was late. The dark Berbers and the bright Bedouins and the small chanting Arabs from the Rif were waiting too, all down the Avenue Moulay el Hassan and the Mohammed Cinque. At the Djemba el Fna the Arabs from the country were excited about the carnival, the circus of dancing *houris*, snake charmers, loud, jeweled, gesturing tellers of stories of the feats of Abd el Krim, and the dancing pigeons and the camel that stood on one leg and the Americans with beards.

King Hassan the Second was visiting his winter palace in Marrakech, a splendid fairy jeweled palace surrounded by parks of palms. Bedecked, bejeweled and bewhiskered and betasseled, the coal-black Zouave attendants and guards stood in rank, in dark, bright rank, under ribbons of red and bright gold and flags of red and green stars and coronets of wild, gay-blowing flowers, the flag and the heraldry of Morocco. The king was late.

"It looks like the king won't show," Mike said.

"He'll be along in a bit," Ian said. "You American chaps are paying the bill."

Mike gazed into his drink, his crystal ball. "There's a camel in my cocktail," Mike said.

We had met Mike on the boat, on the Italian liner *Leonardo da Vinci*, when we were coming over from the States a long time ago, two months. And we had picked up Ian Decker for the first time here at the Café Sidi el Aide. He was in the Café Sidi el Aide like everyone else waiting for the king. Everyone else included two Canadian girls of eighteen and Martha, my wife. The two Canadian girls had hitchhiked from Vancouver, British Columbia. They both wore tight, stretch-fabric pants, Cossack boots, and bulky knit sweaters, which made them look like shedding camels.

"They're not going to get the king here on time," Mike said. "Why don't we visit the storks?"

"The storks" is what we called the three American boys from Antioch who wore Levi's and smoked hashish and lived on the line between the Marrakech Medina and Kasbah. They lived on the upper floor of a house built before Christ and reached by a very small outer stairwell. The floor had two apartments. The Berbers and the Riffs and the Bedouins and all the other Arab tourists slept on the floor in one apartment, cocooned in their *djellabas*, waiting for the king as they had done for eons, their ancestors, for three thousand years in this identical place.

It was like going into a burning house. The hashish smoke billowed out as we opened the door. It was a heavy deep blue layer upon layer of palpable cloud on cloud so that as you moved through it was like layers of curtains on curtains, and you became enveloped and disappeared. I could see a light somewhere ahead and now I came upon one of the young American gentlemen in Levi's under a hooded robe. He wore a blue turtleneck sweater with a large A on it and was reading a magazine called *Defeat*. Next to this gentleman from Antioch College I could make out the two others in the receding, coiling-toward-the-door smoke. They were holding their hashish pipes, clutching them as though we were a threat. They wore the uniform too, the beard, the sweat shirt, and the Levi's, and they wore the same identical anxious-

to-please, retreating, and sorry-to-have-been-born expressions as though the act of smoking hashish bestowed upon them some absolutely blank and inferior status.

"Mike here," I said, "thought you might help him with a camel."

"I dare say," the boy from Antioch said.

"We have been waiting a long time for the king," I said, "and we are getting bored."

"Yes," Ian said. "And rather than do something foolish we decided to ride a camel."

"No," I said. "Mike is going to ride the camel. Mike saw a camel in his crystal ball. He's the one that's got to prove something. He's the cowboy from Colorado. He's the one who can't or won't smoke hashish and is worried about it."

"I dare say," the boy from Antioch said.

"Stop saying that," I said, "and tell me, you've been here a long time, tell me if you have a friend with a camel, know anyone who would rent one."

"Oh, I dare say," the boy from Antioch said. And then I realized he must be some kind of mechanical gadget who could say this and nothing more, something a magi had produced and was still surrounded in smoke, something that would disappear when the smoke left. Now the other two beards crept in.

"You want some pot?" they said.

"No," I said. "I don't smoke it. It doesn't bother any of us that we don't smoke it except Mike. That's why he's looking for a camel."

"That makes sense," the beards said. "You've probably come to the only place in the world where that statement would make sense."

"That's why I came here," I said. "Let me introduce these two Canadian girls who are shedding; Ian here, wearing a British accent. The easel Martha is carrying is a Double-Crostic."

"The meaning of life in five words?" Martha said.

"And as I said," I said, "Mike here is looking for a camel. What's wrong with this man who keeps saying I dare say?" I said.

The gentleman I referred to said in a very low slow rusty voice, "I dare say." Now one of the other bearded gentlemen reached in back of him and pretended to crank him with a quick circular movement. He cranked him fast for about on minute then touched the man's ear as you woul touch a button and the man cranked began to sa repetitively in a high voice, "I dare say I dar say I dare say I dare say." After two minutes o this there was one final long rundown "Oh—— ——dare——say," before he quit.

"Do you want to buy him?" one of the othe beards said, the man who had cranked him. "We'v sold him many times. That's how we make a liv ing. He keeps coming back."

"I had a horse like that too," Mike said.

I put a few *dirhams* on the low table. "No," said, "this is how you make a living. It's a prett good act. As good as the snake charmers, bette than the fakirs and the dancing pigeons."

"Oh I dare say," the rusty voice said quietly.

The two Canadian girls stood in the doorway a the smoke fled out and up so that our high stor house on the edge of the Medina at the city wa must have looked like an embattled Kasbah sen ing signals in smoke to the Rif Mountains of Ab el Krim. The smoke was too much for the re stork and soon we could hear him flap away ma ing a cracking noise like a broken helicopter. Th stork should have been used to the smoke no perhaps selected this spot to enjoy it, probab had a reputation among storks for delinquenc but enough was enough. I could see everyone the room now. The room was almost a half-circul shape. There was a flimsy straight wall of thi bamboo that separated the boys from Antio from the Arabs, the Bedouins, and the people fro the Rif come to the market and sleeping here f the night. The Arabs must have thought the roommates strange, weird, and exotic creature sly and terrible, and from a distant dark countr

"We were at the Sidi el Aide Café," I sa "near the *souks* waiting for the king."

"The king," one of the boys from Antioch sa and they all began to pull on their *djellabas*. The *djellabas* had fallen down to their hips so that thought they were swathed in sheets or blanke but now they pulled them up and I could see th all the boys from Antioch had on hooded *djellab* just like the other Arabs in back of the bamb wall.

"This is not nonsense on my part," I said. "I here to write about this country, about Moroc and you can't write something about Moroc unless you've seen a camel close and I don't ev feel I've seen Morocco. My closest camel so f was about two hundred yards away, so when M saw this camel in his cocktail I thought this wou be a good opportunity for me to see one close u

William Eastlake's war experience in the Battle of the Bulge went into his most recent novel, "Castle Keep," and his cow-punching days in New Mexico were background for "The Bronc People." His stories about the Navahos first appeared in "Harper's" in 1955. As is evident in "There's a Camel in My Cocktail," Mr. Eastlake has recently visited another continent.

I mean he's got the idea he wants to ride one, so I figured this would be my chance."

"Oh I dare say."

"I guess you can shut up," I said. "I've had enough of that."

"Oh I dare say."

Now I pressed his other ear, the opposite of the one the man had pressed to start him. Both his eyes turned slowly in their sockets and his pupils moved like BBs, then he was absolutely quiet.

"Well," one of the other Antioch boys said, knocking out his pipe, "I have got a Bedouin friend down here in the market who travels in camels but he only comes in, he only works on weekends and Shrove Tuesdays."

"Won't he be in to greet the king?"

"Bedouins are against all kings, all authorities. But I have another friend, an Arab who sleeps here on the other side of the screen, a very nice All American Boy Arab who doesn't smoke, who buys camels here at auction and turns them over for a few *dirhams* at his home in Oukaimedem. If you want to ride one and can go a little way with him in the direction of Oukaimedem I think he'd appreciate your breaking it for him. He generally buys wild ones at discounts."

"What do you say, Mike?"

"All right," Mike said.

"Just because I want to write about a camel," I said, "I don't want to push you into anything."

"No, that's all right," Mike said.

When we were all down on the Place Djemba el Fna the boys from Antioch introduced us to a very clean-cut Arab who came from Oukaimedem and dealt in wild camels. He must have spoken five or six languages. I say this because he spoke some English and you don't often sell a camel to an Englishman. For a time in his youth he said he worked for a black-market concession in a *souk* in Tangiers when it was an international port. Maybe he had learned his English there instead of from some camel-buying Lawrence in Oukaimedem. The clean-cut Arab said his name was Mohammed and he also said you'd go a long way in the Arab countries before you'd find a man who wasn't called Mohammed.

"Now which among you is going to help me with the camel?" Mohammed said.

"I am," Mike said, raising his hand.

"I've been dickering for a racing camel at the airport for three days now. He's a real dog but he can move," Mohammed said.

"At the airport?" I said.

"Yes," Mohammed said. "They have phased out all the American air bases in Morocco. Even when the Americans were given permission to build them we saw they had excellent possibilities."

"A place to trade camels?"

"And race them," Mohammed said.

We moved through the Medina; Mohammed knew a shortcut across the Kasbah that brought us out in front of the *souks* at el Mouket. We caught the bus close by at the Harat that took us past the great Souk el Khemis. A *souk* is any marketplace. This one went on and on until we got to the edge of Marrakech; then we started through the palm groves that got us out into the flat country, ideal for airfields, bomber bases, and, when the bombers become obsolete, there are always camels. Mohammed had obviously learned his English from the American soldiers at the base.

"I want you to take a good look at this dog," Mohammed said to Mike. "He says it's a sprained tendon but I think it's a small bone in his ankle that may never come right."

"I think I can tell," Mike said.

"You know camels?"

"I know horses," Mike said. "They got the same problems."

"Isn't it a small world," Mohammed said philosophically. "Who'd have thought that at my age I would learn, riding in a bus past the Sidi el Abbes, that a horse was the same as a camel."

"A horse is a camel without the hump," I said.

The three boys from Antioch said nothing. They were all dressed in hooded *djellabas* of different-dyed camel hair. When their hands were back they looked like young martyred Christs. With the visored hoods down-slanting over their foreheads



they did not quite look like sly and evil Berbers and Bedouins skulking down from the hills for a holy war; they looked like Antioch boys a long way from home.

We came to a big sign about twelve feet high that read, SAC 149th BOMBER GROUP, and then in large letters, PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION. The bus ran along the fence now that had been stolen.

"The chain-link fence," Mohammed said, "was stolen while the Americans were still here, while they were still guarding it. The story goes," Mohammed said, "there was a period of three weeks when the Arabs removed a B59 jet. They carried it away like ants, piece by piece and one morning it was not there."

"Probably not true," I said.

"Yes," Mohammed said. "The story is probably not true, but last week there was a *souk* established in the Medina, the first one, for airplane parts, propellers, engines, all parts."

"A B59 jet doesn't have a propeller."

"That's right," Mohammed said. "It doesn't have anything now."

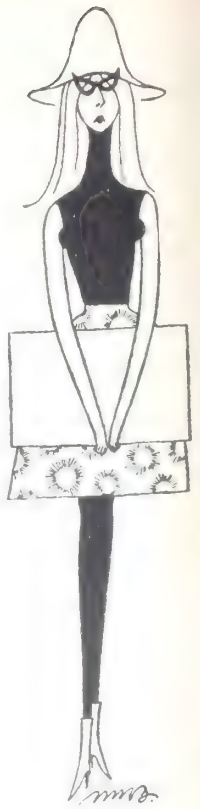
Now we turned into the main gate of the air base; that is, we turned into the place where the gate had been stolen, and drove out on the five-mile-long runway where the camels were. The place looked as though it had been constructed for camel raising. Piles of camel dung were stacked neatly down the runway as far as you could see. Camels were not the only animals being traded. There were mules, asses, horses, goats, sheep, pigeons, sparrows, and one man had an airplane tire, but the camels dominated the runway and we made straight for them. Mohammed could not locate his Arab from Samarkand with the fast-racing camel with the bad leg.

"But he's knocking off two hundred *dirhams* for the bad leg," Mohammed said. "And with the bad leg he can still go like hell. He's probably in a hangar," Mohammed said, and he disappeared into a huge building alongside the runway which said, PEACE IS OUR MISSION. In a few minutes he came out with the man from Samarkand and the camel. They were watching us carefully as they came up and, I thought, talking about us in Arabic.

"He said he'll trade for five *dirhams* or the three college boys," Mohammed said. "The other deal is three hundred *dirhams* with the three college boys thrown in."

I smiled for Mohammed but the three boys from Antioch didn't think it was funny and Martha said, "Don't let him say that even as a joke."

Martha still had her Double-Crostic panel that was shaped like a drawing board or an easel, as though she were going to add up the vast sums of *francs* and *dirhams* and follow the trading with her ball-point pen. "Don't even say that in fun," she said.



The camel was a big evil-looking boy. He looked like an enormous ostrich that has lost even the vestiges of wings but had gained a couple more ostrich legs. One of his legs was hobbled, a rope tied to the foot and pulled up to the same foreleg so that the camel hobbled on three feet. I noticed many of the camels in the runway were hobbled in this fashion.

"It's the only way a wild camel can be handled Mohammed said. "What about two hundre *dirhams*?" he said to the Samarkander, then h said it in Arabic, and then the Samarkander b gan to lead his camel back to the camel hang before Mohammed stopped him by upping th offer in Arabic. The Samarkander looked at th three Antioch boys and Martha said, "Stop tha I told you to stop that." She had the Doubl Crostic board over her head now, using it as shade. "You're doing it again," Martha sai "After all, these boys have parents and they a concerned."

"Do they have parents?" Mike said. "And wh would they be concerned?"

"Don't talk silly," Martha said.

The three boys from Antioch shuffled a litt further away from the camel traders. They ha on pointed Arab slippers. They were all yello colored and conspicuous against the white co crete of the runway.

"Would you take a look at his ankle?" M hammed said to Mike, "and see if you can t what's wrong?"

Mike touched the camel on the muzzle ever lightly, so gently, then he moved his hand benea the great eye of the camel, then in an arc dov the neck. When his hand reached the hu shoulder he twisted his body behind the leg the camel and running his fingers down the l

gan to undo the hobble knot expertly. When the mel's foot was free Mike had his whole body o the leg so the camel did not even attempt to ve anything. Mike kneaded the tips of his fin- rs gently along the hock, then into the pastern the camel. Delicately backwards and forwards ike moved the tips of his fingers, all the time king down blankly at the runway, never at the of the camel as though it must all be done by l, that seeing would disturb the delicate sensi- e body relationship that Mike had, with his body ked into the leg of the camel and the tips of his gers probing the small bones and tendons and eling the reaction.

"You can tell him what you like in Arabic," ike said. "You can tell him what you like for e trade, but it's not a bone. It's a tendon all ght, and probably caused by the hobble. The sition of the hobble would stretch the tendon d elongate it. But it should come back in three four days okay without the hobble. But tell him at you like."

"Dishonesty is the best policy is an old saying nong the Arabs," Mohammed said. "But I al- ys use honesty. It takes them by such surprise ey are helpless. There's nothing wrong with e animal," Mohammed told the Samarkander in rabic. "I will pay you what the animal is worth."

The shock of this statement almost sent the markander down on one knee. He reeled slightly fore he recovered, then he must have said, What is it worth?", then by their expressions ohammed must have said, "Half of what you ked," and then, while the Samarkander was re- vering from that, the two Canadian girls floated to view above a mirage on the other end of the nway. I thought we had lost them on the Place jemba el Fna, but somehow they had trailed us ere. I said before that with their tight elastic nts and loose wool hot sweaters they looked like edding camels in the zoos of America. I say the os of America because, of all the camels I have en in Morocco and the Sahara, I never saw one ed. They all have perfect tailored camel coats as ough out for a stroll on Fifth Avenue. It is only the zoos that they shed, or it may be that I was Morocco and the Sahara at the wrong time of ar. Certainly the two Canadian girls had arrived the end of the runway at the wrong time of day.

ohammed and the Samarkander went into a ddle when they saw the girls and began to trade d Martha said, "No, you can't do that." And ike said from the camel leg he was holding, They got parents too."

"Yes," Martha said, waving her panel at the mel traders. "Stop them. Don't let them."

"With the three Antioch boys and their *djellabas* and the two Canadian girls in their elastic pants thrown in, no money will change hands," I said.

"Even as a joke," Martha said, "you shouldn't say it."

Now the Arab traders broke out of their huddle and Mohammed came up to Mike and said, "Do you want to try it?"

"Isn't that what we came out here for?" Mike said. "To ride the camel?"

The two Canadian girls came toward us now with the shedding bulk sweaters, through the mirage and the asses and the donkeys and the horses and the used airplane tires and used oxygen masks and bombsights and king-size Coca-Cola bottles till they stood near us, silent as always. They were always silent and always following things. I don't remember that they ever said anything.

The camel reached down serenely, not with a quick flustered gesture but with a solemn camel swoop, and took a piece out of one of the Canadian girls. He only got a piece of the bulk camel's hair the girls were shedding. The elastic pants must have frightened the camel. Anyway he settled for a piece of the sweater.

"That's not nice," Mike said to the camel. "We are going for a ride and you've got to learn to behave yourself."

Mike had Mohammed hold the camel's foot in the hobble position while he tied a hackamore around the camel's muzzle with the lead rope, then quickly, deftly, with a lighter-than-air movement, first stepping on Mohammed's back, Mike was on top of the camel before the camel knew he had a rider. The Samarkand camel stood stock still a long moment and then he craned his long neck around, swiveled his bird head, and looked at Mike through long eyelashes—camel eyes as big as footballs, through long eyelashes.

While the Samarkand camel was eyeing Mike, over the Atlas Mountains and far away, but beneath the snow line of the Atlas, you could see a long pall of dust rising like the smog of great American cities. The black dust was rising against the cobalt of the sky and still below the clear vanilla-ice-cream snow of the Atlas.

"The Berbers and the Riffs," Mohammed said, shading his eyes. "They've come to celebrate the king. To welcome the king."

I guess this is something they have been doing for one thousand, two thousand years, an adventure and a magical rite, coming down the snow-clad Atlas in red and blue and gold on white horses,

raising this tornado of dust before you even saw them. But now you could see something. You could see something because they changed the pace, they quickened the pace. They had come in sight now of the Mosques of Marrakech. The Mosques of Marrakech, tree-tall and white, emblematic of Allah and the king. All of the Arab horde in a pulsing wave on long following wave approached the American airfield now, PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION, and Mike's camel, still immobile, curious now, waving his trunk of neck, his stalk of neck, at his mob of approaching kin. When the flood of Arabs from the hills hit the far end of the runway you could tell from the noise, the screams, the yells, the Holy War, you knew they were going to make a race for it. Never in all of time had Christendom made such a perfect place, an absolute challenge, a smooth and concrete apron spread between the Arabs and their kings. The streaming and screaming wind-borne Arabs came down upon us so fast and so all at once, there was no time for anyone to move. The trading Arabs and their camels, their asses and their donkeys stood transfixed and rooted, awe-full and amazed. The two Canadian girls, Ian, the dispossessed English boy, the three *djellaba*-caparisoned Antioch boys, the Samakander and our own Arab, Martha and her own Double-Crostic, all went under in the cloud, all disappeared along with the last vestiges of the American Occupation of the desert. The base was now itself bombed and disappeared. The PEACE IS OUR MISSION, the last Jerry cans, the final spare ailerons, bomb sights, obsolete oxygen masks, and goggles wer overwhelmed and overcome by the modern barbe Arab steeds, all rushing, all flying, all rushing an mixed and lost in the great wind of the wild Ber bers and Riffs going to see and going to welcom their king.



This is what happened. That is what happene to the last American air base in Marrakech, i Morocco, on February 25, 1965. It saved th American taxpayers all that money for the fina phasing out, because phasing out is as expensiv as phasing in. Some remains of it must still b there beneath the dust. Something for archaeolo gists to find in a thousand years and wonder wha it was. A smooth and hard trading place for camel to the glory of the Arab world, where they trade camels for king-size Coke bottles, used bombs an *djellabas,* and behold! Look here! What is thi remnant? From what decline? What fall? Fron what delinquent and depressed civilization? th archaeologists will ask, this piece of J. C. Penne cloth bearing the word ANTIOCH? And whenc these bulky wool sweaters?

"Well," Mike said, back at the Sidi el Aide. "Th king did show after all."

"I am looking for an expression," Martha said "used by the Druids to denote or connote passin of water or time, as it would be translated fron Latin into modern Greek in three words."

"Try 'The King is here,' " Mike said.

"Did your friend buy the camel?" I said.

"Oh, the camel," Mike said. "The camel joine the bunch of camels belonging to the king. Whe he joined the king's herd he became gentle as lamb. I never saw such a change in a camel. Bu then, it's my first camel."

"Very good," Ian said. "Quite good. Now tha I've seen this I suppose I could go back to England Here I am, twenty-two years old and I've seen th king. There's not much else, is there?" Ian pause a moment looking out into the pale and amber lighted square and then he said, with an inter rogatory British tilt, "I suppose?"

Mike was staring into his cocktail again, hi crystal ball.

"Please don't," I said. "After what we've beer through, please not again."

"All right," Mike said. "But I can promise yo there's no camel there now."

"Look again," Martha said. "If I can get th answer to life in three words, then I have finishe my Double-Crostic."

Mike leaned over and wound up the Antioch boy "I dare say," the Antioch Arab said.

Digging Up Prehistoric America

by Robert Claiborne

How recent discoveries of ancient cultivated corn have solved a prehistoric mystery.

In an arid valley southeast of Mexico City, a series of discoveries has revolutionized American archaeology. There, beginning in 1960, the labors of dozens of diggers have unearthed an almost continuous record of human habitation covering the past twelve thousand years. For the first time, scholars have been able to study in a single locality man's protracted ascent from savagery to civilization. With a precision and a wealth of detail not yet attained anywhere else in the world, they have documented the cultural evolution which transformed man the hunter and food-gatherer into man the cultivator, and ultimately into man the literate city dweller.

In so doing, they have laid to rest speculations that these cultural advances came to the Americas as gifts from other continents; the first American civilization, it now seems certain, was a wholly original product. But their findings are especially significant because Middle America—the archaeologist's term for the area on both sides of Mexico's southern border—is one of only half-a-dozen places on earth where civilization arose *de novo* (our own civilization, by contrast, is the heir, at many removes, of Egypt and Sumer). As a result, the scholars are able to draw significant comparisons between the rise of civilization in the New World and in the Old.

That the Indians of Middle America had achieved—or acquired—civilization has been known for nearly five hundred years. When Cortez and his small band of adventurers thrust their way into the Valley of Mexico, they found the Aztecs living in populous cities, worshiping in elaborately sculptured stone temples, supporting themselves by a highly developed agriculture based on irrigation, and keeping records in a pictorial script. But until quite recently, no one had been able to discover where, or precisely how, this civilization had taken shape.

About fifteen years ago, the hunt for the birthplace of Middle American civilization began to focus on a hunt for the origins of cultivated corn. The production, as against the mere gathering, of food—in particular, grain—has been the prerequisite of every civilization everywhere. Without a secure and plentiful food supply, no human society can support the specialists—smiths and weavers, stonemasons and sculptors, scribes and soldiers—whose skills make civilization possible. And in Middle America, cultivated corn was the staff of life long before Columbus, as indeed it still is.

But where and when was corn brought under cultivation? The most assiduous botanical search failed to turn up any variety of wild corn. (In the Middle East, the traditional cradle of civilization, wild species of wheat and barley still grow in the hill country where they were first cultivated.) Some botanists even speculated that wild corn had never existed; the cultivated grain, they suggested, must have originated as a hybrid between certain species of wild grass.

This theory was discredited in 1953, when investigators drilled into the silt of a prehistoric lake bed that now lies beneath Mexico City. Some 240 feet down, they brought up cores of compacted mud which, under the microscope, revealed pollen grains of corn. And it was unquestionably wild corn, for the pollen had been deposited long before man arrived in the New World.

Even before this finding, the hunt for corn had been quickened by several discoveries in New

Mexico and northern Mexico, where research groups had unearthed tiny corncobs, obviously cultivated, but dating from about 3600 B.C.—considerably older than any previously discovered. One of these corn-hunters was Professor Richard S. MacNeish of the University of Alberta at Calgary. MacNeish, a leading figure in American archaeology, had recently completed twelve years' work in Alaska and the Canadian Northwest, investigating man's migration from the Old World to the New, and was now deeply involved in the search for the roots of New World civilization.

With evidence of wild corn under Mexico City and only cultivated corn north of it, MacNeish turned south, but diggings in Guatemala and Honduras were barren. Suspecting that he had overshot the mark, he began exploring southern Mexico for dry highland valleys where vegetable remains would have some chance of surviving the long millennia.

Ancient Filter Tip

MacNeish's first valley yielded nothing, so he moved on to Tehuacán (tay-wa-*khan*) in the state of Puebla. There, he and his local guides "scrambled in and out of thirty-eight caves." In the thirty-ninth, they struck pay dirt—corncobs which, when dated by the carbon-14 technique, proved to be several hundred years older than any yet discovered. MacNeish decided that the valley deserved extensive study. Superficially, to be sure, it seemed an unlikely place to hunt for evidence of early cultivation, let alone civilization. The Tehuacán valley, over seventy miles long by twenty wide, is set amid mountains that block off rain-bearing winds. Its natural vegetation is mostly that of a desert—cactus and thorny shrubs. But on closer examination, MacNeish noted that such rain as fell was concentrated in summer—the growing season. Moreover, at several points springs provided a permanent, if not copious, supply of water. Accordingly, he began hunting up backers for a major archaeological effort. He found them in two private groups—the Robert S. Peabody Foundation for Archaeology and the Rockefeller Foundation—and in the U. S. government's National Science Foundation. In 1961, the digging got under way.

The succeeding four years saw what is perhaps the most intensive archaeological study ever undertaken of a limited area. The professional field staff alone numbered more than a dozen, plus scores of local diggers. Even apart from his professional abilities "Scotty" MacNeish was peculiarly qualified to lead such an effort. A New Yorker transplanted to the Midwest and later to Canada (his wife is a Canadian), he is a cosmopolitan both by temperament and by experience. Small and wiry, he has a fund of nervous energy which kept him bustling about the diggings in temperatures reaching 120 in the almost nonexistent shade.

His approach to life is distinctly offbeat. For example, he associates by choice with "natives" rather than bigwigs. The natives, he points out, know the ground: The Tehuacán diggers, when they turned up a fragment of some wild plant, could tell him immediately the season of the year at which it had originally been gathered. No less offbeat is his sense of humor. He takes an impish pleasure in the fact that he learned Spanish at digs in the "bandit country" just south of the Rio Grande, and as a result sounds like the Mexican equivalent of Edward G. Robinson. This, too, has practical advantages: Though his hoodlum diction scandalizes some Mexican savants, it has proved useful on occasion in preserving order among the diggers.

The digging was a far cry from the pick-and-shovel archaeology of two or three generations ago. At each "occupation site"—they numbered more than thirty—the earth was scraped away, with bricklayers' trowels, almost millimeter by millimeter, to a depth sometimes reaching 25 feet. Plant remains, which even a trowel would have crushed to dust, were freed from the earth with paintbrushes. And stratum by stratum, every potsherd, plant seed, bone, and implement had to be located on a detailed surveyor's plot of the site, then labeled and wrapped for safekeeping.

In the basement of the Peabody Foundation building, in Andover, Massachusetts, MacNeish showed me part of his archaeological harvest: delicate arrowheads chipped out of glassy, black obsidian; grinding stones hammered out of boulders; net and textile fragments; a bit of bark cord, still looped into a prehistoric figure-eight knot; a two-inch bit of hollow cane, charred at one end, in which some ancient Indian had smoked tobacco. (At another Mexican site, MacNeish told me, diggers had turned up a similar cane with cotton stuffed in one end—a 1,700-year-old filter tip!) Above all, there were boxes upon boxes of pot-

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sherds, those fragments whose perdurable qualities have given them a central role in scientific archaeology.

All these relics, said MacNeish, represent only about one per cent of the total (most of the rest were given to Mexico's National Museum). Altogether, the digging crews turned up nearly a million remains of human activity, including 80,000 remains of wild plants, 25,000 specimens of corn, and more than 1,000 animal bones.

To classify and interpret this massive hoard, MacNeish and his colleagues drew on the expertise of some thirty scholars scattered across North America. The corn specimens alone required the services of four men from Harvard and the Rockefeller Foundation. Beans and squash, textiles and pottery, each had its specialists. A University of Chicago student classified animal bones; two geologists, a Frenchman and a Mexican, contributed knowledge of landforms; a professor in British Columbia studied shells. Perhaps the most recondite speciality was that of a Scotch-Canadian, who examined desiccated human feces under the microscope for clues to the diet of prehistoric Tehuacános. From these studies, MacNeish and his associates have traced the progress of the Tehuacános from food-gatherers, wholly dependent on nature's wild bounty, to cultivators raising nearly all their food.

The Tehuacán story begins around 10,000 B.C. Then and for some 3,000 years thereafter, the valley was occupied by a few families of nomadic hunters, totaling perhaps twenty men, women, and children. Their lives resembled those of today's South African Bushmen. Season by season, each family group wandered from one camp to another, hunting game with stone weapons and collecting the fruits, seeds, and roots of wild plants. Their meat diet came chiefly from small game—jackrabbits, gophers, rats, birds, and turtles. These people were not the "mammoth hunters" whose remains have been found elsewhere in North America. The first Tehuacános, commented one expert, "probably found one mammoth in a lifetime and —like some archaeologists—never got over talking about it."

Slowly, these primitive people evolved a slightly more complex culture. The valley's population increased, though by 7000 B.C. it still numbered less than 100. Meat was scarcer, perhaps because there were more people, perhaps because the valley, growing drier, had become less hospitable to animal life. When the spring rains came, the families now congregated in somewhat larger bands to gather the briefly burgeoning wild plants. To prepare these increasingly important plant foods, they hammered out a variety of stone scrapers, choppers, and grinding stones. Their diet now included a kind of squash, amaranth, tiny avocados with pea-sized pits, and chili peppers —all of which were subsequently cultivated in Mexico, and still are. They wove nets, perhaps for snaring animals, and baskets, as well as colorful blankets of dyed wild cotton.

Along with these richer material goods, they had developed a fairly complex ceremonial and spiritual life. They may have practiced human sacrifice (a motif that crops up repeatedly in Middle American culture) and unquestionably buried their dead elaborately.

Though the Tehuacános had clearly progressed beyond the bare subsistence level, by Old World standards they were still terribly primitive. Their contemporaries in Mesopotamia and Asia Minor were already full-time farmers, raising grain and vegetables and herding cows, sheep, goats, and pigs.

The Dawn of Farming

Sometime around 5500 B.C. these ancestral Mexicans seem to have conceived the notion that if you drop a seed in the ground at the proper time, a plant will grow up. The archaeological record shows that by that date the avocado pits are no longer pea-sized but acorn-sized, presumably as a result of cultivation. A little later, a new type of squash has appeared in the valley—and one that had no wild counterpart there. The prevalence of its seeds leaves little doubt that the "import" was sown and harvested in Tehuacán.

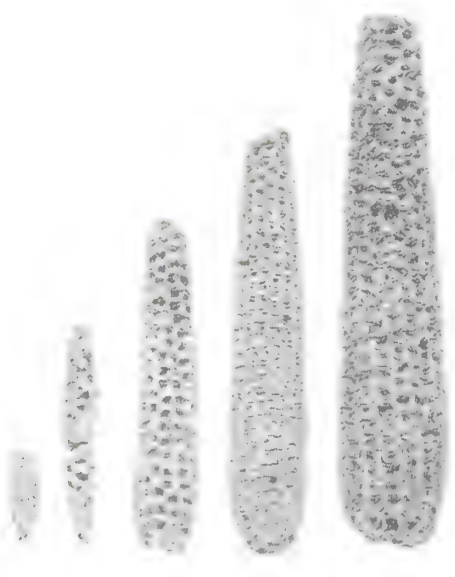
Around 5000 B.C. corn makes its first appearance among the relics. It was far from the corn we know today. Its skinny cobs, most of them less than an inch long, bore some fifty small kernels. These were rather loosely attached to the cob, and, unlike modern corn, were not completely enclosed in a husk, so that at maturity they could be jarred loose by a gust of wind and scattered to reproduce themselves. (Modern corn could not survive if it were not sown by man.) These remnants are true wild corn. Gathering it must have been a rather unprofitable business. The open husk gave free rein to birds and rodents, and the loosely attached kernels could too easily be scattered by a careless harvester.

By 4000 B.C. the Tehuacános are quite definitely growing two kinds of squash, gourds, beans, and several other food plants. And they are growing corn. But this corn hardly differs from the wild variety. Its cobs are merely a little bigger.

Altogether, these cultivated plants supply only about a quarter of the Tehuacános' diet. Though the people can now gather in large groups during the growing season, in the dry season they must still hit the foraging trail in small, family bands. The valley's population, in 300 generations, has grown only to about 200. (In Mesopotamia, men are already living in towns and building mud temples; before very long they will invent writing and the wheel.)

Now the pace of progress in Tehuacán begins to speed up a little. As the people harvested their corn patches, they must have selected the larger, more productive ears for next year's seed. Moreover, a new variety of corn makes its appearance. Called "early tripsacoid," it seems to represent a cross between corn and related wild grasses. The hybrid yielded ears considerably larger than those of the original Tehuacán strain; moreover, its kernels were more firmly attached to the cob, making for easier harvesting.

By 2000 B.C., the valley is dotted with half-a-dozen little villages, each surrounded by patches of corn, beans, squash, and pumpkins; dogs scavenge among the refuse heaps (and are doubtless served up as the *pièce de résistance* on feast days). The population still raises less than half its food, but it is a considerably bigger population —800 or so. It is also more skilled—its basketry, weaving, and stonework are more sophisticated, and it has learned how to make pottery, albeit still crude and poorly fired.



Series of prehistoric corn cobs from the archaeological sites at Tehuacán illustrating an evolutionary sequence from about 5000 B.C. to about 1500 A.D. (50 per cent of actual size). Photograph reproduced through the courtesy of the Botanical Museum of Harvard University.

Dams, Ditches, Temples

The corn crop continues to improve. The tripsacoid strain has crossed with the original Tehuacán strain, and some of the crosses are yielding fat ears, three inches or more long, bearing several hundred kernels. The ears are beginning to reach maturity enclosed in tight husks, which help ensure that men, rather than animals, will reap the crop—and which also make corn wholly dependent on man for propagation. It was this strain of corn that eventually replaced its wild ancestor.

By 1500 B.C. Tehuacán's transition toward an agricultural way of life is nearly complete. The population, farmers all, has passed the 2,000 mark, and is grouped in permanent villages of perhaps 200 souls. Before many generations have passed, these villages will begin to group together around small towns, each with its mud or mud-brick temple.

Around 800 B.C.—about the time that Homer was writing the Iliad—the Tehuacános reach another milestone: they begin to irrigate their fields, constructing earth dams and crude ditches. With this systematic use of water, plus continued improvement in crop strains, the food supply leaps, and with it the population, to perhaps 8,000. The villages are larger, the temples are beginning to be built in stone rather than mud. Moreover, the valley is now in regular contact with other peoples. Chief among these—judging from the new patterns of tools and pottery—are the already-civilized Olmecs, who live several hundred miles to the east along the Gulf of Mexico.

By the time of Christ, other peoples have contributed additional food resources: peanuts, sunflowers, tomatoes, guavas, and turkeys. Agriculture is almost certainly regulated by some sort of calendar. One of the irrigation dams is now a masonry structure 70 feet high and a quarter-mile long. Anticipating the design of the most sophisticated modern dams, it is curved against the pressure of stored water, and has stone breakwaters upstream to protect it from the summer's flash floods. The population has swelled to around 20,000, and some of the villages have grown into sizable hilltop towns.

In the reigns of Charlemagne and Alfred the Great, the Tehuacános number close to 100,000, supported by an agriculture based on large-scale

irrigation. The valley is divided up into four or five little city-states, each consisting of a half-dozen farming villages centered around a city. The states may already be—as they certainly became later—feudal dependencies of the Mixtec Empire. Trade is thriving. Specialist craftsmen produce cotton textiles, pottery, and salt for export.

To coordinate and enforce this complex social structure, other classes of specialists have grown up: professional priest-bureaucrats who keep records in picture writing, professional soldiers of a standing army, and perhaps a god-king or emperor over all. These, in turn, were undoubtedly supported by some system of taxation. Tehuacán has become thoroughly civilized.

The last chapter in the Tehuacán story is still being worked out. It is contained in a document called the Borgia Codex, painted in hieroglyphics on deerskin about the time of Chaucer. The codex was salvaged from the Spaniards' general destruction of "heathen" documents by a priest, and presented to a member of the egregious Borgia family. (It is now in the Vatican Library.) Until the Tehuacán diggings, its original provenance was uncertain. But MacNeish has studied its tiny pictures of pots, houses, and sandals, and from their styles has concluded that the document originated in the valley. When it has been completely translated (it is in the Mixtec language which, unlike Aztec, is still only partially deciphered) it should, MacNeish believes, give detailed information on the economics of Tehuacán, including the various types of craftsmen and perhaps the "tax structure," during the period shortly before the Spaniards took over.

Home-grown Pedigree

Such is the story of how civilization came to one small Mexican valley. What does it all mean to us?

The most obvious implication of the Tehuacán story is that it supplies, for the first time, a firmly indigenous pedigree for Middle American civilization. So long as this was lacking, scholars could speculate that civilization came to the New World through transatlantic or transpacific contacts. According to this theory, storm-blown Phoenician, Chinese, or Japanese mariners landed in the Americas some time after 1500 B.C., bringing with them such arts as agriculture, astronomy, and the *notion* (not the actual technique) of writing.

As we have seen, however, the beginnings of Middle American farming stretch back to around 5500 B.C., long before oceangoing ships existed anywhere. And if Middle American man could develop agriculture on his own hook, there seems no reason to suppose that he could not, unassisted, go on from there, as Middle Eastern man unquestionably did. MacNeish, for one, is firmly convinced that in all essential respects Middle American civilization is a homegrown product. He does not rule out occasional transoceanic contacts, but he considers the evidence for them—with a few exceptions—very tenuous.

If, as now seems clear, New World civilization is indigenous, a judicious comparison of its development with that of man's first civilization, which grew up in and around Mesopotamia, should provide some interesting conclusions. Chief among these, says MacNeish, is that man's attainment of civilization—in particular, the shift from food collection to food production—was a much slower process than has been thought. Many archaeologists, following the late eminent prehistorian H. Gordon Childe, have spoken of this fundamental shift as the "Neolithic Revolution," implying that it occurred rather quickly. Revolutionary it certainly was, but quick it was not. In Tehuacán, as we have seen, the change took something like 5,000 years (in Mesopotamia, at least 2,000 years and perhaps much longer).

One reason for this slow progress has already been suggested by the gradual changes we have seen in Tehuacán's corn crop, from a sparse-yielding, hard-to-harvest grass to the fat ears that could multiply the sowing many hundredfold. Not surprisingly, the archaeological record in the Middle East shows comparable changes. Only after many centuries of cultivation did man obtain the easily harvested, free-threshing strains of wheat and barley that fed the Middle Eastern civilizations. Animals (which played a very minor role in the Middle American economy) were no less changed by domestication: hairy sheep grew woolly coats; the terrible wild ox began to become cowlike.

Why So Late?

If the similarities between man's ascent in the Middle East and Middle America are interesting, the differences are no less so. The most obvious one is that the Middle Easterners began their rise much sooner. In 3000 B.C., when the Sumerians had already evolved a literate, urban civilization, the Middle Americans were still dabbling with part-time agriculture. Shortly before the

beginning of the Christian era, when Middle America finally achieved literacy, the Middle Eastern and Mediterranean people had produced written laws, poetry, drama—and most of the Old Testament. Once started, to be sure, both areas progressed at about the same speed. With some divergencies (to be discussed later), the Middle American's "culture gap" remained steady at 2,000 to 3,000 years. But why the gap at all? MacNeish suggests at least a partial explanation.

In the Old World, he points out, *Homo sapiens* appeared on the scene at least 100,000 years ago, and more primitive men much earlier. In the New World, however, man was a latecomer. It is no more than 30,000 years since the first few human immigrants straggled across Bering Strait into Alaska. The long, rambling trek southward took thousands of years more; the Tehuacános of 10,000 B.C. may well have been the first settlers in the valley.

The first American immigrants, of course, moved into a virgin continent, rich enough in game to support their scattered bands in a simple hunting economy; even as late as 7000 B.C. the Tehuacános were still living mainly on game. In the Middle East, by contrast, game had evidently become scarce several thousand years earlier, thus stimulating men to turn their hunting spears into digging sticks and ultimately into hoes and shepherd's crooks.

Even after the Middle Americans' tardy discovery of food production, their progress to a predominantly farming economy appears to have taken at least twice as long as in the Middle East. If this is true (MacNeish himself is not sure) there is an obvious explanation—domestic animals.

As already noted, the Middle Easterners were mixed farmers, tending herds of sheep and goats, cattle and pigs, along with their fields of wheat and barley. The Middle Americans, on the other hand, were almost pure and simple agriculturists; for domesticated meat they had only the dog and (much later) the turkey; milk, cheese, and butter were unknown. Why they lagged in animal husbandry is a mystery. Although no wild species of cattle or goats were available for domestication, there were wild sheep in the mountains and wild pig in both the plateau country and the tropic lowlands. The Middle Americans did not domesticate these creatures because—well, because they didn't.

The consequences were serious. Animals can "grow" food on land that is too dry, too steep, or too broken for agriculture. Moreover, without animals there is no manure, so that fertility falls off more rapidly; there is no plowing, so that fields must be laboriously hoed or spaded up by hand. Middle America's almost exclusive concentration on plants meant that full-time agriculture had to await the slow development of highly productive plant strains and highly sophisticated techniques.

Having attained these, however, the Middle Americans could leap forward at a pace far surpassing that of the Middle East, once they had learned to irrigate. Possessed of an almost "instant civilization" — simply add water — they jumped from villages to cities in little more than a thousand years—less than half the time that the same transition occupied in Mesopotamia.

The Middle Americans' deficiency in animal husbandry is matched by an equally mysterious deficiency in metallurgy. Their craftsmen did, indeed, produce beautiful ornamental work in gold, silver, and occasionally copper. But never having learned to smelt copper or tin from ores, they were entirely dependent on such bits of "native" metal as they could pick up—far too little for use as either tools or weapons. The Tehuacános of Cortez' day still cut their meat with stone knives.

For all its deficiencies, however, Middle American civilization stands forth as an impressive as well as an indigenous achievement. In the sophistication of its agricultural techniques and the variety of its cultivated plants it surpassed both Mesopotamia and Egypt. Its astronomers devised a calendar far more precise than those of the Old World civilizations and, indeed, more accurate than the one we use today.

And because Middle American civilization came later, it remains in many respects more contemporary than its elder brothers of the Old World. The vitality of its sculpture, ceramics, and textile patterns is still reflected in both the folk crafts and the fine art of the region. Amaranth seed, sacred to the Mixtecs, is still baked into cookies for feast days. The serpent, emblem of Quetzalcoatl, chief god of the Aztecs, still writhes across the Mexican coat of arms. And today's Middle Americans still celebrate the festivals of Christ and His saints with the same elaborate pageantry that their ancestors devoted to the service of Quetzalcoatl and his celestial colleagues.

●

(The author wishes to acknowledge with gratitude the assistance of Professor MacNeish and of Professor Robert Braidwood of the University of Chicago in preparing this article. Apart from views specifically ascribed to them, they, of course, bear no responsibility for any opinions contained in it.)

Harper's Magazine, April 1966

New York's Schoolhouse for the Left

by Edward Grossman

What do you do until the Revolution comes? If you are like these students and teachers, you quit the educational Establishment and set up your own shop, where you talk, learn, and defend yourself against fire inspectors and liberals.

Fourteenth Street, the cut-rate bazaar that bounds Greenwich Village on the north, is a scene of permanent riot. Mobs of women armed with spike heels and shopping bags battle one another for items like a pair of nylons, a slice of greasy pizza, or The Magic Ten-in-One Kitchen Utensil. Fourteenth Street bus drivers periodically go berserk under the strain, stopping their vehicles and turning out all their passengers.

In the middle of this, like the eye of a hurricane, lies Union Square, a collection of trees, benches, derelicts, and statues of Lafayette and Lincoln. Nowadays Union Square is down on its luck, but once it too knew glory. Thousands of socialists and communists would gather in it to demonstrate for a living wage or against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Between demonstrations hecklers had their hands full with soapbox spielers. Now the spielers are old and infrequent; they are hoarse, quite unintelligible, and, to the shoppers who pass by, invisible.

Yet what may be the biggest bargain on 14th Street has more in common with the memories of Union Square than with the rough-and-tumble capitalism all around. It is the Free University of New York (FUNY), where a semester's tuition is $24 (unless you are on relief, in which case you matriculate free of charge), and where once a student you are privileged to talk back to your teacher, petition to start your own class, and feel yourself part of a bold new experiment in radicalism. This experiment, which is also taking place in other Free Universities around the country, aims at creating an alternative to the ordinary university—like Berkeley—where students of the resourceful New Left feel themselves miseducated and oppressed.

FUNY does not drag you in by the sleeve in the manner of its neighbors. It is housed inconspicuously in a loft over a café, and to reach it you must climb two long flights of stairs. "VIETNAM —We Won't Go!" declares a homemade poster near the door. "F— Communism!" urges another. Announcements of antiwar marches, rent strikes, and a breakdown of moneys collected at a beer blast for the Berkeley Free Speech Movement are tacked on the bulletin board. Deft woodcuts from Cuba having anti-*Yanqui* themes decorate a wall. Cardboard partitions divide the loft into five classrooms, more or less drafty and none too clean. Evenings, however, they fill up with people who don't mind. They are in good humor and shake hands energetically—especially the whites with the few Negroes. Their costumes are blue work shirts, unpressed khakis, oversize sweaters and boots, a shiny suit on the occasional middle-ager, and even a few beards. There are twice as

many young men as women. When classes begin, the droning carries through the partitions for two to three hours at a stretch.

About twenty-five students attend "Marxism and American Decadence," making it one of the more popular courses. They pull up an assortment of secondhand folding chairs and make a semicircle around teacher Allen Krebs. Krebs is thirty-one years old, a Ph.D. in sociology from the University of Michigan, and President of the Free University of New York. He wears a turtleneck sweater, is continuously reigniting his pipe, as a university president should, and he props his booted feet on a desk as he leans back precariously and lectures on the topic for tonight, "Old Age in America."

"Some countries have gas chambers," he tells his students. "We have nursing homes. Take your pick. Poverty, horror, death—that's what's in store for you if you have to depend on that Social Security check. When you don't earn money anymore, you're useless to the economy, and therefore to society. So they give you so little Social Security that you gotta go to a nursing home, where they kill you off." Krebs's huge brown eyes glare. "You ain't got jack in your jeans, you nothin'."

A Chinese-American girl, no older than twenty, interrupts. "You're intimidating us," she tells Krebs. "Don't intimidate us." Krebs smiles and asks the class whether it thinks it is being intimidated. It says, "No." Moreover, it contributes its own testimony. "I worked in a nursing home once," another girl remembers, "and they treated those people like animals." The point, as it quickly emerges, is that only a collectivist society can act responsibly toward its citizens. There is little argument about this, and the class goes on to agree that the U. S. is a dismal place to live in unless you are awfully rich, and is a force for evil in the world.

The prospectus to FUNY's catalogue only hints at such drastic conclusions:

> The Free University of New York has been forged in response to the intellectual bankruptcy and spiritual emptiness of the American educational establishment. . . .
>
> The Free University of New York is necessary because, in our conception, American universities have been reduced to institutions of intellectual servitude. Students have been systematically dehumanized, deemed incompetent to regulate their own lives, sexually, politically, and academically. They are treated like raw material to be processed for the university's clients—business, government, and military bureaucracies. Teachers, underpaid and constantly subject to investigation and purge, have been relegated to the position of servant-intellectuals, required, for regular promotion, to propagate points of view in harmony with the military and industrial leadership of our society. . . .
>
> In the very face of these circumstances, protest has once again emerged on the college campuses of America. We welcome the protest: we feel the foundation of the Free University is part of it.

Thus wrote the founders of FUNY last summer, and personally they had reason to protest: President Krebs had been let go by Adelphi College in Garden City, N. Y. (where he was an assistant professor), according to Adelphi because Krebs was neglecting the syllabus and making Marxist propaganda, according to Krebs because he visited Cuba illegally and made sense to his students. James Mellen, Secretary-Treasurer of FUNY and a plainspoken supporter of the Vietcong, was in trouble at Drew University in New Jersey (where his teaching contract will expire next month and will not be renewed). Krebs and Mellen had happened to be at a teach-in at Columbia where Staughton Lynd, assistant professor of history at Yale and an adult who has rallied many of the youthful New Leftists thanks to his criticism of American policy in Vietnam and his quasi-diplomatic trip to Hanoi, was speaking. Among them Lynd, Krebs, and Mellen conceived the idea of an "alternate school" or "anti-university" in New York more permanent than a teach-in. Lynd consented to teach the maiden course, "The American Radical Tradition to 1900," and he did so until he had to go back to his regular duties in New Haven.

Let Us Secede

The Free University idea was not entirely original. It owed much to the civil-rights workers in Mississippi and the student rebels at Berkeley—and the founders are happy to acknowledge their debt. In Mississippi the state schools were not teaching Negro children the honorable history of their race. At Berkeley there were no courses available on the exploitation of the student class. Therefore, reasoned the civil-rights workers and the students, let us secede and teach ourselves. At the Freedom Schools in Mississippi of the Council

Edward Grossman, who was born in Israel and came to New York when he was six, now lives around the corner from FUNY. In the intervening years he grew up in Boston mainly, was graduated from Harvard in 1964, worked for "Look," and is now an assistant editor of "Harper's."

ne hour to
ne other Europe.



Quebec has two levels like Paris has two banks!
There's an Upper Town and a Lower Town.
Upper Town or La Haute Ville de Québec is the magnificence of the Château Frontenac, broad avenues, fashionable shops and restaurants, a mecca of sophistication. La Basse Ville is old colonial France, a rabbit warren of narrow, winding, cobblestone streets, cul-de-sacs, mysterious courtyards, old churches and intriguing laneways leading who knows where.
Could that have been an ocean, not a border that you crossed?
To have come so seemingly far, so fast, you *have* to be in Canada!
If you fancy a vacation with a European flavour, mail this coupon off today, and we'll send you maps and booklets to show you how much fun this foreign land of Canada can be. And getting here isn't the half of it.



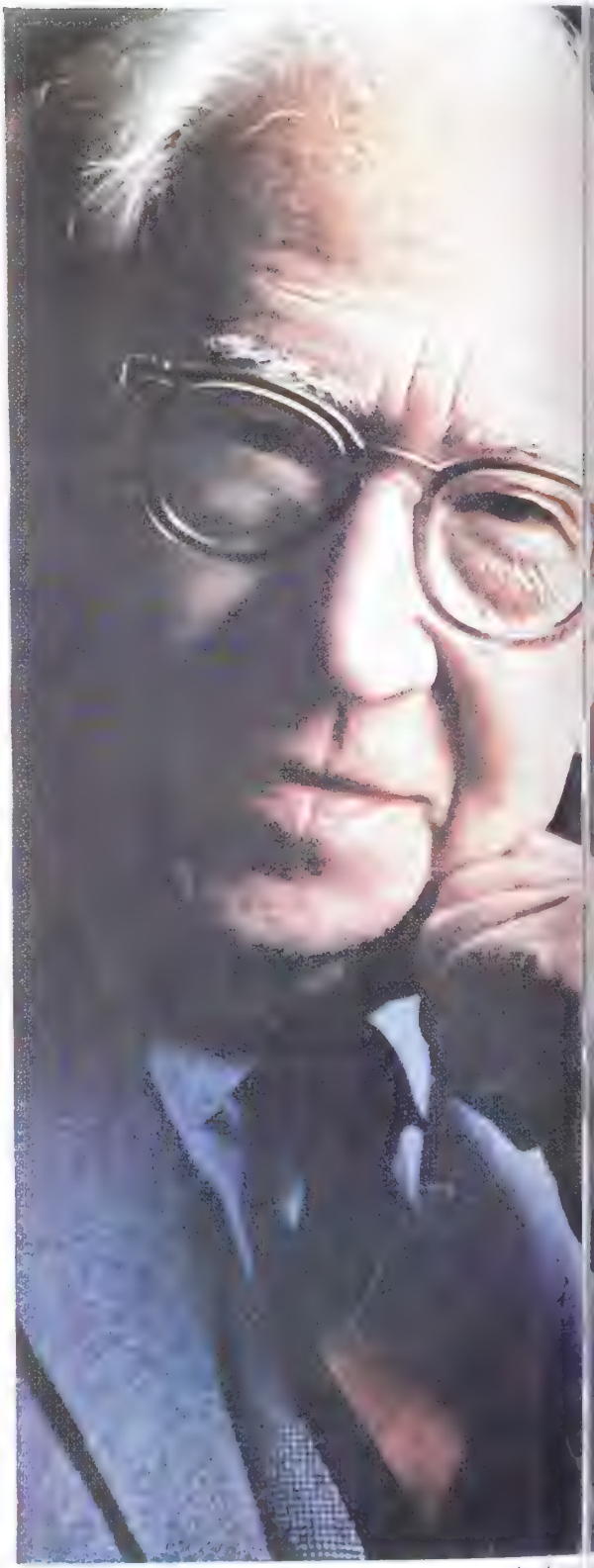
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Who cares about providing warmth as life begins . . .



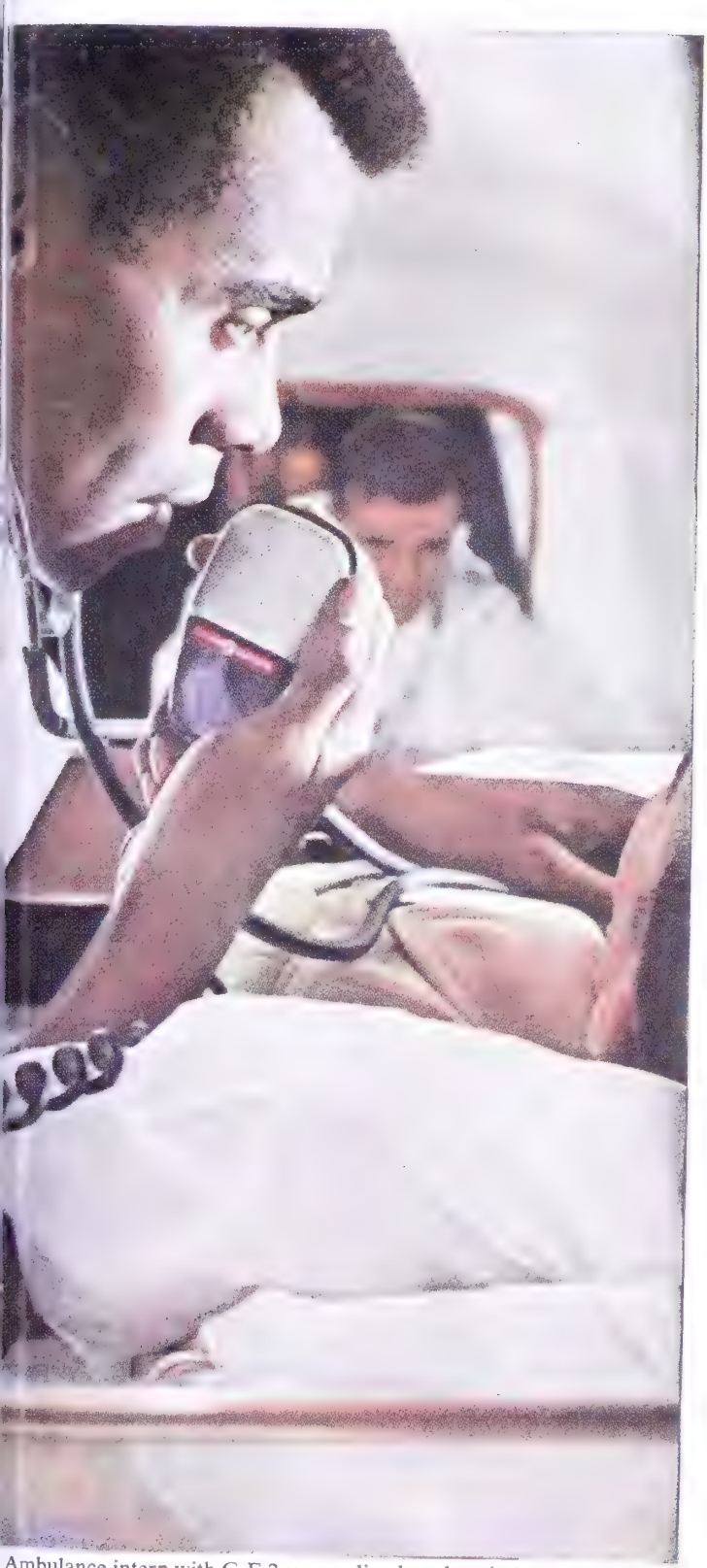
Advanced incubator, sealed with a new G E silicone, keeps constant temperature so vital to premature babies. Now a delicate thermostat can sense the tiniest changes in infant's body heat.

extending years as life matures . .



Patients recover faster and live extra years as a result of ne care in hospitals. A G E cardiac monitor, for example, can watch on heart patients, summon help at least sign of troub

saving minutes when life's at stake?



Ambulance intern with G-E 2-way radio alerts hospital emergency team for critical case. And with pocket FM radio receivers doctors can be paged throughout an entire hospital complex.

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(and we're trying to make it easier for doctors to perform their miracles)

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Medical advances in the past 20 years have been greater than in the past 20 centuries. Back of these modern miracles is medicine's increasing use of ideas from many sources of science and engineering. General Electric is one of these sources.

G-E computers, for example, are storing medical knowledge that no human memory could contain. And it can be tapped by doctors in seconds for use in diagnosis and treatment.

X-ray is no longer a one-at-a-time picture device. Now G-E equipment gives doctors a continuous X-ray "motion picture."

Closed-circuit television helps nurses watch over more patients. It helps doctors in different cities confer on cases. And it's a hospital training aid as it monitors operations.

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that is

...but you
can serve
the Cream
without the coffee
...for instance,
on the rocks.

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of Federated Organizations, and at the Sproul Hall teach-ins of the Free Speech Movement on the Berkeley campus, truths that were not aired in ordinary schools were told with fervor and dedication.

The question for Krebs and Mellen was, would there be enough interest to justify renting the loft, buying equipment, and investing their professional skills? They were surprised when, by the beginning of the first regular term last October, thirty unpaid faculty members and 230 students were registered.

The students are a mixed lot. Some are pursuing degrees at ordinary universities in the daytime, or have already graduated. But these are in the minority. Most are high-school or college (City College, New York University, Hunter College) dropouts, and, if not on relief, working at postal, clerical, or seasonal odd jobs. In each class there are boys and girls damaged by growing up in a world no more spacious than the Bronx. Now they live estranged from their parents in $40-a-month walk-ups in the East Village, together with defective heating and cockroaches. Their faces have an alarming pallor. The girls are apt to have dry, frizzy hair; the boys affect dog-eared editions of Paul Goodman, Lorca, C. Wright Mills. As usual, it is the girls who take notes during classes but, for the most part, the students do not bother with this formalized technique. It postpones their understanding and might keep them from making comments. Some of these comments are earnest and complex, not to say obscure; some earnest and so naïve ("When the Revolution comes . . .") that the neutral listener is hard put not to blush.

The faculty constitutes a Popular Front of leftists, from radical democrats to "Chinese" communists, with rather more of the communists than the democrats, and including a handful of anarchists, sexual millenarians, and "individualists." Among the teachers are founders and officers of the Progressive Labor party, the May 2nd Movement, and the War Resisters' League, as well as three editors of the quarterly *Studies on the Left*, and one each of *Liberation*, *International Socialist Review*, *Viet-Report*, *The Spartacist*, and something called *Kill for Peace*. Herman Kahn, the author of *Thinking about the Unthinkable* and other books on nuclear war, expressed a desire to teach, but he was rebuffed because, in Krebs's words, "Kahn can easily get a job teaching; we're in business to give others, who aren't allowed to teach *anywhere*, a chance." Kahn's exclusion was met with general relief at FUNY, where many consider him Doctor Strangelove come to life, and it prevented violence being done to the leftist mood of the catalogue.

The catalogue is top-heavy with political offerings: "Marxist Geography," "Life in Mainland China Today," "Ethics and Revolution," "Black Nationalism," "Leninism," "Imperialism: A Marxist-Leninist View." Some of the arts and crafts courses reflect the political bias: "Wagner's 'Ring': A Social and Philosophical Interpretation," "Marxist Approaches to the Avant-Garde Arts," "Art and Communism," though others (which are hard to distinguish from bull sessions) do not: "A Quest for Self," "The Search for Authentic Sexual Experience," "Mousike" (Happenings).

Like their students, the teachers of these courses have varying aptitudes and credentials. They are in their late twenties or early thirties, and their wisdom in a subject is more likely to be a result of self-imposed reading than of formal study. They must want to teach, for not only are they not paid, but most of them put up money to create FUNY. Several of them succeed, in one way or another, in avoiding the bitter vision of Krebs's class. One who does is Levi Laub, an organizer for the Peking-line Progressive Labor party, who is awaiting a verdict of the District Court on a charge of violating travel restrictions while leading the 1963 students' trip to Cuba and whose course, "The Cuban Revolution," has an enrollment of three. Not that Laub is not committed to the Revolution's every twist—he is. But his faithfulness is gentle, not harsh. This may be a personality matter. In his face there is a quality not easily defined—"apprentice saintliness" sounds contemptuous—that you also see on a few other Jewish faces here. When Laub explains how a sugar crop nearly failed, he radiates this quality and your sympathy is engaged, which is a form of education, after all.

Once in a while a foreign revolutionary passing through town delivers a lecture. Recently an Argentine Marxist, twenty-five years old, well-fed and dapper, told an audience of fifty about his country's economy and society. He was knowledgeable, rather than glib, in Trotsky and Sartre, and pragmatic about politics, which, it seems, call for alliances among Peronistas, ex-fascists, and socialists like himself. Even though he never denounced the U. S., his audience was rapt; and when he concluded there was violent applause.

There is Paul Krassner, the editor of a well-known magazine of gallows humor, *The Realist*. His "Seminar on the Press and Satire" is a free-form affair that often gets off the subject. (Krassner: "I assume you're all skeptics here. How did

you get that way?" Shy boy in the back: "It started when the rabbi made a beautiful speech about me at my Bar Mitzvah, and he didn't even know me.") Krassner points fun at everything. "In my work," he says, "I find the *Wall Street Journal*, the Pope, and the *Worker* the best sources of unconscious satire." Or he cites a report that some students, not having a military base handy, picketed a U. S. Post Office branch run by a little old lady. A number of Krassner's students fail to see anything comic in this; others at least wonder. Krassner is indiscriminate and fearless: on the exclusion of Herman Kahn from the faculty, he editorialized in *The Realist*: "Now the Free University is as guilty of intellectual bankruptcy as the American educational establishment it's revolting against."

Why This Togetherness?

The coexistence of Krassner and Krebs, not to say the diverse leftist publicists and party chieftains, is strange. In terms of American history, the socialist and the communist, for example, are not supposed to be friends. As recently as last Thanksgiving, during the anti-Vietnam War march on Washington, the alphabet soup of leftist youth groups had a convention whose solidarity was marred with conspiracies and walkouts by the Trotskyite Young Socialist Alliance and the "holier-than-thou" Mississippi primitives. Why has there not been similar friction at FUNY?

Perhaps because the Free University has not been treated fairly, the way the Washington marchers were. From the beginning FUNY has been the object of harassment which preoccupies its members and, by giving them the sense of being under siege, preserves their communal enthusiasm. The agents of this harassment have been the press, police, city inspectors, and liberals.

In October devotees of the New York *Journal-American* read the front-page headline, "DRAFT-DODGING SCHOOLS—One Operates Here." The basis for the uncomplimentary story that followed was a lecture given at FUNY explaining the Byzantine complexities of the draft. In short order FUNY's landlord hiked the rent approximately 200 per cent, police began to loiter about, and buildings inspectors, displaying unaccustomed zeal, disrupted classes to serve notices of safety violations. "DRAFT-DODGE SCHOOL FLUNKED BY CITY," quipped the *Journal-American*. Fearing eviction, FUNY hired a lawyer who persuaded the city to restrain itself, and who is now embroiled in litigation, the cost of which FUNY meets by charging admission to public lectures, movies, and parties.

The Enemy on the Left has been *The Village Voice*, the weekly that specializes in boosting Reform Democrats. The *Voice* jumped on FUNY after a youth wearing a "Bomb Hanoi" button on one lapel and a "Drop Napalm on the Vietcong" button on the other was barred from one of FUNY's public lectures. For the *Voice*, this was an example of FUNY's "exclusionist policies" and indeed a violation of "the spirit of the public-accommodations clause of the 1964 Civil Rights Act." Jim Mellen of FUNY says the person was barred because he was being "boisterous," and "the cops are just waiting outside, waiting for a fight to start so they can close us down." There was talk at the next Thursday night meeting of all teachers and students that the button-wearer was planted as a sort of *agent provocateur* by the *Voice*. Various letters that were going to be sent to the *Voice* letters column were read, and cheered.

It is at these general meetings that the egalitarian ideal and the gladly accepted role of the persecuted are most conspicuously played out. As in the theoretical workers' soviet, everyone is allowed his say, no matter how brilliant or inane. Decisions are arrived at by a consensus that is supposed invariably to emerge if only there is enough talk. Should an uptown Puerto Rican independence group be allowed to use the premises for a meeting? Will they serve their own refreshments, a girl wants to know. Will they post a guard to keep out "the crazies" like the button-wearer? "*Si*," promises the Puerto Rican representative. Okay, says the consensus. At FUNY the need for a majority to impose its will on a minority is never supposed to arise. "The reason we always reach agreement," says President Krebs, "is because the discussions we have are in good faith." That, and more especially the enthusiasm of the participants for their own beleaguered baby.

Their Money's Worth

Thirty years ago, as Dwight Macdonald tells it in his *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*, he and other radicals of various denominations hung around this same neighborhood, mimeographing handbills in preparation for the second American Revolution. They abused, but mostly ignored, the work of the New Deal and the CIO, and confronted "the masses" with slogans like this one, composed by Macdonald during a Congressional campaign: "For a Socialist Defense Against Hitlerism! People of the Bronx! Take the First Step! Elect

Shachtman to Congress!" But although "we were right," Macdonald remarks, "they ['the masses'] wouldn't listen."

This generation's "revolutionist" has no more use for LBJ's sort of revolution than Macdonald and his friends had for FDR's. "The masses" continue to be confronted with slogans, like this one in *CHALLENGE—The Revolutionary Newspaper,* on sale at FUNY after the Northeast power blackout: "Fight the Con Ed [Consolidated Edison] Conspiracy!" What can one say about such concepts, and about the hope, which runs strong at FUNY, for a "real" revolution in this country? Macdonald says, "Viewed from [the present], much of our behavior appears absurd and even mildly insane. . . ." No more so than FUNY's hope for revolution, when one views it from down on the street, in the midst of the working-class shoppers (including Negroes and Puerto Ricans) who mob S. Klein's at Christmastime and who read the *Daily News.*

It is in terms of ideology, not revolutionary practice and least of all education, that FUNY's students are getting their money's worth. What they learn about the world immediately outside is not suited to carrying out a revolution in it or appreciating its variety and imperfectibility. This ideology, a set of assumptions that animates FUNY despite the presence of Paul Krassner and a few other skeptical students and teachers, explains incidents that might otherwise seem "absurd and even mildly insane": during a class Lyndon Johnson is equated with Hitler, and the statement is greeted as casually as an observation on the weather; in another class the teacher says that Theodore Draper, the (anti-communist) critic of U. S. policy in the Caribbean, is a hired pen for the CIA, and there is no discussion.

However, ideology is not to be sneered at; it can bestow bravery, assurance, even selflessness. "If our actions compared grotesquely to our aspirations," Macdonald writes, "if we were intellectually arrogant and morally more than a little smug, we did believe in a great cause and we did make real sacrifices for it." President Krebs and Jim Mellen believe in "a great cause" too, and they have sacrificed their jobs and financial and legal security for it. Neither of them is a youngster, and they have families to support. They and a good many others at FUNY lead lives that are physically squalid but rich in spiritual certainties—at least as compared to the lives of most of their American contemporaries, who are content to make money and spend it.

Indeed, through that small segment of twenty- and thirty-year-olds who are acting on their idealism—that is, the civil-rights workers in the South and in Northern ghettos, the student agitators at Berkeley and elsewhere—there runs a ripe, though by no means universal, streak of ideology, of fanaticism. This frame of mind was pronounced dead six years ago by Daniel Bell in *The End of Ideology,* and by others who reasoned that after such bleak disillusionments as Macdonald and other intellectuals suffered in the 'thirties, the next generation could not fall for the same bait. But generations have a way of ignoring each other, and the new ideologues see no "lesson of history" in what Macdonald writes—unless it be that Macdonald is a snob and a moralist whom revolutionary movements must be wary of.

Within the New Left, concern for ideology is said to be strongest in New York. But there is enough discontent and desire in other places for the FUNY experiment to be copied. In Los Angeles (where "The New Left School" has the same prospectus as FUNY's), San Francisco ("The New School"), Chicago ("The School"), and in twenty other cities and campus towns, at least two thousand students are enrolled. This new educational confederation shows scant sign of being a danger to the Ivy League or any other establishment. The greatest harm it can do is to the kid who has quit the treadmill in an ordinary college and signs up expecting a free search for ideas. FUNY and its counterparts are not interested in such pursuits. But surely that's no reason for the cops to pester them.

Harper's Magazine, April 1966

Where We Are

by William Stafford

Slow travel moves mountains best—
they pivot with dignity and bow
after you pass; they accompany
caravans for days, now and then
attacking, are driven back with snow.

Much travel moves mountains large
in your eyes—and then inside,
where those mountains climb the Everest
of all thought—tomorrows and maybes—
where expeditions often get lost.

We live in that cold range now
where the temporary earth tries
for something greater, with the keen air's aid,
and more, where the world perishes day
by day in the tall winter beyond any range.

A New Grandeur for Washington

by Douglas Haskell

Pennsylvania Avenue is due for a radical face-lifting, and a plan has been devised that will make it one of the great thoroughfares of the world.

In the whole national beauty campaign the most cheering news of all is the story of the Grand Plan for Pennsylvania Avenue in the national capital.

This major achievement in public art is beginning to take place in the city whose beauty millions already love for "Washington is every American's second city"—and in its content this program reverts to the large sturdy kind of ideas with which that city was started by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. Worthy of them, too, is the ample way in which a complex program like this has begun to be quietly pushed into action. For this is no superficial "beautification," and it is not being superimposed from above, but depends in its very essence upon being realized by citizen consent and with enthusiastic participation.

For quite a while this project has enjoyed the support of most of the major civic and business organizations of the city of Washington and the endorsement of both the older Washington *Star* and the younger Washingon *Post*, the city's very influential newspapers.

The earliest heroes of the plan have been, first, John F. Kennedy and Arthur J. Goldberg, who saw to it that the problem was adequately grasped and a big solution formulated; after that, Lyndon B. Johnson and Lady Bird, under whose guidance the scope was much enlarged and the project was set on the way to practical execution; and last, the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan's "little Alexander." Without question Nathaniel Alexander Owings is the architect of today who most nearly shares the leadership qualities of his turn-of-the-century predecessor in Chicago, Daniel Make-No-Little-Plans Burnham.

Kennedy and Goldberg talked change in January 1961, right after both had been appalled by what they had passed through in the course of Kennedy's Inaugural Parade. Sensitive men both, they could not miss that the pompous buildings on the left of the Avenue of Presidents had been rendered ludicrous by being faced with a business slum, one which was characterized in later reports as a display in varying degrees of "desolation." The upshot was the appointment in June 1962 of a ten-man President's Council on Pennsylvania Avenue, made up of architects and other professionals, both from within and from outside the city. One asset acquired by the Council besides its Chairman, Owings, was Chloethiel Woodard Smith, a woman architect and planner, a fighter, and one of Washington's darlings.

The Council was given the assignment to replan the Avenue and redesign its framework, for the purpose of rehabilitation by government and private enterprise in a "joint undertaking." The objective was to create a "concourse which would be lively, friendly, and inviting, as well as dignified and impressive."

Yet such an avenue could not be created without



CAPITOL AIRVIEWS

Figure 1: *On either side of Pennsylvania Avenue that joins the Capitol (A) with the White House (B) are two triangles. The one to the left, indicated by the letters B, C, and D is the so-called "Federal Triangle" of government offices. The one to the right (BDE) is a grubby lot of business buildings which the plan for Washington's face-lifting marks for destruction and replacement by "superblocks."*

attention to the area around it, and the reasons are manifest in an airview. *(See Figure 1.)*

Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, Washington's planner, spotted "Capitol" and "President's House" on the two highest convenient rises of ground and then connected them with a straight thoroughfare which is Pennsylvania Avenue. To the left of the Avenue as one goes from the Capitol (A) to the White House (B) is Andrew W. Mellon's "Federal Triangle" of monumental government office buildings, and to the right is the grubbiest section of Washington's downtown buildings. It is the grubby "Northern Triangle," as it is called, that the Council decided it would have to help rescue if the character of the government's Ceremonial Way through the heart of the people's city were to be established. And since this is a business district, the need for private and public collaboration in rescuing it is essential.

Just to complete the picture, our aerial photograph in its upper righthand corner shows a mass of large buildings, all new, as demonstration that "the capital is walking away from its Capitol." Hence the crisis.

Now, first of all, a modern city is a fantastic interlock of facilities for people who move and of places where they will stay a while. So it is no surprise that the Council's very first desire, which was a "boulevard deep in trees" like the famous Champs-Elysées in Paris, required that first the entire cross-street system be simplified throughout twelve city blocks. There simply is not room today for a solid tree phalanx, or for that matter a straight building line or orderly traffic lanes, along an avenue front that is all chewed up into little pieces by clusters of cross streets arriving at all angles (even the airview shows the raggedness). The line, as the airview shows, is punctuated with odd gaps, strewn with funny traffic islands, and bordered by inaccessible buildings with their fronts turned skew-gee. They make uninterrupted continuity impossible.

Therefore the start had to be made with a new plan leaving only the north-south cross streets; and the District engineers answered that this would expedite, not delay traffic. More important, the fewer and more orderly intersections will let the Avenue's new wider northern sidewalk carry a triple row of closely planted trees, green, shady,

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Douglas Haskell was a member of the President's Council on Pennsylvania Avenue in 1962 and edited the Council's Report (which is obtainable from the Government Printing Office). Formerly editor of "Architectural Forum" and adjunct professor of architecture at Columbia, Mr. Haskell is a fellow of the American Institute of Architects and contributes to many publications in the fields of architecture and housing.

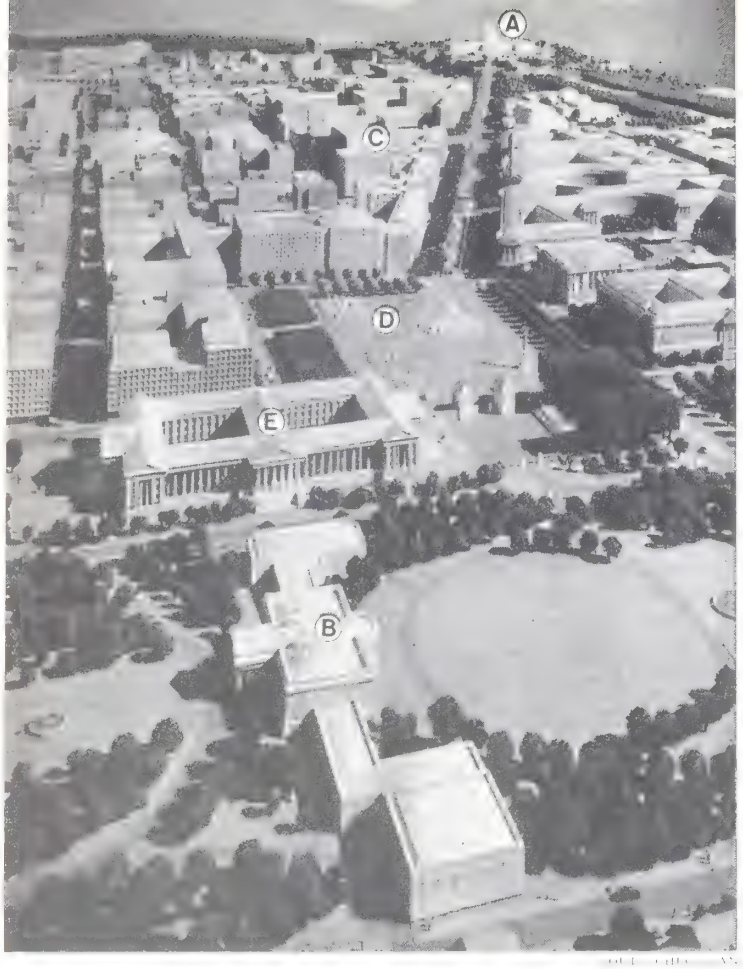


Figure 2: *Models like this one of the proposed rehabilitation of Pennsylvania Avenue are not to be taken as gospel; they are primarily diagrammatic. This view from the White House (B) to the Capitol (A) shows the area of the proposed superblocks (C) to the left of the Avenue, and the great Square (D) with gates leading past the façade of the Treasury (E) to the White House.*

and only normally interrupted. *(See the photograph of the model, Figure 2.)* And behind them can stand a new straight orderly street façade. And just to make the most of that, the Council prescribed a uniform cornice line—nothing higher, nothing lower—balancing in height the grand federal lineup across the Avenue; and although the new commercial northern side will be the more varied one, both sides together will make up a symmetrical boulevard, serene and stately.

Moreover a far more dramatic further possibility attended the street change; for of course the blocks had to be changed along with the streets bounding them, and this opened the whole new concept of rebuilding in "superblocks."

"Rockefeller Center cum Rivoli, both enhanced"

Very few people still remember the initial impact of Rockefeller Center in New York, which was America's first big development downtown based on superblocks. The twelve-acre site embraced three city blocks including their entire street and circulation system, and treated it as a single whole. Rockefeller Center thus gained a quality of measure and abundance that are elsewhere sorely missed. Millions still aim their cameras at details such as the "slot" which opens a deep channeled view with dramatic suddenness from Fifth Avenue head-on to the prowlike RCA skyscraper close to Sixth. But initially the Center meant more than a channel with flowers and fountains and comfortable seats, more than abundance expressed in flags and sculpture and the central ballet of the depressed skating rink. For the reason that in a superblock the buildings could be arranged to face the street broadside, or head-on, on it, or back a bit, or standing free if so desired within the block, Rockefeller Center carried out the first real space composition in America with tall buildings. These were arranged calculatedly instead of haphazardly, in relation to generous and measured voids, like a cadenced music. In these shapely spaces the very atmosphere took on body, body with light playing through it; and throughout the Center the varied scale achieved by Raymond Hood translated the idea of the city's power into lyrical enchantment.

Though later additions have let Rockefeller Center be a good deal spoiled, the dream keeps reappearing, as for example in the smaller superblock sequence developing at Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco, proving again that people will flock to an inherent urban romance.

Now the reconversion of the Northern Triangle in Washington will let a new "Rockefeller Center" be built broadside to Pennsylvania Avenue instead of head-on as happens on Fifth Avenue in New York, so that in Washington every block from 4th Street to 14th can open up its interior concourses to be seen from along the Avenue's length.

Moreover it will be with a new magic that Pennsylvania Avenue's adjacent blocks will be seen, for the idea of superblocks will be joined with the idea of the famous Rue de Rivoli arcades, enlarged to giant dimensions. That is, the buildings that front the Avenue on the north are to be raised up bodily, block after block of them, on mighty ranges of piers or stilts, to a height of 25 to 30 feet above the street. Under this continuous open superarcade, not only will people be able to walk freely in shade and under shelter, and to cross freely into the superblocks' interior courts, but they can look as they promenade the Avenue either at the grand thoroughfare itself, to one side of them, with its movement of people and

ars, or on the other side into those concourses vith their fountains, gardens, special pavements, haded sitting areas, displays, recesses, and teraces.

In this way, the new Avenue will gain the best f two worlds: a closed one and an open one. For vhile the new superarcade will firmly bound the Avenue itself, it will also open peek-a-boo vistas nto the rich new world alongside, created by open lanning. This should make architectural history.

Parking with pleasure; an invention in streets

Purely in the pursuit of more beautiful parking -out of sight—the Council seems to have invented generic and nicer type of highly practical cenral-city through-street.

It started with Paul Thiry, a Western architect on the Council, who early warned his associates, "Take down those pinup plans of fancy European squares until we can achieve hidden parking—because those old squares are jammed up vith cars nowadays and have become hideous."

Well, if you are digging out whole city blocks nyway as base to superblock development, it's ogical to go enough deeper to make the whole ub-surface useful for other purposes, too, just as Rockefeller Center did. Why not for cars? Something like ten thousand of them could be packed in, under all those Northern Triangle blocks, if stacked two decks deep. Only curb parking would then remain in sight "up above."

But again it would make an awful mess of the Avenue if every few feet another stream of cars urned up pouring across it on their way to or 'rom these lower decks. So the idea came of widening another street, named E Street, which is situated back "behind" the Avenue, and from it running parking access ramps down to those decks, perhaps two ramps in every block. After thus ramping down from E to park his car, the tourist or worker could come up again on foot anywhere in the area, with his car safe and out of sight. And the Avenue would regain a stately peace.

And what came of that idea? There came the discovery that E Street would henceforth be a new thing on earth: nothing less than a Specialized Downtown Access and Parking Feeder Street. It was General Duke, the District traffic commissioner, who first remarked to the Planning Commission that this was something big. And since this E Street happens to be located ideally to connect up the central business district with Washington's developing circumferential freeway system, the Planning Commission is already hard at work to develop the idea further and see whether E Street and its sister street, K, cannot in themselves become, in their modified form, the circumferential system's "northern leg." With its new sophistication this urban pair could well replace some of those wild swoops of country highway which our money-drunk highway engineers have been planning in cities just as they plan them in the wildernesses of Montana, with the result of spoiling an awful lot of land and displacing an awful lot of people in the process of breaking apart our big towns. Once these engineers become accustomed to the newer elegance, it is something they may begin to like. Think of the opposition that it could remove, from people who still value having their towns nice.

—and platforms for pedestrians

It was inevitable from here on out that the Council would evolve yet another platform, a fourth, for pedestrians, up above the streets. Already the area-wide platforms or decks were three: the ground level and two levels under the ground. So why not, up above the ground, a "flying deck," on which the pedestrian is monarch, pleasantly and safely traversing the entire area on a floor that is sometimes balcony, sometimes terrace, and sometimes street-crossing bridge? Because of changes in topography this deck emerges on Pennsylvania Avenue as a charming mezzanine under the great arcade, while on the opposite side beyond E Street it comes out on a level with the shopping district walkways which Downtown Progress is beginning to create. And all the way through it carries a lesson to all city planners to "put the monoxide down and the people up."

Pauses and cross-links

Reluctantly we must dash through the subject of all those big and little "pauses" planned along the Avenue, which will emulate Rome, where squares or open spaces keep coming up, either straddling the street or as often opening to one side of it, large or small and garnished with entertainments.

The new "Market Square" near the Avenue's midpoint, at the Archives Building is, however, one that cannot be skipped, for it opens up a major and largely pedestrian cross-link.

This link was introduced not only as a delight but as a delight with attractions which would counteract a typical mistake that city planners make. In 1901 the great McMillan Commission, which set up a germinal grand plan for Washington, had erred in treating the Avenue as something linear only, a boundary between the federal establishment (centered on the Great Mall) and



Figure 3: *From Pennsylvania Avenue through the proposed Market Square to the old Patent Office (which is to become the National Portrait Gallery) is a pedestrian mall that promises architectural and recreational delights.*

the city. But nowadays government establishments are no longer palaces or forts, and our main thoroughfares are really and truly central "arteries" dependent on drawing from both sides for their lifeblood. If deprived on one side they may well shrivel as the Avenue has done. Its new special cross-links into "downtown" will reconvert into a bond, not a boundary; not a separator but a seam.

As seen in the artist's interpretation *(Figure 3)*, a pedestrian mall leads from this Market Square north on the line of 8th Street up to F Street, where it is stopped by the fine old Greek Revival Patent Office, now being transformed into the National Portrait Gallery. The sketch shows what a delightful building site such a mall can offer on its boundaries, as it rises by steps through fountained courts that are to be lined by office buildings, hotels, or high-class apartments, all close to central department stores. Or yet again there is recent talk of using this court for a hostel in connection with the Smithsonian Museum, as suggested by its secretary, S. Dillon Ripley; there is scarcely a site along the new Avenue for which it does not appear that there is a lively choice among possible uses.

And even across the Avenue this cross-axis does not stop, but is picked up again on the Great Mall as an enjoyable "sculpture garden" between two museums. But we must now skip the other divertisements, however important, in order to get on with the most important—and controversial—of the innovations.

—and a nation's poetry

We now have to put aside for a moment all of what has been said about pleasant features that might apply to the central boulevard of any city. For Pennsylvania Avenue is a Ceremonial Way, and this demands that it be not only especially agreeable but declarative.

Surely when an American looks upon the vast round dome that bestrides the eastern end of the great thoroughfare, what catches at his throat is more than formal beauty. For this roundness under the sky belongs to his Capitol, and it attests to another roundness to which Adlai Stevenson bore witness when he said, "You are the rulers and the ruled, the law-givers and the law-abiding, the beginning and the end."

So the citizen, as he progresses to the White House end of the Avenue, would be obtuse indeed were he not to realize also, at least dimly, that he is traversing the great historical and ceremonial route from one of his country's lofty but separated seats of power to the other. Moreover this Avenue as a government street is unique in passing through the heart of the people's city. Only so could it have drawn adequate audiences to such a host of events of history and spectacle, against the recurrent beat of the one quadrennial pageant of the whole nation, the Inaugural Parade on the Avenue of the Presidents.

"What we really build for is our souls," declared Frank Lloyd Wright to hopeful young architects, and here the scope of this essential poetry is national and the voice is civic, and the drama and the stage are integral. As a symbol, therefore, the "Axis of the Nation" must not only reach its great destinations but proclaim them, and must not only link them together but celebrate the linkage also.

A reflecting pool for the Capitol

Getting down to work, then, the Capitol end gives a pretty good start to this exposition. That

ome hovering over the vanishing point of a boule-
ard is one of the world's symbolic views; it's only
n the matter of getting there that the final leg
f the Avenue runs ragged, pauses, stutters, gets
angled in a misleading scissors intersection that
s also dangerous, and comes finally to a little cir-
le with an inadequate statue as its rather pitiful
nd. The intersection is a triple one with Con-
titution Avenue and 4th Street and is to be cured
y putting Constitution into a noble underpass;
he raggedness is to be mended by a real double
ank of trees; and, as a brilliant opportunity, the
ew Avenue is to end at a plaza containing a new
eflecting pool at the foot of the splendid Terrace
teps of the Capitol *(Figure 4)*. For we must not
orget that once again the Avenue's finale is
edestrian and it *is* the Steps. We shall come
ack to that reflecting pool because it is already
n the way to being built, and this not so much
ecause it appeals to any Pennsylvania Avenue
ommission as because it is wanted on his Great
Iall by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L.
Jdall, and in front of his Capitol by the Speaker,
nd as part of the Capitol by Lady Bird Johnson.

-and a gathering place for the people

Yet it is at its other end, the White House end, hat the Avenue encounters its most baffling situation, which I think that the Council met with its most brilliant stroke of urban architecture. (It is still somewhat embattled.)

Here it is that the Grand Avenue and Great Ceremonial Way fails, as of now, to meet even the most elementary of its duties, which is to declare where it is going. And to declare therefore what it is about, and to let you know that its goal is deemed important. Three blocks away from the White House the Avenue gets entangled with a converging E Street like two ropes in the hands of a tenderfoot, and thereafter both fade away in crossed directions into the foliage.

On top of this, history has rendered correction tough, for although at this end the White House was initially planned to show from along the Avenue, and at first did show, a compound process of hiding it began with President Jackson. First Jackson built the beautiful Treasury Building in the path, and then the Treasury itself was almost hidden by later hotels, until today only its entablatured front edges into the Avenue like a bashful country cousin at a party.

So after examining an interminable procession of clever drawings each seeking to preserve to the full this later botched history, the Council was forced into one large and inescapable conclusion. This was that in urban architecture as in history



Figure 4: *Already being worked out in detail is a reflecting pool at the foot of the Terrace Steps of the Capitol.*

itself every large event carries its own large scale with it, and neither in the enactment nor in the attestation can this scale be cheated.

Thus if the Capitol end of the Grand Axis of the Nation is to be announced by a magnificent dome, visible for the full distance and set above a reflecting pool on a splendid mall, then at the Executive end there must be at the very least a large handsome place enhanced by imposing markers.

Moreover it is not only the Presidency but the needs of the community that the present tangled mess of Pennsylvania Avenue at E Street so stupidly but urgently tries to bring into focus. Here, again directly east of the Treasury, the redevelopment belt of Downtown Progress comes to an end and needs a western anchor; and here too, on the downtown side of the Executive precinct (which is composed of the White House and related buildings) is the absolutely natural concourse for community events, to be fed by the spiderweb of avenues that converges on the White House.

Two schemes—both on the grand scale

So all of this demands a wonderful urban square *(Figure 5)*, call it National or whatever, even before one thinks back to what fun it can be for the Inaugural Parade to acquire a real manuevering space in front of the White House grounds in a real if improvised arena. As a spectacle it could beat the horse races in the great square of Siena!

Now nearly every good architectural problem has its hurdles that make the outcome more interesting. In the case of this west end or rather turning point of Pennsylvania Avenue, the hurdles are two immutable demands: one for a gate and the other for preservation of the Treasury building.

A new White House Gate, to be created by some fine architect or sculptor, is needed in a form that shall be visible from all the way up and down the Avenue. And whatever else it tried, the Council always placed the Gate close to the Avenue's center line to the left of the Treasury, and members scrooched and squinted along the model to make sure that it could be seen there.

As for the Treasury, there it is, and it cannot be torn down, and it is beautiful. Such has been the concurrence of the best critics, so the advice was followed of Elbert Peets, that elder statesman of Washington urbanists, that any White House ending of the Avenue must be composed around the Treasury as an element. Though the Treasury is not the White House itself, it has the advantage of being bigger than that domestic mansion, and can stand as a lovely sentinel, stand-in, messenger of the White House, or ambassador.

Accordingly the proposal is to peel away the second-rate buildings that obscure the Treasury and to reveal it—not at full length but in a fine quartering view of at least two-thirds of it. This happens in either of two alternative schemes for a great new National Square, one by the Council and the other, later, one by its able Chairman.

In either scheme the traffic is led *around* the new proposed Square, which is devoted entirely to pedestrians, and is always a big open space in its central area (although tree-fringed), unlike Washington's little parks (called squares) where the ubiquitous trees don't let you see any architecture.

In either scheme the northern boundary of the Square is F Street, which is on an axial line with the Downtown Progress belt of redevelopment and in either scheme this boundary is fronted by a raised, tree-shaded belvedere from whose higher level one can look down at the busy Square while sitting outdoors on benches or at restaurant tables.

And in any case the Square will be a busy not an empty place, with its shelters, kiosks, umbrella-shaded tables, displays, and the sounds and apparatus of vendors. And those imaginationless types who can't believe in shade except from trees will be surprised as they might be along the Mediterranean Coast by the amount of shade to be obtained from lightweight devices, removable in advance of the big ceremonial processions.

There have been a few Washingtonians scared by the news that the new Square will be somewhat bigger than the Grand Concourse of the Federal Triangle, and perhaps three-fourths or four-fifths as big as the Place de la Concorde We say is it not time that America recognize its greatness as a people? Is France bigger?

Why it is all starting to happen

In all this talk of space one thing needs to be clear: the entire "Northern Triangle" as an area will be more built-up. Its spaciousness will be the consequence not of less building but of more order. Thus the present owners of buildings now in the area of the Square are significantly absent from among the mourners. Most see this as an opportunity to get rid of decaying property at minimal loss and invest for a far higher assured income. So the hotels to be removed from the Square will join, they have said, in giving the Square something new on its boundary: hotel space "far above the present 'Hilton' standard." There is no question of the ability to finance it.

In general, the progress that is manifest on every side toward the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan is



Figure 5: *A new so-called National Square east of the White House is included in the new look for Washington. In the background is the Treasury revealed by peeling away old buildings so that it can serve as the architectural stand-in for the White House, for which the ceremonial gate is seen at the left.*

being made by agencies public and private, acting on their own account because so many parts of the Plan are to their advantage and they can depend on the Plan as a whole to hold these advantages for them. Thus the FBI has found that a conforming building plan for its vast new structure on the Avenue (done to the lines and levels asked by the Plan) comes to an efficient outcome and an architecture that pleases the Attorney General. The Prudential, whose building will replace the old Raleigh Hotel, and Mr. Wolman, the builder, have also accepted the new regulations even though they had to buy more land—they were patriotic about it but also saw the stability the new environment promises. The General Services Administration already has in hand the money to complete the Federal Triangle, in its original style as the Plan asks, and this should please the admirers of the great Andrew W. Mellon, who started it, even more than it pleases the Council members. The reason the reflecting pool is going forward is in part because it saves the highway engineering of the tunnel more than enough to pay for its own construction. And thus we could go on at length, even though this is written ahead of the passage of the modest requested appropriations for a permanent Commission. (Congress has already designated the Pennsylvania Avenue Area a historical monument, so this gives the government powers of condemnation where needed to extend that wider northern sidewalk and to set up the new Squares.)

It is noteworthy that the experience of the Council and of Mr. Owings as head of the subsequent Commission directly contradicts the sage and pessimistic advice given early by planning veterans in Washington. They told us, "Don't make your plans too bold, or the many agencies and interests you will have to please will tear it all apart and you will end with a plan that is nothing but paper on the wall, very pretty." On the contrary, the new experience has been that if you make your plan bold enough in keeping with good common sense, and then if you can give it more than a touch of real romance and magic, and will then tell the agencies and interests that you depend on them, then on their own account they will build it for you. Like this great nation, they will love it.

Harper's Magazine, April 1966

Alexander Graham Bell Would Be Amazed at All the Changes

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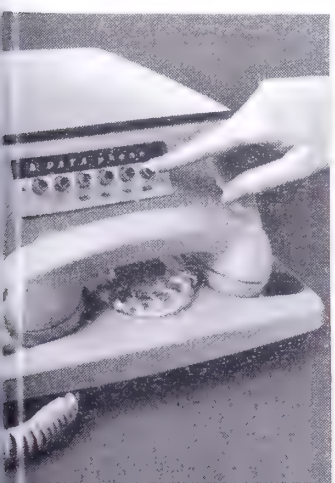
blast-resistant cable has hun- f repeater stations buried in . Also, far underground at locations, are a number of test centers with emergency f food and water.

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down in the seas, telephone ow make conversations be- ontinents as clear as talking

one service transmits business ftly, economically.*

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The Hazardous Art of Mistranslation

by Andrew R. MacAndrew

Have you ever read a Russian novel? Or is it merely your impression that you have? No profession is more prone to pratfalls than that of the translator, few are more subtle, and fewer still more rewarding for perceptive readers.

Such labored nothings, in so strange a style . . .
Pope, *Essay on Criticism*

When Panama sent her diplomatic note to the United States during the crisis in 1964, should the Spanish word *negociar* have been conveyed in English by "negotiate" or "discuss"? Should it have been interpreted as a demand for a renegotiation of the treaty or just as an offer to discuss the situation? And is it proper to use English pentameter to translate classical Greek poetry, since it so happens that hexameters sound clumsy in English, which somehow falls naturally into pentameter?

The best way of handling a translation is about as slippery a matter as the best way of organizing a society, the best way of living a life, or, for that matter, the best way of writing. In dealing with a piece of literature a translator must hear its tone, judge its language, appreciate its style, and understand its subtleties of meaning. And then, as if such passive appreciation were not hard enough, he must re-create all these features as closely as possible in a tongue foreign to the original author. In trying to convey the essence of a literary work in another language, he is in the position of the conductor of an orchestra of outlandish instruments asked to perform a classical symphony —he must first adapt the piece to the unfamiliar instruments and then guide his barbarous mus cians through it. If he is not fluent in the lar guage into which he translates, the effect ma be like playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* o an empty tin can.

The age-old arguments about translation ru the whole gamut from repudiation of the wor for-word job to denunciation of overly arroga paraphrasing. One extreme position was take by Vladimir Nabokov in his delightful prefac to his translation of Lermontov's *A Hero of Ou Time*. Objecting violently to paraphrasing, h comes to the conclusion that a translation shoul read like a translation, *i.e.*, not well. Apparentl as a deliberate illustration of what he mean Nabokov turns out a translation that reads ju as he says it should, which is a tour de for for a man of his literary prowess.

But on another occasion Nabokov incidental supplied ammunition to the proponents of fre dom to paraphrase, although this time he wa speaking about paraphrasing himself. In th introduction to his Russian version of his *Co clusive Evidence, A Memoir*, he explains to h readers that the Russian text will not follow th English original exactly, that it will be, in rel tion to it, what a realistic full-face portrait to a stylized profile. Being in this instance bo author and translator, Nabokov knew both wh he wanted to say and the Russian and the E

glish reactions to the written word. He must have felt that, in order to produce the desired impression, he had to use different words in different combinations. And I submit that he served himself much better than he served Lermontov.

Another extremist view was expressed by Professor John A. Kouwenhoven in "The Trouble with Translation" (*Harper's*, August 1962), which roughly boils down to the idea that there ain't no such thing as translation and that those who are under the impression that they have read Tolstoi and Dostoevski are mistaken—they have read only the translators of those illustrious authors.

As a matter of fact, there are indeed cases where any resemblance between original and translation seems purely coincidental. There may, however, be varying degrees and forms of flop.

Leo Tolstoi wrote the story "What Men Live By" late in life, at a time when he was trying to get "closer to the earth," to make his prose sound like a folktale, imparting to it the singsong tones of a peasant grandfather telling a story to his grandchildren in the simplest possible words.

But here is a passage from this piece as it is rendered in English by an unnamed translator (in *Great Russian Short Stories*, Edited and Introduced by Norris Houghton, Dell, 1958). It fails completely to catch the tone of the original.

> Semyon's wife had finished her work early. She had chopped wood, brought water, fed the children, taken her own supper, and was now deliberating when it would be best to mix some bread, "today or tomorrow?"
>
> A large crust was still left. She said to herself, "If Semyon gets something to eat in town he won't care for much supper, and the bread will last till tomorrow."
>
> Matriona contemplated the crust for some time and said, "I am not going to mix any bread. There's just enough flour to make one more loaf. We shall get along till Friday."

Nothing is left of Tolstoi's folktale simplicity. In the original, the narrative and the dialogue are built of the same kind of words. Tolstoi's Matriona could not *deliberate* or *contemplate* as the translator makes her do, nor could she "*perceive* that her husband's breath smelt of liquor" as he has her doing a bit later. In the original she rather "falls to thinking" what to do about the bread, and Tolstoi makes her turn "the heel of the loaf this way and that" as a way of conveying her *contemplation* of it. As to the liquor on her man's breath—in Tolstoi Matriona simply smelled it.

I have picked this particular passage because tone and language play a vital role in it, which may not be as true with other of Tolstoi's writings. These elements, however, are certainly crucial in everything written by L. F. Céline.

An Un-Célinean Journey

Céline revolutionized the French language, turned its grammar, syntax, and punctuation upside down and made a new, unique instrument with which to deliver his message of despair. He carried this off magnificently in his *Journey to the End of the Night* and his *Death on the Installment Plan*, although in later works he lapsed into obscurantism. But, as if anticipating his collapse, translators created incoherence where there was none as yet in the French. In addition, because of the wrong choice of words and rhythm, when passages were understandable, they made the author sound pedestrian.

The English translation of the *Journey* by John H. P. Marks—the one through which a generation of English-speaking readers has come to know Céline—on the whole represents a serious effort. But the following passage, typical of many others, illustrates how Marks fails to transmit the tone and the language of the original.

> Just when, even so, I was going to make some little gesture of remonstrance to interrupt all this unmannerliness, she turned back and blazed out at me, blazed out what she had long been harbouring in her heart. Now it was my turn, with a vengeance. . . .

Apparently trying to be as faithful to the letter as possible, the translator incorporates words directly from the French text: "*faire un petit geste de remontrance.*" However, these words of Latin origin have a value and tone in French completely different from those they have in English. The translation of the simple French word *grossièrté* by "unmannerliness" manages to give the entire passage an extremely un-Célinean, jovial overtone. Then, "blazed out" is used to cover two different actions—one, "she flared up," and the other, "she let me have it,"

Andrew MacAndrew, a New Yorker, has translated more than thirty books from Russian and French. His works include nineteenth- and twentieth-century Russian drama, Dostoevski and Gogol and Maupassant, and Yevtushenko's "A Precocious Autobiography."

while, perhaps to make up for this, the translator has the woman "turn back," although Céline doesn't. To top all this off, the passage contains two interjections which are misinterpreted in this context—*tout de même* and *je peux le dire*—rendered respectively by "even so" and "with a vengeance." I believe the following would convey the tone and the action of Céline's passage more accurately:

> When at last I was on the point of making some kind of protest, to stop this flood of abuse, she flared up and let me have it too—she'd had it in for me for a long time. It was my turn now, that's for sure!

Tone, certainly, is important to a rendering of Céline. But it is even more vital to catch his attitude toward life, which is expressed in a leitmotif that breaks surface here and there throughout the book, in a variety of metaphors. In one instance, Marks loses Céline's point by missing the colloquial meaning of the word *malin*:

> I would even, I believe, have more easily felt sorry for a dog dying than for Robinson, because a dog's not *sly;* whereas whatever one may say, Leon [Robinson] was just a bit *sly.*

The following rendering, translating *malin* by "smart" rather than "sly," would be closer to Céline's spirit and intention:

> I even think it'd have been easier for me to feel sorry for a croaking dog than for Robinson, because a dog isn't smart, while Robinson, he was a bit smart after all.

Another such passage is altogether missing from the 1934 and the 1962 editions of Mr. Marks's translation. It is a thought which crosses the narrator's mind when he discovers a New York men's room, and gives a point to the lugubrious and unpleasant description which precedes it:

> There are the guts, of course. You know that practical joke they play on a hobo in the countryside? They stuff an old purse with the rotting guts of a chicken. Well, take it from me, that's just what a man's like, only he's bigger, and mobile, and greedy, and then inside him there's a dream.

A dream emanating from rotten guts and pity for those who do not understand what is going on—these form the leitmotif of this great work of art which does not reach—or at least not with full force—the readers of Céline's *Journey* as conveyed by Mr. Marks. Perhaps this is the reason why Céline—whom many Frenchmen consider the only really great writer of the twentieth century, with the exception of Marcel Proust—is underrated by people who cannot read his impressionistic argot in the original.

And speaking of Proust, how well has he fared in translation? Rather poorly, to judge from this curious note in *French Literature and Thought Since the Revolution,* a textbook edited by two Dartmouth professors, Ramon Guthrie and George E. Diller (Harcourt, Brace), which is at present in use at Columbia and other colleges:

> An inadequate translation of this novel [*A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*] by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff is published under the exceedingly misleading title, *The Remembrance of Things Past,* a rendering which, as Proust complained, destroys the whole significance and misrepresents the whole purpose of his work. Fortunately Mr. Scott-Moncrieff died before the appearance of the final volumes, which were translated by Henry Blossom with a better comprehension of Proust's meaning.

I don't suppose that such a drastic solution was needed to save Proust from a mistranslator. Perhaps more vigorous protest from editors, and later literary critics, could have halted the damage long before the last volumes of this gigantic novel were reached.

Babel's Restless Soul

But then Proust deals in concepts of tremendous scope and depth that may have distracted many readers from the style of the translation. This, however, is not the case of Isaac Babel, author of small, stylistic jewels, a fanatic of the *mot juste,* a man who wrote and rewrote his stories, using a carefully controlled extravagance of metaphor to convey his meaning. When the stories first appeared in English, however, they contained extravagances of a quite different kind, and not controlled at all. Thus, in Babel's "The Awakening" (*Collected Stories,* Edited and Translated by Walter Morison, with an Introduction by Lionel Trilling), he describes the Jewish mothers of Odessa taking their tiny offspring to a famous violin teacher in the hopes of having them turned into child prodigies like Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz. Here is the scene in the teacher's waiting room, as rendered by Mr. Morison:

> There Jewish girls aflame with hysteria sat along the wall awaiting their turn, pressing to their feeble knees violins exceeding in dimensions the exalted persons they were to play to at Buckingham Palace.

Sounds quite impressionistic and mysterious. Who are these Jewish girl violinists? (Babel

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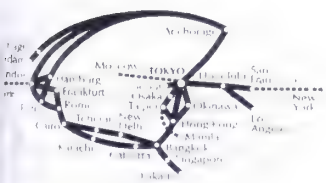
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We don't want you to rent Avis ca because you feel sorry for us. All we want is a chance t prove that a No. 2 can be just as good as a No. 1. Or eve better. Because we have to try harder.

Maybe we ought to eliminate the negative and accen tuate the positive.

Instead of saying "We're only No. 2 in rent a cars," w could say "We're the second largest in the world."

spoke only of boy violinists.) And who are the dwarfish inhabitants of Buckingham Palace—no bigger than the violins between the girls' knees—for whom they were to perform? A glance at the Russian text is quite revealing. Babel had written in Russian something to the effect that:

> Inside, Jewish mothers, on the verge of hysteria, sat along the walls, waiting their turns. They clutched against their shaky knees violins bigger than those destined to perform on them in Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Morison's translation leads me to some imaginings of my own. I picture Isaac Babel's restless soul, like a Dybbuk, invading the body of some admiring translator, there to suffer new pangs over his impotence to express himself through that stiff-jointed medium.

What happened to Babel and other writers who have created strikingly individual styles may perhaps be best conveyed to Americans by showing them the reverse operation as it is performed on J. D. Salinger's prose in the Soviet Union today.

Here is the opening paragraph of "De Daumier-Smith's Blue Period" as it appeared in *Novy Mir* (No. 11, 1963), the leading Soviet literary magazine. I have retranslated it sticking as closely as possible to the Russian:

> However little sense it makes now and however simple this story, at times so virtuous, may be, I would like to dedicate it to the memory of my by no means virtuous stepfather Robert Agadganian, or Bobby Junior, as everyone, including me, called him. He died in 1947 of thrombosis, without a single previous attack but not without certain pangs of conscience.

A glance at Salinger's original, besides yielding a meaning that has been missed by the Soviet translator, Yu. Zhukova, should also make it evident to what extent everything that "makes" Salinger has been lost:

> If it made any real sense—and it doesn't even begin to—I think I might be inclined to dedicate this account, for whatever it is worth, especially if it's the least bit ribald in parts, to the memory of my late ribald stepfather, Robert Agadganian, Jr. Bobby—as everyone, even I, called him—died in 1947, surely with a few regrets, but without a single gripe, of thrombosis.

Nabokov satirizes this kind of translation in an almost oversubtle spoof in *Pale Fire*. One of his characters retranslates into English these lines from *Timon of Athens:*

> The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
> Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
> And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
> The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
> The moon into salt tears . . .

Not having a Shakespeare in the original handy, Nabokov's character works from a Zemblan translation with the following result:

> The sun is a thief: she lures the sea
> And robs it. The moon is a thief:
> He steals his silvery light from the sun.
> The sea is a thief: it dissolves the moon.

The passage, we note, has lost in the process the very words "pale fire" that Nabokov significantly chose for the title of his book.

No Laughing Matter

Leaving aside the talent of many translators for shattering such a brittle commodity as beauty, let us consider what may happen in translation to a comic writer like Zoshchenko. A man who can tell a really good joke is rare enough and one who can put across, say, a French, a Scottish, or a Jewish joke for a linguistically unrelated audience is exceptional.

Zoshchenko's best stories have for their setting hungry postrevolutionary Russia, peopled with characters who talk and think an illiterate lingo studded with misunderstood neologisms, improperly used revolutionary catchwords, technical terms, bits of thieves' slang, etc. The language is somewhat reminiscent of Damon Runyan's present-tense, ungrammatical gangsters' talk, interspersed with mispronounced foreign expressions, a smattering of medical and an impressive array of legal terms. In translating Zoshchenko, it is vital to understand which words and expressions are deliberately off and to what extent, and not to go contributing wrong words of one's own that may be funny to a student of mistranslation but interfere with the original humor. Here, for instance, is a passage from "The Story of My Illness" in which Zoshchenko's narrator journeys through a Soviet hospital like Dante through the *Inferno*. The sick narrator is first struck by a sign, "Corpses given out from 3:00 to 4:00 P.M." Shocked he protests to the medical orderly, who replies to the effect that a man as sick as he is should not indulge in *self-criticism*. Zoshchenko chooses this term deliberately, to make fun of its use by the Soviets as a euphemism for denunciation of anyone *but* oneself.

In a recent English translation of Zoshchenko's writings (*Scenes from the Bathhouse*, translated by Sidney Monas, University of Michigan

Press), the word is given as just "criticism" which loses at least one laugh. And many more perish by the wayside throughout the story and the entire book. Thus, a couple of paragraphs further on, a nurse tells the patient to follow her to the washing station (*obmyvochnyi punkt*). Here is this scene in translation:

> "Come along, patient," she says, "to the washtub."
>
> These words made me flinch.
>
> "It would be better," I say, "if you didn't call it a washtub, but a bath. This," I say, "is *prettier*, and makes the patient feel better. And I," I say, "am not a horse that they should be washing me up."

(The italics are neither Zoshchenko's nor mine.)

No, no, Zoshchenko was not trying to make us laugh by having someone assume that horses are washed *up* (not down) whether in bath or washtubs, but rather poking fun at the pretentious use of "washing station" instead of plain bathroom which is like using "oh, accommodation unit, sweet accommodation unit" instead of "oh, home sweet home."

When the narrator is preparing to get into the bath, here is what happens according to Mr. Monas' English translation: "And so I began to undress, and suddenly I see in the bath under the water some kind of head emerging . . ."

I checked the text and found that Zoshchenko, unimaginatively, had not made the head *emerging under* the water, which would have been quite a performance, but simply sticking *out* of the water. But then, as we have seen, Mr. Monas owed Zoshchenko a laugh.

Making Dostoevski Suffer

Beauty and humor are not all that suffer upon translation—ideas do too. I could pick an example almost at random from translations of Dostoevski, translations which I am sure have contributed considerably to his reputation for profound obscurity. I will quote here a passage from *Notes from Underground*, a novel-of-ideas par excellence, first in the classical translation by Constance Garnett (unchanged in an edition "revised and edited" by Avrahm Yarmolinsky), and second, in the translation of David Magarshack.

> For if a desire should come into conflict with reason, we shall then reason and not desire, because it will be impossible retaining our reason to be *senseless* in our desires, and in that way knowingly act against reason and desire to injure ourselves.

Quite complicated indeed! Now let us see how Mr. Magarshack copes with it:

> For when one day desire comes completely to terms with reason we shall of course reason and not desire, for it is obviously quite impossible to *desire* nonsense while retaining our reason and in that way knowingly go against our reason and wish to harm ourselves.

Besides some disagreement over which word Dostoevski meant to italicize, there is direct contradiction here as to whether the desire should come into conflict or to terms with reason. But both translators do convey the impression that Dostoevski is not much of a writer.

What Dostoevski is actually driving at is that the moment desire merges with reason, we will reason instead of desiring and it will be impossible to desire something senseless, *i.e.*, harmful, while retaining reason. Parenthetically, this passage expresses nothing less than the view of the nineteenth-century rationalists, against which the main burden of Dostoevski's attack is directed.

But the damage Dostoevski suffers from translators such as Constance Garnett and David Magarshack is nothing compared to the job done on him by C. J. Hogarth, an Englishman I believe, some of whose translations were first published in the Everyman series.

Let us take, for instance, Dostoevski's short novel, *The Gambler*, in which the interrelationships of the characters and the action of the plot play a major role in imparting Dostoevski's views on the gambler's psychology. From the very first page, Mr. Hogarth shows us that he hasn't grasped the situation very well—the main "villain," the Frenchman Des Grieux, is first introduced as a "French lady."

A few pages later, when the narrator relates how he got into a squabble with some Frenchmen and Poles, Des Grieux says "with bored contempt," "Well, I suppose someone somewhere has given you a lesson in good behavior."

Not so Mr. Hogarth's Frenchman. Here, "in a careless, contemptuous sort of tone," he says, "Of course, one always learns *something everywhere*." And he puts these two last words in italics, as so many translators do, hoping apparently that the stressing of a word will produce a miracle and pin down the slippery meaning of the original. These pearls and many more like them come from the four or five opening pages of the novel. Then, skipping ten pages, we reach the point where the General, gambling at the Casino, first wins and then loses. I quote from Mr. Hogarth:

> And when in the third round *red* turned up, he lost, at a stroke, 1,200 francs. Yet even then he rose with a smile and thus preserved his reputation; yet I knew that his money bags must be chafing his heart, as well as that, had the stake been twice or thrice as much again, he would still have restrained himself from venting his disappointment.

Aside from the fact that it is very badly put, the passage says that the General has an unlimited control over himself, an important point since this is a "psychological" novel, after all. But actually it reads:

> And when the red won that time, he lost twelve hundred francs in one go. He smiled and walked away with perfect control. I am convinced, though, that black cats were clawing at his heart and that if the stake had been twice or perhaps three times greater, he would have lost control and showed his agitation.

The point Dostoevski is making here is that the General's beautiful composure has definite limits and that it would collapse under stronger pressure; he is preparing us for the man's later total disintegration.

I haven't read all through Mr. Hogarth's text but only checked a few suspect passages here and there against the original. I dare say, however, that a resilient hypothetical reader who waded through it all would get a completely different picture, if any, from the one Dostoevski was trying to paint.

Of course, outside Russia, people expect an obscure—and, many say, a humorless—performance from Dostoevski. And, although many Russian children have read quite a bit of him by the time they are twelve and have been known to laugh in the process, one can imagine solemn, highbrow exchanges between the readers of Garnett and Magarshack that would go clean over the heads of any Russian, child or adult.

Too Delicate to Be Clear

The problem of comment based on distorted translations is an old one. Back in 1835, Stendhal (of whom, by the way, to the best of my knowledge, no decent English translation exists to this day) wrote:

> M. Artaud, who spent twenty years in Italy, has just published a translation of Dante in which he produces not less than two mistranslations and one absurdity per page. . . . And yet all the scribblers of Paris constantly discredit the name of this great man in quoting him [in translation], and presuming to explain him. Nothing makes me angrier. [Stendhal, *La Vie de Henry Brulard*, Classiques Garnier, Paris, 1961.]

That is what the French did to a great Italian in the past, and this is what the Anglo-Saxons do to a Frenchman today.

Guy de Maupassant, being a Frenchman and otherwise depraved, has come to be regarded in foreign countries as very sexy, in fact too offensively so for English-speaking readers. And so *The Complete Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant*, translated by God knows whom (Doubleday, 1955), introduced by Professor Artine Artinian, and available in every college library, finds a way to handle the Frenchman's crude approach to sex without offending Anglo-Saxon prudishness.

In the very well-known story entitled "Toine," the innkeeper, a very fat and jovial man, is an inveterate drinker. In fact, he drinks so much that

> The local jokers asked him:
> "How come you don't drink the sea, Big Toine?"
> He answered:
> "There're two things that stop me from doing that: number one, it's salty, the sea; and number two, someone would have to bottle it first, because my stomach i'nt supple enough for me to lap it up in its present container."

The above is my rather loose rendition of the following passage:

> *Les farceurs du pays lui demandaient:*
> *"Pourqui que te ne bé point la mé, pé Toine?"*
> *Il répondit:*
> *"Y a deux choses qui m'opposent, primo, qu'a l'est salée, et deusio qu'i faudrait la mettre en bouteille, vu que mon abdomin n'est point pliable pour bé à c'te tasse-là!"*

Granted that Toine talks in a Norman patois, as do all of Maupassant's peasants, still, this hardly excuses the following translation in the above-mentioned edition:

> The blackguards of the community wondered why Toine had no children and one day asked him as much. With a wicked wink he replied: "My wife is not attractive enough for such a fine fellow as I am."

I have not made a mistake: this is the very same passage. And I can even offer an explanation. By bringing in the children which Maupassant does not mention, the translator was under the impression that he was being delicately euphemistic in conveying Maupassant's "sexy" *"Bé la mé"* which, despite the obvious context, he deciphered as *"Pourquoi que tu ne baise pas la*

mère, Toine?" rather than the very natural *"bois la mer."* And then, to make it fit, he gave an explanation (the woman was unattractive) and left out the allusions to an unsupple stomach and bottling something—unbearably crude naturalistic details in the context as he understood it.

The Process Is Organic

The most puzzling thing about bad translations is that they get published at all. Chances are that an original English manuscript of such a caliber would never pass even the first reader of a sane publishing house. Can it be, then, that names like Dostoevski and Maupassant mesmerize the publishers and make them "see" profound meaning and messages in these incoherent misrepresentations? Or perhaps, if they can't make any sense of these writers, they are too ashamed to admit it and too busy or incurious to investigate by comparing translations. They reassure themselves that the exotic image of the bearded Russian Dostoevski will "carry" any old text, just as the Beatles can carry any old rock-'n'-roll song and make teen-age girls scream to boot.

And so once these publishers have decided upon a classic, they assume that any translator will do and go shopping for a "reasonable" one, often in England where prices are lower. At first glance, this law of economics seems a likely explanation for the existence of world classics in a hall of distorting mirrors. But then, how can one account for the case of Mr. Hogarth's *The Gambler*, since his publishers must have been well aware of the existence of Constance Garnett's version, which is in the public domain, *i.e.*, free for the taking, and, despite all its defects, is magnificent compared with the text for which they had to pay something, however little. Obviously economics cannot always account for everything and there may be some cases where Freud should be called in to help Marx explain what makes publishers tick.

The fact is that many translators fail and many publishers do not care enough about literature to realize it. What is more, book reviewers and literary critics too seldom go to the trouble to compare translations of worthwhile books to help the better displace the worse as quickly as possible and thus stop the massacre of literature —for readers may not go back to Dostoevski after meeting him through his worst interpreters.

And yet, despite everything, there exist numerous translations from which a pretty accurate understanding and feeling of the original can be acquired. Indeed, a reader with a very imperfect knowledge of the finer points of the original language would get more out of these than if he tried to go directly to the source. For in the latter case, the reader himself will be his own built-in bad translator.

I feel fairly certain that, unless an American reader's French is really good, he could get much more out of Francis Steegmuller's translation of *Madame Bovary* than he could out of doing it the hard way; that a Russian, without exceptional knowledge of English would obtain a higher aesthetic enjoyment from Boris Pasternak's translations of Shakespeare's plays and sonnets than he would from wading through the original; that the best way for an English-speaking person (the Latin scholar aside) to appreciate Juvenal would be through the good offices of Dryden. Indeed, there are many good translations around. Just to mention a few at random, there is the excellent handling of Plivier's *Stalingrad* by the Winstons, that of Tertz's smuggled manuscript *The Trial Begins* by Max Hayward, and the renditions of Montaigne and Voltaire by Donald Frame.

Thus, a literary character is not inevitably doomed when the words, phrases, and sentences that constitute his essence and existence are replaced by words, phrases, and sentences formed in another land. An original literary work is an organic compound of form and content. To drag it over the language wall, the translator must first, of necessity, separate the content—the meaning—from the form, *i.e.*, the original words, then, on the other side of the wall, embody the content in other, alien words in such a way as to reproduce upon foreign readers an emotional and intellectual effect as close as possible to that which the original work produced on the translator. Although these alien words have different sounds, connotations, etc., they often can, in certain arrangements, achieve this effect. The result, of course, should preserve the subtle, slippery, extra-rational tones, overtones, and moods of the original. And it must be *literature*. If it is not and if the translator resigns himself to his failure—he is a hack. But he may well be under the misapprehension that he has succeeded, because he has only his own, often deceptive, feelings to guide him. Since literary translation consists of the externalization of ideas and images born in someone else's mind, it can no more be a precise science than writing itself—like writing it is full of intangibles.

But then, they say that medicine, too, is an art.

Harper's Magazine, April 1966

One Cow, One Vote

A Strenuous Session in the Montana Legislature

by Margaret Scherf

It was a historic occasion—the last before reapportionment, and the last in which the voice of the Angus and Hereford could be heard in the ballot box.

On the last day of the 1965 session in the Capitol in Helena, as we legislators took our hacking coughs and our masses of bills and correspondence to our cars, we said goodbye with "Never again!" But now, come spring, the old firehorses are beginning to prick up their ears. Not long ago I met a couple of them cheerfully planning this summer's campaign. Even the chairman of Fish and Game, who developed a distinguished ulcer, is willing to go through it all again. And those members of either house who saw themselves written off by reapportionment were deeply hurt and full of gloom.

What attracts men to the legislature? The pay is $1,200 for a sixty-day biennial session, with duties that continue during the off years. Since the legislature meets during January and February, a member has to fight from fifty to five hundred miles of icy roads to get home to tend to his own affairs. One lawyer estimated it cost him more than $5,000 to serve in two sessions. Winter in Helena is bright, beautiful, and often 30 degrees below zero. The Capitol is heated to a toasty 90, so every lawmaker has at least one revolting cold.

It isn't the charm of Helena that lures them. The Helena *Journal* of 1891 described the capital as "the richest city on earth per capita," and "the magnificent banking houses that line Main Street" as "superb specimens of the architects' and builders' skill," but today the center of Helena—Last Chance Gulch—is moribund. Gone is the splendor of the old Broadwater Hotel with its pink marble and gold-inlaid bathtubs. The town's iron fences and red-brick turrets and towers, built by the mining and banking millionaires of the 1880's, are quaint and amusing for an afternoon, but gradually the dismal decay of most of these old mansions, including the building once occupied by our Governors, becomes depressing.

So it is not the pay nor the luxury of life in the capital that brings men back session after session, and adds new recruits in each election. There are, of course, personal ambitions, special axes to grind, and always there is party loyalty. The Republicans come to Helena to fight the Democrats. The Democrats come to fight the Republicans and "the companies." The ultraconservatives come to fight the federal government on the last available battleground. But I believe there is something more than these usual incentives. We seem to have an old-fashioned faith in the importance of state government.

Montana, which became a state in 1889, is no more Wild West now than New Rochelle or Dayton. It is churchy. We have a goodly number of alcoholics and a high divorce rate, but it's the

solid Lutherans, Methodists, Catholics, Presbyterians, believing in the simple virtues, in progress, in individual effort, who set the tone. Our largest cities—Billings and Great Falls—are well under 100,000, and most of us live in small towns or on farms and ranches. The legislature reflects this earnest, middle-class respectability.

This respectability has been growing since I first observed a session a decade or more ago. At that time there was a casual air about the House—feet on desks, spittoons, big hats, open newspapers, and the gavel grasped by a "company man." As a writer I was keenly interested, but had no thought of putting my own neck on the block.

Listener, Prober, Crook, Fool

In 1964, the Democrats needed four candidates for the House in my county, and they had only three. Would I run? "You won't have to do a thing," the county chairman promised. "Just file."

I was skeptical, but I filed. Our county is roughly sixty miles wide and seventy-five long, runs north to Canada and east to the top of the Rockies. Early one summer morning I put my dog and a sandwich into the old red Plymouth and set out to see the voters. I stopped in front of a farm gate bearing a large sign: BEWARE OF VICIOUS DOG. As I debated the wisdom of getting out, a large Springer came trotting down the road, his red tongue flapping and his brown tail wagging. He escorted me to the door. Campaigning, once I overcame my initial fright, was rather like that. People were nearly always friendly, wanted to talk. They told me their country school was overcrowded, or their boys couldn't find work in the winter, or property taxes were too high. There was a good deal more poverty than I had suspected. I began to see the candidate, as I later saw the legislator, as a listener, a prober.

National candidates appear at large meetings, dinners, rallies. They make TV appearances, talk strategy with party leaders, shake many hands, but they haven't time to listen for an hour or two to a logger injured in the woods who is unable to collect from the Industrial Accident Board. It is the legislative candidate alone who can be buttonholed and complained to, scolded, instructed. He is on the voter's level.

We had to be screened by the Taxpayers' Association, the Timber Haulers, Wildlife, REA, MEA, the Sawmill Workers' Union, the Carpenters' Union, and half-a-dozen PTAs. We passed out cards in the supermarkets, went to dozens of teas and coffees, ate our way through mammoth church and grange dinners, shook hands and ate midnight lunches in country bars and taverns. Three days before the November election, the chairman called me at eight in the morning. "Be over at the high school at eleven," he said. "English class, room 12. You can discuss Medicare, Kerr-Mills, public power, and federal aid to education. You'll have about twenty minutes." That same afternoon, a party member said reproachfully, "You should be working, you know. Get out and ring doorbells."

I came through with a triumphant twelve-vote landslide. My opponent called for a recount and we both spent the next three weeks in a chilly old potato warehouse, watching every ballot as the County Commissioners tallied. I held onto ten points of the margin, and was the first woman to represent our county in the legislature in fifty years, and the only mystery writer who ever served. As my weight went down and my color approached that of a boiled cauliflower, I kept asking myself why I had left a comfortable typewriter to get into this fight. And yet at the lowest point in the session I wouldn't have gone home, even if it had been possible. Because I did not feel that this was a meaningless fight, that the endless, exhausting caucuses and committee meetings and debates were about nothing. They were about the things that mattered, and the divisions reflected fundamental differences in philosophy.

The job could be made less of an ordeal for the legislator by lengthening the session and chopping out some of the accumulated underbrush. It is impossible to take care of the business of the state in sixty days every two years.* There is no time to study and reorganize our obsolete boards and bureaus, so that each session merely adds its own bandages. The constitution forces the legislature to waste its time on minute details: Is the fox a predatory animal? How much shall a city fireman be paid?

Another frustrating factor is the constant ridicule from the press. We spent many weary hours on heavy issues, but the reporters gleefully seized on one bill intended to force the owners of

Before her election to the Montana legislature in 1964, Margaret Scherf had been writing mystery novels; she has had 21 published. She grew up in New Jersey, Wyoming, and Montana, went to college in Ohio, traveled round the world during the Depression, and worked in New York in publishing before she settled down to write.

*See Senator Joseph D. Tydings' article in *Harper's* (March 1966): 31 state legislatures meet only once every two years.

pets to furnish shelter, called it the Cat House Bill, and tried to make its sponsors look like idiots. The presentation took perhaps fifteen minutes in each house, but readers back home were led to believe we were spending most of our time on trivia. There was little press enthusiasm for the long hot battles over air pollution, education, minimum wage, investment of state funds, mental health, reapportionment, and how to raise the money.

Newsmen are of course cramped by their editors' caution. They didn't report that on the minimum-wage bill certain dubious characters were consulted, made demands which enraged the labor members, and helped to scuttle the bill. Leaks from caucuses on this topic would have made lively reading but were ignored. This timid editorial thinking didn't begin in recent years when our small papers were sold to the chains. The so-called independent hometown paper was never really that—it would have starved to death in the old days without subsidies from the railroads and other corporations. Nor is the amused condescension of the press a matter of one-party domination. Montana has only one Democratic paper—the Great Falls *Tribune*—but it isn't the Democratic sessions alone that suffer. The legislature is treated habitually as a gathering of crooks and fools. But we were too busy with the battle to worry about the snipers in our midst.

Before the session began, it looked as if reapportionment would be the big job. Actually, it played a minor role in the House, where it was accomplished, and only in the Senate, where it finally expired, did it consume much time.

Reapportionment in Montana, as elsewhere, was far more lethal to the Senate than to the House. The House committee went rapidly through hearings on a device called the "weighted vote" and disposed of this last hope of the condemned small counties, then turned to population maps for other plans. There were halfhearted efforts to roll back the Supreme Court decision—two resolutions regarding Constitutional Amendments—but a majority conceded that Petroleum County with 894 people didn't deserve the same representation in the Senate as Yellowstone with 79,016.

We were well along with our work in the House before we met with the Senate committee. They sat with stony faces and folded arms while we displayed our merchandise. We pleaded that if the legislature, rather than the court, did the job we would have something to say about how it was done. No response. At last one of the Senators said, "If I have to have my throat cut, I'm not going to hold the knife."

"What you Senators really believe in is one cow, one vote," a House member accused.

The maneuvers that followed in the Senate, drowning and resuscitating the same bill over and over again, meant nothing. The members in cowboy boots, representing the beef, wheat, and oil counties with small populations, had made up their minds before they came to Helena that the first order of business was to kill reapportionment. It took them fifty-five of the sixty days to do the job. They told us frankly they would not act on Congressional redistricting either, so we did not attempt that.

In July the U. S. District Court handed down a temporary reapportionment plan for the legislature and the Congressional districts which seems to have aroused no great resentment. Although some astute and valuable members will lose their seats, there will also be a welcome pruning of dead wood. Theoretically, the Democrats should benefit from the new plan, but some of the strongest opposition to the change came from Democrats in the Senate.

Lobbyists with Angora Mittens

Money was the legislature's basic problem. Montana is a huge state (147,000 square miles), immensely rich in timber, oil, waterpower, beef, wheat, minerals; and yet our average personal income is below the nation's. Stocks in our big enterprises—St. Regis paper, Anaconda Copper and Aluminum, Montana Power, the oil fields—are largely held outside the state. We have areas of great prosperity, like Cut Bank, where garage doors open by electric eye and houses are designed with a bathroom for every boy, but these are balanced by pockets like Martin City, a leftover from the construction of a mammoth federal dam, where many families must accept welfare as a way of life.

For decades it has been accepted Democratic party doctrine that "the companies"—the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and the Montana Power Company—are to blame for our lagging economy and our failure to attract industry and population. We still ship our wheat, timber, beef, and minerals to other states for processing. Probably the two companies prefer the status quo, and undoubtedly they aid substantially those candidates who will be kind when it comes to regulation and taxation. They have, in the past, had their fingers in many pies, including higher education. But what could the companies do if the voters were not so easily divided?

The wheat and cattle men have a deep distrust of Butte and labor; Butte has no love for agriculture and its problems; the urban population resents the grip of farmers, stockmen, and oil men on state and local government. These divisions are handy tools for the company lobbyists. Add to this the fact that news coverage is shallow and meager; we are better informed on affairs in Paris and Sacramento than we are on the business and politics of our own state.

Anaconda and Montana Power—though they use different lobbying methods—seem to cooperate to achieve the same objectives: to keep things as they are and to allow the Democrats a Governor or a legislature, but never both at the same time. A shrewd lobbyist knows that threats and bullying are not nearly so effective as a few well-planted seeds of fear. To frighten a legislator, a lobbyist need only tell him a certain bill will hurt his county—where the votes lie. The easy ways to kill a bill are to spread the fear that it will (1) hurt the farmer, (2) ruin business on Main Street, (3) throw men out of work, or (4) raise local property taxes. When Anaconda was threatened by a net-proceeds tax, word went around that this bill would close every small mine in the state.

At present Anaconda has such a skillful and agreeable lobbyist in Glen Carney that a legislator is ashamed of his suspicion that the old dragon is still there, wearing angora mittens. There are signs that officials of Montana Power would like to dispel its public image of the wicked fairy with a wand in every stew—they recently took on a smooth and pleasant young lobbyist who had been working for Great Northern.

The big two are not the only powerful lobbies. The railroads, Northern Pacific and Great Northern, are Madison Avenue in their approach. Their decorous young men take a legislator to lunch, attempt to arouse sympathy for their cause by earnestly describing the legal tedium that follows a meeting between a steer and a locomotive. One drink, a little chicken à la king, and back to the mine. Dull stuff compared with the days when hundred-dollar bills were tossed over transoms in the Placer Hotel.

Pacific Power and Light flooded us with uniform wires and letters on the REA "territorial integrity" bill. The Timber Haulers are well organized and alert to such threats as higher taxes on diesel fuel, truck weights, truck licenses. When the air-pollution bill came up we felt tremendous pressure from lumber, pulp, sugar-beet, and paper-mill interests.

Montana, with more fresh air per person than almost any other state, has pockets of contamination as aggravating as that in Los Angeles. Missoula's air contains five tons of measurable contamination per day per square mile, according to Elmer Flynn, author of the bill, and every twenty-four hours the average person inhales as much Benzo-a-pyrene (a cyclic hydrocarbon found in cigarette and wood smoke) as he would in smoking fifty-six cigarettes. The day the legislative committee visited Missoula to inhale some of this controversial air, the industry guilty of pollution had been shut down and the sky was an innocent bright blue.

When the Party Gets Rough

After a long, hard fight, not on party lines, the air-pollution-control bill went through both houses, and was flushed down the drain by Governor Tim Babcock's veto. The nurses' collective-bargaining bill, vocational education, and sixteen other bills met the same fate. The Governor's attitude toward the legislature was one of continuous pain and surprise. He seemed affronted by our very presence in Helena, and scolded us almost daily for doing nothing—and for passing so much ruinous legislation. It is one of the strange contradictions of Montana politics that the state sends Mike Mansfield to the U. S. Senate, yet elects a Governor who could not bring himself to proclaim UN Day, and was, until the chances looked bad, a proud supporter of Goldwater.

The fight over the minimum-wage law was the bitterest political battle of the session. Montana has no general minimum-wage law, and a modest proposal to start with one dollar raised howls of pain from small restaurant and grocery owners, some of them members of the Assembly. The wage picture is chaotic. The scale for plumbers is $4.75 an hour, while a mechanic may get as little as $1.50 from a farm-implement dealer. Retail clerks in the variety stores average 80 cents an hour; unskilled workers in hospitals get 75 cents. Farmhands, unorganized and often itinerant, were until recently among our poorest-paid workers, but the elimination of the Mexican *braceros* has improved this area.

Everyone agreed that a minimum-wage law was a fine thing, in principle, but everyone seemed to have a friend whose business would be ruined by it. The lawyer for the Yellowstone Park Company pleaded that a dollar an hour would be disastrous, and anyway the college students had so much fun making beds and waiting on table and seeing the park from the hotel windows that they shouldn't expect an exorbitant reward in cash. This com-

pany and Glacier Park Inc. have guaranteed monopolies largely because the National Park Service doesn't want to bother with more than one concessionaire in each park. Students work an eight-hour day, receive about $100 a month, and pay room and board out of that.

While the minimum-wage bill was being dragged in and out of committee, debated on the floor, fought over in caucuses and bars, Mel Engels, the Republican State Chairman, rode it daily in his radio talks, calling it the baby-sitters' bill and making a mountain lion out of what appeared to be a pretty tame house cat. When the bill reached the Senate so many exceptions had been tacked on that it was scarcely even a gesture. The last straw, for the chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, was the exemption of employers in towns of under 2,500 population. He moved to table the bill.

Where Do We Get the Money?

The Governor's budget included $17 million for a building program for the institutions and the University System. There was little doubt that even more was needed. The geology and physics buildings at the University of Montana (Missoula), housing over $1.5 million in equipment and collections, were declared unsafe more than twenty years ago. The prison, built in 1869, has never had any major improvements. The correctional school for boys and the home for the mentally deficient are overcrowded and outmoded. Everybody wanted help. The question was how much help we could give, and where we would get the money.

The battle over money for the institutions centered around Francis Bardanouve, husky rancher from Blaine County, and chairman of Appropriations. He takes a passionate interest in our neglected custodial centers. He appeared one afternoon at the state hospital, said he would like to look around. When he didn't come back to say goodbye, the administration was puzzled. Next morning they discovered he had set up camp in a vacant room and had no immediate plans for leaving. He stayed a week, studying the hospital, the prison, and the other nearby institutions.

Usually gentle and forbearing—Bardanouve can't vote to put an animal on the predatory list—he was not so gentle when he faced the minority after their plea for a suddenly generous building and repair program. "The institutions have been living on jackrabbits for decades," he declared, "but it's only when a Democratic majority can take the blame for increased taxes that we get these crocodile tears from the Republicans over their sorry state." Right here a split developed in the Democratic majority. Haunted by past experience, a block of Democrats opposed any increase in taxes, no matter how worthy the cause, but finally members willing to run the risk of defeat in the next election prevailed.

Experienced members deplored these caucus fights, but as a freshman I found them exciting, revealing, useful. In anger there is frankness. Of course the divisions were an embarrassment to the leadership. The Democrats were much harder to hold in line than the Republicans; they had a plethora of generals. During one caucus an aggressive member commanded, "Watch me on the floor." The leader asked with a rueful smile, "What about me?"

It is important for a new member to size up quickly these jockeying prima donnas, decide who can be trusted on taxation, education, conservation, etc. No one is equipped to judge more than six hundred bills in sixty days, and if you don't want to make an ass of yourself you'd better locate the experienced and reliable minds. You must learn to discount charm—and also the lack of it.

In spite of all our difficulties, a quantity of progressive legislation went through both houses. A mental-health center was allocated $1,300,000. Kerr-Mills had no opposition. Vocational education was to be expanded. Driver education carried its own revenue provision—a tax on traffic fines and 5 per cent of drivers' license fees—but nearly everything else required a slice of the budget, and one of the largest slices was increased state aid to schools.

There was general agreement we would have to raise more money. The question was, how?

The Republicans, led by the Governor, wanted a $5 tax on every individual income tax return, even if the return called for a refund, plus the use of an existing cigarette tax to finance the building program. The cigarette tax had been imposed to pay for veterans' bonuses, and the Democrats argued that it was illegal to divert it to a new use without the permission of the voters. Eventually both houses agreed to a modest increase in the individual income tax, and earmarked 5 per cent of the income tax and corporation license tax revenues to a long-range building program.

The debate on money raising was bitter and hard to endure because it came at the end of the session. We were by that time working seven days a week, taking an hour off for dinner, and coming back in the evening.

"Why doesn't somebody say how much we need,

so we'll know what tax increases have to be put through?" I asked an old-timer. For answer I got a tolerant smile, and at the last I understood that these pragmatic approximations are inevitable because no one knows until the closing days what the session will vote for, either in taxes or appropriations. To the committees in charge it must be like preparing dinner for an unknown number of guests from an unstipulated quantity of roast.

Tempers flared occasionally, attention lagged sometimes, especially in the late afternoon, and the assembly had moods, like a person. There were moments when almost anything would go through, and moments when nothing would. Late one afternoon a bill to make possible the investment of state funds in common stocks went over to final reading without debate, had to be hastily hauled back later.

Each of us had his own private anguish. The afternoon I climbed the stairs to a gloomy committee room on the balcony to defend my billboard-regulation bill I found forty outdoor-ad men from all over the state. It was not David meeting Goliath; it was the lamb chop meeting the wolf.

I noticed, as the weeks went by, how much I had to learn, particularly as a member of the State Administration Committee. We studied the fees and duties of architects, the regulation of well drillers, new concepts in mental health, Montana's ailing exhibit at the World's Fair. I discovered for myself the massive bureaucracy of the highway department, almost a fourth branch of government, so well nourished as to be largely independent of public opinion. This fat in a lean state budget is laid on by our assumption that all gasoline taxes must go to the highway department. Montanans never complain about the cost of roads. We love distance, the moving landscape seen from a fast heavy car. We still drive four hundred miles just to have lunch; our fishing and hunting enthusiasts, as well as the ranchers, want good roads. Now and then a brave but foolish legislator starts an investigation of the highway department, usually the payments for right-of-way, begins with headlines, subsides into the back pages like a damp firecracker.

It Was Not All Grim Toil

Although there was scarcely a night when I didn't go to sleep thinking about a bill, and wake up to think about it again, there were entertainments and sideshows. Each big lobby gave us a dutiful dinner, but the Helena people, old hands at this business, gave us the sort of soothing evenings we needed, like the one at Henry Loble's amusing old Victorian house. We were always fed roast beef, as if they feared our blood count was down. At Henry's, amidst the flowers and soft lights, as at every other party, we talked about bills.

Some of the entertainment required more patience than a committee hearing. I think we all hated the sound of the human voice after the first week, and one or two parties included speeches. Then there was the ordeal of the Governor's ball. Shy wives worried over what to wear, but experience showed that the best costume would have been a coating of Havoline 20 to facilitate passage through the crowd. We had our orders—Senators to the north and Representatives to the south end of the ballroom, for the Grand March. A baffled milling about took up the time before the Governor and his lady arrived. The music began. The men believed that to a march, one marched. The ladies preferred to walk. The effect was lumpy.

The Montana Club, just off Last Chance Gulch, where the private rooms once harbored the florid intrigue of the Copper Kings, was a favorite spot for dinner and dancing. But nothing equaled Tracy's as a final gathering place at night. Coming into it for the first time down the steep back stairs, I thought I was on stage for a grim Sartre drama. The place had a mysterious drawing power for legislators too tired to go to bed. Perhaps they liked it because they couldn't hear what anybody else was saying.

Along with the other entertainment should be included a maneuver of the Governor's. He had, during the final days, become so disenchanted with us, so anxious to have us gone, that he must have decided to pretend we were no longer there. He sent his veto of a minor bill to the Secretary of State rather than to the Speaker. Rage and threats from the Democrats, hasty telephoning by the Republicans, and just before midnight the bill was exhumed from the Secretary's office and rushed to the House.

Gusts of humor helped us through some heavy days in the chamber. After he had explained a bill, Francis Bardanouve told us, "Now, if you're not confused you haven't been listening."

Vivid figures walked on and off stage. Our Chief Clerk, holding a long cigar and wearing vestments of hunting red or Good Humor white, leaned on the podium and let us know what he thought of our votes when he intoned the count. The Speaker displayed a passionate and inexplicable interest in daylight saving time for Butte. Two ex-Governors were busy in the corridors—

John Bonner and J. Hugo Aronson, the affable Swede who came to Montana as a boy on a freight train and prospered in the oil fields around Cut Bank. Aronson told me with a twinkle, "Old Governors don't just fade away, they become lobbyists."

There were a few sideshows put on by alcoholic or amorous members, but the legislature is much less a holiday from marriage than it was in the old days when a few earnest souls carried on the business while the rest drank and roared in the lobby and the hospitality rooms. Now the wives come along, bring their knitting, sit on the leather lounges on either side of the House and listen to their husbands' speeches, take them to task later for what they said or didn't say. It is a domestic, carefully watched scene. There are always schoolchildren and voters from home in the gallery. This tends to make the sessions a good deal more businesslike.

Is It Moribund?

As soon as I began to campaign I saw the legislator as a sort of meat grinder or Univac, into which are fed the demands and complaints of the citizens, and out of which is supposed to come something useful in the form of law. The legislator is a mediator, a listener, an adjuster. He discovers sores, needs, inequities he had no idea existed. Who is to act on these frictions if not the legislature? Shall we dump all the business of fifty states in the lap of Congress, ask the Senate to decide, while it is debating foreign policy, whether Fish and Game or the Highway Department shall supervise Montana parks?

There has been some harsh talk about state legislatures, some students of the system stating flatly that they are "dead and ripe for burying."* This blanket condemnation, it seems to me, is unrealistic. The things these gentlemen find wrong with the state legislature are the things that are exasperating in the democratic process wherever we study it—the snail's pace, the trial and error, the wrong decisions made because their proponents have the gift of persuasion, the occasional corruption. These flaws are the inevitable lice on the hide of Democracy. Shall we butcher the beast to get rid of the lice?

If we throw out the state legislature, we lose more than its lawmaking function. As national legislation is on the whole more progressive than state legislation, so I believe state legislation is more progressive than local thinking. It is largely because of the crusty viewpoint of some of our city fathers that we have burdened the legislature with such matters as city salaries and pensions, air pollution, safety in swimming pools. Further, during the session a legislator learns where his state stands in the national picture—is it above or below the national average in income, education, institutional methods, economic growth? He must indicate, by his vote, what he believes should be done about the shortcomings. A live legislative session helps a state to reconcile its thinking and its aims with national thinking and national aims.

The assembly serves to reveal to the state its pockets of eccentric opinion. In this session there were ultraconservatives who professed a fierce allegiance to states' rights, but given the power they would have made state government impossible because they were never *for* anything. They voted No except on small favors for their own counties. They were full of fears, especially of federal aid, which they saw as the cheese in the trap of federal control. Less timorous members argued that we are entitled to all the federal aid that's going because we educate most of our young people for export to other states.

I should not like to see any state legislature disappear, but in Montana where the sparse population is divided by miles and mountains, this is a forum, a battleground, a town meeting we must have. Its creaking machinery, its tedious debate, its insane rush at the end, may impede but do not cancel its primary function, which is to voice and deal with the stresses and the needs of the people of Montana. In our state, the legislature is very much alive.

Harper's Magazine, April 1966

*Newsweek, April 19, 1965.

Demise of a Party-People

by Brother Luke M. Grande, F.S.C.

The life of every yuk-yuk
glad hands across a crowded room
cigar-smoked diamond-studded brotherhood,
to all he doled his heart:
a joker's dribble cup.

Punch-lines rehearsed
amid debris of fun and games
he sits alone in stunned surprise—
and dies of thirst.

Trembling the Inner Wall

by Esther Gurewitz

This summer, the sun is a frog
black and ocean huge
he swallows the sky.
His tongue,
miles long
whips pain around the world.
The clock ticks
blindness is the constant blow of a blunt axe
white eyes bite raw each hangnail hour
trembling the inner wall
the clock ticks.

In the hospital
I zoom into orbit
on a carpet of words
the air is hugely owned and fouled
by dialed sound
like vermin flurrying
from wall to floor,
radio and screen
brimble and mamble.
In this obscene jangle
gentle silence hides.

Voices are colors that clothe and alter the inner wall.
A brown balloon, a silver tree,
a shrilling horse with slashing hoofs and hating teeth
plunging ever toward me.
My bones are withered weeds
the sea has long disowned.
Velvet hands fold me into a bed with a golden coverlet.
To make a lap
the bed sat up
placebo bosom forward thrust.

The nurse is a silver tree
"Are you all right
little dear?"
she says to my gray hair
tweaks my toes and disappears.

In shrouded space I hang
with no floor, no wall, no ceiling.
From no door or window will light ever enter.
Time hangs.
Will this noose kill or loosen?

A tray slides toward me
to feed me
two aides hover
my seeing hands flutter.
"Tell me what's here
or let me discover."
They disappear.

"Do your headaches affect your vision?"
The intern, three weeks new, says,
his voice a brown balloon.
"How can they?
I'm blind."
To cover his confusion
he floats away.

Having no shower cap
I ask for a plastic bag for my hair
there is none
I'm told.
While I shower a head thrusts in
"You must never be alone,"
I'm told.
Beside my bed
a plastic bag lines the wastebasket.
When I'm home
I remember
death can be discovered
in a plastic bag.

In a chair of man-made leather
in leaf and living green
he sat.
My seeing hand gropes for a whisper of shel
His hands lay limp and silent
on his lap
neither clasping nor disowning mine.
"When I knew I'd be blind
I longed for cancer.
Cancer kills,"
I say.

"Don't get analytical,"
his voice held flint.
He needs no limp leech to cling to him
a shimmering sword slashed a sharp line
cleaving his hand from mine.

Days fuse and fade and lose their name.
Nurses' hands are kind
and hurry to their next worry.
Jangling air beats and bruises.
My body hears.
My skin listens
trying to untangle one tune to follow.
Failure swallows me whole.

The nun on rounds takes long steps.
Her flat soles softly slap the floor—
her voice a polished apple.
Like an eye opening wide
my hand rises.
Her upper arm is hard
thicker than my thigh.
How much good meat she eats.
"Waiting's hard. Tension tears,"
I say.

"We have the best doctors.
If God wants you to have a brain tumor
you'll have a brain tumor,"
she says.

Folded in harsh wool
on granite, she sat.
A wall of smoke
flew around me
shutting her out.
Softly, softly sing
within my wall
no one will hear
softly, now.

Night comes like a friend.
I fish for sleep with a pill and a sip.
The sea swallows me.
Before dawn
the black frog swallows the sea
and vomits me.

When I was small
home was often dark.
We were hunger cold.
One bag of coal cost loaves of bread
pounds of potatoes
quarters needed to feed
the gas meter
that fed the hissing jet.
Frightened shadows
hurtled into corners.
A shrilling horse
with slashing hoofs and hating teeth
plunged ever toward me.
Sun, sea, and singing wind disowned me.
I was given a large doll
from a penny pushcart.
Naked and cold, she was,
and on her head
no hair, only a hole.
Gently my hand explored within.
Discovering a wire
I pulled.
Her eyes opened wide.
Regarding each other
we became forever
mother and child.
Round her head I tied a kerchief
and warmed her inside my sweater
healing my child
as she healed me.

I have a feather warm kerchief for my head
a golden coverlet on my bed.
The shrilling horse is long, long dead.
And now my hair is gray, I know
her teeth were often red
with her own blood.
Sun and sea and singing wind disown me yet.
Skull X ray and brainwave graph
are hands inside my head
and no hand pulls the wire.
Sleep, my mother, sleep
sweetly, sweetly sleep. . . .

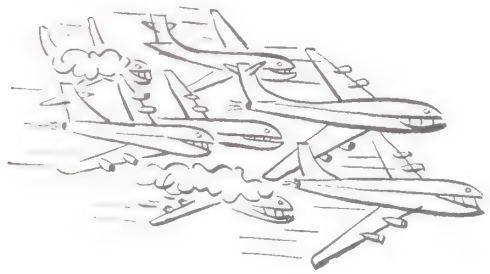
Black Frog
you turn the marrow in my bone
to terror.
You ate my sight.
Your claws
are sharp as swords.
You gouge my life.
Raw anguish spurts.
With one stone and a slingshot
David slew Goliath.
My strength springs
from the singing thread I spin.
Black Frog
one by one
I draw your claws.
You live.
New claws will gouge.
My hands spin.
New strength flows
trembling the inner wall with healing wonder.

●

Esther Gurewitz had to leave school as a child because she could not see. Surgery gave her partial sight for some years during her thirties, and she began her long struggle to write. In 1958 she won first prize for fiction in English in an international contest of the "Jewish Braille Review"; her work has been published in newspapers and her sculpture exhibited in Chicago, where she lives. This "story in free verse" is her first piece in a national magazine.

Harper's Magazine, April 1966

Murder with Feathers



by Charles G. Finney

Happiness, for birds, seems to consist in being fed, watered, sheltered, protected, and being allowed to mate. Else why should they come to this aerial aquarium of ours—a patio in Tucson, some sixty by sixty feet, enclosed within a concrete block wall five feet high, offering two birdbaths, six smallish trees, two vines, an oleander hedge, and some flowering pomegranates—an enclosure which, for scenery and the chance at adventure, can't anywhere near compare with the wonderful Arizona desert and the even more wonderful Arizona mountains? Yet they do come every afternoon between four and six o'clock, expecting to be fed. And we feed them. They line up in thin clots on the telephone lines until the food is put down for them. For the most part they sit silently.

The boat-tailed grackles come from the big park, a quarter of a mile away. The white-winged doves, which are notable game birds (Dizzy Dean often describes their succulence in his baseball telecast asides), come from out in the desert, miles away. The Mexican ground doves, the smallest dove in the United States, apparently have left the desert for keeps and have moved into town. The sparrows have been here since the days of the covered wagons.

Other birds, of amazing variety, come too. But they are only transients, alighting for a drink of water or out of sheer curiosity. It is as if there was a huge, invisible funnel rearing up from the patio, the spout of it touching the ground, the wide cup high in air. Everything that flies through this invisible cone seems to hesitate and look down—and very often alight. Blackbirds and robins have done it in flocks. Sometimes we think we must be under some long-established migratory flyway.

Definitely, we are under a mechanical flyway. The main takeoff and landing runways at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, seven or eight miles away, by invisible extension pass directly over our house and patio, and the warplanes coming from or going to the base zoom, shriek, roar, blast, or scream right through this invisible aerial funnel which I have postulated.

My wife and I are veterans of the plane-watching game. In World War II, there were Liberators and Flying Fortresses and other propeller-driven monsters thundering overhead, and later came the B-36s, most monstrous of all. Then propellers faded away as everything turned to jets. B-47s filled the air. The B-47s are gone now, many of them roosting obsoletely on Davis-Monthan's storage strip. But the sky has gained no quietude thereby, for they have been replaced by the smaller speedier fighter-bombers and the high-flying, long-ranging U-2s that have made the Russians and the Chinese so unhappy.

Farthest out of anything we have identified passing through our cone is the satellite Echo II. And we feel reasonably certain that when he was just overhead, Major White was walking out in space from Gemini 4.

The planes change yearly, but the birds remain the same. And the birds have become inured to the planes. A poor silent cat can terrify the birds, but a Globemaster can't. A dog's growl affrights them, but a sonic boom doesn't.

Horror has visited our patio tw
Both times it was purely a bird thi
and we had abetted it in no way
all, except perhaps in that we h
made an attractive nuisance of
patio for the birds.

We found one day a new bird
ting on a branch of the eucalyp
tree as close to the bole as he co
get. He was about four inches tall,
straight up with his eyes closed, a
his gray-brown mottled color v
wonderfully protective. He was an
owl, the tiniest owl of North Ameri
He lives mostly in holes in
saguaro, the giant cactus, holes t
the woodpeckers have thoughtfu
drilled for him. We said hello to h
and welcomed him to the patio; a
we would have fed him, but he e
nothing but beetles, moths, and sc
pions, and we had none of th
things on hand. There had been
violent storm out over the desert;
theorized that somehow he had b
driven by it into our patio.

Also arriving that day was a fl
of about twenty migrating robi
They had come up from Mexi
where they had spent the winter, a
were now on their way to their su
mer quarters in Missouri and Io
They were dusty from their stay
Mexico, their red breasts rather m
brown than true robin-red, due pr
ably to a vitamin deficiency in t
food they found in Mexico. Well,
told ourselves, a craw-filling of M
souri earthworms would probab
cure all that.

Amiable and well-practiced trav
ers, they drank water, took bat
and pecked around at things. Th
one of them discovered the elf o
shivering in the eucalyptus tree.
said something quietly to his fello
and, one by one, they left the grou
and took stations above, beneath a
around the little thing. They didn
attack him; they just surround
him. They uttered no sounds at a
They just sat and stared at him. So
all the branches of the eucalypt
tree were filled with them and the n
asma of their hatred. My wife sa
they were trying to kill the e

*Mr. Finney, a Tucson newspaperma
is the author of "The Circus of D
Lao" and other novels. In the pa
he has written for "Harper's" abo
Iowans, Indians, and rattlesnakes.*

ed of owls is born into robins. these robins were so stupid they e no distinction between this tiny, nless moth-eater and the huge *tores* that made life miserable for ıg robins in the Midwest.

ith a fly swatter, I sought to shoo ı away from the elf, to make them ın and leave him alone with his poor little troubles. They shooed ly enough, but the owl shooed . He flew in a little feathery curve ıe mesquite tree in the middle of patio and perched cringingly on a twig. He seemed dazed and sick. robins followed him; there were nany of them by now that it ıed as if they had called in rein- ements; and the mesquite tree aquiver with them. Again they e no sound. They just surrounded elf and directed their hatred ırd him. He sat on his dead twig his eyes tightly shut, and every in a while he would shudder. The ıches of the mesquite sagged and yed with the robins. I made no her attempt at shooing them for of disturbing the owl still more. thought if he could stick it out till ıt came that he could escape them.



ut he didn't wait until night. He e his attempt to flee in the late rnoon, and got only as far as the eysuckle vine which festooned a ıer of the patio wall. The robins wing immediately with him, and ed at him, pecking and buffeting. alighted in the honeysuckle and ght to bury himself in it, and he er tried to escape again. The ns clustered themselves around —on the wall, on the telephone e above the wall, in the honey- kle itself.

Next morning, the robins were gone, and the elf owl was dead on the ground at the foot of the vine. We performed no autopsy to find what had caused his death. It was the hatred of the robins. Had he been in his saguaro home out in the desert, he could have stood off that hatred. He could have retreated into his woodpecker hole and waited them out. But in the alien land of our patio he had no defense.

E. A. Poe came into our patio sometime later and found it not alien at all. He was an Arizona raven, tall and stately as any of them of yore, but he was rarely silent and never brooded. He was a take-over guy.

He had shown up first at the school across the street. He had flown into the school's breezeway, had marched around on the concrete floor, and had found the long-tabled room where the children were eating their lunches. He entered very ceremoniously, the teacher told me, hopped up on the table, and, to the children's delight, ate everything they offered him from their lunch sacks. The school principal called the newspaper, and the newspaper sent out a reporter and a photographer; and E. A. got his picture in the paper and a story to go with it. He stayed around the school all afternoon, going in and out of the classrooms as it pleased him.

When school was dismissed for the day, he flew off. The next time anybody saw him was when he came to our patio. I think the invisible funnel over the patio trapped him as it had done so many other birds.

The usual homeguard of doves, sparrows and grackles was there, hopping about, twittering and jostling, pecking at the scattered seed. E. A. Poe glided down among them, and everyone of them took off with a whistle of wings. E. A. Poe had the patio and the food to himself.

He stalked around, apparently quite pleased at the disturbance he had created, drank copiously from both bird baths, ate all the bread crusts, and that night roosted in the eucalyptus tree. He was still in the patio enjoying himself the next morning, and my wife said it looked as if he had moved in for keeps.

The mating season was well under way. The Mexican ground doves and the mourning doves had built nests around and about where it suited them. The white-wings had returned to the desert for their nesting, and the boat-tailed grackles preferred the green fastnesses of the big park. Doves are miserable nest-builders. They make a loose platform of sticks on a sloping branch, and let it go at that. Mortality among squabs is sometimes 100 per cent during a violent wind storm. When E. A. Poe landed, there were two dove nests in the patio trees, and each nest contained two squabs. They were fat, ugly little things. Their parents had only to alight in the patio beneath the nests to secure food for them.



E. A. Poe, except when ravenously hungry, wasn't much of a seed-and-crumb eater. We tried out a piece of beef liver on him, and that was much more to his liking. He would eat liver from our fingers. He had much more intelligence than the other birds. If I were to rate them, I would say that sparrows are more intelligent than doves, and grackles more intelligent than sparrows. But E. A. had much the highest IQ of them all.

I suppose it was this high IQ of his which led him to discover the fat little squabs in their shoddy nests. At any rate, he visited the nests one day, and when he was done not a squab remained and very little of the nests, either. My wife, when she found what he had done, screamed cannibal! and took after him with a bread-slicing knife. He flew off and never returned.

My wife denounced E. A. Poe's behavior as the most hideous she had ever seen in all her life. But then I reminded her of the robins and the elf owl, and she cried. Some warplanes from Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, lethal supersonic fighter-bombers that could carry nuclear weapons, came over our patio just then, and the roars of their jet engines drowned out her lamentations.

Harper's Magazine, April 1966

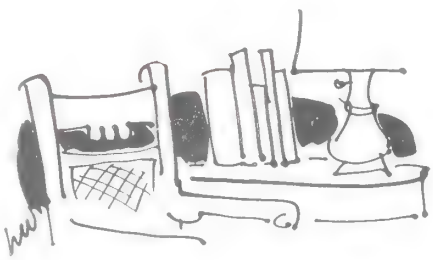
The New Books

Four Books on de Gaulle and the Future of Europe

by James M. Gavin

An Explanation of de Gaulle, by Robert Aron. Translated by Marianne Sinclair. Harper & Row, $4.95.
De Gaulle, by François Mauriac. Translated by Richard Howard. Doubleday, $4.50.
Europe's Future: The Grand Alternatives, by David P. Calleo. Horizon, $4.95.
The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle, by David Schoenbrun. Atheneum, $6.95.

The Place des Vosges is one of the most lovely and pleasant places in Paris. Since it is not in the area usually frequented by tourists—it is in the Marais section—it is not very well known. Even less known is the quote from Victor Hugo on a bronze plaque on the wall of a building near the corner of the Place. It reads, "I represent a party which does not yet exist; the party of revolution, civilization. This party will make the twentieth century. There will issue from it first the United States of Europe. . . ." It was a dream that predated Victor Hugo. Writing to a banker friend in Paris on October 22, 1787, Benjamin Franklin suggested that they might form "a federal union and one grand republic of all its different states and kingdoms." The dream has persisted, and there have been many attempts at its realization. Most recently, speaking on the subject on November 14, 1949, General de Gaulle touched the heart of the matter when he said, "I have always believed that the basis for such a Europe was a direct agreement, without intermediaries, between the French people and the German people."



Actually General de Gaulle has long been of the conviction that a "welding" (his word) of the German and French nations is fundamental to the development of a European community. He has worked hard to achieve this, yet at this point in history he has had little to show for his efforts.

Dramatically bringing the subject to world attention, de Gaulle had Chancellor Adenauer as his guest in France in July of 1962. For the occasion the Champs-Elysées and the Concorde were lined with the black, red, and yellow colors of the German Federal Republic, flying side-by-side with the tricolors of France. To those of even brief memory, it was an incongruous and disturbing sight. An old Frenchman at the Embassy muttered to me, "Only de Gaulle could get away with it." The visit was climaxed by a military review at Mourmelon near Reims, on the holy ground of the most bloody combat of World War I. The Germans brought 812 soldiers of the Thirteenth Mechanized Brigade to march side-by-side with a French infantry battalion. On the day of the review I had a luncheon in the Ambassador's residence for a close friend, a Frenchman whom I had met as the war came to an end in Epinal, France. He had fought as a leader in the Maquis. I spoke to him about the review and about the need for France and Germany to work together, asking him what he thought of the review.

"Ah, my friend, it is in very bad taste," he said. Then shrugging his shoulders and adding somewhat as an afterthought, "For my generation we shall always feel this way, but perhaps for the younger generation it is a good thing."

Of the many obstacles to be overcome before welding can be achieved there is no doubt that the personal attitudes of many of the older generation on both sides must be overcome, and de Gaulle believed that a direct appeal to the people was the fundamental step that must be made. In carrying this out, he made a return call on Chancellor Adenauer in September of the same year. Wherever he went in Germany, he was given a tremendous reception. Speaking fluent German, he had received huge turnouts at every stop. Shortly after his return, I called upon him at the Elysée to discuss his trip. I had become accustomed to his moods—shall I say, the manner in which he masked his feelings. So I was surprised and pleased to hear him describe his visit to Germany. Leaning forward and speaking with evident emotion, he asked me to tell Mr. Kennedy how very successful the visit

General Gavin, who was Commanding General of the 82nd Airborne Division in World War II, was U. S. Ambassador to France in 1961-62.

oeen, he spoke of the huge turn- and of the enthusiasm of the ıan people and then expressed his faction with this initial rap- ıement. He went on to talk about important it was, not only to his try alone, but to the entire Free d. I had no doubt then, nor have v, but that he believes this to be amental to the development of ıtegrated European community. ıd while our foreign policy seems, nes, to agree with the importance Franco-German rapprochement, xecution of policy often suggests we are more interested in keep- the two nations apart than in ging them together. We appear moving in the direction of plac- he Germans in a position of hav- o make a choice between France he United States, confident that all the power we have their e must be obvious. Thus, to an asing extent, France would be isolated and perhaps more able to our policies in Europe. at the same time, there is a pe- r ambivalence about the United 's policy toward the European non Market. While we seem to ıthralled with its economic po- al and obviously believe that it ery good thing, at the same time are many who fear it as an eco- c competitive colossus and pos- a third power. The recent stale- over the powers of the Council he time being has been brought end. The struggle over whether ɔt Europe will ultimately be a ederation of independent states federalized body will go on. And ıilitary and political unification ırope will be the most discussed leliberated issue of this decade. the vortex of this intellectual nt is certain to be de Gaulle elf. Enigmatic, austere, and, to , forbidding, he seems to hold ey to the solution of many of the ems that will confront the Com- Market, NATO, and the Atlantic nunity. It is obvious that a bet- nderstanding of de Gaulle and ism is much in order if one is to cipate in the discourse.

rtunately for the interested r, there are several excellent books that will contribute to a better understanding of de e. Two are by Europeans and by Americans, and of the two European books, Robert Aron's *An Explanation of de Gaulle* is by far the more impressive. Many writers about de Gaulle build their conclusions entirely upon biographical data laboriously compiled from his memoirs and several writings; but although Aron's book begins with a rather brief biographical background of de Gaulle he quickly goes on to discuss other things—first, one that I believe all Americans should know more about, the characteristics and workings of the French political system. Without understanding this, one does not appreciate the devious methods, skillful maneuvers, and patience that de Gaulle has had to use to arrive at his present position. Aron also includes vignettes of the associates and opponents of de Gaulle—Mollet, Mendès-France, Soustelle. These, too, contribute to a better understanding of why de Gaulle is what he is today and why the French look upon him as they do. And their attitude is not always one of boundless admiration, for de Gaulle has found it necessary, from time to time, to change direction completely and abandon his former supporters, who soon became his enemies. He is sometimes accused of being a Communist and at other times a Fascist. Yet, the manner in which he stood up to the Vichy Government and its appointees in North Africa—Darlan, whom the United States had recognized, for example—and then his skill and courage in his confrontation with the Communists as they attempted to take over France after the Allied landings, all bring out aspects of his complex character that we should be aware of.

Aron goes on to discuss de Gaulle's relations with his allies and finally Gaullism as a doctrine. He compares de Gaulle and the effectiveness of his methods to the ineffectiveness of the United States' democratic system, pointing out that in the confrontations of recent years between the totalitarian governments and our own, the totalitarian governments have continued to win. Aron writes: "The democratic dykes are cracking. It is apparent that the democracies are using modern weapons to defend political systems from the last century. . . . The United States is reaching an impasse. It knows that, although its weapons are good, its strategy is bad and obsolete." This is typical Aronese, as anyone who knows him knows. He then goes on to conclude that "France must try to work out a new system of government—substituting it for the obsolete ideologies of the United States and Russia." Finally, in forecasting the future of Gaullism, he states that "he is the first man from the Western Biblical tradition who has taken the initiative back from atheistic materialism."

In looking back at our failures, he attributes them to the inadequacies and ineffectiveness of the parliamentarian type of government. De Gaulle, he believes, overcomes this without diminishing democracy itself. Out of this then emerges a conviction on his part that Gaullism is an innovation in government that has been brought about by the greatness and uniqueness of de Gaulle himself rather than by the circumstances of our time. It is an innovation that will last beyond the General's demise. And here we touch upon a point on which Aron argues persuasively, but his argument misses one point that troubles Americans. The Constitution of 1958, upon which de Gaulle returned to office, as amended by subsequent referendums, lends itself peculiarly to de Gaulle's type of administration. Thanks to his benevolence and honesty, it is an effective system today. Beyond de Gaulle, it would lend itself to a dictatorship of the most serious sort unless other restraints, such as a more powerful and influential parliamentary body, were introduced into the government. One must conclude Aron's excellent treatise with the feeling that he has made a substantive and unique contribution to a better understanding of de Gaulle today and the potential of Gaullism tomorrow.

The second new book by a European on de Gaulle is by François Mauriac, entitled *De Gaulle*. Mauriac is a distinguished writer, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1952, and many other honors. His view of de Gaulle is from an entirely different perspective than that of Robert Aron. He seems to be at the feet of the old General admiring him idolatrously. Somehow, I had the feeling, as I finished reading the book, that I had just consumed a huge hero sandwich composed of alternate layers of adulation for the General and

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quotes from his memoirs. For example, "I do not fall into a trance before de Gaulle, but it is true that ever since that first luncheon I have had a new sense of what constitutes true greatness and true glory." And, "De Gaulle's genius lies in his ability to decipher that writing, which is invisible to other men, and he has almost never made an error in decoding." And more, "He takes risks, of course; but no one can calculate probabilities as he can." And on and on, there are many more, none of them contributing especially to an understanding of de Gaulle.

I have the impression that Americans prefer books about Europe that are written by other Americans. Possibly this is because they start from a common understanding of the overall situation in Europe and they see the problems in more simple terms, less cluttered by the many nuances of understanding that only come from an awareness of the long history of the people of Europe. In any event, Professor David P. Calleo of Yale University has written an excellent, thoroughly researched book presenting us with the major problems of Europe today and the alternatives open to us. He has written in a style that is fresh and exciting, eliminating much of the history of Europe that contributes little to the present situation. The book's title is *Europe's Future: The Grand Alternatives*, and this is what he tries to lay out for us, the several alternatives that we might consider. The diminishing effectiveness of parliaments he takes for granted, stating "that strong executive government has become a necessity in a modern world. Parliaments have, in fact, generally declined." He concludes that "It is the president who represents the people and parliament the elite." He, too, believes that de Gaulle has made a unique contribution to politics: "Of course de Gaulle's intellect, his immense knowledge, his sensitivity, and, above all, his imagination have made him a great creative artist in the world of politics."

He has thoroughly digested de Gaulle's four early books beginning with *Discord Among the Enemy*, published in 1924, and ending with *France and Her Army*, in 1938, and has concluded that three main themes may be deduced from these writings. First, the inevitability of stru and conflict in human affairs; ond, a consequent need for indivi and societies to have will, disci and vision if they are to flourish; finally, the realization that there certain cold rules which govern man affairs and which if denied eventually crush even the gre genius and enthusiasm. These, he de Gaulle applying again and a It is a shrewd analysis and one is entirely valid. He states tha Gaulle, "like his hero Clemenceau lieved war too important to be le generals." This certainly is tru fact, I would surmise that the eral believes now that war is too portant to be left to a ministe defense, for today its successful ecution involves far more tha provisioning and maneuverin field armies, task forces at sea air striking units. It involves total economic and scientific reso of a nation.

Gaullism, too, he suspects, institution may exist in other p saying, "If Gaullism be define stractly as the desire of a nati preserve its freedom of action, lism has long flourished not or London but above all in Washin Finally, Professor Calleo conclu two simple statements that a more meaningful than if each v page long: "If America wants ope to be a partner, she must be itself and not what she choo make it." And, "But if England lead Europe, she must join it of which doesn't tell us a grea more about de Gaulle and how derstand him, but it does tell us Europe and the grand altern and how Gaullism must be w in the scale of judgment in dete ing the worthwhileness of the s most promising alternatives no fronting us.

The second book by an Ameri *The Three Lives of Charles de* by David Schoenbrun, for many the Voice of CBS Paris. To a s of history, there will be much early part of Schoenbrun's boo will be extremely interesting. viously collected volumes of based on his meetings with de and other French officials, and sentatives of our State Depar in the period following Worl

begins with a biography of de
s early days, these more de-
han anything of that sort that
read. The book, however, is
by clichés and poor writing.
the most startling things to
pon is six solid pages of an un-
pted tape recording by Gen-
senhower—an exact transcrip-
a tape made at the Gettysburg
t seems to contribute nothing
book. But there is much that
brun has seen in France and
hat he knows; if shared it will
everyone to understand de
far better than we would with-

conclusion that I have derived
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ow a far more serious force
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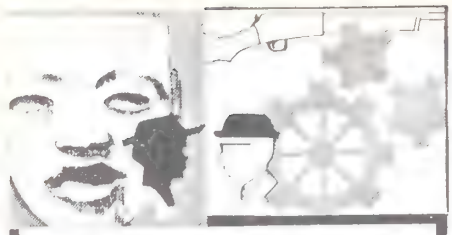
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they have to say. The authors write in a cold fury, as anyone might be likely to do who contemplated the spectacle of forty thousand deaths a year from a device for which its manufacturers disclaimed responsibility. Messrs. Nader, O'Connell, and Myers argue that the automobile has become a health problem of epidemic proportions, which is getting not better but worse. Their case, in fragmentary condensation, is as follows:

Out of every two cars now on the road, one will eventually be involved in an injury-producing accident; out of every two Americans, at the present rate, one will eventually be killed or hurt by an automobile. Out of all the accidents involving every mode of transportation combined, the automobile accounts for over 92 per cent of the deaths and 98 per cent of the injuries. The increase in deaths caused by the automobile was only 3 per cent between 1951 and 1961, but in the years since 1961 they have increased by 25 per cent.

For this carnage responsibility must doubtless be subdivided among a multiplicity of causes, but the authors maintain—with, I think, a heavy weight of evidence on their side—that to date far too much attention has been concentrated on the driver, the roadway, and the speed laws, and far too little on the automobile itself. The auto manufacturers have obvious reasons for wishing to focus public concern elsewhere than on themselves, but both *Unsafe at Any Speed* and *Safety Last* describe in rich detail the several occasions on which an unquestionably unsafe car has been allowed on the road with the knowledge of the manufacturer but without the knowledge of the purchaser.

The Chevrolet Corvair, in its early years, was a faulty, dangerous vehicle; it was unstable and uncontrollable under conditions no driver would regard as abnormal. Some engineers and auto experts who examined the car said it was unsafe (for their benefit, in 1961, modifications to make it roadworthy were offered as a "production option" but not openly advertised). For four years, despite customer complaints and a growing number of lawsuits, General Motors did nothing to make the Corvair a safe car. By the time they got around to it, 1,124,076 of these predesigned candidates for a "one-car accident" had been sold to unsuspecting cu ers. "At this writing," say th thors of *Safety Last,* "people inv in about five hundred Corvair dents have consulted lawyers. 160 Corvair suits have actually filed." One lawyer who has han number of such cases estimate as many as ten thousand peopl have been killed or injured in functions of the Corvair.

The 1953 Buick Roadmaste an unsafe car. Its power-brak tem had a tendency to lose hyd fluid, suddenly and unpredictab that without warning the drive two-ton vehicle would find h without brakes. Only after a y pleading from harassed dealer mechanics did the Buick divisi around to issuing a kit of re ments for the defective parts (last quarter of 1953 and the first ter of 1954 over fifty thousand kits were produced). Did Bui anything to notify the owners o Roadmasters of the danger the in? It did not. That was the d responsibility. "We have no r said the general service mana Buick, "to tell the dealer how his business. He is an indepe businessman."

These two are only the most e and notorious of the examples by these authors of the auto try's serene disregard for an gation to the public interest. I is simply not so interested in as it is in sales, and it profoun lieves—not without justificatio safety and sales are incomp Few of its executives are so c or so psychiatrically oriented, say out loud that the public cars precisely *because* they dangerous, but certainly the try conducts itself on this as tion. Power, zest, daring ar proper connotations; to remin one of the consequences in the and crippled is in poor tast schoolmarmish, if not dow cowardly. Safety is the uni guest, gaunt and spectral. For the auto manufacturers f against seat belts because seat remind people of getting hur such a reminder is not amon troit's objectives.

Cars need not be as lethal a are. It is not aesthetically nec

ther exterior or interior de-
ave sharp edges or projections.
ot necessary that the steering
olumn be rigid and extend so
ward that it forms a bayonet
at the driver's chest.* It is not
ry that windshields be made
inated glass which grips a
collar around any object
ıg through it. And so on: a
auto-safety recommendations
fore the Massachusetts State
ture in 1965 included sixty-
ns. Least of all is it necessary
such proposals, even the most
ous, be so smugly resisted by
omobile manufacturers. When
esident and the chairman of
ard of General Motors were
before Senators Ribicoff and
Kennedy last summer, to ex-
hy they didn't build safer cars,
ıd prepared themselves so in-
tely and comported themselves
rly that even the *Wall Street*
described their performance
mal."

recently Detroit has begun to
that some people are mysteri-
reoccupied with safety, and on
ond day of this year it an-
d its response, duly noted in
e York Times under the head-
Car Makers Opening Broad
Compaign, Reflecting Con-
Public." The story has all the
What is Ford doing about
It is buying a twelve-page
in *Time* magazine and will
it with sixteen-page supple-
in twenty-five newspapers.
s General Motors doing? It is
ing a "heavily illustrated"
age document called *Design*
ety, which will be distributed
over a million GM stockhold-
us a number of safety groups,
ors, GM dealers, newspaper-
gislators, and others."

never learn. They have dem-
ed time and time again that
ill not adopt, unless they are
to, safety measures which con-
th styling or "consumer mo-
ı." One can only hope that they
so forced, and soon.

eral Motors has belatedly (Feb-
0) announced a collapsible steer-
ımn for its 1967 models, a long-
development brought about in
the imposition of federal stand-
all cars purchased for the United
government.

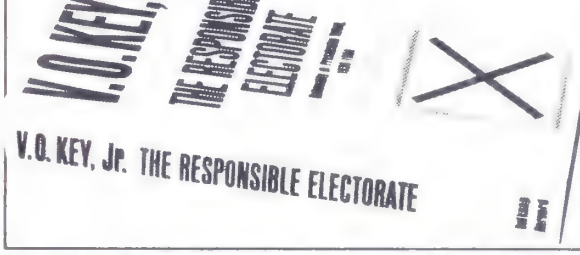
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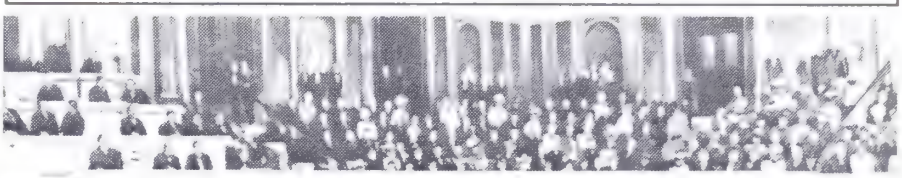
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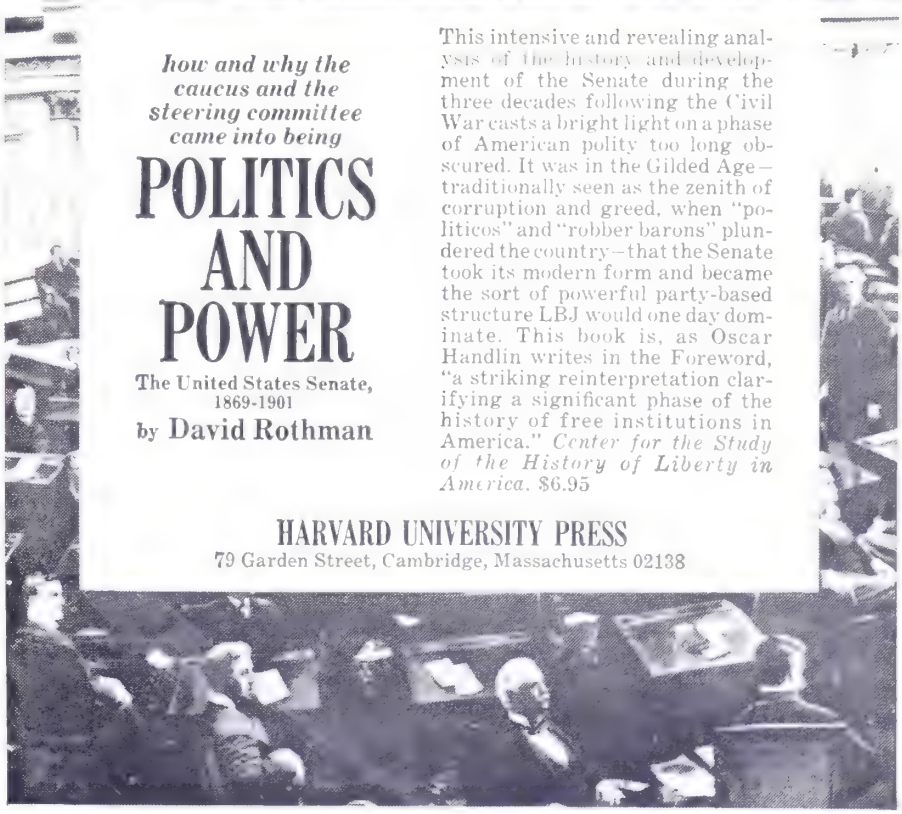
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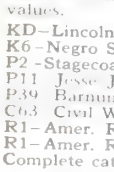
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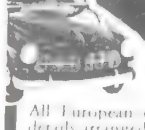
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Notes on Reputation

by Daniel Stern

Too Far to Walk, by John Hersey. Knopf, $4.95.
The Beginners, by Dan Jacobson. Macmillan, $6.95.
A Generous Man, by Reynolds Price. Atheneum, $6.95.

Try as we may there's no way to separate literature from the phenomenon of reputation. Just say the name: John Hersey. Immediately a thousand associations begin—stretching back to World War II and that damned Bell of his, to Warsaw and that amazing Wall of his, all the way past Hiroshima, that—indeed—damned city of his.

Or take a new reputation: Reynolds Price. One innocent Southern girl and a feisty boy on a motorcycle and a hitherto anonymous name has a ring to it, one that promises a long and happy literary life.

Or, the name Dan Jacobson. Jewish on the face of it, South African below the surface of it, his is a name that stands for the moment, halfway between handsome beginnings and the pressing likelihood of a major statement. But wouldn't it be wonderful if we could come to a book—any book—unencumbered by this heavy weight of names and reputations; to start clean with each book? I think not! This tainted knowledge that prevents innocence from lodging in the reader's eye is the price we pay for experience. And if reading is not merely amusement it must be cumulative experience. From this comes reputation. After all, Balzac's readers read *Père Goriot* and *Eugénie Grandet*. But—we read Balzac.

The author too would like to start fresh—but cannot. Even the purest artist stands on the shoulders of his last book—or is weighed down by it. If he is a first novelist he stands on—or is crushed by—the books he has loved and admired.

So, purged of innocence, front three authors who, i confront their new materia readers and their own reput that is to say, themselves.

Hersey's recent books ha bodied the conflict of the r with the artist. *Too Far to* again, a moral parable, Herse sion of the Faust legend, us stead of old Doctor Faust, a named John Fist. Pursuin tricky course Hersey muster pected resources of charm, e like some reverse Mephistophe the soul of a young man.

Fist is a dispirited over-a —alienated is the cant wo whose undergraduate life at S College comes a fellow named Breed. Breed is "The Spirit o ing It Cool." His offer: "I wa inmost primeval soul." Wha (Faust) gets in return is: a tute he brings home to Mom a . . . dubious protest marches . an LSD *Walpurgisnacht* tha him to welsh on his contract. leads him back to the Body P to responsibility. Against al Hersey has written "I was a te Faust." It is a funny, con book, finally more tract than But the picture of the obsess today's youth sounds and fe cannily right.

Dan Jacobson has built h rather elite reputation on the f tion of his subtle moral sens particularly in his superb *A D the Sun* and *The Price of Dia* In his current opus he has ch broader canvas and, I am af broader manner. In following t tunes of the Glickman fam South Africa and their satell has attempted to tell us ever Their idealism, their frustr their Judaism (and their lack —and every detail of their dail As a result he tells us little, p larly about Joel Glickman, the protagonist, who is searching meaning to life—from a stifling Africa, to Independence-seeki rael, to bourgeois marria present-day London. Jacobso won a number of devoted r (myself included) by being with his material and himsel *Beginners* is not the major stat it was clearly intended to be. instead, an overlong, soft, ro

Mr. Stern's new novel, "After the War," will be out later this year. He has also written "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die" and other novels.

written with the heart—but
ind—of Dan Jacobson.
Reynolds Price's first novel,
and Happy Life, was pub-
1962, the author experienced
uliarly American phenom-
stant reputation. The same
that won his readers are
vinning in his second novel.
e pastoral "sound" in the
, the same poetic southern-
through this tale of a fifteen-
boy's three-day hunt for his
. He finds it via a hunt
a supposedly mad dog be-
o his brother and a twenty-
ion named Death. In spite of
strained symbolic conceit,
ias Man presents a luminous
y, Milo Mustian (brother of
novel's Rosacoke) who is well
nowing. A good sign that
nstant reputation may prove

terary milieu of overinflated
these three continue to jus-
interest they claim. Hersey
ursuit of morality-through-
Jacobson, in his moral ambi-
n though he has (temporar-
uld guess) coarsened his vi-
d Price in his exploration of
ics of youth.
writers seem always just a
y from leading us out of our
f books and into a literature.

Love Affair ith an Airplane

by Richard Bach

-3—The Story of a Fabulous
e, by Carroll V. Glines and
l F. Moseley. Lippincott.

mon denominator among
s is a childlike capacity to
rm true friendships with the
s they fly. This strange qual-
eases with a pilot's years . . .
unfortunately, his ability to
his friendships from inquir-
ds.
is a book by a pair of multiple-
d-hour veterans of the air,

When I finished reading my local newspaper that evening and turned to the Monitor, what a surprise I got!

You see, I had never read the Monitor before, although I'd certainly heard of its reputation. I knew that no paper in the world was more respected. Maybe that's what scared me off. I think I felt the Monitor might be kind of stuffy and high-brow and hard to read.

But that evening I felt like reading an extra newspaper to help keep me company while my wife was out shopping and picked up a copy on the way home from work.

I'm thankful I did. Because the Monitor showed me I hadn't read *half* of the news that day. And the part I *had* read was probably the less interesting part! It was almost hard to believe that the Monitor wasn't talking about some *other* day, perhaps in the future!

Here was a late story on new tensions in Africa. And new word on the Chinese-Russian split. And a story on the Republicans' secret plans for the next Presidential election — why had I missed that one before? And here in the sports section was a witty story on major league spring training.

The Monitor is *easy* to read. Of course, it always treats me as an intelligent adult. But you don't have to be an expert on anything to read it — because the Monitor always *explains.*

And my wife also likes the way it deals with fashions and entertainment.

Throughout this newspaper is news that we read with real interest.

We're still taking our local paper, because it provides good coverage of the news around here. But we wouldn't be without our Monitor — we're the kind of people who hate to miss anything.

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and it is an honest attempt to say something to the world about the abiding affection that the pilots of Douglas DC-3 airplanes have felt toward this one excellent craft.

But my guess is that the depth of feeling that motivated the book can only be discerned by other aviators. The authors, not wishing to make an emotional comment about their friend, have chosen to let the airplane speak for herself, through her deeds over thirty years of active flying. At the end of an account of a DC-3's flight through what should have been fatal weather, for instance, they quote her captain: "On the ramp, my copilot and I looked the bird over. There were about two inches of ice on the wings, tail and nose, and it was solid. From that moment on, Hank Freese and I were convinced that we were flying the only airplane in the world that could do what that a did for us that night."

For a reader to put himself that dark-night ramp, wonde the great cold heavy dead m ice across his airplane's wings, for him to understan this miracle needed more tha and glass and thirty years' could supply, requires of him superhuman empathy or a th hours' flying time.

Through such incidents t loved airplane speaks very sof herself, but her biographer practice in the concealment of the end overcomes their later share it.

Mr. Bach is the author of "St to the Ground" and "Biplan has flown seventy kinds of air

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Double Image, by Helen MacInnes.

To those who know Miss MacInnes's work it is only necessary to say that this newest international cops-and-robbers imbroglio starts in Paris in April and comes to its climax on the lovely Greek island of Mykonos a month or so later. Also, perhaps, that there are one or two characters in it who appeared in *The Venetian Affair*. For the rest, the aficionado can be assured of a clever, "innocent" American hero, usually a journalist, who becomes involved—and in the end usually instrumental—in very high-level and dangerous spy-catching, this time of an ex-Nazi turned Communist. The hero will also become involved with a pretty, bright, no-nonsense girl who complicates the plotting but adds enormously to the entertainment. Having just such nice ordinary intelligent folk mixed up in such vicious and violent international skulduggery does make it seem possible that this kind of thing can happen here if we don't watch out—which is at least part of Miss MacInn tent. One marvels again at th ingly effortless sweep of na displaying wide and satisfying edge not only of geography a mate ways of life in foreign but of intricate international service methods as well. All knowledge worn lightly for th er's interest and excitement. T who don't know Miss Mac work I say: Have a go at it.

Harcourt, Brace & World

Statues in a Garden, by Isabe gate.

The beautiful English sum 1914. How far and how intens for how long a time it has sunlight and its shadow. Here ten by a woman who was no until 1931, is a re-creation social events leading up to and ing immediately after a count den wedding in the charming of Sir Aylmer Weston, a men Lord Asquith's Cabinet. The through her narrator, calls h a parable and says it could ha pened at any time, but she kno

ory of the frightful violence
s so close to the surface of the
erene-seeming lives could have
er background than this one
s chosen. "The sun shone all
r. Everybody knows that," she
. . . The political and social
of the time are brought home
story because of Sir Aylmer's
n in the Cabinet and in society
ossibility of civil war in Ire-
ne suffragettes, "Mrs. Patrick
ll saying 'bloody' in *Pygma-*
nd far off somewhere the mur-
n archduke in Serbia. Yes, it's
of *Guns of August* in fiction
ith the outside events sug-
nly as they heighten and give
y to the beautiful and awful
the center—a story of human
ss and dreadful human falli-
old calmly and quickly with a
ably sustained detachment—
n wit—by a narrator whose
is not revealed till the end. It
e unfair to tell or even suggest
ure of the plot, but every
er is real and memorable from
lmer's mother down to the
the servants who play no
art in the goings on. This is
legate's first novel to be pub-
n America (she has written
hers). May it be the first of

Knopf, $3.95

in the Spring Rain, by Rachel
.

tiny story of an ill-matched
ged affair between the wife
fessor on sabbatical leave in
irginia and the local country
an is not only not ludicrous;
irely credible, and mixed as it
the coming of spring in the
ns it has a quality of longing
uty—and of wry humor—that
ordinarily intense. It is good
book written with such econ-
ich still seems to lack none of
mensions. Doubleday, $2.95

Nonfiction

er in History, by Jean Staf-

report by a distinguished
of three incredible interviews
e mother of Lee Harvey Os-
bound to be compared to *In*
od no matter what the dif-
in size and intent. Is this an-
nonfiction novel?" One would have to ask Truman Capote since he invented the category, but I think definitely not. In *In Cold Blood* the author neither appears nor reacts. In this astonishing little book the novelist-reporter and her reactions to the torrent of words and nonsequiturs emerging from this unstoppable mother are at every moment part of the picture and contribute an important dimension to its horrible poignancy. Whatever one calls it, reading this book written as it is with a novelist's insights, becomes an absorbing if searing experience, and adds a chaotic footnote to the dreadful November day in 1963.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95

Thomas Wolfe: Memoir of a Friendship, by Robert Raynolds.

A somewhat overwrought story of a friendship between the well-known Asheville novelist and the author, also a novelist (Harper Prize Novel, *Brothers of the West*, and others) from New Mexico and Newton, Connecticut. This is certainly a labor of love, for Mr. Raynolds seems not to have forgotten a single moment or look or word of the time they spent together in meetings from 1932 till Wolfe died in 1938. And though the familiar figure of Wolfe emerges astonishing and larger than life, as always, it is not with any new illumination and the picture seems to me sentimentalized and subjectivized out of all proportion.

University of Texas, $4.75

Adlai Stevenson, by Lillian Ross.

As those who read Miss Ross's moving notes on Mr. Stevenson in *The New Yorker* already know, she spent a great deal of time with him in 1964 and early 1965, talking in his apartment at the Waldorf, at his office at the UN, and watching him proceed through days of work and appointments as our Ambassador there. Out of it all, with great restraint and selectivity she has chosen a few moments and conversations (and there are many photographs) which seem to recall him best—his vitality, his tone of voice, his humor, his compassion, his dedication. There will be many biographies, official and unofficial, but none in so small a space bearing more evocatively the direct impact of his personality.

Lippincott, $2.95 [ ]

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Nothing But Talent

by Robert Kotlowitz

Marat/Sade • Inadmissible Evidence • Debuts at the Met • Ruby Keeler, Pavlova, and a Nameless Spanish Girl open the first of a new "Harper's" series about the Performing Arts •

By now everyone knows *Marat/Sade* was the triumph of the New York theater season. It would, in fact, have been the triumph of any season and, while causing one of the most satisfying tumults in years, managed to receive an almost unanimous press in terms of both praise and pure reverberative response. No critic was indifferent to it nor did audiences react casually, however tongue-tied it may have left them. It was reported that two women fainted at different performances, a third had a heart attack, and I know of at least one gentleman who stalked up the aisle midway through the evening, muttering, "It's nothing but a Goddamn freak show," to his wife.

Marat/Sade was no freak show, even though Peter Weiss's play is populated by a child's garden of lunatics. They are all inmates of the Charenton Asylum in Paris, as is the Marquis de Sade, who is putting them through a therapeutic theatrical exercise. The subject is the murder of the French revolutionary hero, Marat, by Charlotte Corday; the time is 1808. Out they come as the play opens onto a stage that represents their asylum's bathhouse, shuffling, sniveling, pigeon-toed, pimply, slack-jawed, cross-eyed, wall-eyed, gray-skinned. Their noses run. Some drool. One dull redhead smiles aimlessly into space for the entire evening, breaking her reveries with an occasional giggle. Another sucks her thumb and rocks on her haunches. They dance together, swat each other, scream at the audience and at de Sade to keep their play moving. "Freedom!" they cry. "Freedom!" "Revolution!" and then "Corpses!" At the same time a quartet of inmates sings acidulous tunes that put down everything that is happening onstage; they are accompanied by several musicians, who are sprawled all over the theater's upper boxes, tootling away while their colleagues recite speeches or exchange dialogue and Marat and de Sade sustain their debate.

Who exactly is supposed to be mad in all this? The inmates? The three Parisian aristocrats who have fashionably come to witness the lunatics at play, the 1808 French equivalent of a "happening"? Us out front? In the end only the performers escape. They applaud the audience rhythmically and dully and, almost before the audience is aware, wander offstage without taking a conventional bow or curtain call. They then remove their costumes and makeup in their dressing rooms and leave the theater, presumably unscathed. The world may indeed be a madhouse, as Peter Weiss would have us believe, but is there really anyone who believes it is a rose garden?

The Royal Shakespeare Company, which performed the play in repertory in London, came to New York gently bound together as an ens[em]ble. A palpable rhythm could be [felt] all evening among them, the subt[le] give-and-take amidst the wil[d] horrors, released by the liber[at]ed imagination of their real direc[tor] Peter Brook. Weiss's play gives th[em] little that is structurally conv[en]tional to build toward; but every [few] minutes or so there is a strik[ing] pictorial climax and less frequen[tly] —much too infrequently, in fact—[an] aria-like speech from either Mara[t] de Sade establishes a point of vi[ew]. It is de Sade who speaks the m[ost] eloquent, as well as the most int[er]esting, words, and it is de S[ade] whom we pay attention to in the e[nd]. Marat, unfortunately, maintains [the] stale revolutionary habit of speak[ing] in clichés and we take him seriou[sly] because Ian Richardson, who pl[ays] the role, always suggests the psyc[hic] disintegration and real physical p[ain] of the man as he tries to rise fr[om] his salving bath to continue an [al]ready dead revolution, a slump[ed] weary figure going through the m[o]tions of idealism.

But they are all remarkable n[ot] performers. Their asylum never g[ets] false for a moment, nor does th[e] projection of de Sade's malicio[us] therapeutic exercise. They play, [it] seems, only to and for each other,

Mr. Kotlowitz is an editor of "H[a]per's," formerly of "Show," and [be]before that (as readers of "Baltim[ore] Boy" in the December issue will [re]call) a piano student at the Peab[ody] Conservatory. He went to war in [the] infantry and returned to earn an A[.B.] at Johns Hopkins.

we were not even in the ringing a chilling series of nocks at us. Marat, totally alks slowly upstage to his satyr, his hair in a coxcomb tained breeches bulging with maniacally grasps for Char- day's genitals. Corday her- ed by Glenda Jackson with fect English reticence until der, lashes de Sade's bare h her hair, while her lunatic whistle the sound of a whip er and de Sade painfully ex- his political disenchantment dience. In a theatrically bar- it was almost enough for enings but not, in the hands immensely gifted people, too one.

Multiple Temptations

r dramatic English invasion, le, took place earlier in the when John Osborne's *Inad- Evidence* opened to generally iews from the daily critics ier more thoughtful as well siastic ones from the week- uin it was a triumph of new s a young actor, who is still enties, named Nicol William- t the New York stage for time and, with the face of adder, hair the color of a n, and the tense, revealing of a suffering man sinking e weight of multiple tempta- d self-indulgences, created a uror with a performance of force. The play itself was isfactory, attempting a few y theatrical tricks that made o aware of the author's tech- nd in the end inundating the in a nonstoppable deluge of gued words. What was finally ng about *Inadmissible Evi-* as what Nicol Williamson put terms of character and sheer of speech inflections and the letonating time bombs that Osborne's script on every from teen-agers to homosex- the welfare state. As for the ins, they seemed mainly to adultery. In retrospect this quite enough for all the noise, long as the curtain was up son's performance made the tually hypnotic in its effect on ence.



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By Jessica Mitford

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THE COLLEGE NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA

By Jeff Greenfield

Why is most of the student press timid and indifferent to important issues? How does a consistent minority of bold campus editors manage to maintain editorial freedom and independence?

•

HOW TO LOOK AT FIVE GREAT BALLET COMPANIES

By Clive Barnes

An expert's guide to the five great ballet companies of the world, why they are great, how they differ, and how they reflect the nations that produced them.

•

JOURNAL OF AN UNDERDEVELOPED CRITIC

By Keith Botsford

A sharp examination of how writers live in Latin America, where they find their audience, and what they think of foreigners who come down to cultivate them.

Plus: "The Last Gentleman"—Two Excerpts from the Forthcoming Novel by Walker Percy, author of "The Moviegoer."

New Voices, Old H

But it is the Metropolitan (that has really enjoyed a larg tage crop of new talent, dur season in which new produc unfortunately, ran behind new in terms of quality. There were successful debuts and the fact they came along so close to each was not at all coincidental. T the last year the company wil in the old house before movi Lincoln Center and it turns ou international performers want chance to sing there before it stroyed. A few cynics have sugg however, that the motives in eac are not necessarily nostalgic. small voices, they ask, be able the bigger, untested new hou they have often filled the old No singer, in short, knows h will sound at Lincoln Center a some, at least, it was prefera make a debut at the old Met, v whatever its pitfalls for singer acoustics offer known hazards this is the cynical view; the tr that the season has also heard enormous voices for the first ti

Beautiful ones, too. Mirella sang Mimi in *La Bohème* and in *L'Elisir d'Amore* and re what can only be called rapturo tices for both. She is small, de well-schooled, well-mannered, ural, and totally feminine; her is warm and is produced with effort, or little effort that show operatic standards, which are th est in the world, her acting i cere and makes little fuss. Alm big a hit was made by Renata S also from Italy, in her debut. is a shade off Freni's mark in a every way, but like her colleague so many other Italians) she is to the opera stage, in her n habitat there, perfectly at hon

Among the men, a bass name olai Ghiaurov came over from garia to make his debut as Mep pheles in *Faust*. Ghiaurov, commands a stage easily (n rare an accomplishment whe thinks of the shoddy caliber troops in opera), had an almost ure-proof role for his first p mance; other basses, at other have handily won the evening' formance from generations of uous Fausts and Marguerite

standing stage front and periodically. To anyone who eves in the Faust poem, the mpossible in dramatic terms oid as music. Still, audiences f only for its oily and very Gounod melodies. Jean-Louis traveled all the way from o stage it.

tenors, James King sang n in *Fidelio,* not the easiest nake a first appearance any- nd was welcomed as still an- the growing line of possible nors so needed by the Met's l German (this means Wag- wing. The company has— mittently has Jon Vickers, cCracken, Jess Thomas, and g to make up a sterling wing ful lung-pushers. It does not possible that the Met may e two plausible Tristans to n at one time in a single sea-

The Rarest Quality

ner Met debut must be noted: at Caballé, the Spanish so- New Yorkers had already er in concert performances zetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* when e her first and only appear- the Met season—as Marguer- "Faust." Her singing was era is all about: a beautiful npeccably used, at the serv- music, drama, words, and . It hardly mattered that weak in all four nor, in fact, ñora Caballé's bulk was not elp to the credibility of her ance. The voice is the slight- husky, is altogether true and can range over a repertoire ludes Bellini and Puccini, by Gounod and Verdi. This fall, co City, Caballé was singing h in *Tannhäuser* and Mimi *hème,* the equivalent of fight- yweight one night and welter t. Dallas, Pittsburgh, New , and Philadelphia are all to r this season, and they are

de los Angeles, Segovia, a, Casals, and Alicia de Lar- her Barcelona pianist-com- (who happily returned to a this season to perform the of Granados and Albéniz), brings a consistent integrity to her work that sometimes seems unique with Spanish artists. It is the ability to relinquish the self or the ego—that supposed essence of all performers—without losing personality or individuality and perform the music in the best interest of the composer. It sounds simple and perhaps it is. But it is also the rarest quality to be found in performance, musical or otherwise.

Trial by Celluloid

One final note having nothing to do with new talent: The Gallery of Modern Art, up at Columbus Circle, has been running a long devotional series of movies honoring the musical film of the 'thirties as developed by Busby Berkeley. The screen has been littered with gold diggers, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell look-alikes, as well as acres of mechanical chorus girls with the smiles—and the souls —of jack-o'-lanterns. Was that image of joyless, grinning plenty what audiences really wanted in the Depression?

At the same time, the Museum of Modern Art offered a program of old Pavlova films. One look at the fabled ballerina and the cliché of her as the epitome of ethereal lightness was shattered. She was, according to the celluloid evidence, strikingly beautiful, with an austere, cruel face that was not without humor. As she danced as Night, or a Grecian maiden, or, absurdly, as a Tulip that finally enfolded itself in its own petals, it became clear that she had a technique of sprung steel, very much in today's Bolshoi tradition, and that her prime quality was strength. This treat was followed by a short sequence from a 1909 film made in Seville. It showed a young Spanish girl, perhaps a gypsy, dancing a dirty tango, flirting archly with the camera while every now and then pulling her long skirt tight and shaking her behind for the audience's pleasure. Madame Pavlova is long dead but if our Spanish gypsy was about twenty when she was caught on film and, further, if she managed to get through the Civil War and a few other things along the way in reasonably good shape, she would be about seventy-seven today. I hope she made it and can still dance a dirty tango.



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Music in the Round

by Discus

Piano Notes

A new procession of virtuosos shows there is more than one way of playing a piece—including some that are wrong.

In the history of the concert stage, women pianists took a prominent place almost from the beginning. For some reason the piano seemed an approved instrument (the harp, too, but that never has made much of an impact in the concert world). Mozart's letters are full of remarks about his lady pupils; and, starting from the early 1800s, when virtuosos began to tour, women went right along. Marie Pleyel, Clara Schumann, Sophie Menter, Teresa Carreño, Annette Essipoff—all made great careers. In our own century there have been Guiomar Novaes, Myra Hess, and any number who have moved as peers among their male colleagues. Gina Bachauer made a big impact some fifteen years ago. Among the latest to join the procession are Alicia de Larrocha from Spain and Jeanne-Marie Darré from France.

Both are veterans who have been playing in public for many years, but it is only recently that—in this country, at any rate—their names have suddenly become big factors in the pianistic scene. De Larrocha made a short American tour around ten years ago. She was well enough received, but she went back to Spain and did not turn up again in the United States until this season. Darré, who had been playing and teaching in Paris since the 1920s, made her first American trip only three seasons ago. In Darré's case, though, a group of old records, from the 1930s, had established for her a rather awesome reputation among the connoisseurs. She seemed to be a virtuoso type with steel fingers, stopped by nothing. De Larrocha, too, was represented by a few LP discs, all of Spanish music, and it was clear that she had the skill and rhythm to play such difficult pieces as *Goyescas* and *Iberia* (Granados and Albéniz respectively) with absolute security. But records can be faked, and a concert still, in this electronic age of ours, remains the supreme test.

Both ladies concertized in America this season, to glowing notices. And both are beginning to make quite a few records. The latest from de Larrocha is a Granados disc devoted to the **Allegro de Concierto**, the **Danza Lenta**, the **Valses Poeticas** and **Six Pieces on Spanish Popular Songs** (Epic 3910, mono; 1310, stereo). Darré continues with her discs of romantic music, here playing Chopin—the **Preludes, Berceuse,** and **F minor Fantasy** (Vanguard 1151, mono; 71151, stereo).

Each of these records is completely honest, representing both pianists much as they sound on the concert platform. And it would be hard to find two more completely different artists. They have in common a big technique. Otherwise de Larrocha represents control, precision, orderliness, planning, clarity. She uses little pedal, she does not aim at color effects (though her playing is by no means bleak), and she is at all times a literalist. Every note falls into place as written; every metrical phase is clearly and vigorously marked. It is impossible to imagine her ever anything but unruffled and serious. What saves her playing from being impersonal and dry is a combination of sheer authority and an extraordinary propulsive quality she gets into her interpretations. With some artists, a master's hand is evident as soon as finger strikes key, and de Larrocha is one of those.

Darré too is a master, but one whose approach and musical philosophy are entirely different. She plays with more dash and freedom than does de Larrocha, and has a cavalier attitude toward the pr note, as befits one who has specia in the romantics. Darré's tem ment is not always under control can be exciting, imaginative and orful, but she also can be way and mannered. De Larrocha, wer playing the Chopin Preludes, w never play the E flat Prelude as D does, with an unconventional cato to the melodic line rather the legato that is not only writte the music but is the whole mea of the work. Nor would de Larr ignore the carefully devised ph alternations that opens the gre minor Fantasy. Darré has her ideas, and they happen to be a different from Chopin's. But chances also are that de Larr would not be able to match Da sweep in the B flat minor Prelud the wonderful touches of color brings to the double-note A flat sode of the Fantasy.

Both are wonderful pianists, a they represent alpha and omeg only illustrates a fact of which many critics tend to forget: there is more than one way of p ing a piece of music. There ar course, many wrong ways, der strably wrong, and Charles Ros disc with the flamboyant titl **Virtuoso!** (Epic 3912, mono; 1 stereo) is a case in point. It Rosen's idea to gather togethe group of exhibitionistic piano pi that the old virtuosos used to p and which have long been out of repertory. Thus Rosen has tu his attention to Rosenthal's arra ment of Chopin's *Minute Walt* thirds; to Rachmaninoff's transc tions of Kreisler's *Liebesleid* and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's *Mids mer Night's Dream;* to the Stra Godowsky *Wine, Women, and S* and other such goodies.

The idea is an amusing one fails to come off. Rosen is too m a child of his age (the anti-roma postwar generation of 1945). He gently plays the notes; no easy t for all of the pieces are finger-bre ers. That is as far as he goes, an is not enough. Music like this mands style, flexibility, freedom, a stiff and literal approach. It so h pens that Rachmaninoff himself corded many of the items on Rosen disc. Rachmaninoff, for ex



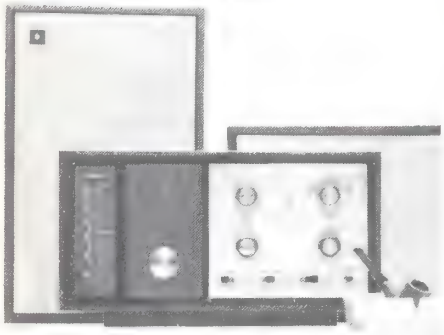
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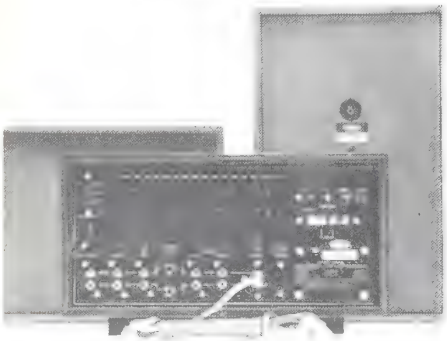
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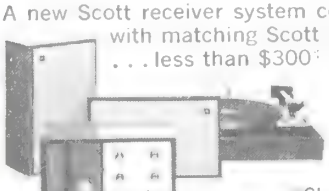


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ple, plays the Strauss-Tausig *Man lebt nur einmal* with incomparable aristocracy, with wit and sentiment, with a delicate rubato that is sheer enchantment, with a melodic line that soars right off the disc. Obviously it would be unfair to compare Rosen's interpretation with the one by one of the greatest pianists who ever lived. But one is entitled to look for some color, some sympathy with the music, some evidence that he is having fun playing it. No. Rosen goes through it with all the emotion of a student practicing his exercises in velocity.

Of the Chopin piano concertos we have had no lack on records. Now two more have come. Fortunately both are fine, and hence have a legitimate spot in the catalogue. **No. 1 in E minor** is played by Tamas Vasary and the Berlin Philharmonic under Jerzy Semkow (Deutsche Grammophon 16453, mono; 136453, stereo), while **No. 2 in F minor** has Vladimir Ashkenazy and the London Symphony conducted by David Zinman (London 9440, mono; 6440, stereo). Vasary fills his disc out with four Chopin **Mazurkas,** while Ashkenazy's coupling is the Bach **D Minor Concerto.**

These two young pianists (they are in their thirties) complement each other, though there can be no doubt as to which one is more important. Vasary is a fine, thoughtful, sensitive pianist, and he plays the E minor with a lyric line, good fingers, and with the utmost honesty and integrity. Ashkenazy, though, is more than a fine artist. He most likely is a genius. Pianistically he has everything. Who has heard the tricky coda of the last movement of the F minor come whizzing out with such speed, yet with such clarity, force, and buoyancy? Pianistically it's a miracle. Musically, Ashkenazy stands right between two of his famous fellow Russians. He is nowhere near as mannered as Sviatoslav Richter, and he has more freedom than the admirable Emil Gilels. He plays with youthful dash, with poetry and freedom and imagination, with a perpetually singing tone. (One would love to hear him occasionally in the kind of repertory Rosen has recorded; it would be sensational.) Ashkenazy is by far the best of the pianists Russia has unveiled to the West, and he has it in him to restore the concept of romanticism to the keyboard. ||

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Ga

The French are a people of uneq abilities at taking themselves ously. They can take even thei garities seriously. As far as aware there is only one sty French popular music and that music-hall *chanson,* an art fo magnificent simplicity which no always sounds the same, but r everyone who sings it sound the Each new *chansonnier* to come produces noises so exactly lik last that I am now prepared lieve, when François Villon r the table with his tankard for tion, that he had to tilt back his hat and tuck his bamboo cane his arm before he belted out *L lade des pendus.*

The essential elements are mentality, cynicism, and se portance, and each is possess full by Jacques Brel, the on prompts me to these remarks. sieur Brel comes doubly valida his youth and the unquesti ecstatic regard (some of whi be heard on the record) in wh is held by Parisians. His son supposed to be world-weary an enchanted in somewhat the sense that Bob Dylan's are su to be filled with protest, and lik lan he holds an aggressively orable opinion of the atomic This rates him a simultaneous score for both ferocity and co sion.

The lilt, loudness, nasality turn of the words belie him: are those of a song-plugger taminated by scruple. The rema thing, as always, is that the F seem to relish the weary inton of a showmanship decades out o as though it were somehow t sence of the real thing. They n lessons in how to make culture obsolete commercialism; they long since institutionalized "camp," and with great foresig vented the idiom *foutre le ca* describe my own feelings about

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Letters



Murder in Kansas

In reviewing Truman Capote's book, *In Cold Blood* [The New Books, February], Rebecca West—who surely ought to know better—falls into the shallow and sentimental "liberal" cliché of somehow blaming "society" for the monstrous murder of a Kansas family by two enormities who should not have been born at all. But who is "society"? It is the waitress with her heavy trays, the bank teller, the housewife next door, . . . the teacher, the truck driver, the lawyer, fisherman, shopkeeper, sales clerk, clergyman. And you and I.

Are we to blame—we who work hard for our families and live decently despite endless frustrations—for the deformed murderers whom Mr. Capote depicts so tellingly? How many millions of us have had to fight adversity, disease, despair . . . and have never become murderers or criminals of any kind! . . . The criminal personality is distinct in itself, and there should be some way to detect it so that the owner can be eliminated from society in childhood. In any event, the death penalty should be retained for such as these. While some are not restrained by such a possible penalty, a great majority are. We need a much greater, and stronger, police force, and an angry silencing of those wretches who scream "police brutality!" when a criminal is caught red-handed. If society is to blame for anything it is for soft laws which loose criminals on peaceful people, and for sentimental judges who have listened to too many psychiatrists, the latter often of unstable personality.

Miss West remarks that our society is "more generally comfortable than any society has succeeded in being before." Why, then, is America infamous for its criminals? The answer is easy. "Liberalism" has made the country so bland, so featureless, so tasteless, and so secure that many criminals who might have lived quite peaceably in a more vibrant environment resort to violence to give them an actual feeling of identity. . . .

Miss West rightfully deplores some present literature for depicting life as "unbearable." However, she goes on to remark that "very few people commit suicide" (in America). Quite wrong. Suicide is [one of the highest causes] of death in our society today. . . . If life indeed has become "unbearable" the "liberal" has made it so, not only by deftly denigrating religion but by removing the normal incentives of man: competition, aggression, ambition, hope for success. . . . Egalitarianism in America, as in Sweden, is reducing our population to a condition of numb despair, for if there are no prizes to be won there will be no races, and the race is exhilarating even when it is not won in a free society—which America no longer is. . . .

The nature of man is a complicated and varicolored thing. Its viler aspects will not be wished away by sentimental "liberals." Nor will crime ever be reduced by making of crime an easier thing, and penalties softer and kinder. While harsh punishment, swift and relentless, will never "cure" crime, it will certainly give pause to a number of potential criminals. Britain has seen a steady rise in murders since the death penalty was removed.

TAYLOR CALDWELL
Buffalo, N. Y.

REBECCA WEST REPLIES:

Miss Taylor Caldwell has not understood one word of my review. Not one single word. Doubtless the fault is mine.

I said nothing to suggest that the waitress with the heavy trays was responsible for the murder of the Clutters by Mr. Capote's two criminals. What I said was that probably the two murderers had been indirectly affected by a literature informed [by] bogus pessimism, which pretends [that] life is totally unbearable, and therefore makes the taking of life a l[ight] thing.

In the course of this argume[nt] stated that "very few people" com[mit] suicide, and Miss Caldwell contrad[icts] me and says that suicide is [one of] the highest causes] of death in [our] society today, and that this is ca[used] by "liberalism," by which she m[eans] the establishment of a welfare s[tate].

This raises a mystery. For I [am] writing with my own country in m[ind] and conditions are very different h[ere]. First, the U. S. is still the countr[y of] free enterprise, and Medicare ha[s] sneak its way into the house o[n] fours in case father gets his [pills], whereas Great Britain has been a [wel]fare state, under Tory and La[bor] Governments alike, for quite a w[hile]. But the U. S., with a populatio[n] something like 194 million has 8 murders a year, whereas we in G[reat] Britain, with a population of 55 [mil]lion have round about 300 murde[rs] year. And we "liberalized" Bri[tain] commit suicide so infrequently th[at it] counts for only slightly over one cent of the death rate.

I mention those figures with r[e]tance because it might seem tha[t we] were satisfied with our criminal r[ate] in Great Britain, and we are no[t]. our murders are not notably mor[e] merous today (as Miss Caldwell takenly believes) they grow na[sty] and madder by the year, and th[e in]crease in other forms of crime is [well] marked. But all the same there i[s] evidence in favor of Miss Caldw[ell's] all too simple theory.

Empty P[ews]

The Reverend Nicolas Stacey veys the despair of trying everyt[hing] with nothing working ["The De[cline] of the Church in England," Ma[y]. But maybe something more obv[ious] than altering the entire structu[re] the Church could be tried first . .

Where in the English clergym[an's] theological education is he prep[ared] professionally as a pastoral cou[n]lor? . . . The greater involvemen[t] the American clergy in the liv[es] people is due at least in part to phenomenal growth of the cli[nical] pastoral education movement in past thirty-five years. . . .

The English Church may . . .

Ford

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competent to minister . . . to t
of people. It is this competen
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the tie with the pastor and
Church. WILLIAM E.
Prof. of Pastoral Co
Wartburg Theological S
Dubu

Advice to Young I

I found myself in agreem
John Fischer on many points
ter to a New Leftist, From
Liberal" [Easy Chair, Marc
though I am under thirty, h
take issue with his analogy
Hitler's aggression prior t
War II and the present war
nam. Mr. Fischer states that
us [the over-thirties] believe
same lesson applies right now
is happening in Asia." The
that the lesson of Munich
apply to Asia, whatever De
may assert. Hitler did commit
sion; he attempted to subjug
countries by naked force. .
North Vietnam was once one
with South Vietnam, and w
cially split from the South
Geneva accords of 1954. . . .
cause the New Left perceives
to be a civil war and not
naked aggression that it
much anxiety about it" as it
JOHN
San Francis

None of my contempora
evoked more beguilingly th
Fischer the setting and e
atmosphere of my college ye
anguish of depression and
bittersweetness of tiny succ
timid hope against a back
catastrophe; and above all, th
that came with impassioned
ment to the proposition that
vidual can make a difference
BARBARA C. HE
Albuquerqu

Judging

It is dismaying in this day
to find an academic histor

11 out of 12 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

How much of the GNP does steel represent?

- ☐ 2% of the GNP
- ☐ 7% of the GNP
- ☐ 12% of the GNP
- ☐ 17% of the GNP
- ☐ 22% of the GNP

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USS United States Steel



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Professor Klaus Epstein invei
against Barbara W. Tuchman f
ing "unburdened" in her book
Proud Tower, with the "weig
scholarly controversies . . ." [Th
Books, February].

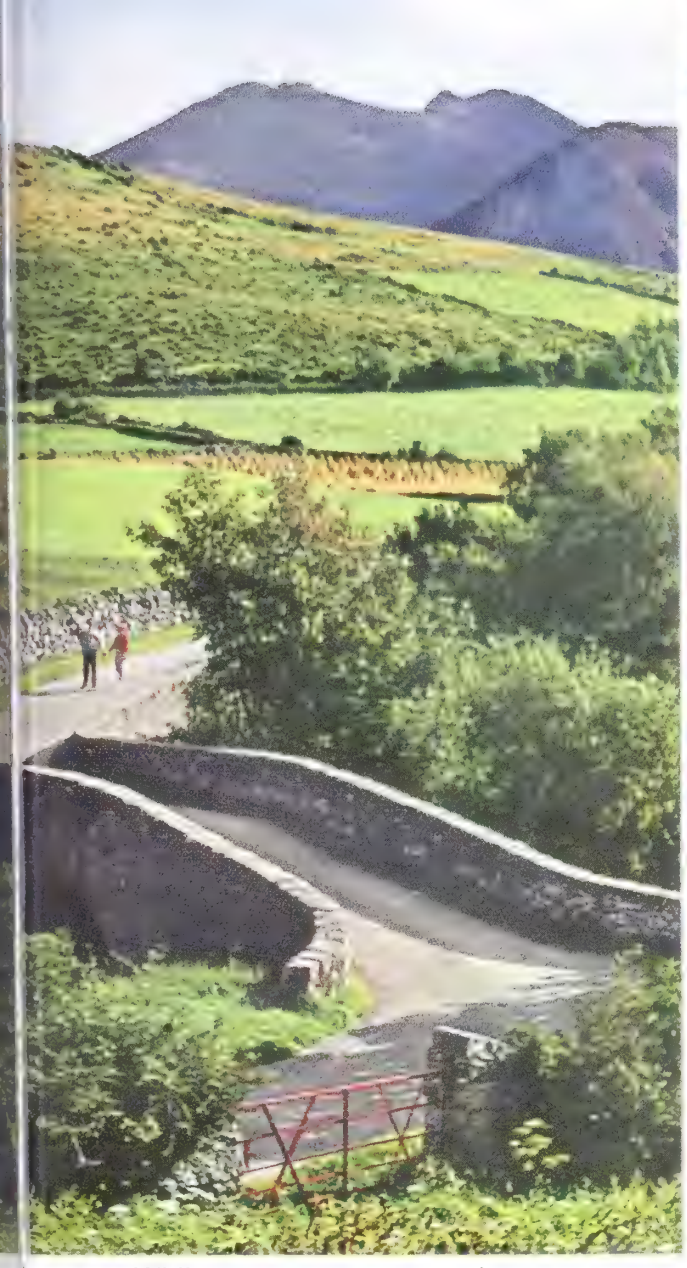
It is precisely because profes
historians like Prof. Epstein b
their books with such matter th
public finds them unreadable.
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of midnight oil. Because, my de
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gest, is too important to be l
the professionals. In the right
it can become literature, and it
creative amateurs (*e.g.*, G
Parkman, Prescott) whose his
are read while the profess
tomes gather dust on library s
Mrs. Tuchman's two books, *The*
of August and *The Proud*
give promise that we have a
such gifted amateur among us,
casion for rejoicing, not carpin

JOHN BAR
New York

PROF. EPSTEIN REPLIES:

I did *not* criticize Mrs. Tuch
book for being "unburdened"
"weight of scholarly controver
in fact no history intended f
general reader should be so bur
I *did* say that it was clear tha
Tuchman was unburdened b
weight of scholarly controv
which was a polite way of sayin
she did not know enough abou
war Europe to write a good
about it. My criticism was not di
against *amateur* history but a
bad history—that is, history n
by the historian's failure to im
himself in his period and to rais
nificant questions about it. N
the historians mentioned by
Barkham were guilty of eith
these two failures—perhaps b
they did not spurn the midnig
It is fortunate, moreover, th
tradition of "creative amateurs
write good history for a larger
did not end with the age of Pr
and Parkman. Permit me to list
few names at random among
writers: Catherine Drinker B



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Magnus, and George
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circle of readers while
the respect, and winning
f academic historians.

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the field of education.
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andidates of equal caliber,
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ot's major error lies in his
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-making through collective
. CHARLES COGEN, Pres.
an Federation of Teachers
Chicago, Ill.

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bargaining, or an intern-
state department of educa-
tion or the Bureau of the Budget or OEO, is likely to be more fruitful than writing a dissertation on the management of hot-lunch services in a consolidated school district. . . . It also means that we should not foreclose ourselves from admitting into public-school administration those who . . . have, in other contexts, demonstrated special insights into the world of education and/or outstanding capacity for imaginative public administration. If we continue to insist that a Keppel or a Conant is not sufficiently knowledgeable about education and administration to head a public-school system, we will continue to pay mounting social costs for the preservation of obscurantist guild principles. LOUIS H. POLLAK, Dean
Yale University School of Law
New Haven, Conn.

Baroque Blues

I was irritated and affronted by the disparaging remarks made in Music in the Round [Discus, March] about Telemann's *Musique de Table*. I find Telemann's logical passages, inventiveness, polish, and experimentation quite pleasing. Granted his music lacks the depth of Bach, but he did not aspire to write profound music. *Musique de Table* was composed for background music or entertainment for festive occasions. And in this effort he was highly successful. . . .

C. ALLEN BRUCE
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Paying for Writer's Cramp

What John Leggett fails to illustrate in "You Take the Easy Road to Success in Writing" [February] is that the Celebrity School of Writing and Publishing, and others like it, only *advertise* an "easy" path to fame and fortune. In actuality, the lessons in these courses still preach that old axiom, "If you want to write, then write, write, write. And then rewrite, rewrite, rewrite." I should know. I've given up car, girl, and job just to compete with those "easy" assignments. And after nine months of courses from two different schools, I'm inclined to think that the easy road to success in writing is *not* to take a correspondence course in writing.

WILLIAM RR MOOREFIELD
Norfolk, Va. [ ]

Collectors' items

inspired by the documented antiques in Colonial Williamsburg.



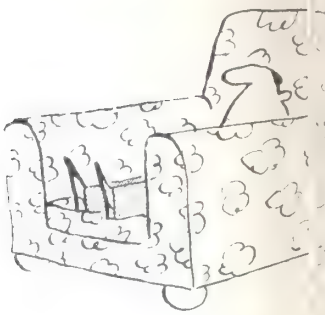
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The Romantic Generation

by Peter F. Drucker

The guest in the Easy Chair teaches in the Graduate School of Business at New York University, and conducts discussions on many other campuses at home and abroad. He is the author of "Landmarks of Tomorrow," "Managing for Results," and other books that have been widely reprinted for use in college and graduate courses.

"I am Mother O'Rourke," the voice on the telephone said. "I am Dean of Students at a large Catholic women's college. Mother President and all our faculty very much hope that you will accept our invitation to talk to our girls on social issues and their importance. Ten years ago our students were deeply interested in labor relations, international relations, and in other major social and political problems. Now they care only for matters of conscience and personal behavior, such as civil rights, a 'personal philosophy of life,' or the size of their own future family and how to raise it. That's wonderful, of course, and we are all for it. But economic and political questions still exist and are far from solved. The girls surely ought to know something about them and not just concern themselves all the time with their little selves and their own conscience."

A dean trying to con a prospective speaker (especially if there is no fee) has no more truth in him than a Texas wildcatter raising sucker money. Yet Mother O'Rourke's call pulled together for me a lot of observations that have made me question the accepted picture of an important group of today's young adults—the men and women between twenty and twenty-five who are in college or graduate school. This picture, it seems to me, does not fit at all the influential, though not very large, group which sets the intellectual fashions on campuses from San Diego State to the Harvard Yard.

"Everybody knows" for instance that these educated young adults have discarded the Protestant Ethic of their forefathers. And ever since David Riesman's brilliant book *The Lonely Crowd* in 1950, it has been almost an axiom that the young American is increasingly outer-directed. But when I hung up, after extricating myself from Mother O'Rourke's invitation, it suddenly dawned on me that many of the young Americans now in college and graduate school are searching for an ethic based on personal (if not spiritual) values, rather than on social utility or community mores—what one might call an Ecumenical Ethic. The old ideologies and slogans leave these young adults cold—as does President Johnson's Great Society. But there is a passionate groping for personal commitment to a philosophy of life. Above all, a new inner-directedness is all the rage in this group.

The clearest symptom of this is, perhaps, the books that are the fashion on campus. Undergraduates and graduate students alike read a great deal of what one of them—a teaching assistant in history—aptly calls "Instant Zen." They read Erich Fromm. They devour those two apparently incompatible but actually complementary pamphleteers: (1) Paul Goodman (*Growing Up Absurd, Utopian Essays*), a latter-day Thoreau opposed to society and all its work whose Walden Pond is the gra psychology department; and Ayn Rand (*Fountainhead,* *Shrugged,* and a new book, ju *The Virtue of Selfishness*), a sche of the NAM, preaching t ganization superman. And the Sartre. (Despite their profess terest in Existentialism, they t consign Camus to the limbo o quired reading"; his very compa generosity and concern for his f man make him suspect as a "cla

Ever since adolescence wa vented two hundred years a Goethe's *Young Werther* (in tally the first international seller), it has always had a lite it claimed for its very own. Sali *Catcher in the Rye*—another *Werther,* though one living in fluent society which can afford tion by psychoanalysis, instead suicide as in Goethe's book—w "in" book of the young adul years ago. Our grandmothers their bosoms tear-stained albu Swinburne's slightly rancid se ity. Generations of level-heade nonsense New England girls ha drunk on the low-calorie carbo syrup of Kahlil Gibran's *The Pr* Generations of equally levelh European boys, diligently pre to be German engineers or F customs inspectors, have sw over Stendhal's passionately pa less male Lolitas. When my ow eration reached young adul around 1930, T. S. Eliot's *The Land* and the early Donne wer Bibles; we missed the H. L. Me and Nietzsche fashions by only years.

The specific authors and boo

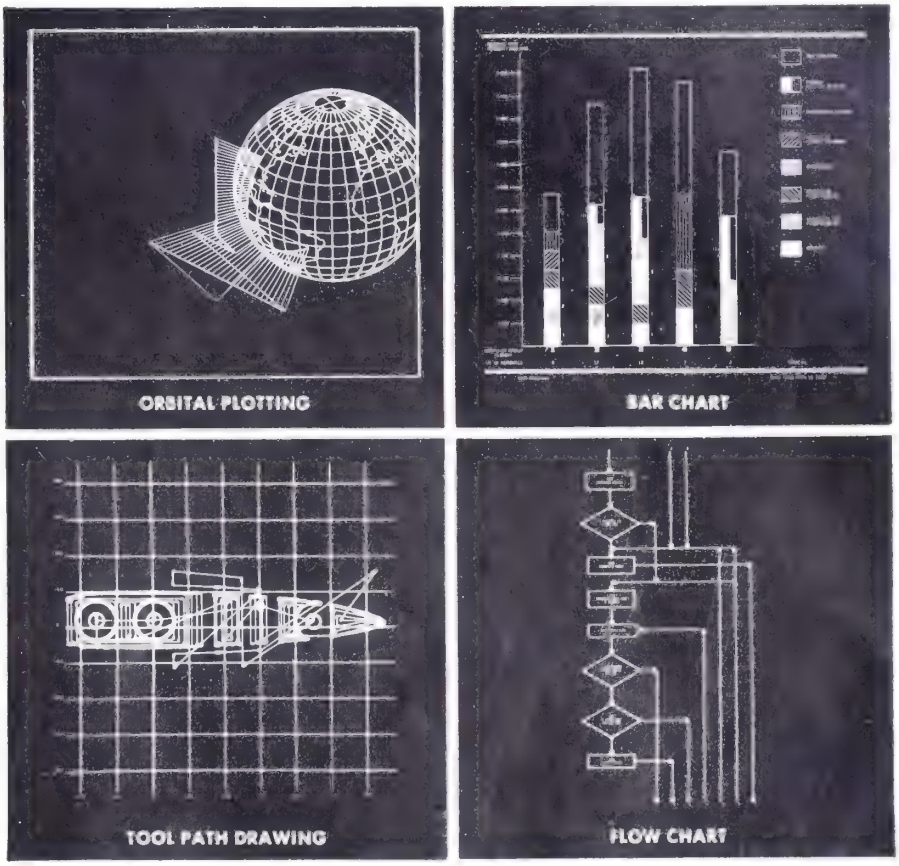
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PICTURES IN A SECOND, DRAWN BY COMPUTER-DISPLAY

straight lines connecting these points may be drawn in any direction at rates averaging over 10,000 points per second, cumulatively building complex diagrams, even circles perfect to the eye. Drawings once laboriously hand-plotted over days or weeks now often can be completed within one second.

Instant pictures:

The resulting words and pictures can be viewed directly, photographed on microfilm or printed out to provide immediate diagrams, tables, maps or charts. In fact, the computer-display systems have been used to make animated movies showing the probable behavior of a satellite in orbit and of shock waves in wind tunnel tests.

With company records in a central computer, the sales manager can get a detailed picture of the sales history of a product in any area, or the president, a financial summary—both in simple graphic form and within seconds after requesting the information.

Probably the most dramatic uses are "on-line, real-time" operations—showing what is actually happening at the moment. Consider one system being tested for local air traffic control.

A central computer receives up-to-the-second information on a plane's position, its flight plan, the weather and other conditions. Automatic devices in the plane transmit changes in position. Altitude, direction and speed are computed. The symbol representing the plane appears on the display screen. Next to it are letters and numbers indicating its flight number, altitude, speed and heading.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

the campus fashion thus vary greatly from one generation to the other—and not only in their literary merits. But the whole genre has common characteristics. It is naïvely sentimental, for instance, or saturated with the bittersweet sadness the Germans call *Weltschmerz* (and which only the very healthy, vigorous, and hopeful—that is the young—can afford). They tend to wallow in self-pity (in which department *The Sorrows of Young Werther* still holds the unchallenged world record). The idols of every campus generation have always been against everything and *for* nothing. The twenty-year-olds, after all, while mature in body and mind, are still exempted from responsibility—are indeed being encouraged in the pleasant delusion that Daddy will take care of everything, whether they smash an automobile fender or an institution.

This literature always reflects the mood of its generation. It is the young adult's own, precisely because it says what he feels but is unable to express himself. These books do not talk *to* their reader; they talk *for* him. Even though ephemeral—and, often enough, trash—the books faithfully mirror how the campus generation of the moment sees itself, or at the least how it wants to see itself.

The books of this kind in fashion today are contemptuous of, if not hostile to, society and its demands, values, and rewards. They proclaim that truth can be found only in one's own inner experience, and that the demands of one's own personal conscience are a trustworthy guide to behavior and action. Sartre is "in"—as Camus is not—because only the cocoon of his own words and thoughts exists for him.

The "moderate" among these authors today is clearly Erich Fromm, the neo-Freudian psychoanalyst. He plays in today's campus culture the role that Reinhold Niebuhr played thirty years ago. Niebuhr even then warned against forgetting the person and his spiritual needs. But he was the idol of the young because in those days he preached the "social gospel" of public responsibility and liberal reform. Fromm today, by contrast, warns against forgetting community and society; but he is accepted because his main stress is on the person and his relationship to himself. Niebuhr asked, What society do you, as a moral man, want? Fromm asks, What kind of person do you want to be? Like the other writers who speak for the young adults—from "Instant Zen" to Paul Goodman and Ayn Rand—Fromm is self-centered.

There are a good many other symptoms of the new "inner-directedness." The vogue of the word "sincerity" is one. To the older generation this is an embarrassing word; we remember the appeasers and quislings of thirty years ago saying, "At least Hitler is *sincere*." But to today's young adult "sincerity" is again a valid, if not the ultimate, test of behavior, especially in public life. I listened a year ago to some graduate students, bright and well-informed, discussing an all-night teach-in at Columbia University. They were not a bit interested in logic or in the arguments, let alone in the factual assertions of the various speakers. All they wanted to know was, "Do you think he was sincere?"

A related phenomenon is the current interest in the "mind drugs" such as LSD. Whatever else they do, the hallucinations they produce are entirely self-centered inner experiences of one's own consciousness, with no outside world, no other person, no relationships in them.

On a mountain hike last summer—a few weeks after Mother O'Rourke's telephone call—a psychologist friend began to talk about the "management problems" of a Midwestern mental-health center which trains postgraduate students in sizable numbers to become psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers.

"To what do you attribute these management problems," I interrupted. "Your growth?"

"We have grown of course very rapidly—fourfold since 1950," he answered. "But this is a minor factor. Our big problem is the radical shift in student attitude. The men who came to us ten or fifteen years ago wanted to be scientists. They were research-oriented. They got upset when they found out that in psychology or psychiatry empirical data and scientific theory are not enough. We had to hammer home day after day that the practitioner always deals with a unique human being, his emotions, aspirations, experiences, values—and that the practitioner himself is a human being too.

"The men we get today ar[e] tifically much better trained as[] But they tend to be frustrated [] men who only come to us [] there is no ecumenical, nonden[] tional seminary around. We [] tell them every day that fulfilli[] self, compassion, and love fo[] neighbor aren't enough—inde[] do damage unless supported by [] ical facts and buttressed by [] theory. The men we got ten or [] years ago were out to find the[] the men we get today, are out [] themselves."

What explains such a shift fr[] outer-directed student of the 1[] the inner-directed student of [

One cause is certainly the [] chantment of this particular g[] young people with the traditio[] cial issues. However importar[] may be, such issues are not ve[] citing in the 1960s. It is hard f[] body to get up much emotional [] about the pension demands [] newspaper unions. And who [] "wicked imperialist" in the [] between India and Pakistan? [] most social problems have cea[] be "issues" and have become [] of study." Where they used to [] passion leading to commitmen[] action, they now call for hard[] ding work leading to a Ph.D. And very few Ph.D. theses hav[] fired the imagination and eng[] the emotions even of the me[] wrote them, let alone of a gene[] of young people.

A second factor is that there [] many more graduate students i[] suit of a higher degree. The [] gence and rapid growth of a d[] graduate-student community f[] emphasis on "inner experienc[] "sincerity," and on the search [] "personal philosophy." Many [] ate students have an outsized [] feeling and therefore need an [] directed ethic to justify themsel[] themselves.

In part, they need a rationali[] for their economic status. Most [] uate students, while far from [] live well above the poverty line. [] income, however, comes from f[] ships or grants rather than [] wages. If there is a wage ear[] the family it is the wife rathe[] the husband. As consumers th[] part of the affluent society. But a



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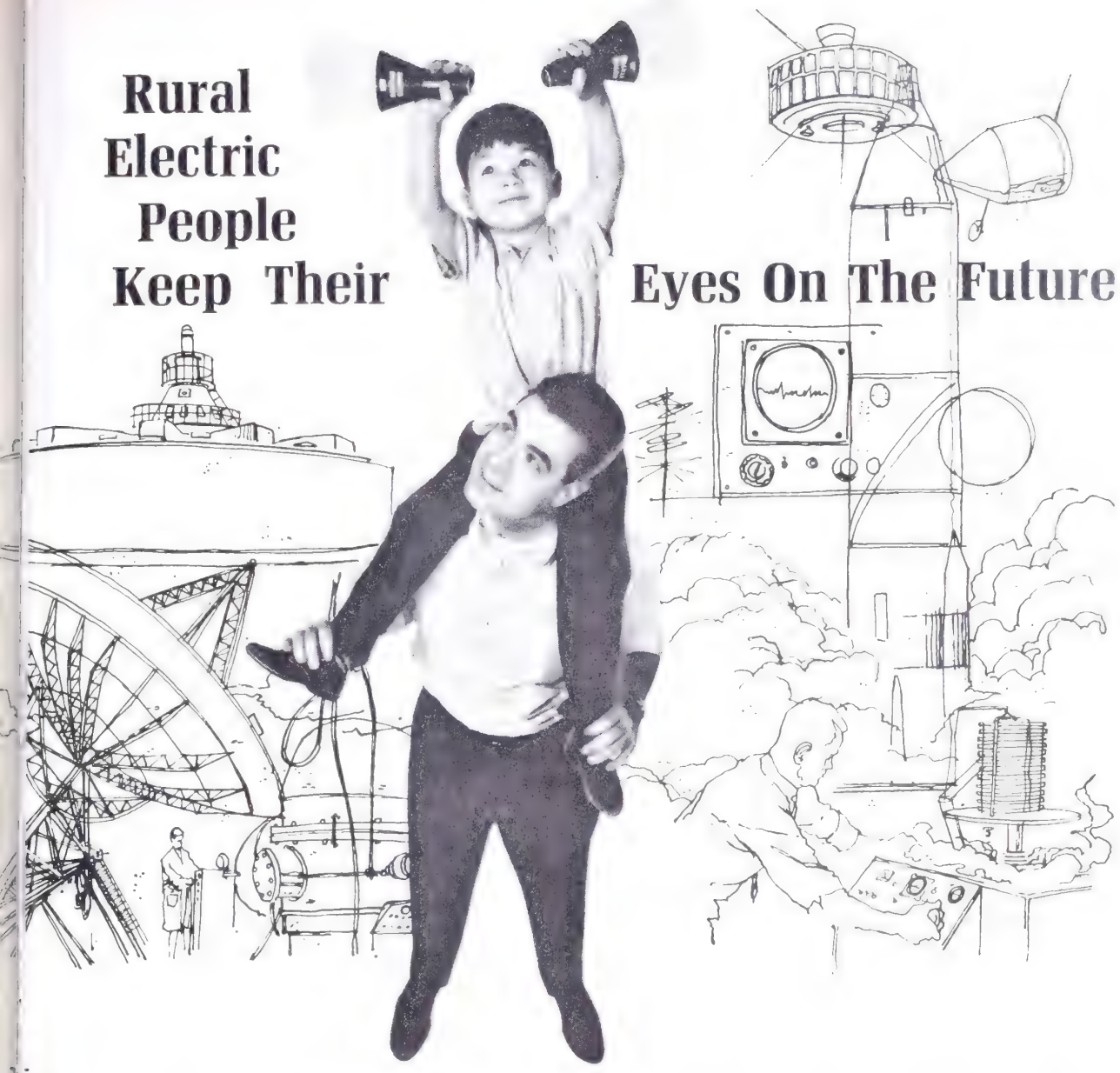
ducers they are outside of it. ... graduate students are so se... scious about this that they se... advocate the payment of r... wages for going to graduate ... But many more search for ar... which would base economic rew... what work means to a ma... contributes to his self-develo... rather than on its social utili... its value to others.

Above all, however, the gr... student needs such an inner-di... ethic to rationalize his own m... To be sure, love of scholarship ... main motivation for some, othe... attracted by the rewards whi... economy offers the man with ad... specialized training. But a good ... graduate students know perfect ... that they decided to stay in sc... large part because grants and ... ships made it easy. Often th... cretly suspect that they use gr... school as a pleasant way to po... growing up, with its many co... ments and decisions. Others ... graduate school for the sake ... draft exemption and they cann... knowing it. When they talk ... their reasons for staying on in ... —and they talk about them on ... and on—they therefore tend to ... "self-fulfillment," "sincerity," ... values," and "personal philoso... life."

Though going on to gr... school is fast becoming the ... thing to do in the better colleg... graduate-school community is ... small—maybe half a million pe... any one time, counting the stu... their wives, and children. This ... however has influence out of a ... portion to its size. It is highly c... trated in a very few large unive... such as the University of Cali... at Berkeley, Harvard, MIT, Cal... New York University, Chicag... Stanford. As a result it tends to ... nate the prestige schools, which ... course the pacesetters and f... makers for the entire academic ... faculty as well as students. Inde... the first time in the Berkeley ... and in a good many of the teac... graduates rather than undergr... students took the lead.

The great catalyst of the new ... has of course been the civil-... campaign. It gave the campus g... tion the Cause it had been w... for: a cause of conscience. The

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people are much closer in their views on civil rights to the abolitionists of a century ago than they are to yesterday's liberals. The oppression of the Negro is to them a sin rather than a wrong. "We Shall Overcome" has the ring of a gospel hymn rather than that of a *New Republic* editorial. This explains in large part the tremendous impact the civil-rights movement has had on the mood, vision, and worldview of the campus generation. In addition, civil rights has offered scope for individual initiative and effectiveness, something our society otherwise does not readily grant to men or women in their early twenties. There are the students, white and colored, who have gone South to teach in the Freedom Schools. There are the white college girls up North who in considerable numbers venture into the meanest Negro ghettos of the big cities to tutor or counsel, often entirely on their own.

Yet developments in this country alone cannot explain the shift in mood. It is by no means an American phenomenon. It is indeed going on in all industrially developed countries, regardless of race or political and economic systems. In both Western and Eastern Europe those apostles of inner-directedness, the American Beat poets such as Allen Ginsberg, are extraordinarily popular. The idol of Russia's university students is Yevgeni Yevtushenko—a poet of the individual conscience, before which society is all but irrelevant. And the one mass movement in any industrial country today that has attracted large numbers of the college generation is the Japanese Soka Gakkai—half religious fundamentalism preaching the absolute primacy of inner experiences, half political fanaticism with "sincerity" its only slogan.

Fashions—especially adolescent fashions—do not as a rule outlast their generation. There is just a slim chance, however, that the mood of this campus generation will prove to be one of the rare exceptions: a first premonition of a change in the consciousness and vision of modern man.

The present disinterest on campus in social problems may possibly—just barely possibly—be a first hint that the conventional social issues are increasingly becoming red herrings. Terms such as "management and labor," the "concentration [illegible] nomic power," or "big gover[illegible] all assume that there are a f[illegible] organizations in a society w[illegible] otherwise relatively power-fr[illegible] actually in our society all soci[illegible] tend to ball together into lar[illegible] complex organizations of trem[illegible] power.

The institution that has [illegible] the most in this century is no[illegible] economic or political sphere a[illegible] is the university. There is a[illegible] more concentration of brainpo[illegible] the twenty largest universiti[illegible] there ever was a concentration[illegible] nomic power in the heyday [illegible] Morgans and the Rockefellers,[illegible] the passage of the antitrust la[illegible] hospital has also become big a[illegible] plex—and so has the Catholic [illegible] in the modern metropolis, the[illegible] ican Medical Association, the[illegible] forces, the civil service, and so [illegible] fact of big, complex organ[illegible] rather than this or that embo[illegible] of it, is now the matter of cent[illegible] nificance. To single out any on[illegible] tution as *the* organization is t[illegible] impossible an understanding [illegible] issue, let alone a solution.

This, I think, is beginning to [illegible] Or is it pure coincidence that [illegible] cently had two totally unco[illegible] revolts against organizational [illegible] structures which were never [illegible] seen as problem areas: the B[illegible] student riot and the attack [illegible] Roman bureaucracy of the C[illegible] Church at the Vatican Council [illegible] cially in its first two sessions [illegible] Pope John's death?

The big complex modern or[illegible] tion does indeed present a nu[illegible] strange problems. In the first [illegible] there is plenty of evidence tha[illegible] not yet really know how to [illegible] work or how to control it. It t[illegible] be overadministered but und[illegible] aged, tends to mistake procedu[illegible] "proper channels" for directi[illegible] energy. The student riots at B[illegible] were greatly aggravated by m[illegible] ment malfunctioning and by [illegible] crous failure of communi[illegible] within a very small top-mana[illegible] group sitting in adjoining offic[illegible] Clark Kerr, the university's pr[illegible] is one of the most accomplish[illegible] fessional managers in the c[illegible] Similarly, management malfu[illegible] ing and communications failu[illegible] to have greatly aggravated the



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his integrity and privacy in

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such a society? Is individual necessarily limited to whate air space will be left bet towering organizational skys In such a society of big orgar the need becomes more urgen answers to the old question am I?" "What am I?" "Wh I be?" These are questions has tended to consider either or as unimportant, for the hundred years, while it put emphasis on the nature o rather than on the nature of now these questions, the yo rightly feel, cannot be ignor are their own direct, pers cerns.

The present mood of the campus generation is not wit ous dangers. It is being exp some dubious people—on the the Left—for political pur their own; but this, while edly a threat, may not be t danger. For the present moo ages irresponsibility. And phasis on "sincerity" might easily degenerate into adu that professional specialis cerity, the demagogue, or o thetic TV personality. Is it dent that California, the s strongly influenced by th adults and their fashions, i one state where TV or mov seems increasingly to be ac adequate preparation for t Governor or U. S. Senator?

The present campus mooc all drearily futile. Most of against big organization wi —and very soon—as well- fairly successful members ganizations, whether big u big government, or big busir will then predictably impose emotional need for security formity on their organizatio all their fine contempt for th zation Man. The odds are a cal against Instant Zen's anything but another bull s

Yet in its return to "inner ness," today's college crowd may, play-act in their sch their homework as tomorrow The bull session may, for awareness rather than echo. today's young-adult fashi foretell the concerns, and the intellectual landscape, row.



ther won't always be full of such unpleasant surprises.

air and clear. Soon she'll

velopments can one day
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ather is to stay on top of
like NASA's Nimbus.
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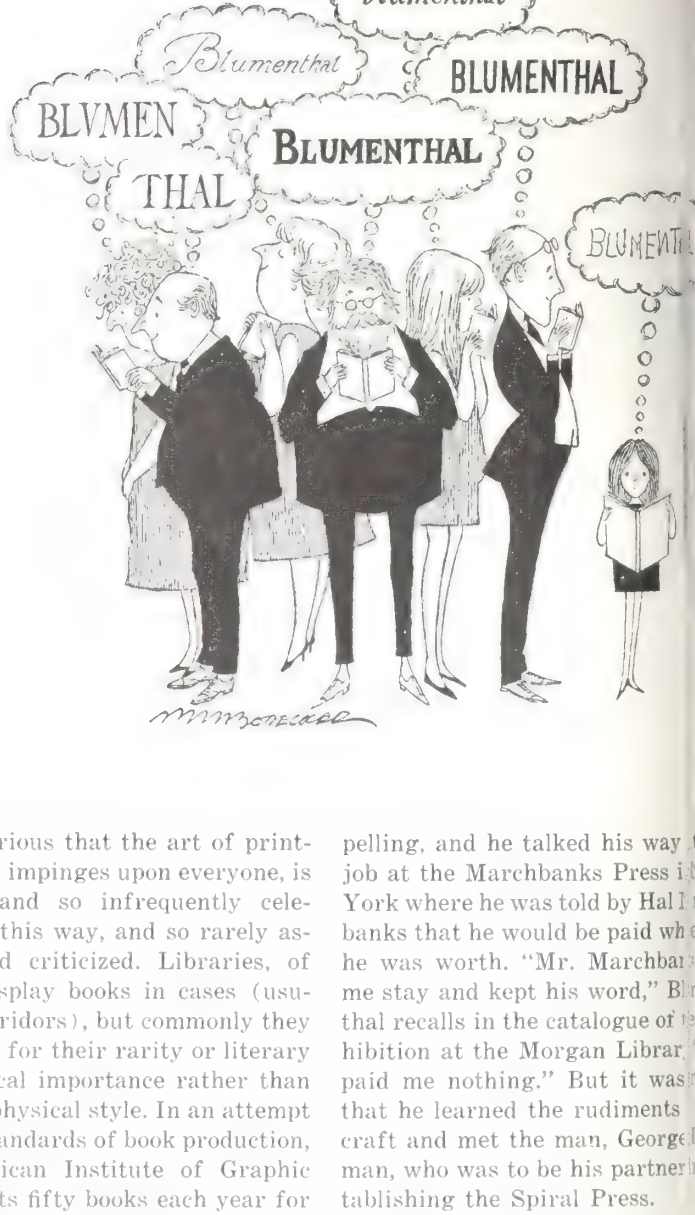
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ITT

After Hours

by Russell Lynes



The Ascending Spiral

"Clarity itself is a wonderful attribute," wrote Joseph Blumenthal in a pamphlet on book design last year. "Repose is a great human virtue."

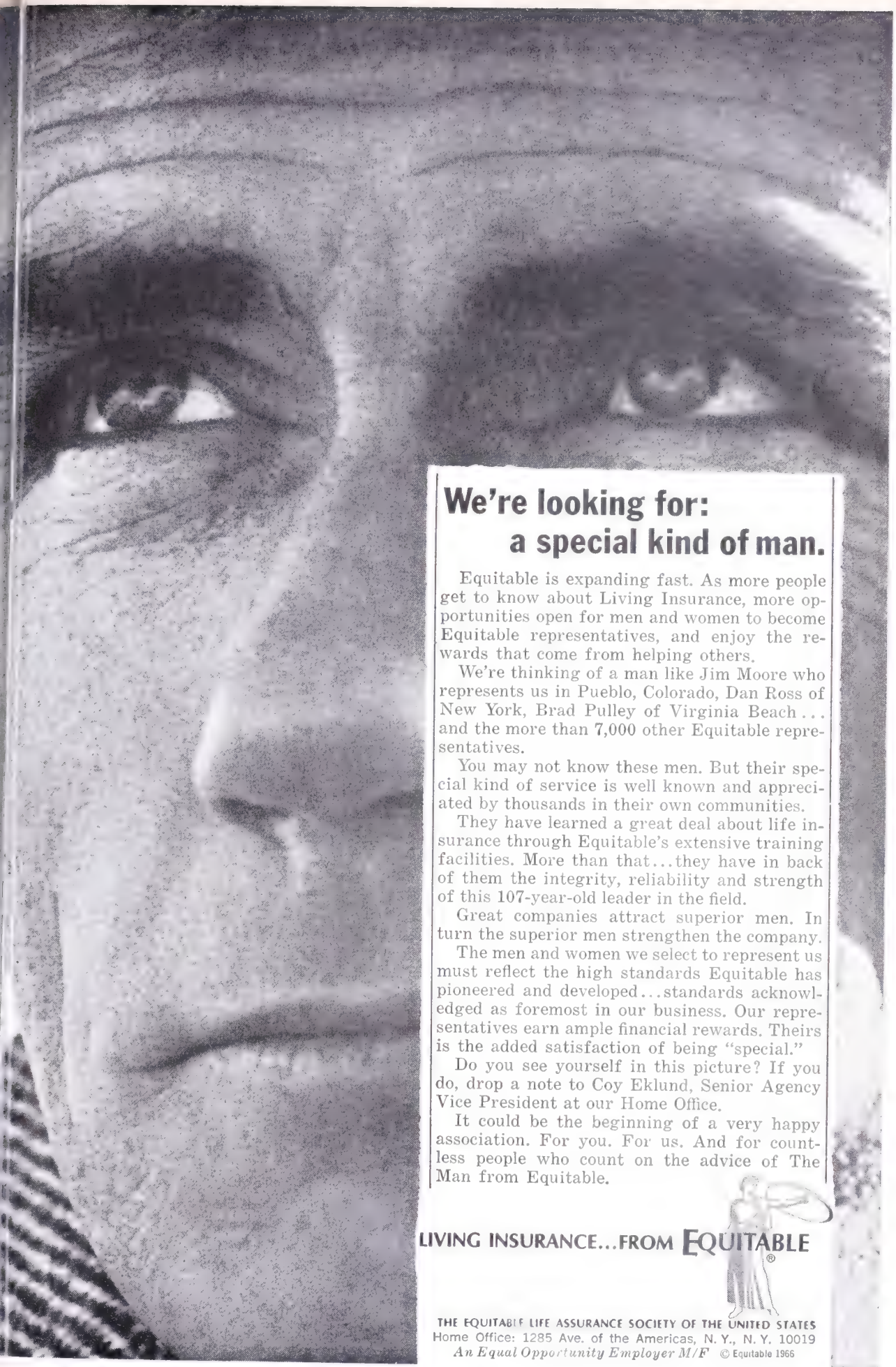
Mr. Blumenthal is a printer, designer of printing, originator of a typeface that he named "Emerson," and he is the director of a shop on West 31st Street in New York called the Spiral Press. Clarity and repose characterize not only his work but his presence. He is a quiet man with bright, thoughtful eyes that consume what they see with the peculiar avidity of the visual artist. His smile is quiet, a little skeptical and amused, and his voice is quiet with a gentleness that sometimes belies its mordant comments.

Late in January the Pierpont Morgan Library, the greatest fortress of the art of the book in this hemisphere (and scarcely more than a mile from Mr. Blumenthal's shop), celebrated forty years of the existence of the Spiral Press. Until mid-April it filled its largest exhibition gallery with a display of books, pamphlets, catalogues, and what bibliophiles call "ephemera"—letterheads, bookplates, invitations to exhibitions, Christmas cards, et cetera—designed and executed by Blumenthal.

It is curious that the art of printing, which impinges upon everyone, is so little and so infrequently celebrated in this way, and so rarely assessed and criticized. Libraries, of course, display books in cases (usually in corridors), but commonly they are shown for their rarity or literary or historical importance rather than for their physical style. In an attempt to raise standards of book production, the American Institute of Graphic Arts selects fifty books each year for exhibition and, according to Blumenthal, they are "the best index to American book design." But considering the mass of printing which assaults us, the vastness of the printing industry, and the billions of words set into metal and transferred to paper each day, it is remarkable that so few people know how to look at (as opposed to reading) the printed word.

Blumenthal, who says, "I believed then, as I do now, that one of the imperatives is to make one's livelihood at what one enjoys doing," set out in the late 1920s as a young man to involve himself in the world of books. It was as a salesman for a publisher that he discovered that it was the art of the book that he found most compelling, and he talked his way [illegible] job at the Marchbanks Press i[n] York where he was told by Hal [illegible] banks that he would be paid wh[at] he was worth. "Mr. Marchban[ks] me stay and kept his word," Bl[u]thal recalls in the catalogue of [the] hibition at the Morgan Librar[y] paid me nothing." But it was [in] that he learned the rudiments [of] craft and met the man, George [Macy] man, who was to be his partner [in] tablishing the Spiral Press.

It was seven years later in 19[33] I met Joe Blumenthal. The [Spiral] Press had undergone a number [of] tations. It had made a firm repu[tation] for the most exacting craftsma[nship] on every job that went throu[gh] shop whether it was the brea[d-and-] butter work such as billheads [and] illustrated volume of poems. [It] suspended operations in 1931 [when] Blumenthal went to Europe, wh[ere] designed the Emerson face an[d] the punches for it cut by Louis [Rogers] "one of the last of the artisan [type-] men who, since Gutenberg [cut] punches for type." (New faces [today] are cut mechanically with the h[elp of] a pantograph from large draw[ings.] In 1933 he was asked by the [New] School for Social Research in



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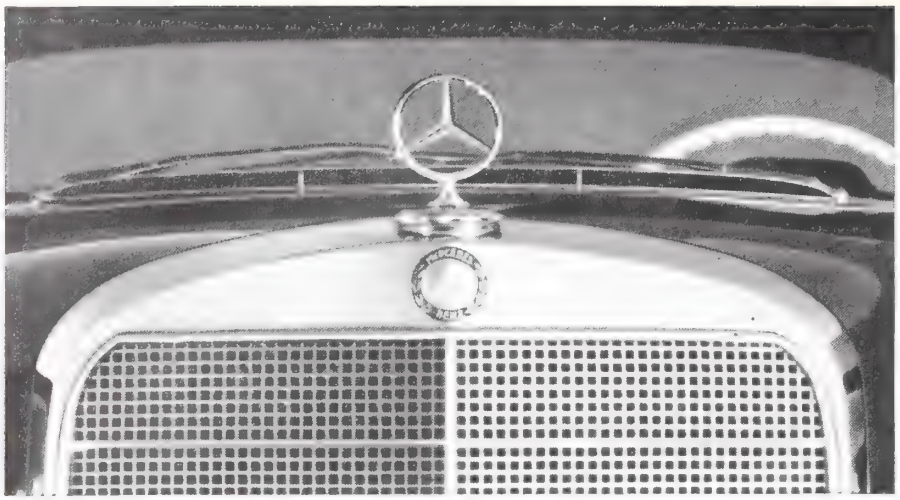
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York to set up a class in boo[k] and printing. With about [a] others who were in one wa[y] other (from treasurer to c[le]k volved in the publishing bu[si]ne joined the class. Under Blur[ton] exacting, enthusiastic, and e[x]e[m]ly patient tutelage we learn [to] type by hand, to understand [a]nd the niceties of the printed p[a]ge I had the satisfaction of pri[nt]in beautiful handmade paper, w[hi]ch to be dampened to take the [im]pages of Coleridge's "Defin[iti]on Poetry" which it took me a[l]o entire winter, as I remembe[r] out, compose, and make up.

While the exhibition was at [the] gan I went to call on Blu[men] whom I'd not seen in many [ye]a his shop which is on the fou[rth] of a building largely occupied [by] ous practitioners of the [pri]nt crafts who are likely to cl[us]ter gether. There were just two [pe]op the office besides Blument[hal] was barricaded behind a wall [of] cases. The full complement [of] press is "about a dozen." It [can] take a large staff to make a la[rge] utation as a superb printer or [to] tain it.

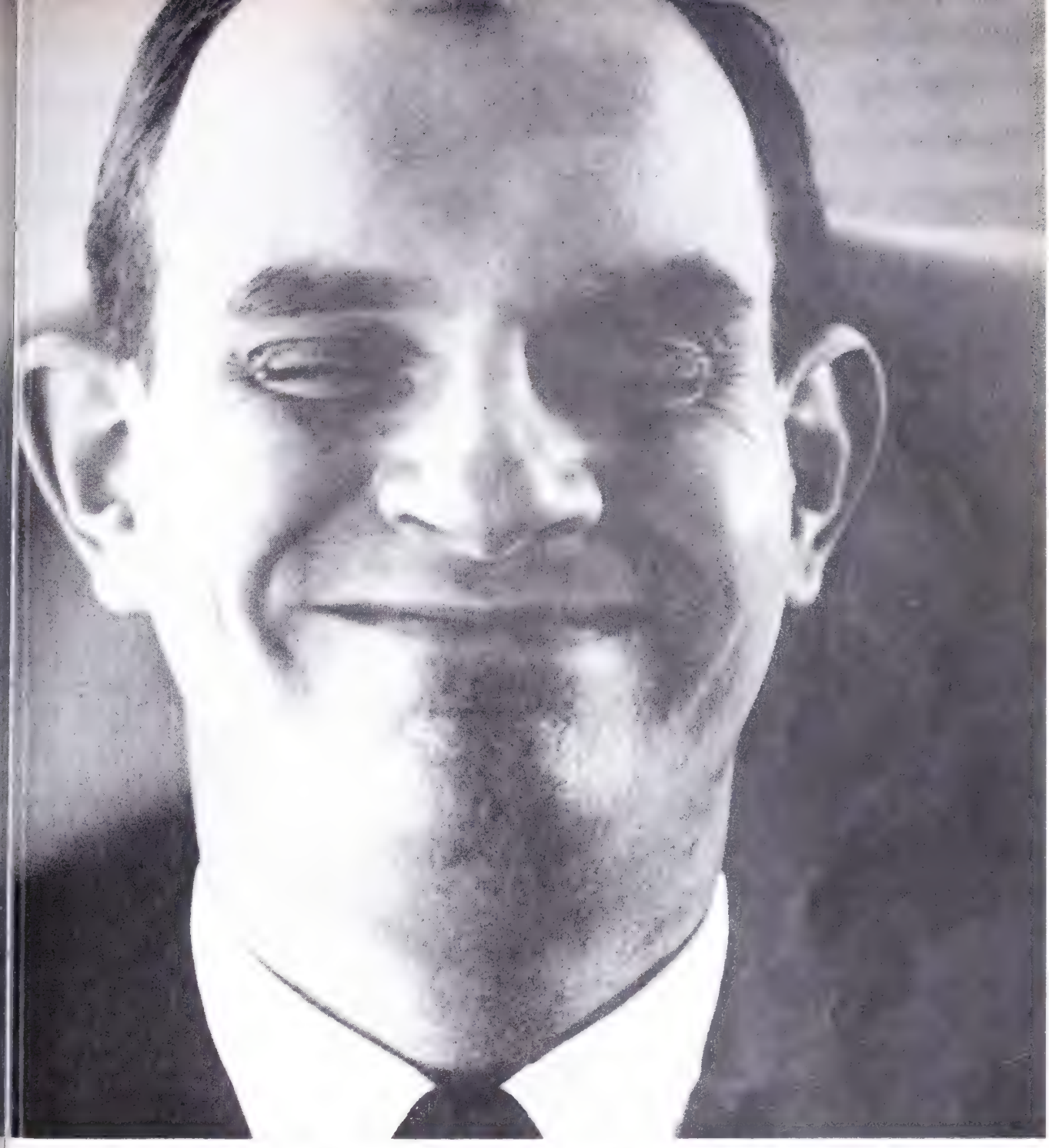
"Let's go where I can't [be] telephone," he said. "It won't [bo]ther you, but I'll want to know wh[en] ing."

We walked around the s[hop] which two presses were [in] There were several jobs in th[e] —a prospectus for the catalog[ue] exhibition, a letterhead, an in[vi]t a two-color job on which the [key] color, a very pale pink over[la]y drawing, had not yet been appl[ied] a volume of Dickens' *Hard* for the Limited Editions Club [and] the steady and old customers [of] press.

"I was interested," I said, "[to] you said in your catalogue not[e] liking inks that have been all [the] age because they gain dep[th] richness."

"I have some vintage bur[gundy] he said and smiled. His use o[f] red with black of great clarity [is] nearly a hallmark of the Spira[l].

He introduced me to each [of] men in the shop. "You can usu[ally] in a week," he said, "whether [it] is ever going to be a good [one] We've had almost no turnover



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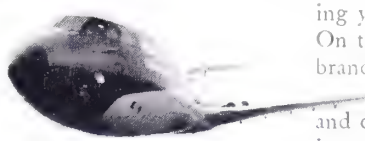
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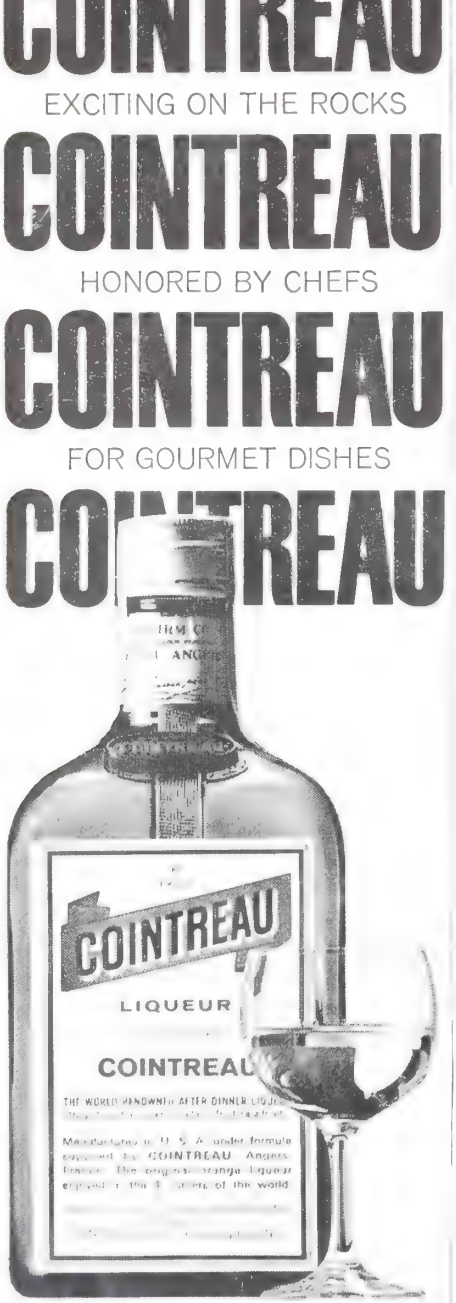


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often try out five or six men before we find one we want to keep."

He gives credit where credit and respect are earned. In the acknowledgments in the catalogue of the Morgan exhibition he mentions by name the three men who did its hand composition and makeup, the two who did the presswork, and the one who did the cutting of the sheets.

We sat at a table in a long narrow room beyond the shop. On the wall behind me was a silk screen of a phoenix by Ben Shahn and a wood engraving by Leonard Baskin, both artists whom he admires and with whom he frequently works. On the table between us was a copy of *Ecclesiastes* which Shahn had illustrated and Blumenthal had designed and printed. It is Spiral's most recent large, independent venture. Just 285 copies were printed and they are to be had at $50 each. There was a stack of them against the wall, boxed and ready for shipping.

"We've sold about a dozen at the Morgan," Blumenthal said. "We'll probably sell a few more there before the show closes. Eventually we'll get back the cash we invested but probably not the overhead. The cash was about $7,500."

It is ephemera that, to a considerable extent, pays for books like the distinguished *Ecclesiastes*, the production of which he calls "a pleasurable if expensive occupation."

"I believe," he said, "that there are always plenty of jobs for printers who do fine work. The buyers are there. The shortage is in the people who have the capacity to produce good printing. This is a manufacturing craft and to make it pay you have to have business sense as well as rigid standards of craftsmanship."

There are very few printers today whose reputations are based on the level of craftsmanship that Spiral maintains. Spiral's prices are high but, as they say, "not high for what you get." Those who are willing to pay Spiral's prices are museums and other institutions such as the American Academy of Arts and Letters, private collectors, foundations, and individuals interested in fine printing. Among the products displayed at the Morgan Library were pieces printed for the Library itself and for the Frick Collection, Vassar College, the Twentieth Century Fund (whose director, August Hec[illegible] is an amateur printer of co[illegible]able skill), the Metropolitan M[illegible] the Grolier Club (a privat[illegible]ciation of bibliophiles not to [illegible]fused with the Grolier Society[illegible] publishes encyclopedias), [illegible] Glass, and other respecters [illegible] art of the printed page. Amon[illegible] bread-and-butter jobs, Spiral[illegible] "all the cheap Christmas ca[illegible]; five- ten- and fifteen-cent ones'[illegible] Metropolitan Museum, and on [illegible] casion printed a picture of a [illegible] galleon on 500 paper napkins [illegible] Museum's annual party for ch[illegible]

"Business spends millions o[illegible] ing," Blumenthal said, "but wh[illegible] want is not what I can give the[illegible] want to assault the reader. [illegible] their annual reports. They are [illegible] terested in quality of craftsm[illegible] They are interested in making [illegible] pression and not always in th[illegible] rity of the maker or his produ[illegible]"

In Blumenthal's opinion the [illegible] of design and printing of bo[illegible] greatly improved in the last c[illegible] decades. In general, he say[illegible] university presses do the bes[illegible] He especially mentioned Yale [illegible] great typographer, the late Ca[illegible] ington Rollins, "set goals tha[illegible] stitutional press would wish t[illegible] gard") and Princeton. Of the s[illegible] "trade-book publishers" Blu[illegible] expressed respect for the lon[illegible] tion to design and quality of [illegible] tion that Alfred A. Knopf has l[illegible] on the books of his company.

"I don't know how muc[illegible] Knopf has spent on his boo[illegible] other publishers," he said, "[illegible] seems always to have been wi[illegible] spend the extra, and it shows."

The introductory notes [illegible] Blumenthal wrote for the ca[illegible] of the exhibition of the Spira[illegible] at the Morgan are an informal [illegible] of fine printing in this century [illegible] tied together by personal an[illegible] opinion, and speculation. They [illegible] readable an account of the d[illegible] ment of a profession which is [illegible] craft as one is likely to find any[illegible] for Blumenthal writes with [illegible] edge, style, modesty, and hum[illegible] origins of fine printing today[illegible] he explains, in the private pre[illegible] the nineteenth and early twentie[illegible] tury in England, primarily. It [illegible] passionate craftsman, William [illegible] at his Kelmscott Press who [illegible]



ow do you get to Spain and Europe?





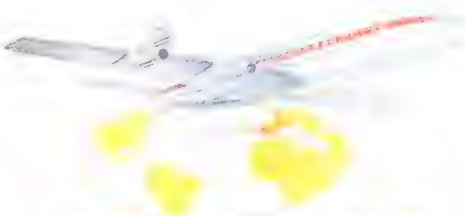
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by Clayton Fritchey



The Issue
(and Some Miscellaneous Trimmings)

The Rev. Clergy Rampant

Washington was once thought of as a one-horse town, but today it is a one-issue city—Vietnam. And everybody who comes to the capital wants to get in on it, including the Reverend Billy Graham.

The White House is feeling peace pressures from every quarter of the ecclesiastical world, from the Pope to the World Council of Churches, but when the President needs a little offsetting religious comfort on this matter he can always attend a Billy Graham rally in Texas (as he has done) or go to a prayer breakfast with him in Washington, which he did recently.

Others who attended and listened to Johnson and Graham came away with the impression that both of these leaders felt that perseverance in Vietnam had Biblical sanctions. The President relied on an admonition by the prophet Isaiah: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; They shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

But Billy Graham's words brought back memories of the famous advertising man, Bruce Barton, who many years ago made himself rich with a best-seller called *The Man Nobody Knows*. It suggested that Jesus was the First Rotarian. Graham's theme seemed to be that, in Vietnam terminology, Jesus was also a pioneer "hawk," and would have been in sympathy with Johnson's war policy.

In making this revelation, Mr. Graham turned to Jesus Himself (Luke 12:49), "I am come to send fire on the earth" and (through Matthew 10:34-36) "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his [family]. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

"There are those," Mr. Graham said, "who have tried to reduce Christ to the level of a genial and innocuous appeaser; but Jesus said, 'You are wrong—I have come as a fire-setter and a sword-wielder.' There were thousands of people in Christ's day who could not understand what He meant when He said He would set fire to the earth. They were good-hearted, kind people who were anxious to have a better world. They were idealistic but they were ignorant of the deep-seated disease of human nature. They looked at the world through rose-tinted glasses.

"Even today in America," said Mr. Graham, "if you are a patriot, salute the flag, sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and say you believe in America, you are immediately in conflict with those who are saying patriotism is passé."

And in case anybody didn't get the point, Mr. Graham concluded by quoting the final verse of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the last line being, "Our God is marching on." Arm in arm, apparently, with Mr. Graham.

There was also a Biblical base to the private pep talk on Vietnam that Vice President Humphrey gave a group of Senators when he returned f[r]om famous journey to the war z[o]ne. [A]lthough Senator Norris Cotton [o]f New Hampshire did not identify H[u]mphrey by name, he said the [V]P urged to "go out and spread t[h]e gospel." Senator Cotton, a Rep[u]blican who has been critical of what [h]e considers needless secrecy about t[h]e military and diplomatic situation[s]. "Of course that is based on the [a]dmonition of the Master to the A[p]ostles," He said, 'Go preach the gospe[l]. He did not add, 'Remember, [i]t's classified.' "

Spokesmen for organized r[e]ligion are speaking up in no uncertain [t]erms on peace in general and Vietn[a]m in particular, and, with the excep[t]ion of Graham and a few others, th[e]y are nearly all critical of Administ[r]ation policy and deeply concerned o[v]er possible consequences. They a[r]e addressing themselves to Washi[n]gton and the magnitude and volume [o]f the protest is making an impressio[n] on the capital. For one thing, it can[n]ot be dismissed or brushed off as bea[t]nik leftist or irresponsible.

Another reason the current c[r]est wave of protest is being take[n] seriously is that it has a new forcef[u]lness about it; it bears little resembl[a]nce

Mr. Fritchey, "Harper's" Wash[i]ngton Correspondent, was special as[s]istant to Ambassador Adlai Stevenson [a]t the UN, to Secretary of Defense G[e]orge Marshall, and to President Tr[u]man. He now writes a syndicated c[o]lumn which appears three times a w[e]ek in "Newsday" and other papers.

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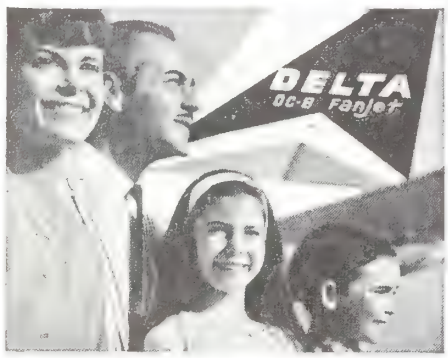
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So if you're hunting for a sporty looking car, and run into a lot of ferocious names, with prices to match, looking like they might cost an arm and a leg to keep up . . .

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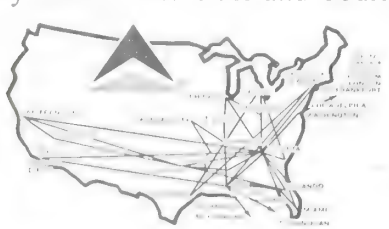
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the routine kind of pacificism that has so long characterized the peace efforts of church groups in America.

This fresh vigor has not been an overnight development, for ever since the clergy plunged into the civil-rights struggle several years ago, with many actually risking their lives, there has been a growing trend toward intervention and direct action on other national issues. These churchmen are clearly finding this an exhilarating experience after so many relatively passive years.

The war in Vietnam has enlisted the interest of literally thousands of clergymen all over the nation. The National Emergency Committee of Clergy Concerned About Vietnam had 145 local chapters one month after being organized to protest against the resumption of bombing in North Vietnam. It has now become a permanent organization, and one of its leaders says, "We're tired of acting like a Greek chorus that stands at the side watching a tragedy take place and merely offers occasional comments." This seems to express the new disposition to stand up and be counted.

The Reverend John C. Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary, says, "Church-state relations in the United States have never meant that churchmen should separate their Christian ethics from political action. As independent bodies, the churches should bring pressure to bear on the state; indeed, that this is possible is a mark of their separation."

Recently Washington has felt the pressure of churchmen on a number of fronts, including the war on poverty, sanctions against Rhodesia, Chinese representation in the United Nations, the world food crisis, but most of all on Vietnam. It is impossible to ignore the authority of the World Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches, both of which are gravely concerned over the escalation in Vietnam. The protests of the national Jewish organizations have also become increasingly vocal. The views of the head of the Catholic Church are already well known.

Part of the pattern of protest has been the frequent joint declarations of leaders of different faiths and denominations. One telegram sent directly to President Johnson was signed by Joseph Cardinal Ritter, Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Louis; the Right Reveren... Cadigan, Episcopal Bish... souri; Bishop Eugene M... the Missouri Synod of th... Church; and Rabbi Jos... bloom, president of the ... Association of St. Louis. ... clergymen joined in the ... the White House urging ... the truce in Vietnam.

More recently a Protest... olic, and a Jewish clergym... tolling the bell of St. M... Bouwerie Church (New ... against the war in Vietnam ... first time the bell had been ... the death of President Ke...

Montana's ...

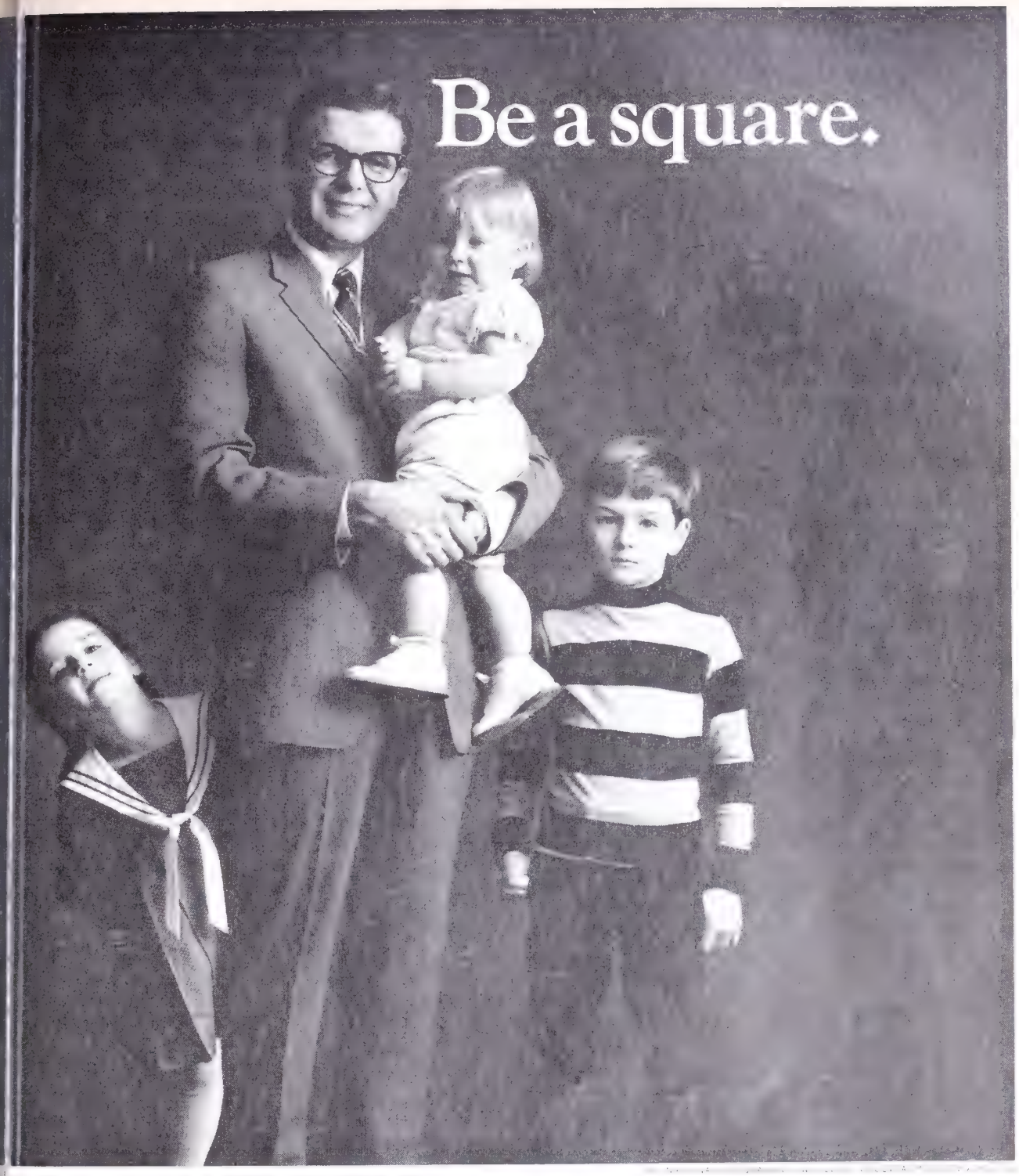
Even Senator Wayne Mo... crat of Oregon) invoked t... a passage with Senator ... (Democrat of Michigan) ... ate Cloakroom. Morse wan... why his friend had at... knowledge of Vietnam. T... mannered Hart was taken ... I didn't," said Hart. "Oh ye... said Morse with a grin. "Y... only God knew the answer ... I regard that as an attack ... petence."

Another Senator, Le... (Democrat of Montana), ... duced a new bird into the ... dove nest. Metcalf calls ... "chicken-hawk." That is. ... to win the war in Vietna... chicken when it comes to ... United States involved in ... Laos, or in a land war wi...

Louisiana's ...

The Assistant Majority Le... Senate, Russell Long of ... recently told his colleague... with pride when I see Old G... from the Capitol. I swell ... when I see the flags around ... ington Monument. I swell ... when I see the American ... from the Senate Office Buil...

But what would really m... tor Long swell with pride ... Senate approval of the sple... met restaurant he wants fo... tol. Thousands, aye, hundre... sands of Washington visi... have had the dubious privil... ing on the Hill, will cheer M... vision. He says he is sick a...



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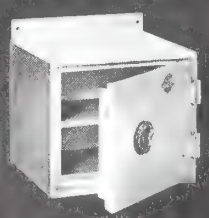
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the "mediocre" victuals that a
available in the Senate's vario
taurants. "We used to think
pretty fine food at the Senate
rant," Long sighs, "but that
fore we started trying to
profit.... I think in the Capito
United States, in the era of the
Society, if somebody wants a
steak, and is willing to pay fo
ought to be able to have it—and
fine trimmings you get in
French restaurant, too."

Long would like to see the
rant located on the west side
building, just between the Sen
House chambers, and overlook
Mall and the Washington Mon
Furthermore, he would like th
open to the public, especially
evening.

Vice President Humphrey w
was Senate Majority Leader a
an idea on how to make better s
the serene view from the
neglected west side of the
Mr. Humphrey thought the
was a sidewalk café, where Co
men could give their constitu
cup of tea or coffee while sittin
gay umbrellas. Nothing came
notion, but the Vice Preside
Isabelle Shelton of the Wash
Star, that he is still in favor
thing that would make the Ca
better place for visitors." Am

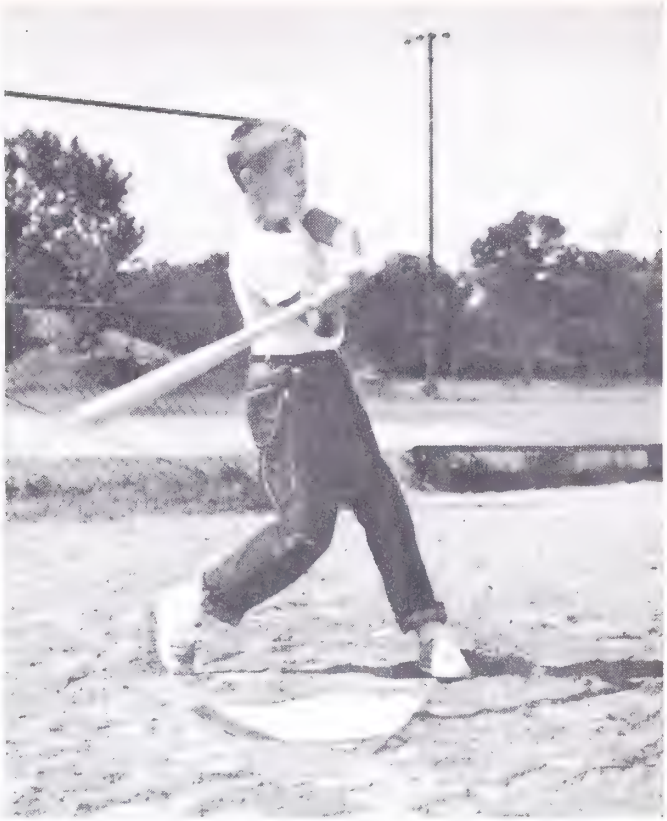
Adlai Jr. for Pres

While Adlai Stevenson was
United Nations he was asked
for the Senate both from Illin
New York. He was not interest
in the last year of his life he wa
with pride when his oldest son
entire ticket in the statewide e
for the Illinois legislature. The
cal pros in that state have a
hunch that, with a little luc
pleasant and intelligent youn
might ultimately succeed whe
father didn't.

Adlai Sr. couldn't beat an
hower, but Adlai Jr. in his firs
did. He ran far ahead of Eisenh
younger brother, Earl, who,
nately for young Adlai, had nev
a war. But that's the kind of
you need in politics.

If Adlai Jr. is drafted to
State Treasurer this year (as
likely) and wins, and then goe
become Governor or Senator,

What's his total of neals batted in"?



Like armies, little leaguers travel on their stomachs. How well he plays could depend on how well he eats.

's flood of activities can play havoc with ily's eating habits. With irregular schedules e-run eating, it's good to know that you can g even "sketchy" summer meals into better l balance with milk and other dairy foods.

e sure you're giving your family the nourish- they need to help keep them fit for summer each meal around the Basic Four Food All the known nutrients are in the Basic Four provide a foundation for a balanced diet. ps are: (1) Milk and Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, ltry, Eggs; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) nd Breads.

n put new flavor excitement into every meal thwatering combinations using these Basic od Groups. The variations are endless. Com- ils are given in the booklet, "Family Feeding ess And Fun." A free copy is yours for the See offer at right.

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a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

ture leadership of the Democratic party may not lie exclusively between Hubert Humphrey and Bob Kennedy. If they should falter, a rising young Stevenson might provide a most attractive alternative.

Indiscretions from Five Press Secretaries

Washington may be divided on Vietnam, but there is unanimous agreement on what is the most thankless job in town—White House press secretary.

This post has literally killed some of its occupants, and maimed others. The incumbent is practically on duty twenty-four hours a day, there being few nights when his sleep is not disturbed by the urgent claims of the press, or the President, or other high officials.

This correspondent, having pinch-hit as press secretary from time to time while serving under Mr. Truman, can testify from personal experience that there is no such thing as a winning day. The best days are the ones with the fewest complaints, and usually there are more than a few. The more durable press secretaries have learned to be long-suffering and to suppress their counter-complaints. The correspondents naturally are not interested in other people's troubles. The President, any President, annoys some section of the press almost daily, and who are the reporters going to take it out on if not the President's spokesman, his chief newscook and whitewasher?

All this is brought to mind by a most unusual, but little-publicized, Washington dinner which brought together all five of the famous men and women who have acted as Presidential press secretaries for the last fourteen years under Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson. Since the occasion was off-the-record, it was an opportunity for them to speak frankly, and they made the most of it, pungently and with high good humor. It was an evocation of the capital's special flavor, of what it considers amusing, threaded through by overtones of the Thurberish war between government and press.

Some of the highlights of the evening have gradually leaked out, so it is possible to report, for instance, that Eisenhower's long-time aide, Jim Hagerty, said, "I never enjoyed the job more than the day I left it. It is a truly wonderful thing—to look back on." George Reedy, who preceded Bill Moyers as Johnson's press chief, said, "The further you get away from it, the better you like it. I don't want it back." One of the hosts of the evening said Reedy had learned in the White House that "brevity in the defense of LBJ is no virtue, and anonymity is no vice." And Eric Sevareid said of Moyers, "I have observed there is a difference between the Irish Mafia and the Texas Mafia. You may still receive the knife, but you get prayed over in the process."

Moyers said the White House "has stopped planting questions" for reporters to ask the President. "We now plant the answers, and let the reporters guess what the questions are."

For example:

Question: "Mr. President, you said you didn't want to be a great President, but just a good President. Why did you become a great President?"

Answer: "I'm just tryin' to do my job."

Moyers also said, "The crisis of credibility has gotten so out of hand that we don't believe our own leaks." The ebullient Liz Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's press secretary, said that last fall when Moyers told the President that all the lights were off in New York, Mr. Johnson clapped him on the back and said, "Now, that's the spirit!"

Pierre Salinger, President Kennedy's aide, noted Moyers' yearning to abdicate the press job, and said, "We're all here because he's looking for one of us to take it back." Recalling his defeat for the Senate in 1964, Pierre said, "What do you do when 1.5 million people actively dislike you?" One answer is to visit Washington where 1.5 million do like you.

Since this was a party for radio-television people, the press secretaries had some comments about them, too. Mrs. Carpenter, for instance, said "that behind every successful TV correspondent stands a woman. And behind her stands his wife!"

Of Jim Hagerty, now a vice president of ABC, Mrs. Carpenter said, "It was Jim who taught the country that playing golf and shooting quail were the most desirable Presidential attributes." No one had a more onerous job than that, she added, "except Hubert Humphrey's travel age[nt]."

Moyers said he had trained him[self] to keep his words to reporters s[weet] and affable, "because you never k[now] when you may have to eat them." [But] a few nights later, speaking to alu[mni] of Columbia's School of Journal[ism] the even-tempered Moyers was [far] from sweet or affable. "You often [get] things through a keyhole," he s[aid]. "You see only a small portion of w[hat] we in the government see. Yours [are] errors of incompleteness." He [is] concerned over misjudgments a[ris]ing from "limited knowledge." [He] thought many reporters were "sna[rled] by irrelevancies."

He was not joking when he s[aid], "You are unable to accept motiva[tion] in quite the same way we believe [men] in the government are motivated. [And] so often do things out of the pu[re] motives [*sic*]. The heart of the [pro]sion is that it is difficult for you [to] understand our motives have been [as] pure as they are."

Many Washington correspond[ents] would concede that they often hav[e] write from limited knowledge (so[me]times because the government lim[its] it), and also that they do not alw[ays] see situations as completely as [the] government. Incomplete or not, h[ow]ever, they sometimes see events m[ore] disinterestedly than the governm[ent] and few have reason to believe t[hat] the government consistently d[oes] things "out of the purest motiv[es]" Moyers apparently has the s[ame] doubts about the motives of the pr[ess]. When he was asked if he believes [in] honest journalism, he said, "I th[ink] there are honest journalists like th[ere] are honest politicians. When bou[ght] they stay bought." Hmmmm.

•

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From a circular letter from the Re[per]tory Theater of Lincoln Center, N[ew] York City, March 1966.

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Harper's
magazine

America's Unhealthy Children

An Emerging Scandal

By Roul Tunley

What the United States—now a backward country in one of the most important fields of medicine—could do to catch up with the rest of the world.

"United States children today are the healthiest in history," Dr. Fred Hein said recently. As chairman of the AMA's joint committee on Health Problems in Education, he was enunciating a favorite theme of organized medicine in this country. The statement might be valid if the doctor was referring to the suburban babies who crowd pediatricians' offices for their shots and little else. Or if he meant to say that today's children are less sickly than previous generations. But the generalization is delusive. The fact is our children are not nearly as healthy as they should be, considering our wealth and knowledge. And there is overwhelming evidence that much poorer nations often do a far better job than we in making sure their youngsters are hale and hearty.

I have not come to these conclusions lightly. They have been reached only after a long, hard look at medicine both here and abroad, a look prompted by our unique posture among the world's medical systems. We are the last industrial nation in the Western world without some form of universal health care (Finland, the other holdout, capitulated in 1964 and adopted compulsory insurance). As we swim doggedly against the tide, we invite comparison between our medical system and those of other countries.

In the last year and a half I have visited hundreds of hospitals and clinics. On both continents, I have talked with doctors, patients, officials, and politicians, studied their publications and reports. What I have learned has convinced me that in many respects our health services are deficient. Here I would like to discuss only one crucial aspect: the medical treatment we do and do not give to our youth—that segment of our population on which the future of our society depends.

The care of babies starts in the womb with the care of the mother. And one measure of its quality

is the number of infants born dead or afflicted with preventable defects. The international record in this field was recently discussed at an obstetrical congress in Holland. An American physician who happened to be in the country as a tourist dropped in on one session, and was astonished to hear the United States described as "an underdeveloped nation." Certain that this must have been a mistake, he questioned the presiding officer later. "No, that's correct," he was told. "In the field of obstetrics your country is underdeveloped."

This verdict would come as no surprise to anyone familiar with United Nations studies of infant mortality. By this measuring rod the United States has been moving steadily backward. In 1950, for example, we ranked sixth in deaths of babies per thousand births. (The country with the lowest rate—Sweden—ranked first, of course.) According to WHO statistics for 1961, we have slid down to something like fifteenth place. Indeed affluence does not seem the controlling factor. For instance, in Pennsylvania, a relatively rich and enlightened state, infant mortality is on the rise today. And in this country as a whole, the proportion of pregnant women receiving prenatal care is actually *declining*. (The rate of decline is about 2 per cent a year, according to the Maternity Center Association of America.)

Spokesmen of organized medicine—notably AMA executive secretary Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame—like to attribute our poor showing to our heavy Negro population compared, say, to Sweden or Holland. But there is no inherent reason why Negro babies should have a poorer prospect of survival than whites—except poverty and inferior prenatal care. This is the meaning of the striking statistical picture one finds in New York, where, in the predominantly white and reasonably affluent borough of Queens, infant deaths are 300 per cent lower than in Negro Harlem. In contrast, in Minnesota—where all races have equal access to first-class hospitals—infant mortality rates are identical for white and non-whites. Utah—where there are few Negroes—has the best record in this country but it is worse than that of most European countries. This includes not merely the prosperous Swedes but also the unaffluent Yugoslavs; Belgrade, which was bombed to rubble twenty years ago, has an infant mortality rate of 30 per thousand while in wealthy New York the rate is 38.1 and in Washington it is 35.2.

There are many reasons for our lamentable showing. An underlying cause undoubtedly is our stubborn adherence to the notion that people who cannot afford to pay the full price of medical care should get it as a form of alms rather than a matter of right. We relegate them to city clinics where many of the physicians are unpaid and get nothing for their services except hospital privileges.

Going to the doctor is not an agreeable experience for an expectant mother or anyone else. People prefer to put it off. There are pleasanter things to do. Knowing this, other nations entice pregnant mothers into going to the obstetrician for checkups. They set up prenatal clinics at convenient locations, decorate them attractively and staff them with sympathetic personnel. They pay the mothers' carfare and reimburse them for time lost from work. In war-ravaged Finland, expectant mothers are given complete layettes as an inducement for accepting good prenatal care. Sweden offers cash bonuses.

What happens in America?

In the many areas where there are no maternity clinics at all, a pregnant woman of meager means can hunt for a private doctor, say she can't afford him, and throw herself on his mercy. Most doctors are generous, but the average woman is not eager to seek charity. Instead, she is likely to wait until she is in labor and then go to the hospital. By that time it may be too late to prevent serious damage to mother or child.

Some U. S. cities, of course, do maintain free or low-cost clinics. But the majority are so bleak and uninviting that women stay away from them in droves.

To document this situation the Maternity Center Association of America sent a young nurse—Miss K—disguised as an expectant mother to a number of clinics in voluntary and city hospitals. Everywhere she found appallingly crowded, unventilated, and badly lit waiting rooms where women sat for hours before being examined. In some places there was only one toilet for a hundred women. One woman—after waiting three hours—was told casually that she'd come to the wrong district.

"You mean after sitting here three hours I now have to do it all over again tomorrow?" she asked in dismay.

"That's right," said the clerk.

"But why didn't someone tell me that when I got here?"

Roul Tunley's latest book—"The American Health Scandal"—has aroused shocked attention to the record of the U. S. as compared to countries abroad. Now a full-time writer, Mr. Tunley formerly worked for "Look" and was an associate editor of "The Saturday Evening Post." His first book was "Kids, Crime, and Chaos."

he clerk shrugged.

Well, I'll just wait until I go into labor and
ı you'll *have* to take me!" she exploded and
med out.

nother woman was placed on a table, prepared
a pelvic examination and then abandoned for
ost an hour while a student waited for his
ructor to show up. Offered no explanation, the
ıan suffered agonizing fears. "Is something
ng?" she asked tearfully. "Am I too small to
e my baby?"

ther women told Miss K they felt like cattle
he clinic. Given this state of affairs, it is not
ɔrising that an American clinic which serves
ɔer cent of the eligible mothers in the area
s it is doing well. In contrast, an English or
nch maternity clinic reaches 80 per cent of
ɔotential customers.

he consequences of poor or inadequate prenatal
e are reflected not only in infant deaths but
in those who survive with preventable de-
s. A high proportion of the two million men-
retarded children in the United States are
ı to poor families, and many of the defects
d have been forestalled by simple medication
treatment before birth. Indeed most authori-
agree that retardation could be cut in half *if*
applied what we already know about such fa-
ar hazards as faulty metabolism and German
ısles.

Fifty Million Cavities

.appily—despite the defects in our prenatal
e—many millions of American babies do man-
to come into this world reasonably healthy. But
ıt kind of health care are they likely to get as
grow up?

'or some it will be the best medical science
to offer anywhere. But for others it will be
lequate or nonexistent. A striking example is
matter of dental care. Most advanced nations
ɔgnize that the care of children's teeth is
cially important; they provide free, or al-
st-free dentistry for their young. Yet the rich-
nation in the world, according to a federal
vey, allows half its youngsters to reach the age
fifteen without ever having seen the inside
ı dentist's office. As a result half of all Ameri-
s in their early teens have an average of ten
ayed teeth in their mouths. Furthermore, one
of every five children in America suffers from
ıronic ailment largely because of neglect.

)ne preventable scourge is amblyopia, or "lazy-
blindness." This disease results from crossed eyes or muscle imbalance. Double vision sets in, the young brain stops using one eye, and partial blindness results. For successful treatment, this condition must be diagnosed before the child reaches school age. This means that pediatricians should give every one of the nation's twenty million preschool children a simple acuity test. But in fact the vast majority never get such an examination. The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, which conducts a preschool testing program, admits it reaches "only the merest fraction." The statistical result showed up during World War II when 4 per cent of our draftees were found to suffer from amblyopia which had damaged their vision.

School, of course, is a natural place to catch many of the defects and diseases of children. Other countries make the most of this opportunity by providing much free medical care to school children. In the U. S., however, organized medicine insists that medical care is the responsibility of parents and, apart from cursory examinations and recommendations, our schools do little in the way of health care.

As a result of this laissez-faire policy the "underprivileged" youngster in an institution is quite likely to get better medical care than the average one living in his own home. For instance, in a group of a thousand former inmates of five North Carolina orphanages who were drafted during World War II only 1.4 per cent were rejected. In contrast the rejection rate for North Carolina as a whole that year was 56.8 per cent. Across the country, indeed, half of the young men called up today are rejected, the majority because of physical disabilities which might well have been corrected by regular medical care.

No Dollar Sign on Child Care

To most Europeans, the medical neglect of our children seems not only careless but suicidal. Consider, for example, the view from Sweden, which has a top record both in infant mortality and in longevity. Swedes—who have a passion for statistics—can document their performance precisely.

Sweden adopted universal compulsory health insurance ten years ago and takes few chances with its children medically. There are free maternity clinics readily accessible to all. Services of a trained obstetrical nurse are provided free before, during, and after birth. The state pays the mother $200 when the child arrives, her hospital confinement is free, and if she works she is com-

pensated for the loss of income during pregnancy.

In addition, the state provides an annual cash allowance for children up to the age of sixteen, as well as free supervision of the youngster's health up to school age. This generally means four or five complete physical examinations, including eyes and teeth. After the child is seven, the school health system takes over. Complete physicals are done in the schools, generally in the first, fourth, seventh, and ninth grades. Polio, smallpox, tuberculosis, and other immunizations are free and routinely furnished to all.

As a result there is an astonishingly low disease rate among Swedish children, and nutritional defects are unknown—in part because free lunches are included in the school health package. In contrast, a recent Washington, D. C. study found that large numbers of first graders were failing because they were anemic and that the trouble with many nonreaders was that they couldn't see properly.

The care of children is the most completely "socialized" aspect of Swedish medicine—in which the private practioner still plays a considerable part and earns an excellent living. Dr. Sven-Ivar Rollof, the young head of Stockholm's school medical system, thinks this is as it should be. "You can't make a business out of the health of children," he told me. Swedes, of course, pay higher social-security premiums than we do, but they feel the results are worth it. So do virtually all the other countries that have adopted compulsory medical coverage. And they agree too that the biggest payoff has been with the health of children.

Science for the Few

This is not to deny or belittle the areas in which American medicine excels. As one example among many, a few years ago Dr. George Robinson at New York's Montefiore Hospital successfully performed open-heart surgery on a ten-months-old girl—a feat impossible a decade ago. She was the youngest person in history to survive such surgery, in which Americans have pioneered. We can also claim credit for the conquest of polio which took 3,154 lives in 1952 and only five in 1964. We have scored victories over smallpox, yellow fever, and typhoid. In the last two decades influenza deaths have been cut by 88 per cent, tuberculosis by 87 per cent, and rheumatic fever by 90 per cent. We have won more Nobel prizes in medicine than any other nation. Our laboratories are superbly equipped, our surgical hardware is awesome, our wonder drugs are almost unlimited.

But such achievements, alas, do not automatically add up to good medicine. Dr. Milton Roemer of the University of California put it this way: "American medicine at its best is not available to a large proportion of the 194 million people in this country."

Certainly it is not available to many average and low-income families who stint on medical care for their children because a family doctor's fee is $5 or $10 and a specialist's $15 to $25.

Despite the protestations of the AMA, lack of money is a formidable barrier to good medical care and it can have tragic consequences. For example, I think of a young mother I know who lives in a large Western city and supports her two children on a secretary's salary. Her eight-year-old daughter came down with a cold and was kept out of school for a week. But, to save money, the mother did not consult a doctor. The child seemed to improve, went back to school on Friday, and the next day, was well enough to go to her dancing class. But she came home listless, and seemed tired through the weekend. Around midnight Sunday she became desperately ill, started vomiting, and gasping for breath. The panic-stricken mother tried mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. When the child's body went limp, the mother raced across the street to a pay telephone.

Not knowing what doctor to call, she rang the city's medical society, and an answering service responded. After she had explained her desperate need for a doctor, the voice at the other end asked, "Do you have ten dollars?"

"You see," the voice went on, "it's very difficult to get a doctor to make a house call at this hour without a cash payment."

Short of cash and too confused to think of rousing neighbors, the mother slammed down the receiver. Then she looked up and called an ambulance, which arrived in ten minutes. But by this time the little girl was dead. A postmortem was done at the morgue and the cause of death was found to be a virus which attacks the heart. No one knows whether or not a doctor could have saved the child; but no one can doubt that the denial of medical care was a brutal blow to both mother and child.

Uncounted other American children are similarly deprived and billion-dollar research programs will not help them. Countries which make fewer headlines with their operations and drugs have taken realistic steps to see to it that babies don't die at birth and that avoidable defects are prevented while they are growing up.

Strangely enough, the United States, which now lags so far behind, pioneered in this very area

y years ago, more than a fourth of the chil- in schools for the blind in this country were e because of a disease called ophthalmia neo- rum. In 1908 a determined woman named isa Schuyler learned that a drop of silver ıte in each eye at birth could prevent this tion. As a result of her crusade, every state he union subsequently enacted legislation iring this treatment for all newborn babies the disease has been nearly wiped out.

Next Step—Junior Medicare

e preventive and therapeutic arsenal of medi- science has grown immensely since Louisa yler's day. But we are still limping in our ts to reach the most crucial target—the grow- generation. We have, for one thing, tied our- s in a semantic knot whose strands are those slogans "Free Choice of Doctor," "Physi- Patient Relationship," and "Socialized Medi- " "The biggest trouble with U. S. medicine," Dr. John Hastings of the University of nto, "is psychological."

e are also in trouble because we are not grad- ıg enough doctors to fill our present and e needs. There are, for example, only 7,500 ıalmologists in the entire country. Just to every man, woman, and child in the country dinary eye test—the kind said to be essential od health—would be a physical impossibility if the nation's ophthalmologists labored t and day, gave up weekends and holidays, lid none of their usual day-to-day work.

e are told too that we should all have annual ups. Yet if every American were to be given rty-minute physical once a year, we'd need a 33 per cent increase in doctors right away— to do the examinations and nothing else. In ield of obstetrics the shortage is especially e. We are currently producing babies at the of four million a year and by 1975 the an- figure is expected to reach five million—an ase of 25 per cent. But the ratio of practic- doctors to population will be down by pos- as much as 30 per cent. "Unless we do some- about it," says Dr. Nicholas Eastman of the Foundation, "prenatal care will vanish from ower socioeconomic groups."

nsider, in contrast, the situation in Eng- whose experiment with total health care is ed by the U. S. medical Establishment. Two les ago when the British Health Service went operation our infant mortality rate was bet- nan England's. Today it is worse. Moreover, in Britain the ratio of doctors to population is rising, while here it is declining.

What we can do when we organize our medical resources rationally is dramatically illustrated by the experience of the Health Insurance Plan of New York (HIP), a prepaid group-practice plan whose members (together with their employers) pay a fixed monthly charge and can visit the doctor without any fee per visit. According to a recent survey, the infant mortality rate among HIP members is only 21.3 per thousand. For the rest of the city it is almost twice as high.

Most experts agree that a wider use of prepaid group practice plans like HIP would pay the biggest health dividends, especially with children. But, unhappily, about half our states have laws which in effect prohibit such plans. Unless one happens to live in one of about a dozen cities in the United States, such respected group practices as the Kaiser Plan, HIP, Ross-Loos, and others are not available. Surely all the states should repeal these restrictive laws (as some are now doing) so that every citizen can in fact have a Free Choice of Doctors—a slogan which is now a hollow irony.

Inevitably, we will need some sort of effective and universal insurance plan—as virtually every other country in the Western world has already found out. We like to boast that 75 per cent of Americans are covered by health insurance. But, in fact, it is far from comprehensive, paying only about 25 per cent of the nation's total health bill.

Few Americans—particularly doctors—seem to have a realistic picture of foreign medical systems. No arrangement is perfect, of course, and almost everyone I talked to abroad had ideas for improvements in their system. But virtually no one wanted to go back to the old ways or settle for the U. S. setup. This is the view even of most European doctors, as frequent polls have shown.

We are inclined to adopt changes at a sluggish pace. We have only now decided that citizens over sixty-five have a right to the medical care they need—years after everybody else. It is true that the 1965 Medicare bill offers special project grants to provide health services to children of low-income families, if the states want to take advantage of the offer. However, neither the money nor the project approach is adequate to meet the crux of the problem—*i.e.*, the health care of all our children. Surely the next step should be some sort of Junior Medicare for our young, guaranteeing them at least as much as we are giving our older people. The deteriorating health of our children—compared with other countries'—has made this imperative.

In the last analysis, of course, I would hope we

would not be content merely to match the infant mortality and longevity records of foreign nations. As the leading exponent of democracy we should not be content to be just as good, much less second, or even eleventh (as we are at the moment in infant mortality).

In my travels abroad, I found many who admired our performance in the scientific laboratory. But I found almost none who admired our job in the social laboratory. A young New Zealand doctor who had spent several years here as a hospital resident was typical. He was full of praise for what we had done in drug and scientific research. But he found little to praise in the rest of our medical organization. "*We* take care of our people," he said proudly.

Curing an elderly man's third stroke, removing cancerous tissue from a seventy-five-year-old woman, or performing a $10,000 open-heart operation on a retired executive is humane and worthwhile. But if we really want to build a healthy nation and plan for the future, we must start with our children. We must, in fact, start at the beginning, even before the infant is born.

The Sickly Bostonians

WITHIN the past year, five of Boston's teaching hospitals—Massachusetts General, Children's, Beth Israel, Boston City, and Boston Floating—performed comprehensive diagnostic work-ups on three population groups totaling almost 2,000 young people.

Among 1,442 preschool children aged four to six who were enrolled in the Office of Economic Opportunity's Project Head Start, over 31 per cent exhibited major physical defects or emotional problems of clinical significance. Some children had both.

A very wide range of physical pathology was uncovered, including cardiovascular disease, neurological deficit, bronchopulmonary dysfunction, orthopedic problems, and diseases of the gastrointestinal tract. Growth of some children was retarded as a result of metabolic disturbances or malnutrition. Inadequate hearing and vision were extremely common, as were serious oral disorders.

Most striking of all was the high rate of emotional disturbance. Nearly 25 per cent of all the children had some sort of psychological difficulty, ranging from serious behavioral problems to psychoses.

Among the other neglected medical needs discovered by the Boston pediatricians were 2 cases of congenital heart disease necessitating corrective open-heart surgery; 11 tuberculin-positive cases, two of them with active TB; nearly 30 hernias, the majority umbilical and 20 of them severe enough to require surgical correction; and 17 cases of rheumatic fever.

The remainder of the conditions range the pathological spectrum: seizures, ringworm, scrotal hydrocele, lumbar lordosis, bruxism, cystitis, undescended testes, renal anomalies, enuresis, bilateral pes planus, pronated feet, asthma, chronic parenchymatous nephritis, mitral stenosis, urinary tract infections, proteinuria, various allergies, and a variety of ear, nose, and throat problems, such as otitis media. . . .

A medical check of 159 school dropouts revealed the same poverty-disease pattern found among the younger children. Of the 159 youngsters, 98 had some form of pathologic condition, including central nervous system disorders, asthma, and pulmonary, cardiac, upper respiratory, and orthopedic problems. In addition, anemia, hematuria, eosinophilia, pyuria, scoliosis-kyphosis, neuromuscular disorders, and various fungal infections were diagnosed. Hearing and vision defects were also widespread, as well as severe emotional problems.

The outgrowth of these findings was a new approach including treatment as well as diagnosis for all applicants for such youth groups as the Job Corps, Youth Training, and Outward Bound. In the first month of the comprehensive follow-up treatment program, two individuals found to have small neoplasms were admitted to surgery at Boston City Hospital, one girl was found with a right bundle branch block, four individuals were referred to the psychiatric clinic, one youth was found to have diabetes, three youths found to have venereal disease (two syphilis, one gonorrhea), two youths with epilepsy were referred to the neurology clinic, and several were referred to the ophthalmology clinic for refraction and prescription of glasses. Approximately 29 per cent had substantial physical defects, many of which were never diagnosed before.

Dr. Gardner Edwards, attending physician for the Youth Health program, points out, "The older group is clearly a progression of the younger. It's just as if you were seeing the disadvantaged preschooler ten years later. . . . Some of these young people are already toothless. More than 80 per cent have marked decay or mouth infections. The number who are emotionally disturbed is unbelievable. The thing that hits home when you see them is, what happened during their ten or twelve school years. How come no one spotted their problems a lot sooner—and did something about solving them?"

As Massachusetts General's John Knowles says, "What can you do? These people are desperately in need of medical care. Most of them live only a short few blocks away from some of the country's greatest medical complexes."

—Condensed from *Medical World News*, November 5, 1965.

Harper's Magazine, May 1966

Hello, There! You're on the Air

by Jessica Mitford

Radio's new success with talk shows is providing an orgy of self-expression for listeners, a gold mine for stations, and some unsettling experiences for the men who run the programs.

Radio listeners in Dayton, Ohio, were recently treated to one of the most spirited debates ever aired in that city. It occurred on Phil Donahue's "Conversation Please" program over Station WHIO, and was triggered by a woman who telephoned in to raise the question, should a husband's underpants be ironed? "Am I remiss? I don't," she said. So many calls followed that comment that the lines were jammed for hours. Examples: "It depends whether he wears jockey shorts or boxer style." "I don't, it's a waste of time." "I do, it makes me feel as though I've accomplished something when I see how comfortable he looks when he puts them on in the morning." "I iron them, but I don't put a crease in the front." "I don't, and think women who do are those who feel inadequate, and have to seek fulfillment by ironing their husbands' undershorts." Finally, an irate caller complained that the whole undershorts controversy was a waste of time, a ridiculous subject for a radio program, and an indication of the immaturity of women who would participate in such trivia. Asked by Donahue if she herself ironed her husband's undershorts, she held forth for a solid six minutes on this absorbing topic.

The audience-participation program, though it may not always manage to stir passions on such basic issues as this one, has emerged in the past few years as the brightest hope of the beleaguered radio industry. Threatened throughout the 1950s by the towering specter of television competition, radio is making a sensational comeback—and the reason may well be the success of the telephone "talk shows." Soap opera has moved on to television and has all but vanished from radio, displaced by the more gripping drama of real-life situations and dilemmas.

Words, words, words—they pour over the airwaves by the millions, night and day. If a housewife tells her husband at dinner, "Guess who I talked to today? Bobby Kennedy!" (or Martin Luther King, Jr., or Billy Graham, or Guy Lombardo) she may not be kidding. The guest-star program—in which a public personality consents to be Aunt Sally, a target for bricks and bouquets from anonymous callers—is one of the many forms taken by the talk shows. Others are straight question-and-answer shows, like that conducted by Dr. Rose Franzblau in New York, who advises parents on child upbringing. More often, there is no guest star and no set subject, just an endless stream of irrelevancies, misinformation, conjecture, opinion,

punctuated by the beckoning voice of the announcer: "Just pick up your phone and call this number. . . . Hullo, there! You're on the air."

The radio industry seems to have stumbled on this astonishingly successful format almost by accident. According to Paul Kagan, in charge of the talk programs for all the CBS-owned radio stations, the earliest origins of the telephone response program are lost in antiquity somewhere in the early 'fifties. Radio stations in California, Florida, and Colorado claim the prototype but such boasts are difficult to document because records are often sketchy and the men who created the programs have usually moved on.

It is within the past two or three years that the format has spread fast and wide in all directions. Some stations, such as the CBS group, have virtually converted to talk-telephone all day. Of some 5,000 radio stations in the country, almost all except for the strictly music stations now offer some type of talk program. While the earlier talk shows were all of the "night-owl" variety, beamed to shut-ins, insomniacs, lonely people with nobody but the radio to talk to, they now fill the daytime hours as well.

Listening to a random selection of talk-telephone shows from all over the United States, I often felt like an invisible guest at a huge cocktail party where nobody knows anyone else and at which there are too many women. One is alternately bored, irritated, amused, perforce instructed in all sorts of miscellaneous and unconnected matters. Snatches of conversation assail the ear: an amateur pundit is holding forth authoritatively about international affairs; a weepy matron is relating her marital troubles; others are quietly getting drunk and making no sense at all. We are not likely to be introduced to anyone because most stations do not permit the callers to give their names, on the theory that discussion will be freer and franker if they remain anonymous. No doubt the caller's anonymity also makes it safer for the program host to liven up the show by slanging the guests. "Lady, I'd like to paste a stamp on the end of your nose and mail you to a forest fire," Joe Pyne of KLAC, Los Angeles, recently told a caller.

Who Wants to Leave?

Topics, styles of delivery, opinions expressed by the callers are as various as human nature itself. Although the dominant voices are those of the clearly deranged, the far-right hate-peddler, the religious nut, and the loquacious bore, an occasional witty or well-informed caller gets through to provide moments of comedy or legitimate comment. The advocate of radical social change may also be on hand to inject an unorthodox viewpoint. It is the anticipation of the unexpected that makes it hard to shut off these programs. After all, who wants to leave before the end of the party? Something interesting might still happen.

Some indication of the popularity of the programs is afforded by those stations that have installed a monitor system to record the number of incoming calls. Mr. Kagan says that a run-of-the-mill half-hour talk program will attract between three and five hundred calls but often, if there is something of special interest, this may run far higher. A program featuring two nuns just returned from the Selma march drew 20,000 calls. An offer of free Beatles tickets drew more than 120,000—which is strange, since industry surveys show that the audience for talk-telephone is overwhelmingly adult, with less than 7 per cent under eighteen.

One might have assumed that a great advantage of the talk show, in which the listeners double as unpaid performers, would be that it costs little to produce. Quite the contrary is true. The talk show is one of the most expensive kinds of radio production—a music program costs half as much,

Story Without an End

THOUSANDS of radio listeners had fifteen anxious minutes last night as they heard a telephone conversation between a WNBC radio interviewer and a despondent Staten Island woman who was threatening to commit suicide.

Among the listeners was the woman's startled neighbor, who heard the last part of the broadcast and rushed next door as the police and a doctor, alerted by the station, arrived. . . .

The woman's soft, hesitant voice apparently convinced both the radio audience, who flooded the station with calls, and the interviewer, Long John Nebel, that [she] was seriously contemplating suicide. . . . Mr. Nebel said the conversation had unnerved him despite his many years in radio.

"You never know when these people are serious," he said. . . . The radio listeners never learned what happened to the woman, although the radio station learned that she had not committed suicide.

—Peter Millones, in the *New York Times*, February 4, 1966.

the expense of soap opera, a network operais small because it is divided between many ons. The talk show will typically require a sec-y, a writer-producer, a head producer, and the personality" himself; their combined salaries run upwards of $50,000 a year. To this must dded an engineer's salary and extensive enering costs—perhaps a dozen extra incoming hone lines, and a six-second delay device h permits the producer to eliminate obscene or ous remarks by pushing a button.

ie outlay has proved well worth it, for the talk rams have been rewarded by the approval of dvertisers, who have discovered that this foris made to order for their purposes. While c is often used by listeners merely as a backnd against which they may converse, read, herwise occupy themselves, the talk shows at- what is known in the industry as the "forend audience"—listeners who are hanging on y word that is spoken and who are therefore tely to miss the message conveyed in the comial. Radio stations all over the country report increases in advertising revenue since the nt of the talk shows—in the past three years, -time sales for local stations has risen by al- 30 per cent. Thus the merry tinkle of the cash ster chimes in harmony with the ringing tele- e.

iere is as yet no universally-accepted appella- for the host on these programs. "Commenta- or "moderator" is not quite accurate. "Talk ey" is disliked in the trade as being somewhat gatory, too flip to describe the serious role are trying to carve out for themselves. No t in the near future, with the American us for upgrading status through the use of -sounding titles, somebody will come up with versation engineer," "talk counseler," or kestonian." In the absence of a distinctive and otable title, I shall steer a safe middle course call them "talkicians."

ie talkician, then, is alternately bull baiter, dant, and highest authority on any subject may be thrown his way by a caller. His only fications may be a pleasant voice, a glib ue, and a background as radio sports announcer. Yet he deals handily with topics ranging from the threatened suicide of a caller to the Vietnam war, from the possibilities of life in outer space to the problems of Mexican farm workers, from juvenile delinquency to Zen Buddhism. He freely tenders advice on medical, legal, political, and religious subjects. Having established his omniscience in the minds of listeners, he then proceeds to deliver the commercials, thus adding his own prestige to the claims of the pet-food manufacturer or vacuum-cleaner outlet whose product he is selling.

Such a One Is Ira Blue

Not all talkicians fit all aspects of this composite picture. Some are intelligent and well-informed men (very few women have found their way into this line of work) who do their best to steer the program into the direction of sanity. Some are modest, easygoing types who readily admit ignorance of a topic flung out by a caller, and who are too principled to give random, possibly harmful advice off the top of their head. Still others are driven, tormented spirits, the captive of their métier which has swallowed them whole.

Such a one is Ira Blue of Station KGO, San Francisco, far and away the highest-rated (in terms of numbers of listeners) of any such program in the area. From 9:30 P.M. until 1:00 A.M. five nights a week, he sits on a cramped platform in a restaurant adjoining the hungry i nightclub. The arrangement is baffling, for the diners cannot hear Ira's interlocutors and they can barely hear Ira himself above the din of conversation in the restaurant.

Thus an appropriate atmosphere of bedlam is established in advance. Ira's style of delivery is what Stephen Potter would call "plonking," that is, didactic, insistent, ponderous. His passion for hammering home a point leads him into wild flights of rhetoric and non sequiturs which defy paraphrasing: "I think that the use of genocide, the use of flame and fire, napalm. I think all of these things need a-a-a-a blossoming into being, a rehashing. . . . War, to me, is an admission of utter, dismal defeat of intellect, war to me is nothing more than the barbaric remains of an ignorance that cannot provide anything intellectually proper to overcome the abysmal ignorance that exists."

Sometimes a listener will rebuke Ira for his long-windedness: "Hello, Mr. Blue, I hope you're going to listen to this tape tomorrow, because it's not a phone show for the people who are calling in

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ca Mitford, whose "American Way of Death," three years old, continues to fascinate multi- s of readers, has lived in California since 1943. ame to the U.S. from England in 1939, worked rious jobs, including one for the OPA during ar and one as executive secretary of the Civil ts Congress in Oakland. Her first book was ighters and Rebels"—an autobiography.

at all, you talked three and a half minutes out of everybody's call, just shouted so you can't hear their point at all, and you missed their point and misjudged everything they were saying, most of them. So calm down a bit, take a tranquilizer and listen to people."

Ira is at his best when tangling head-on with a caller, as in this interchange at the time of the Los Angeles riots:

> *Caller*: I believe in the city police having powers without having the NAACP running down every few minutes.
>
> *Ira*: The NAACP has nothing to do with what is going on down in Los Angeles any more than you do, Madam, stop showing your hatred. Your bigotry, it's showing.
>
> *Caller*: Mr. Blue, stop shouting!
>
> *Ira*: People like you are responsible . . .
>
> *Caller*: No, no, no!
>
> *Ira*: Oh, I'd hate to be married to anything like you!

This kind of talk, interspersed with some thirty commercials delivered nightly by Ira, attracts an estimated 100,000 listeners in an area stretching from Alaska to Mexico. It grosses for the network over $250,000 in annual advertising revenue. Proof of the personal involvement of the listeners with Ira is the astonishing amount of mail he receives, over 2,000 letters a month, ranging from the "Dear sir, you cur" variety to hymn of extravagant praise. By contrast, the editor of magazine with a readership of eight million tell me that a major article will draw around 50 mailed responses.

Of his callers Ira told me, "I could sit down an write a book about the unbelievable ignorance an intolerance of most people with whom I've talke for two years, three and a half hours a night, fiv nights a week. No one can overestimate the hatre and bigotry that exists in this country."

Ten Minutes of Groans

VOLUBLE little Robert Goldman . . . runs a lively talk show over Trenton, N. J. radio station WTTM. . . . Shortly after 11:30 one night, listeners heard Goldman cry out, "What do you fellows want?" Next came a loud crash, followed by scuffling sounds, then Goldman's voice: "I can't get up . . . help . . . someone please help." Intermittent groans went over the air for ten minutes; finally listeners heard the arrival of the police.

Hospitalized briefly, Goldman could identify his assailants only as two or possibly three unknown men. . . . One hit him from behind and wrestled him to the floor, while the other hit him with the desk mike; both, he said, kicked and pummeled him into unconsciousness.

Actor Goldman blamed right-wing extremists for the attack. He had received threats after a previous denunciation of right-wingers. "I'm a ham at heart. I've probably been asking for this." Then he added, "But I never thought it would get so physical."

Newsweek, February 7, 1966.

The Best Way to Kill a Sho

According to Phil Donahue, whose highly su cessful "Conversation Please" in Dayton, Ohio, h the biggest audience of any program in its tim slot, most talk shows are plagued by two majo problems: the "regular" caller, and the Radic Right. The regular caller is apt to be an exhib tionist who asks questions on the air, not to g answers, but to hear himself ask. The Radic Right, he said, make a business of "exposing" pe ple.

"The best way to kill a talk show is to cram with callers who read, and the 'exposers' alwa read," Donahue explained. "They come on the a shuffling their pamphlets and editorials; they a speakers not with notes in their heads but wi their heads in their notes. In the show-biz sens they are deadly. Cut them off and you arouse the zeal. They thrive on martyrdom." He added, "Co lectively, I believe these people do more to cur the cause of conservatism in this country than th overwhelming defeat of Barry Goldwater—and believe a strong conservative force in this count is a healthy thing."

Donahue's remarks about the Radical Rig were echoed by other talkicians across the countr Les Vogel of WQAM, Miami, regularly cross swords with members of the John Birch Societ His complaint is that he finds it impossible to i duce them to appear in person on his progran "They can write letters and make phone calls, th can lie about this station, lie to my sponsors, b we can't get them to come into the station and tal a position on the air." (However, admitted Birc ers have made occasional rare appearances other talk shows).

A minority of talkicians outdo their callers Radical Right patter. Typical of these is Joe Py of Station KLAC, Los Angeles, who says of hi self, "I'm not a nice guy and I don't want to b Pyne also moderates a television program. At th height of the Los Angeles riots, he announced

levision that if the rioters came after him he ew what he would do. Then he opened a desk awer and pulled out a revolver, which he brand- ed before his viewing audience.

He harangues his radio listeners with his views the United Nations: "The Charter of the UN esn't mean a single thing, it's not worth the per on which it's written. If you're depending the UN, you might as well be an inmate in an ylum sitting in the corner grinding your teeth." trade with Russia: "The wheat deal was a give- ay. I say, Give 'em nothing except crabgrass!" Martin Luther King, Jr.: "Who could be a eater demagogue than King? Who told these ople in the first place to go out in the streets? was King and people like him." On the Los An- les riots: "There's no question about the com- nist influence. They send these white girls with e long black stringy hair and the black stockings wn there, and they fraternize with the Negro ys, and some of them are very flattered to have ese creeps come along and invite them to join ese various commie youth groups."

Michael Jackson, talkician from KNX, a rival s Angeles station, had some fun with this. A ller said she had heard Pyne declare communists re behind the riots, and this exchange followed:

Jackson: Ask Joe Pyne how he personally knows communists were involved. I'd love to hear the answer.

Caller (triumphantly): I've *got* the answer! He said they sent in beatnik girls, white ones, with black stockings, to bemuse and incite these men.

Jackson: Ha, ha, ha! It's no wonder our rat- ings are higher. Holy mackerel! Is that the same guy who waved a gun on TV?

Backstage with Dunbar

Backstage at Jim Dunbar's afternoon show on GO, San Francisco, I got a glimpse at the me- anics of running a talk show. The broadcasting udio is divided down the middle by a soundproof ass partition, making two small, cluttered oms. In one of them sits Jim Dunbar, sur- unded by the paraphernalia of his trade: micro- ones, headsets, telephones, and a sheaf of typed pers on which are written the day's commercials. the other side of the partition the engineer and oducer exchange desultory repartee while wait- g for the program to start. The engineer fiddles th controls and assorted gadgetry, adjusting, rning knobs, setting indicators. Because of the undproofing, Dunbar can only communicate th the producer through the intercom. Sitting with the producer, I can hear him talk to the caller but I cannot hear the caller's rejoinder. I can, how- ever, hear both Dunbar and the caller as they chat over the air. It is a head-spinning experience.

Bob Brixner, the producer, explains his end of the show. At his elbow is equipment for handling eight incoming telephone lines and two on which he can call out. His duties are manifold and con- fusing. He screens the incoming calls on all eight lines, excludes the clearly demented and the really besotted drunks, keeps a written log of subjects covered and amount of time spent by each caller, signals to Dunbar and the engineer when it is time for a commercial (thirty separate ones in the three hours of the show), feeds information about the callers to Dunbar over the intercom.

As the outside caller's first contact with the show, Brixner seems to view his role much as that of picador in a bullfight. "Sometimes I like to tense them up, get 'em mad," he said. "For instance, some guy will call in. 'What do you want to talk about?' I ask. He says, 'The war in Vietnam.' So I say, 'Oh no we don't want any more about that, that's boring, it's a drag.' The guy will get mad, he'll say 'There's people *dying* out there, it's *im- portant*.' So I'll say, 'Well I think it's *dull*.' After I get him really sore, really upset, I'll let him talk on the air." The listening audience is, of course, completely unaware of Brixner's antics, for only Jim Dunbar's conversation with the caller is actu- ally broadcast.

At one o'clock the show opens with a few com- mercials, lights begin to flash on Brixner's panel, indicating the first callers are already on tap, and Brixner swings into action. It develops that an in- nocuous-sounding man is on the line, he wants to discuss teen-age promiscuity. Brixner: "You're rotten, sir, you're out to promote immorality. . . . You're a nasty old man, why don't you put in your upper plate? . . . (menacingly) "Just a minute! What do you know about sex? Hold on! Don't go away." He puts the caller on hold and picks up the next call. When the "nasty old man" gets on the air, a few minutes later, it turns out he merely wants to advocate more teaching of basic morality in the public schools.

Brixner varies his line depending on the caller. Now he is speaking in honeyed tones to a high- school girl. "It's the first time you've called in? Well, there's nothing to be nervous about. Look at it this way. You talk on the phone to your school friends, don't you? Well, this is just the same, only you'll be talking to Jim. Just say what's on your mind, and he'll talk back to you—it's just an ordinary phone conversation. BUT . . ." (he adopts a terrifying hissing tone) "remember, there'll be

two million eyes and ears listening to you, including all your neighbors, all your teachers, all your schoolmates. Your grandmother may never send you another card, after today. Hold on, I'll put you on in just a minute." He puts her on hold, and explains to me: "I thought I'd first relax her, then scare her a bit."

Minutes later, he returns to her line and breathes into the receiver: "Remember, two million eyes and ears. You're on the air!" In conversation with Dunbar she haltingly murmurs that she feels there should be a more adequate program of foreign languages in the high schools. Dunbar tries to get her to develop this thought, to come out with some specific suggestions; but apparently the two million eyes and ears are too much for her to bear, and she soon peters out.

Brixner picks up another phone. "Boy, you sound squeaky! Is your necktie too tight? Is your baby-sitter there? What! You're thirty years old? If you're over six I'll be surprised. Hold it. We'll prove it. I've got a doctor here, just say anything to him, he'll *know* how old you are." (He passes the phone to my seventeen-year old son who is in the studio, doubled up with laughter.) "The doctor's having apoplexy, I've got to give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He's flipping around like a salmon out of water. . . ."

If a topic requiring some specialized knowledge is broached, Brixner uses the outside lines to procure expert opinion. While I was there a man stated categorically that banks do not pay property taxes; he was proposing a method to increase state revenue by millions—make the banks pay property taxes! In short order Brixner had an official of the Bank of America on the line to set us all straight: banks do too pay property taxes, the banker assured the listening audience. Somebody else complained the Cooks' Union had barred him from employment by demanding a $75 initiation fee which he was unable to pay. Brixner reached the union secretary who said this was not true, the fee was $50, never demanded in advance of employment, the fellow must be a troublemaker.

Unlike Phil Donahue, Jim Dunbar rather encourages his "regulars", and has gradually built up some of them into radio personalities, giving each a distinctive nickname. The Bird Lady, so called because "she talks like a pigeon flying in a closed room, and keeps bumping into things," is apt to ramble on about the weather: "God's trying to tell us something, He's mad at the P.G. and E., that's why He's knocking down their power lines with these thunder storms—He's mad because everyone's going too fast and lousing things up." The Shadow specializes in mysterious pronouncements: "Stamp out that crazy, brainwashin nonsense about 'government by law,' get rid tow-cars and parking meters if you want to g respect for the police, a man who believes nothir is impossible never tried to get a plumber of a Su day. . . ." The Cookie Lady gives out kooky recipe

Dunbar explained that the ground rules of KG like those of most talk stations, allow both talk cian and caller absolute freedom to express opi ions, no matter how controversial. The only proh bition is against profane or obscene languag which could constitute a threat to the statior license under FCC regulations. The talkician required to observe the "fairness doctrine" of t station and to give adequate time for expression opposing views. There often are hot debates on t troop-train demonstrations, the student Fr Speech Movement, and other real issues of t day—even though they may be sandwiched in b tween Shadow and Bird Lady.

"I Began to Enjoy I

A mild-mannered, conscientious liberal, Du bar says that at first the work had a profound a distressing effect on him. He worried over bei ill-prepared to discuss the innumerable subje thrown his way by callers, he frequently lost h temper on the air, he bristled at personal attac The John Birch Society, he said, discovered t programs early on and began to use them as a pu lic platform: "They launched a real assault, it w tooth and nail with the Birchers."

Dunbar soon discovered that ridicule was oft his most effective weapon when dealing with t really far-out callers. "I found I was best suit not to take everything so darn seriously," he sa "I began smiling at them—and I found it was fu I began to enjoy it."

Recently, Dunbar gave his listeners a devast ing little lesson on the methodology of charac assassination—what Senator Kuchel has tern "fright-peddling." One dull afternoon, he deci to liven things up a bit by casually throwing the question, "Is Lawrence Welk a communist There ensued one of the wildest dialogues I ha ever heard on radio, between Dunbar and agitated woman caller whose voice was edged w genuine concern and dismay.

"What proof do you have that Lawrence Well a communist?" she demanded to know. "W proof do *you* have that he's not?" countered Du bar. "If you don't have any proof that he's *no* communist, then it's possible." The caller rea conceded this point, and Dunbar continued

ever did make a libelous statement like, 'He is communist.' I just asked a question, *is* he a communist? That's clever of me, because it doesn't ommit me in any legal way to account at some ater date for my actions. But I did ask the ques-ion, what do we know about Welk? In the matter f proof, he does play a lot of tunes with 'red' in he title—*Red, Red Robin, Red Sails in the Sunset* -now, why? I've asked myself that question time nd again. And I just don't know the answer."

The caller, now obviously alarmed, suggested Velk might be using some sort of code. Dunbar icked this up enthusiastically: "Some sort of in-ernational code. Or it might be a desperately lever subliminal campaign—Red Riding Hood, ed Suspenders—those things could conspire in a ery real sense to corrupt millions of Americans. nd that's why I ask the question, is Lawrence Velk a communist? I leave it up to you to con-lude."

Having successfully brought the caller this far she is assenting vigorously to the last point))unbar, like Will o' the Wisp, frolics ahead, lur-ng her further and further into the quagmire. his exchange follows:

Dunbar: You just don't know about these things. So many of us are just lulled, we accept so many things, and then it comes out that Dwight Eisenhower is an active agent of the communist conspiracy, and Earl Warren, and Milton Eisenhower, and John Foster Dulles—that's why nobody is above suspicion, even Lawrence Welk.

Caller: No, they aren't, as far as that goes, they aren't.

Dunbar: I'd watch the show this Saturday if I were you, and I'd be just a little bit curious about the number of times "red" appears.

Caller: Yes.

Dunbar: My feeling is this: If Dwight Eisenhower can be a communist, so can Lawrence Welk.

Caller: Yes, I listened to another person over the air not long ago who claimed Eisenhower was a communist. This party said that he went along with certain things in order to get the war over with.

Dunbar: That's basic to Eisenhower's whole philosophy, really, he would do almost anything to get the war over. You can't really trust a fella who would do that.

Caller: No, you can't, you can't, but I think the great American public is sitting here in a sort of lethargy—

Dunbar: That's right! *That's* the word I was searching for. Well, I just decided to take the bull by the horns and say something about it. I thought Lawrence Welk had been bathed in respectability long enough, and I thought it was time that somebody stood up and said "Is Lawrence Welk a communist?"

Caller (fervently): Yes, well, I admire you very much for it, I really do. I think it's quite a service to everyone because if it were true he should certainly be exposed.

Dunbar: And even if it's *not* true, he should be exposed . . .

For days thereafter listeners called and wrote in to congratulate Dunbar on this spoof of a sickness of our time. Unfortunately high points like this—and like the great undershorts-ironing debate in Dayton—occur all too rarely.

Conclusions about the talk shows? It would be easy to dismiss them as so much vacuous drivel beamed to idle minds. Yet that is not the whole story. They do offer a lively change from the bland output of much of the mass media. Newspapers across the country are becoming more and more uniform as they substitute the canned syndicated column for original writing. Television, cowering further and further away from controversial or disturbing issues, has retreated into its own wishy-washy fantasy land. In contrast, the talk shows thrive on controversy and actively encourage the uncensored airing of nonconformist ideas. They at least offer the potential of uninhibited discussion and rough-and-tumble debate. Perhaps, in an overtranquilized land, this is the key to their success.

Harper's Magazine, May 1966

IT

by Robert Wallace

could be a link of chain;
a wall, defense against
anything; a wheel
for going everywhere;
among the stars, a star, fixed;
a planet wandering; eclipsed,
a sun (rimmed with its own light);
a hoop where virgins run;
concave now, now convex,
it is a cipher next,
zero, nothing, but what
looses the multiples of thought;
a disc, crown, collar, noose;
an amphisbaena in flowers
that sweetly itself devours;
a whirlpool devouring us;
gold garland, wreath, coin, moon,
Phoenix's straw—but always mouth,
always a mouth to sing!

I wed, love, you: this ring!

The Last Gentleman

Two Excerpts from the Forthcoming Novel

by Walker Percy



Introduction: *Will Barrett, the protagonist of this novel, is a curious young man beset by curious symptoms. He suffers a dislocation of his time sense which is manifested by attacks of amnesia and* déjà vus. *A transplanted Southerner living in New York, he periodically lapses into fugue states and is apt to come to himself on old battlefields in Virginia, disoriented but haunted by a sense of history. His moods are paradoxical: he becomes depressed and anxious in psychologically favorable situations and exhilarated in times of catastrophe. At present he is employed as a humidification engineer at Macy's where he presides over a computer three floors below street level.*

His early life was not unusual, but while attending Princeton University he became depressed and moved to New York where he took up residence at the YMCA and submitted himself to intensive psychoanalysis and group therapy.

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The action of the novel begins with an episode in Central Park in the course of which he sets up a telescope and observes quite by accident the rendezvous of two women half a mile away.

Barrett's "symptoms" are presented equivocally. They can be construed according to traditional psychology as such, as symptoms, that is, as evidences of a personality disorder and maladaptation of organism to environment. Or his symptoms can be understood as more or less appropriate reactions to a new order of things, an as yet unnamed era which may have begun without his even being aware of it.

The reader is free to have him sick or well, as he chooses. Barrett's suspicion, for example, that the world catastrophe which everyone fears might happen has in fact already happened—this suspicion can be read, if one prefers, as a delusion.

—W. P.

The Hurricane

t was shortly after the weekend at Bear Moun-
in that he lapsed into a fugue state which was
orse than the last.

But now he had developed an even more alarm-
g symptom. He began to get things backward.
e felt bad when other people felt good and good
hen they felt bad. Take an ordinary day in New
ork. The sun is shining, people live well, go
out satisfying their needs and achieving goals,
ork at creative jobs, attend cultural attrac-
ons, participate in interesting groups. This is,
y every calculation, as it should be. Yet it was on
ist such a day as this, an ordinary Wednesday or
hursday, that he felt the deepest foreboding.
nd when his doctor, seeking to reassure him,
ggested that in these perilous times a man might
ell be entitled to such a feeling, that only the in-
ensitive did not, etc., it made him feel worse than
ver. The analyst had got it all wrong. It was not
ne prospect of the Last Day which depressed him
ut rather the prospect of living through an or-
inary Wednesday morning.

Though science taught that good environments
ere better than bad environments, it appeared to
im that the opposite was the case.

Take hurricanes, for example, certainly a bad
nvironment if ever there was one. It was his im-
ression that not just he but other people too felt
etter in hurricanes—though it must be admitted
hat he had studied only four people and one hur-
icane, evidence hardly adequate to support a sci-
ntific hypothesis. One real robin does suggest a
pring, however.

The summer before he had got caught in hurri-
ane Donna. A girl named Midge Auchincloss,
one other in fact than the daughter of his fath-
r's old friend, had invited him to drive her up to
a jazz festival in Newport. During the same week-
nd a small hurricane was beating up along the
oast but giving every sign of careening off into
he North Atlantic. Nobody took much notice of it.
Friday afternoon nothing was very different. The
ld Northeast smelled the same, the sky was hazed
ver, and things were of not much account. The
ngineer and his friend Midge behaved toward
ach other in their customary fashion. They did
ot have much to say, not as a consequence of a
reakdown in communications such as one often
nears about nowadays, but because there was in
fact not much to say. Though they liked each other
well enough, there was nothing to do, it seemed,
but press against each other whenever they were
alone. Coming home to Midge's apartment late at night, they would step over the sleeping Irishman, stand in the elevator and press against each other for a good half hour, each gazing abstractedly and dry-eyed over the other's shoulder.

But a knoll of high pressure reared up in front of Donna and she backed off to the west. On the way home from Newport, the Auchinclosses' Continental ran into the hurricane in Connecticut. Searching for Bridgeport and blinded by the rain which hit the windshield like a stream from a firehose, the engineer took a wrong exit off the turnpike and entered upon a maze of narrow high-crowned blacktops such as crisscross Connecticut, and got lost. Within a few minutes the gale winds reached near-hurricane strength and there was nothing to do but stop the car. Feeling moderately exhilarated by the uproar outside and the snugness within, dry as a bone in their cocoon of heavy-gauge metal and safety glass, they fell upon one another fully clothed and locked in a death grip. Strange Yankee bushes, perhaps alder and dogbane, thrashed against the windows. Hearing a wailing sound, they sat up and had the shock of their lives. There, standing in the full glare of the headlights or rather leaning against the force of the hurricane, was a child hardly more than a babe. For a long moment there was nothing to do but gaze at him, so wondrous a sight it was, a cherub striding the blast, its cheeks puffed out by the four winds. Then he was blown away. The engineer went after him, backing up on all fours, butt to wind like a range pony, reached the ditch and found him. Now with the babe lying as cold as lard between them and not even shivering, the engineer started the Continental and crept along, feeling the margin of the road under his tire like a thread under the fingertip, and found a diner, a regular old-style streetcar of a restaurant left over from the days before the turnpikes.

For two hours they sat in a booth and cared for the child, fed him Campbell's chicken-and-rice soup and spoke to him. He was not hurt but he was round-eyed and bemused and had nothing to say. It became a matter of figuring out what to do with him. The phone was dead and there was no policeman or anyone at all except the counterman who brought a candle and joined them. The wind

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Walker Percy's first novel, "The Moviegoer," won the National Book Award in 1962. Born in Alabama, Mr. Percy went to high school in Mississippi, to college at the University of North Carolina, and received an M.D. from Columbia University in 1941. He now lives in Covington, Louisiana. His new novel, "The Last Gentleman," from which these excerpts are taken, will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in June.

shrieked and the streetcar swayed and thrummed as if its old motors had started up. A window broke. They helped the counterman board it up with Coca-Cola crates. Midge and the counterman, he noticed, were very happy. The hurricane blew away the sad, noxious particles which befoul the sorrowful old eastern sky and Midge no longer felt obliged to keep her face stiff. They were able to talk. It was best of all when the hurricane's eye came with its so-called ominous stillness. It was not ominous. Everything was yellow and still and charged up with value. The table was worth $200. The unexpected euphoria went to the counterman's head and he bored them with long stories about his experiences as a busboy in a camp for adults (the engineer had never heard of such a thing) somewhere in the Catskills.

Even the problem of the lost child turned into a pleasure instead of a chore, so purgative was the action of the hurricane. "Where in the world do you come from?" Midge asked him. The child did not answer and the counterman did not know him. At last Midge turned up a clue. "What a curious looking ring," she said, taking the child's hand.

"That's not a ring, that's a chicken band," said the counterman.

"Is there a chicken farm near here?" the engineer asked him.

There was, and it was the right place. When they delivered the babe an hour later, wonder of wonders, he had not even been missed. Ten children were underfoot and Dad and Mom were still out in the chicken houses, and sister, a twelve-year-old who was also round-eyed and silent, received the prodigal as if it were nothing out of the way. This was the best of all, of course, returning the child before it was missed, him not merely delivered from danger but the danger itself canceled, like Mr. Magoo going his way through the perilous world, stepping off the Empire State Building onto a girder and never seeing the abyss.

Breakfast in the diner and back to the turnpike and on their way again. Down and out of the storm and into the pearly light of morning, another beautiful day and *augh* there it was again: the Bronx all solid and sullen from being the same today as yesterday, full of itself with lumpish Yankee fullness, the bricks coinciding with themselves and braced against all comers. Gravity increased.

Down into the booming violet air of Park Avenue they crept, under the selfsame canopy and into the selfsame lobby and over the sleeping Irishman and into the elevator where they strove against each other like wrestlers, each refusing to yield an inch.

Final Visit

He dressed and paid his last visit to Dr. Gamow, his psychoanalyst.

For the thousandth time he took his seat in a reclining chair which had been purposely set in a position which was neither up nor down, neither quite faced the doctor nor faced away. Dr. Gamow, who had had it specially designed and constructed, called it his "ambiguous" chair. He learned a great deal about a patient from the way he sat in the chair. Some would walk in and sit straight up, swivel around to face the doctor across his desk like a client consulting a lawyer. Others would stretch out and swivel away to face the corner in conventional analytic style. It was characteristic of the engineer that he sat in the ambiguous chair ambiguously: leaving it just as it was, neither up nor down, neither quite facing Dr. Gamow nor facing away.

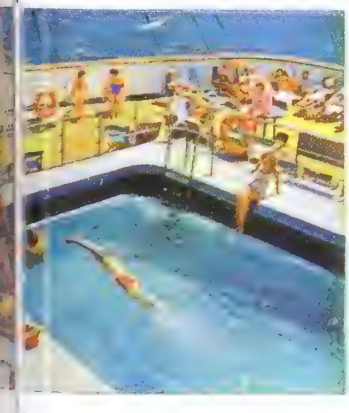
For the thousandth time Dr. Gamow looked at his patient—who sat as usual, alert and pleasant—and felt a small spasm of irritation. It was this amiability, he decided, which got on his nerves. There was a slyness about it and an opacity which put one off. It had not always been so between them. For the first year the analyst had been charmed—never had he had a more responsive patient. Never had his own theories found a readier confirmation than in the free (they seemed to be free) associations and the copious dreams which this one spread out at his feet like so many trophies. The next year or so left him pleased still but baffled. This one was a little too good to be true. At last the suspicion awoke that he, the doctor, was being *entertained*, royally it is true and getting paid for the privilege besides, but entertained nevertheless. Trophies they were sure enough, these dazzling wares offered every day, trophies to put him off the scent while the patient got clean away. Sourer still was the second suspicion that even the patient's dreams and recollections, which bore out the doctor's theories, confirmed hypotheses right and left, were somehow or other a performance too, the most exquisite of courtesies, as if the apple had fallen to the ground to please Sir Isaac Newton. Charged accordingly, the patient of course made an equally charming confession, exhibited heroic sweats and contortions to overcome his bad habits, offered crabbed and meager dreams, and so made another trophy of his disgrace.

The last year of the analysis the doctor had grown positively disgruntled. This one was a Southern belle, he decided, a good dancing part-



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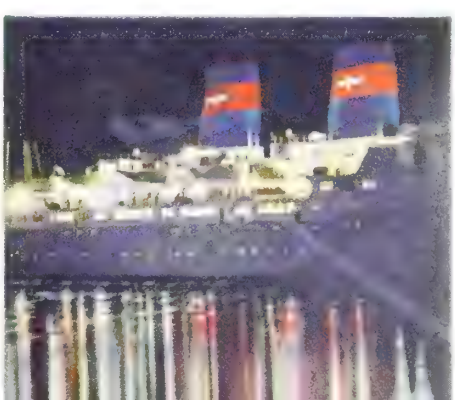
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:r, light on his feet and giving away nothing. He d not know how not to give away nothing. For ur years they had danced, the two of them, the rangest dance in history, each attuned to the her and awaiting his pleasure, and so off they ent crabwise and nowhere at all.

The doctor didn't like his patient much, to tell e truth. They were not good friends. Although ey had spent a thousand hours together in the ost intimate converse, they were no more than quaintances. Less than acquaintances. A laborer gging in a ditch would know more about his part- r in a week than the doctor had learned about is patient in a year. Yet outwardly they were iendly enough.

The engineer, on the other hand had a high inion of his analyst and especially liked hear- g him speak. Though Dr. Gamow was a native Jackson Heights, his speech was exotic. He had dark front tooth, turned on its axis, and he ckered his lips and pronounced his *r*s like s. The engineer liked to hear him say *neu-wosis*, awing out the second syllable with a musical inical Viennese sound. Unlike most Americans, ho speak as if they were sipping gruel, he chose s words like bonbons, so that his patients, hose lives were a poor meager business, received e pleasantest sense of the richness and delecta- lity of such everyday things as words. Unlike me analysts, he did not use big words or tech- cal words; but the small ordinary words he did e were invested with a peculiar luster. "I think u are pretty unhappy after all," he might say, onouncing *prĕtty* as it is spelled. His patient ould nod gratefully. Even unhappiness is not so d when it can be uttered so well. And in truth did seem to the engineer, who was quick to sniff t theories and such, that people would feel bet- r if they could lay hold of ordinary words.

At five o'clock, the engineer's hour, the office nelled of the accumulated misery of the day, an one of malcontent which stung the eyes like a ionel train. Some years ago the room had been ne in a Bahama theme, with a fiber rug and ints of hummingbirds and Negresses walking ith baskets on their heads, but the rug had hard- ed and curled up at the corners like old skin. alls of fluff drifted under the rattan table.

"I—suggest—that if it is all right with you—" gan Dr. Gamow, jotting a note on a smooth yel- w pad with a gold pencil (this is all you really ed to set your life in order, the patient was inking, a good pad and pencil), "—we'll change onday from five to five-thirty. How is that for u, bad, eh?"

"No, it's not bad at all."

Dr. Gamow pricked up his ears. "Did you say mad?"

"No, I believe I said bad: it's not bad at all."

"It seemed to me that at first you said mad."

"It's possible," said the agreeable engineer.

"I can't help wondering," said Dr. Gamow shyly, "who is mad at who." Whenever he caught the engineer in a slip, he had a way of slewing his eyes around as shyly as a young girl. "Now what might it be that you are mad about?"

"I'm not really."

"I detected a little more *m* than *b*. I think maybe you are a little mad at me."

"I don't—" began the engineer, casting back in his mind to the events of the last session, but as usual he could remember nothing. "You may well be right, but I don't recall anything in particular."

"Maybe you think I'm a little mad at you."

"I honestly don't know," said the patient, pretending to rack his brain but in fact savoring the other's words. *Maybe*, for example, was minted deliberately as a bright new common coin *mebbe* in conscious preference to *perhaps*.

Dr. Gamow put his knees exactly together, put his head to one side and sighted down into the kneehole of his desk. He might have been examining a bank of instruments. His nostril curved up exposing the septum of his nose and imparting to him a feral winged look which served to bear out his reputation of clinical skill. His double-breasted suit had wide lapels and, sitting as he did, hunched over and thick through the chest, his lapels bowed out like a cuirass, his lips pursed about the interesting reed of a tooth, it was easy to believe that he served his patients best as artificer and shaper, receiving the raw stuff of their misery and handing it back in a public and acceptable form. "It does sound to me as if you've had a prĕtty bad time. Tell me about it." And the unspeakable could be spoken of.

He told Dr. Gamow he had reached a decision. It seemed plain to him that he had exhausted the resources of analysis—not that he had not benefited enormously—and that in the future he thought he might change places with the analyst, making a little joke of it, heh heh. After spending almost five years as an object of technique, however valuable, he thought maybe he'd go over to the other side, become one of them, the scientists. He might even have an idea or two about the "failure of communication" and the "loss of identity" in the modern world (at it again, throwing roses in the path, knowing these were favorite subjects of Dr. Gamow). Mebbe he should strike out on his own.

And, said he, he had run out of money.

"I see that after all you are a little mad at me," said Dr. Gamow.

"How's that," said the engineer, appearing to look caught out.

"Perhaps it might be worthwhile to look into whatever it is you are mad about."

"All right," said the engineer, who would as soon do one thing as another.

"Yesterday," said the analyst, leafing back through his pad, "We were talking about your theory of environments. I believe you said that even under ideal conditions you felt somewhat—hollow was the word I think you used."

"Yes," said the patient, who was genuinely surprised. He had forgotten that he had spoken of his new theory.

"I wondered out loud at the time what you meant by hollow—whether it referred to your body or perhaps an organ, and it seemed to me you were offended by the suggestion."

"Yes."

He remembered now that he had been offended. He had known at the time that Dr. Gamow had thought he meant that he had felt actually hollowed out, brain or spleen emptied of its substance. It had offended him that Dr. Gamow had suggested that he might be crazy.

"I then made the suggestion that mebbe that was your way of getting rid of people, literally 'hollowing them out,' so to speak. A pretty thoroughgoing method of execution."

"That is possible."

"Finally, you may recall, you made a little slip at the end of the hour. You said you had to leave early—you had jumped up, you may recall—saying that you had to attend a meeting at the store, but you said 'beating'."

"Yes."

"I couldn't help but wonder who the beating was intended for. Was it you who got the beating from me yesterday? Or am I getting a beating from you today?"

"You could be right," said the engineer, trying to straighten the ambiguous chair and face the doctor. He meant to signify that he wished to say something that should be listened to and not gotten at. "Nevertheless I have decided on a course of action and I think I'd better see it through." For some reason he laughed heartily. "Oh me," he said with a sigh.

"Hnhnhn," said Dr. Gamow. It was an ancient and familial sound, so used between them, so close in the ear, as hardly to be a sound at all.

The engineer leaned back and looked at the print of hummingbirds. They symbolized ideas, Dr. Gamow had explained jokingly, happy ideas which he hoped would fly into the heads of his patients. One bird's gorget did not quite fit; the print had been jogged in the making and the gorget had slipped and stuck out like a bib. For years the patient had gazed at this little patch of red, making a slight mental effort each time to put it back in place.

"I notice now that you use the phrase 'run out'—'I have run out of money'," said Dr. Gamow. Lining up his feet again, he sighted along his knee like an astronaut. "The idea suggests itself that you literally ran out of your own money—"

"Figuratively," murmured the engineer.

"Leaving it behind? I could not help but notice you seem to have acquired what seems to be a very expensive possession."

"What is that," asked the engineer.

"The handsome leather case." Dr. Gamow nodded toward the reception room. "Camera? Microscope?"

"Telescope," he said. He had forgotten his recent purchase! He was, moreover, obscurely scandalized that the doctor should take account of something out in the waiting room.

"A telescope," mused the analyst, sighting into the farthest depths of the desk. "Do you intend to become a seer?"

"A seer?"

"A see-er. After all a seer is a see-er, one who can see. Could it be that you believe that there is some ultimate hidden truth and that you have the magical means for obtaining it?"

"Ha ha, there might be something in that. A see-er. Yes."

"So now it seems you have spent your money on an instrument which will enable you to see the truth once and for all?"

The engineer shrugged affably.

"It would be pretty nice if we could find a shortcut and get around all this hard work. Do you remember the last time you left you stood up and said: 'Look here now, this analysis is all very well but how about telling me the truth just between ourselves, off the record, that is, what am I *really* supposed to do.' Do you remember that?"

"Yes."

"And do you still think that I am spoofing you?" Dr. Gamow, who liked to be all things to all men, had somewhere got the notion that in the South you said "spoofing" a great deal.

The engineer nodded.

"You also recall that this great thirst for the 'answer,' the key which will unlock everything, always overtakes you just before the onset of one of your fugue states?"

"Not always."

"Always in the past."

"Not this time."

"How much did it cost you?"

"What?"

"The telescope."

"Nineteen hundred dollars."

"Nineteen hundred dollars," repeated the anast softly.

"Which leaves me with the sum of fifty-eight ollars and thirty cents," said the engineer. "According to my calculations I owe you for eight essions this month including this one." And arising from the ambiguous chair, he placed two twenes and a ten on the desk. "Now I owe you one fty. I'll pay you at the end of the month."

Dr. Gamow gazed at the money. "May I review or you one or two facts. Number one, you have ad previous fugue states. Number two, you give very indication of having another. You always uit the analysis and you always buy something xpensive before taking off. The last time it was Corvette. You still have a defective ego structure, number three. Number four, you develop leas of reference. This time it is hollow men, oxious particles, and ultimate truths."

It always seemed strange to hear Dr. Gamow peak of him clinically. Once when the analyst as called away from the office, he had ventured ut of the ambiguous chair and stolen a glance at ne file which lay open on the blotter. ". . . a well-eveloped and nourished young white male," he ead, "with a pleasing demeanor, dressed in an nusual raglan jacket." (This description must ave been written at the time he had fallen in ith the Ohioans, become one himself, and bought raglan jacket so that he could move his shoulders round freely.) "When asked why he had chosen his particular article of apparel, he replied that t made me feel free'."

Seeing himself set down so, in a clinical quotaion, gave him a peculiar turn. His scalp bristled.

But now he nodded equably and, leaning back, azed at the dusty little hummingbird.

"Very well," said Dr. Gamow when he did not nswer. "You have made your decision. The quesion is what is to be done next."

"Yes sir."

"May I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly."

"Next week I am starting a new group in therpy. It will be limited to ten persons. It is a very ood group and my feeling is that you could profit y the experience. They are people like yourself who are having difficulty relating to other people in a meaningful way. Like yourself they find themselves in some phase or other of an identity crisis. There is, let me see—a novelist who is blocked, an engineer like yourself who works with digital computers and who feels somewhat depersonalized. There is an actress you will recognize instantly, who has suddenly begun forgetting her lines. There is a housewife with a little more anxiety than she can handle, psychiatrically oriented but also success oriented. There is an extremely sensitive Negro who is *not* success oriented—a true identity problem there. And four social workers from White Plains. It's a lot better than the last group you were in—these are some very high-flying folks and I don't think you'll be able to snow them quite as successfully."

That's what you think, said the engineer to himself; these are just the kind of folks I snow best.

"We shall met here three times a week. The fee is nominal, five dollars."

"I certainly do appreciate it," said the engineer earnestly. "It does indeed sound like an interesting group, but for the present my salary will not permit it. Perhaps when my Soil Bank check comes through—"

"From the old plantation?" asked Dr. Gamow.

"Yes. But I assure you I feel quite well."

"Euphoric in fact," said Dr. Gamow ironically.

The engineer grinned. "Mebbe I could join y'all later."

"This is not a catfish fry," said the analyst testily.

At the end of the hour they arose and shook hands pleasantly. The patient took a last look at the dusty hummingbird that had been buzzing away at the same trumpet vine for five years. The little bird seemed dejected. The bird, the print, the room itself, had the air of things one leaves behind.

It was time to get up and go. He was certain that he would never see any of them again.

Before leaving, he obtained from Dr. Gamow a prescription for the little blue spansules which he saved for his worst times. They did not restore his memory, but when he was at his hollowest, wandering about some minor battlefield in Tennessee, he could swallow a spansule, feel it turn warm, take root, and flower under his ribs.

So it was that Williston Bibb Barrett once again set forth into the wide world at the age of twenty-five, Keats' age at his death, in possession of $8.35, a Tetzlar telescope, an old frame house, and a defunct plantation. Once again he found himself alone in the world, cut adrift from Dr. Gamow, a father of sorts, and his alma mater, sweet mother psychoanalysis.

Harper's Magazine, May 1966

The Only Five Great Ballet Companies

by Clive Barnes

An expert's guide to the great ballet companies of the world, why they are great, how they differ, and how they reflect the nations that produced them.

Anyone can form a ballet company, anyone, that is, with large sums of money and an infinite store of perseverance. Anyone can even form a good ballet company, anyone, that is, with enormous sums of money, a little arrogance to give a cutting edge to the perseverance, the kind of luck that wins lotteries and the kind of genius that overturns worlds. But to form a *great* ballet company—now that is impossible. And strangely enough it has been done twice in this century, which is not even to count Diaghilev and his Ballets Russes.

A great ballet company is one with a beginning, a middle, and a future. A great ballet company preserves a specific style, perhaps a definite national style of dancing; it represents a certain attitude to the art of dance. Of all the many ballet companies existing in the world today, only five fulfill these requirements. Three of them are distinguished and venerable, the two from Russia—Moscow's Bolshoi and Leningrad's Kirov—and the Royal Danish Ballet, Copenhagen. The other two companies are, surprisingly, products of our own century, Britain's Royal Ballet and the New York City Ballet.

Looking at these five it is clear that they all have a great deal in common. To start with they are all national companies, yet have international reputations. They are all large institutions, drawing most of their dancers from their own schools and representing a standard repertory that is more or less personal to itself. All the companies have also at one time or another, come under the impact of one great creative personality: Marius Petipa for the Kirov, Alexander Gorsky for the Bolshoi, August Bournonville for the Royal Danes, Frederick Ashton for Britain's Royal Ballet, and George Balanchine for the New York City Ballet.

The way each of these companies dances is individual. Even when they perform the same ballet (and three of them, for example, dance Balanchine's *Serenade*, four dance Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, and all of them do a certain amount of discreet paddling in *Swan Lake*), they contrive to make it look remarkably different. It would be foolish to look at these divergent styles and say that one was better than the others; for what we have here are five different yet converging paths to balletic perfection.

For all of the similarities the companies possess, they are much more alike in size and scope than in the more revealing matter of purpose. To an extent, indeed to a surprising extent, the companies are reflections of the nations that have produced them.

Leningrad's Kirov is the most imperial of the companies, unless that distinction goes to the New York City Ballet. The Kirov dances with a poised elegance, a sort of aristocratic good breeding that makes a virtue of understatement. Their dancing is crisp and cool; it seems to recall both the powdery snow of the Nevsky Prospect and the crystal

ine glitter of the com-
)any's old Maryinsky
'heater chandeliers.

Look closer at the
Kirov and you will see,
)f course, Soviet ballet
'ather than the pre-Revo-
utionary Imperial Ballet
)f the Maryinsky. But the
wo strains are closely
nterwoven. The ballets
hey dance, even their
)artially mutilated ver-
;ions of the nineteenth-
:entury classics, are dis-
inctly of the Soviet bal-
et genre, yet the dancers
'etain an individuality
hat places them a little
)utside Soviet dance
rends.

With the Kirov one
'eels that the dance itself
s everything. For this reason dancers such as
(rina Kolpakova, Alla Sizova, Natalia Makarova
:an seem, by contrast with their colleagues at the
Bolshoi, at times almost cold. They have deliber-
ately rejected histrionics, so that in a work like
Giselle the company presents a dramatic ballet in
which the drama has been all but eliminated. The
Kirov is the company of style, the company where
(and let socialist realism go hang) the way some-
:hing is said is of far more significance than the
statement itself.



Plisetskaya in "Swan Lake": From Moscow, a passionate involvement designed to crush the audience into feeling.

Which Comes First: Drama or Dance?

The Kirov has a great deal in common with the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow. The historical days of rivalry, when St. Petersburg thought the Moscow dancers vulgar and the Muscovites thought the St. Petersburg dancers effete, are still far from past. Even so, one of the avowed aims of the Soviet dance has been to standardize dance style and technique throughout the Soviet Union. In part this has succeeded, so that while a Leningrad dancer will still look very different from his colleague in Moscow, the two will have more in common with one another than with any dancer from the West.

In many ways the Bolshoi dancers are the most remarkable in the world. I will always recall a distinguished Russian emigré dancer—from the Maryinsky naturally—describing the Bolshoi as "a great Russian tearoom, with balalaikas playing and people being sick in the corner." Yet this "great Russian tearoom" is, without any question, the most brilliantly theatrical company in the world. It sees ballet dancers as a race of heroes. Every gesture is larger than death, the dancing itself is flamboyant and passionately involved, and the whole purpose of the dance is to grab the audience by the throat and crush it into feeling.

It is a particular achievement of the Bolshoi to have made dance into a totally articulate means of dramatic expression. To see three of their greatest dancers, the now retired Galina Ulanova, Raissa Struchkova, and Maya Plisetskaya all dance Juliet in the Lavrovsky-Prokofiev ballet *Romeo and Juliet* is to see three different but valid approaches to the basic essentials of the tragedy. Yet each of these three is completely expressive. In the case of Ulanova, perhaps the greatest Stanislavsky actress the world has seen, the role becomes totally identified with the actress so that to an unbelievable extent one was not in sober fact watching Ulanova play Juliet but Juliet herself.

It would be unfair, however, to think of the

Clive Barnes came to New York to join the "New York Times" as dance critic in 1965, after writing for some years for "The Times," "The Spectator," and other leading English journals. Among his books are "Frederick Ashton and His Ballets" and (in process) "A History of Twentieth-century Ballet." He is an Oxford graduate in English language and literature.

Bolshoi simply as flamboyant dance-actors. Their actual dancing is in its own powerhouse way unsurpassed anywhere, and in a showpiece like *School of Ballet* their dancers soar like proud eagles. Yet never do they dance just for the sake of dancing. Even in *School of Ballet* they overlay the choreography with a dramatic nuance.

It has been said (at one time by Rudolf Nureyev, among others) that Western ballet has choreography as a substitute for dancers. Yet, for all such sniping, it is almost as easy to underrate Soviet choreography as it is to underrate Western dancers.

When we compare Soviet choreography of both the Kirov and Bolshoi with the West, the difference in approach between the two is profound. The varying point of view about dramaturgy is one of the most significant division. The Russians bring a serious philosophical view to ballet. The ballets are in most cases expected to express some aspect of socialist ideology (I remember Balanchine's explanation of why he was not taking his John Philip Sousa ballet *Stars and Stripes* on the New York City Ballet's tour of the Soviet Union: "They would think I *had* to," he commented). This is obviously limiting.

Thus even *Romeo and Juliet* is seen as an aspect of the class struggle, much play being made of the Capulets being patricians and the Montagues plebeians, an interpretation of the story overlooked by Shakespeare, yet by no means inimical to the drama. In the same way, when Chabukiani produced his ballet version of *Othello*, considerable stress was placed on the play's racial aspect, anticipating Sir Laurence Olivier's recent production. Of course in Soviet ballet every picture must tell a story, and that story must be moral. Many plotless ballets much cherished in the West would be incomprehensible to a Russian.



Leningrad's Soloviev and Sizova: Cool, crisp, aristocratic breeding that, in "Sleeping Beauty," turns its back on socialist realism.

Nowadays the Russians, who have learned a great deal more from Western ballet than the West has learned from them, are busy catching up, so far as ideology will permit, with the neoclassical movement led by Balanchine and Ashton. When the highly regarded Bolshoi choreographer, Yuri Grigorovitch, mounted his ballet *The Stone Flower* for the Royal Swedish Ballet, he took the opportunity of adding to it a new section, which, in effect, was a plotless neoclassical ballet very much in the Balanchine style. There are other indications—indeed *School of Ballet* is among them—to suggest that the Russians are moving away from the purely dramatic ballet. Perhaps the clarion call for this was made as long ago as 1952, when the Soviet choreographer and dance-ensemble director Igor Moiseyev, made his now famous statement: "We have justly criticized many old ballets because they did not combine the dance with healthy thought, but we cannot permit new ballets to have healthy thought uncombined with the dance."

Healthy thought has never been a matter of much concern to the Royal Danish Ballet, which has tended to do everything with supreme naturalness. It would be a brave man who would place the Kirov, the Bolshoi, Britain's Royal Ballet, and the New York City Ballet in any order of precedence but when we come to the Royal Danes, it is possible to be more precise; for the Royal Danish Ballet is in a class by itself, the fifth-best company in the world, not as good as the Big Four, but well away from the rest of the field.

It is a curious company because creatively it has passed into a state of suspended animation and its greatest contemporary choreographer died before the beginning of the century. This was August Bournonville, who established the Royal Danish Ballet as one of the greatest in the world. For years, however, the world (and Denmark) were quite unaware of this, until in 1950 the Danes, partly, one suspects, counting their blessings for tourists, diffidently started to exploit their ballet company, and surprisingly soon saw it established in the major leagues.

Denmark has no new ballets to speak of, although it has done some judicious international borrowing from Ashton, Balanchine, Jerome Rob

., and Kenneth MacMillan. Yet the important
ues of the Royal Danes are to be found in its
-preserved collection of Bournonville ballets,
most perfect collection of Romantic ballets in
world, and the Danish dancers, particularly
Danish male dancers. The Danes are also, as a
ıp, the best dance-actors in the world. Even
e, there is in the Royal Danish Ballet the per-
expression of the Danish spirit, an infectious
piness laced, in sharp contradiction, with a
gloom. Hamlet and Ophelia are very typical
es, and their interesting and strongly poetic
its seem to haunt the Danish ballet.

echnically, also, the Danes have a great deal
ffer, for at their purest they dance the old
nch technique which descended from the great
teenth-century ballet masters; it is still ex-
ant. In this technique they have a lot in
mon with the Russians, especially the Kirov,
use it was a Danish teacher, Christian Johans-
who played the crucial role in the formulation
ne Russian style of dancing, just as more than
years later it was a Russian, George Balan-
e, who played the crucial role in the formula-
of the American style of dancing.

Clawing Their Way

at leaves now only those two proud modern
oliths, Britain's Royal Ballet and America's
York City Ballet. Organizationally both com-
ies have an enormous amount in common, sim-
because they have followed similar paths in
ing their way to the top. Each is the creation
wo remarkable people, Ninette de Valois and
derick Ashton in Britain, Lincoln Kirstein and
rge Balanchine in America. Both are national
panies that started in a small way with the
ding of a national school and a small repertory
pany. Then came their years in opposition to
existing ballet setup, which in both companies
dominated by the remnants of the expatriate
llets Russes" (two words covering a multitude
ins). After the years of struggle, came the
lual acceptance by critics and the public, the
e from a "people's theater" to a large and
lent opera house, the aftermath of resentment
n the old regular audience, the building of a
audience, the winning of international ac-
ance as a major ballet company.

lthough both companies have passed through
one of the stages described above, the timing
been very different. The disappearance of the
ets Russes in Britain during the war, and the
inning of the modest but helpful state subsidies
at the same time, enabled the Royal Ballet to forge ahead while its American cousin was only beginning. Yet the results have been surprisingly similar. Both companies still have the same chips on their shoulders; both resent criticism; both are capable of acting arrogantly to their audience; both tend to behave as though no other companies existed.

The characteristics of the Royal Ballet are difficult for Americans to understand completely because the company in its United States appearances has a rather different repertory, or more accurately a rather differently balanced repertory. As a result Americans believe that the Royal Ballet is lost in a fairy-tale wood, and produces little but Tchaikovsky classics, varied with *Giselle* and Fonteyn and Nureyev in the *Corsaire pas de deux*. In fact the repertory pattern of the Royal Ballet, which was laid down by Ninette de Valois, has varied little over the years. It is exactly opposite the stereotype.

The whole direction of the Royal Ballet is toward a company that will be both a museum for the past and a laboratory for the future, and the classic productions should be seen in their context with the modern works. Of course the company is designed upon impressively imperial lines to enable it to dance the full-length classics; so the troupe has its protocol-managed cohorts of dancers, arranged neatly in pyramidal formation with a prima ballerina *assoluta* at the head (Dame Margot Fonteyn, who is in fact quaintly called a guest artist, a fact which has more relevance to her income-tax status than her actual position in the company) followed by prima ballerinas, ballerinas, senior soloists, coryphées, and corps de ballet. More than any of the other great companies, the Royal Ballet is arranged on a star system. This is partly because it is probably the poorest of all the major companies (its grant is locked together with that for the Covent Garden Opera and no one knows quite how much the ballet company receives) and because it has a fairly strong commercial bias.

The British style of classic dancing is a mixture—largely of Russian and Italian—filtered through the British physique and national temperament. The Royal Ballet favors neatness, lyricism, and speed of execution; it has made a style out of its chic lack of exaggeration, its elegant compromise with all possibilities of dance styles. The dancers are carefully selected and carefully trained, and with a few exceptions they represent the cream of the dancers in the country.

Of all the major companies, the New York City Ballet apart, the Royal Ballet is by far the most

adventurous. Yet it never forgets its self-imposed duty to the past, nor does it omit to pay lip service to the Diaghilev concept that choreography, music, and design are equal partners in ballet. It is seriously concerned with its decorative aspect, often bringing in the very best British painters as designers, a policy that should be commended to American dance.

In a sense the difference between the New York City Ballet and the Royal Ballet is the difference between New York and London, and in another sense it is the difference between Balanchine and Ashton. The Royal Ballet dances everything—Russian classics, modern works, even their *barre* work—as if it had been choreographed by Ashton. The New York City Ballet dances everything as if it had been choreographed by Balanchine—but in the case of the New York City Ballet it almost always *has* been choreographed by Balanchine.

People will tell you that the first important American ballet to be created was Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid;* don't believe it. The first important American ballet was *Serenade,* and it was created to Tchaikovsky music by a man, Balanchine, who could hardly speak English, and it was danced by a group of dancers who were not much more than amateurs. And the date was 1934. Balanchine understood that American ballet would be ballet danced by Americans, just as clearly as Ashton understood that British ballet would be ball danced by Britons. Both Lincoln Kirstein a Ninette de Valois were less confident and bo flirted with a more folksy style of nationalis which has left us De Valois's *The Rake's Progre* as well as *Billy the Kid.* These pleasant ritual no to Uncle Sam and John Bull were nationalist diversions encountered upon the way to speci American and British schools of ballet.



Margot Fonteyn in Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand": A neat, lyric British style without exaggeration.

Created That Mornin

Balanchine has given the New York City Ball an enormous and magnificent repertory; he h been like a Mozart pouring out his gifts upon favorite orchestra, or, a comparison he would hi self prefer, he has been like a master chef in restaurant creating a great menu. Since the co pany has moved to its sumptuous new home, t New York State Theater in the Lincoln Cent complex, Balanchine has been thinking grand than he did at the old City Center. One result this has already been the fine *Don Quixote,* whe Balanchine has staged a mighty epic of a man a his aspirations, and the influence of the Sta Theater upon the company will doubtless contin to assert itself.

Yet basically the pattern of the New York Ci Ballet has already be set. It is a dancers' co pany, with a dance choreography. The lea athletic American gi zoom their way throu Balanchine's comple ties like children at nur ery games and, unlike t dancers of the other fo companies who alwa convey a sense of the tr ditional past, the Ne York City Ballet dance apparently aim to gi the impression that t ballet was created th very morning and h never been given by an one else before.

There is one cruci difference between t New York City Ballet a the other four, and would be avoiding one modern ballet's most da gerous truths to igno

among the all-American qualities the New City Ballet exhibits is the American genius improvisation and an all-abiding love of lty. Whereas all the other companies—includ- even that other Johnny-come-lately, Britain's al Ballet—are built on foundations of gran- the New York City Ballet may possibly be on sand. In fifty years' time, there will be a al Ballet in London, in Denmark there will be yal Danish Ballet, in Leningrad a Kirov, and foscow a Bolshoi, but in New York? I for one ot so certain.

t present, the New York City Ballet is the re- nt of a generous grant from the Ford Founda- , but that grant is not a permanent condition. few years it runs out and there is no positive rantee that it will be renewed. If it is not, and n equivalent is not made by either the federal rnment or another foundation, the New York Ballet is doomed. But even if the company's re had been financially secured (and while the York City Ballet exists the American nation ot afford, one way or another, not to secure ith every cent it needs) I would still be wor- .

he danger is that it is the creation of the pure ius of Kirstein and Balanchine, and these two are leaving no obvious successors. In, say, the t twenty years, perhaps sooner, Balanchine will e to retire; no one can guarantee that Balan- ne will be at the helm in even ten years' time. can the New York City Ballet survive Balan- ne? America must not expect that Balanchines ne along every generation. What Balanchine is ng is to form an unsurpassed national reper- y. But Balanchine may well become for the New k City Ballet what Bournonville is for the Royal nish Ballet, or, if you like, Molière for the nédie Française.

Warts and All

ooking at all five of these companies one is uck by the fact that the essential shared element them is that they hardly ever feel the need to ar masks; they are all superbly themselves. In- d, usually they are at their worst when they to be eclectic, so that the Royal Danes are not f the company when they are giving Balan- ne's *Apollo* as they are in Bournonville's *poli*. From this one gets the impression that hough ballet may be the most international of arts, it is at its most internationally acceptable en it is apparently at its most national, assum- that nationalism goes further than putting on unny cowboy hat or a British derby, that, in a very precise way, it is really a manner of looking at the common ballet tradition.



MARTHA SWOPE

Arthur Mitchell and Suzanne Farrell: Lean, athletic New Yorkers at home in the complexities of Balanchine's "Agon."

What could be more apt than the Amazonian New York City Ballet in America's matriarchal society? How perfectly does Britain's Royal Ballet reflect those bland, and quite meaningless, good manners of the English! How easy it is to see in the Danish quest for internationalism the insecurity of the small nation; and so far as Soviet ballet is concerned, its refusal to separate art from politics dominates the entire literary aspect of Soviet dance. Of course I am being unkind, and only playfully unkind at that. Agreed, the five companies show their four countries in far more favorable lights than I have here suggested, but the point is that the companies in performance often reveal, warts and all, the nations that bred them.

Meanwhile the great national ballet companies will continue to dominate world ballet. But their supremacy will be challenged, both in their own countries and by the emergent dance countries, such as Australia and Germany. Yet these five are going to be tough birds to topple off the topmost branches, and their flights will always arouse the world's admiration. The curious thing perhaps is how much they are, for all their differences, birds of a feather.

Harper's Magazine, May 1966

THE CHANGING CAMPUS: A SPECIAL REPORT

Because education is rapidly becoming America's biggest—and most urgent—business, *Harper's* hopes to offer its readers a continuing inquiry into the main issues which are stirring the academic world. The following section explores four such issues:

1. Why has cheating become so commonplace—on some campuses, in fact, almost respectable? And what, if anything, can be done to control it?

2. Since nearly all universities are now integrated, is there any longer a good reason for the existence of 120 separate Negro colleges? Can they find a new job which is worth doing and for which they are uniquely fitted?

3. Is graduate education in the humanities really a national scandal—as William Arrowsmith argued in the March issue of *Harper's*? Or is he talking "nonsense"—as some of his indignant colleagues claim?

4. Do college newspapers always have to be an embarrassment? Is the only choice between "irresponsible" student management (often infuriating parents and money-givers) and a safe but shameful censorship?

The authors, each authoritative in his field, suggest some hopeful answers for these painful and endemic problems. **—The Editors**

Cheating in College

by Ralph A. Raimi

Why honor systems rarely work . . . and why a hardhanded (but softhearted) policing system is the only practical remedy on most campuses.

Almost everyone I know remembers having cheated in school. I am now a professor of mathematics; time has dimmed my memory of how it feels to sit in an examination room, frightened because uncertain of what was wanted of me, anxious for a good grade to please my parents, and wondering how many of my neighbors had crib sheets.

Last year I was made chairman of a faculty committee asked to recommend procedures for minimizing cheating and to establish standa for academic honesty. In some sense I was alre an expert in the field, having myself been punis in 1942 for writing freshman English papers my dormitory neighbors at the University Michigan. (That was my first experience in wr ing for money; this is my second.)

But during the year we worked, we found th were in fact no experts. My own experience v of a narrow sort; so with the others. The v definitions are elusive. Our most surprising c covery, once we added reason to experience, that a good definition of academic dishone already goes a long way along the road to reduction.

What is so hard about a definition? There se to be two divisions: cheating and plagiari

igh most cheating (*e.g.*, copying a neighbor's
m) is a sort of plagiarism. Our own English
artment issues to freshmen a document which
ins: "Plagiarism is literary theft—intentional
nintentional. It is the use of a unique idea or
ase which does not originate with the user
iout proper acknowledgment of the source."
or its length (one page) and its audience, it is
irly clear and educational warning, but in a
e university it falls far short of covering all
lemic crimes.
has, for example, nothing to say to a student
freshman physics laboratory who may invent
wers to his lab-manual questions, instead of
ally doing the experiment and recording the
found. That makes a neater-looking lab note-
, but it isn't science, nor yet plagiarism.
uppose a student, pressed for time, has to turn
paper on *Roosevelt's First Hundred Days*. He
to a fraternity file and finds a paper with that
. He doesn't copy the paper, or even read it,
he does copy down the bibliography. Then he
to the library, consults precisely that set of
rences, and puts together his report in half
time it would have taken to start from scratch.
paper doubtless turns out to resemble strongly
ne he found in the files, but was it plagiarism?
chemistry student stands with a textbook out-
the auditorium where his final exam is to be
n, muttering to himself a sequence of key for-
as and derivations. At the gong he rushes to
desk (no longer holding the book) and writes
n a whole page of elusive data before even look-
at the questions. He couldn't possibly have re-
bered it five more minutes. Is his page of
nulas a crib?
he line between unoriginality and plagiarism,
aziness and plagiarism, cannot possibly be
vn to cover all cases and present a clear guide
udents and academic prosecutors. But there is
her definition which can handle the same prob-
much better: it is the definition of the *assign-
t*.
hen asked to write on *Roosevelt's First Hun-
l Days*, what is the student really being asked?
each the professor what went on in the spring
933? The chances are that the professor al-
ly knows better than the student ever will. Can
student improve on a hundred studies done by
essional historians and biographers, not to
tion the memoirs of the principals? Again,
ainly not. Can he condense it all to 1,000 well-
en apt phrases never before used? Impossible.
say the student is being asked something like
:

I want you to learn to use the library, and to learn to read and to write. In this assignment I am asking you to submit to me a document which will be partial evidence of your present state of accomplishment along these lines. I have given you a topic as a focus for this exercise, and of course you'll learn something about 1933 as you go, but that is only part of it. I want you to read at least ten different views of the era you are studying (there are hundreds), and I want you to find those ten by the same method you *would* use to find the hundreds if you wished to, just so you'll get used to the method. I want you to put the main points down on index cards, classify them thus and so, and to do it in such richness that the classification you make will have some bearing on the ease with which you will be able to use the material when it is time to write. Then I want you to outline your argument, put it down in good English sentences, and provide enough footnotes so that the reader will know which statements are your syntheses and evaluations (if any), which are "facts" reported in newspapers, etc., and which are syntheses and evaluations by other people. Finally, I want you to remember what you've done, so that next time you'll have a more practiced hand at this sort of labor.

"The actual document you submit is thus only part of what I want from you. It is traditional to give you a grade on the basis of your paper, and not to follow you around the library and the fraternity house as you do your work—more than traditional, it is convenient. This means I have to infer from your paper how well you've done what I am asking. Please make your work of such a nature that the inferences I draw are correct. If I find I am deceived by it, I will want to explore with you the errors which led to my deception. If I find the deception was *deliberate*, I shall be angry."

I have here condensed the presentation of the assignment far beyond what actually should be done. Such a statement—already more illuminating than the definition of plagiarism given by the English Department—will soon be forgotten if it is not repeated, expanded, *and enforced*. The enforcement should not be punitive until it has become obvious that the deception is deliberate and malicious, but enforcement must be unremitting if

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it is to have any effect. It will not do for a professor to say to himself, "These are honorable students, literate and well-intentioned; I won't insult them by looking for plagiarism in their work." Such an attitude is not only sentimental (and convenient!) it is destructive of an opportunity to teach.

From the fifth grade on, in the schools, children are being asked to "write reports." "Go to the library and find out all about termites and write a report," the assignment goes. The kid gets out an encyclopedia, turns to *Termites*, finds 2,000 words, and transfers 500 of them to his teacher. If he is an articulate child, the sort who ends up in college, he pleases—even awes—the teacher by this performance. He is not aware of plagiarism or bad faith, and he goes on in the same way, with increasing elaboration, until he comes to us.

Can we then turn our backs on him and say, "He is honest; I trust him"—or, worse, "He is plagiarizing; I despise him"? Both are an abdication of our task. We must tell him carefully and often what we want from him, and correct his errors of scholarly practice as carefully as we correct his non sequiturs and dangling participles. This means we must *notice* when his paper shows signs of having been put together so literally from other men's work that not much of it can have settled into his consciousness. We must call him in, asking him to bring some of his sources, and point out by the verse how he has erred.

Otherwise, crime gradually grows out of the unnoticed lapses. The student who begins his career with *Termites* from the *World Book* ends up expelled from the university for a similar use of Duns Scotus. Surely this is a preventable loss.

Now let us turn to another type of student misfeasance mentioned above: the construction of a crib sheet for an exam. Professors of literature (a field particularly subject to plagiarism) feel more sanguine here than professors of chemistry, say, or mathematics. A crib sheet is nonsense when the examination involves, for instance, *Natural Justice in Conrad's Early Novels*. The assignment (one hour on that subject) is sensible and clear, and cheating impossible or meaningless.

If the professor of English literature were to give a multiple-choice exam, one hundred questions involving authors and characters, in a list of ten novels (none of which actually had to be *read*), the crib sheet would soon be as common as it is in chemistry and physics examination rooms.

Is it because chemistry is "that sort of subject"? I think we must deny it. It is true that a chemist must have a hundred, a thousand, formulas at his fingertips before he can discuss a theory of chemical equilibrium or crystal structure. But this is really no different from the thousands of gram matical formulas one must have at an instant notice before one can speak sensibly of the style o Browning. As long as exams consist of word lis or canned "derivations," crib sheets will flouris in any subject.

Rightly so. I studied physics in my youth, an remember questions like, "Derive the formula re lating electrical and thermal conductivity." Th answer to this question was a sequence of mathe matical equations which I had memorized alon with forty other "derivations." I might as we have memorized a poem in an unknown languag for all the understanding of physics the exercis gave me.

Who Is the Academic Criminal

Yet the difference between praise and shame la in the successful memorization. Those of us wit a good memory scored high. Those of us who wer fond of beer the night before an exam or who wer honestly contemptuous of the whole silly affa made out crib sheets. Who was the criminal there

If my physics professors had seriously aske themselves what questions would distinguish u derstanding and knowledge from confusion an ignorance, they could have come up with questio which would have rendered crib sheets as mean ingless as they are in the humanities exams. Bu they would have to face a number of unpleasan nesses: long hours of paper-grading and ver likely a shocking appreciation of how little we ha learned.

Thus, lists of formulas engender cheating i students precisely because they represent chea ing in education. Once the purpose of a course seen by the student to be worthy of a universit it becomes a course in which only the crimina can cheat.

Very well then; what *about* them? First of al where do they come from, how did they get here

The university may be thought of as an aca demic community where scholars old and youn pursue the truth with devotion, giving no thoug to honors and wealth. To some degree this is tru It would be entirely true, I am sure, if there wer no honor or wealth to be got from scholarly pu suits. It would also be true that under such circu stances our university population wouldn't be 1 per cent of what it now is. Not that honors wealth are the only attractions by which the oth 90 per cent are brought to us—only that man do not live by wisdom alone.

We must recognize two things here: first th

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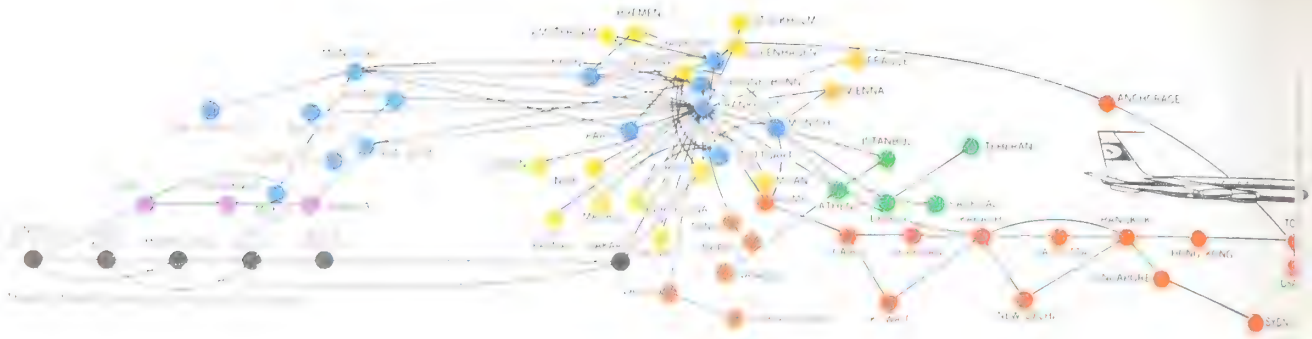
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iout reward of a mundane sort almost nobody ld seek knowledge; second, that there is no ne in this state of affairs. The tradition of the munity of disinterested scholars must not d us to the memory that even the most devoted s was set on this path by a father's praise or pleasure of pleasing a teacher—some reward intrinsic to the performance. It shouldn't sure us that even more store is set on rewards by majority of our students who do not aspire to e of scholarship at all, but who still will enter world vastly improved by whatever contact scholars we were able to give them.

ot only is our scheme of credits and degrees ul in persuading young human beings to overe their natural reluctance to work; but, bese these tokens represent a certain achievet to the outside world, they have a monetary e. This is a novelty in our civilization. A hunl years ago, a college graduate was no better d to build railroads or grow wheat than his educated brothers. Technology, business, ning, salesmanship, navigation, and war had e to do with what went on at Yale in 1850. A with a taste for learning might well have got ething indirectly valuable—like the ability to e at a dinner party, or even perhaps a truer of the motives of men—but no man ever left able to command thereby a high starting salat the Stock Exchange or at an iron foundry. ut today knowledge is wealth, and college deis represent knowledge. We professors are the rdians of the integrity of these degrees. We ot ignore the fact that they become devalued me students receive them by stealth.

Where Honor Codes Work

seems, therefore, strange that in some cols the guardians are the students themselves. efer to the various sorts of "honor codes," se main feature is that examinations are not ced by professors or other proctors. Students enter such a college generally sign a pledge to cheat, often including a pledge not to tole cheating in others, and occasionally an obtion to report other cheaters to a student court ome kind.

he proponents of such a code believe that the *mption* of honesty will almost always have al force enough to ensure honesty. They re-k that many distinguished colleges and unisities have such codes (*e.g.*, Princeton, Wesn), and that they work.

t seems to me that the inauguration of a self-enforced code offers the same difficulties as any other communistic or anarchistic scheme. If we had a community where the ideals in question were universally observed, and any violator instantly and with horror ostracized, then each new entrant would naturally and joyfully take up his proper responsibility.

This appears to be the case in some of the old or small colleges which operate a successful honor system. These places have a long tradition of gentlemanly behavior, dating from a time when life and wealth did not depend on the honors bestowed by the school, and when the university code was only an extension of the aristocratic code these college men had already been bred to. Such an atmosphere has had great endurance and has infused its values into each entering class—even when (as today) a substantial number of the newcomers have fought their way up from anything but a hereditary aristocracy.

Where, on the other hand, there exists a whole community outside the code, a newcomer has his choice, and self-enforcement fails. This appears to be the case in most American universities. Far from being horrified at the sight of a cheating student, the average student would be horrified at the suggestion that he reprimand or report such cheating when he sees it.

Such an attitude held, for example, at the U. S. Air Force Academy in its 1964 scandal. Some cadets—so their parents complained—were forced to resign for having failed to report cheating which came to their attention. The parents of these students were angry! They claimed that *honor* dictated silence. And this in a college where the code explicitly asked students neither to cheat nor to tolerate cheating in others. And where the students explicitly agreed. And where the gentlemanly ideal is written into every regulation.

Not long ago an honor code was drawn up by some students at my own campus, given a great deal of publicity, and voted on in a student referendum. It failed. After talking to many students I have come to the conclusion that it lost many votes because it carried no demand that students report observed violations. On the other hand, if the proposed code *had* included the Air Force Academy obligation, votes probably would have been lost from those honest students who would not want to subject themselves to public wrath as informers.

The lesson I drew from the referendum is this: There is evidently so much cheating that the students were asking us, the professors, to enforce the law. They approve of this law overwhelmingly, of course, but they are too close to the malefactors

in age and culture and common interest to dare take the enforcement into their own hands.

Now some professors take the attitude that it is beneath their dignity, or otherwise repugnant to them, to police exams. I must reply that no necessary task is beneath anyone's dignity, nor should it be repugnant if it is honest and productive. However, it may not be the best use of a violinist's time to have him patrol the aisle of an examination room when someone else can be hired for the same job at a smaller salary. I would urge universities to provide all possible assistance from testing services, the office of the Dean of Students, and any other agency which would, at lower cost than scholars' time, purify exam procedures and render their results more accurate.

If the time ever comes when cheating on campus is carried on by so tiny a minority that the average student's instinctive reaction to an offense is horror—at that time, but not before, we will be able to trust a student-enforced honor code.

What is needed, on my campus at least, is a period of time during which the proper tradition can be established. But first the following steps must be taken.

(1) Reduce the occasions for dishonesty.

Let written papers be assigned on novel and imaginative subjects, rather than on some generality on which a myriad of past student papers have been written.

Let routine work, such as daily or weekly lists of mathematics exercises, or translations in elementary language courses or elementary laboratory work, go ungraded. Let the exams on which grades *are* given be so constructed as to favor those students who *did* conscientiously perform their weekly tasks.

Exams should be strictly proctored. The questions should be so designed that brief communications between students, or a reference to a crib sheet, should have little value. Where a multiple-choice exam must be used, neighboring students should be given different exams.

(2) Make the punishment of dishonesty even-handed and consistent.

It is obviously in the interest of justice that punishments be equal for equal crimes. It is also more comfortable for the policeman to know that his action is not itself an injustice, by virtue of its rarity. If universities were to adopt the view outlined in the following paragraphs, embodying its legal aspects in appropriate legislation, professors would count their role greatly clarified and their effectiveness greatly increased. It seems to me that students and deans would benefit in the same way.

A lone professor should never punish a student for academic dishonesty. In dealing with plagiarism, he should consider himself a citizen-policeman and a teacher. In dealing with cheating in exam he is entitled to delegate the role of policeman t a professional. Papers written outside of class however, can be recognized as plagiarism only b the professor; his duty as a policeman in this con text is clear.

Having discovered evidence of exam cheatin the proctor should report the case to an agency o the Dean of Students, which alone is charged wit judgments and punishments. The professor shou only be asked for expert testimony and advice; h should never bear the moral burden of a prosecu tion, even if he were to wish to. Any student i danger of being summarily punished by a profe sor who does undertake the role of judge shou have the right of appeal to the Dean's office.

In cases of plagiarism, the professor shou first talk to the student in the hope that a misu derstanding is involved. There should be no que tion of crime and punishment yet. A report of th incident should be sent to the Dean of Student Of course the student should know such a repo is being made. If the case seems serious enoug or if it is a second or third incident involving th same student, the *Dean's* office should initiate hearing. It should be clear that the professor making his report has no idea whether furth action will result.

Meanwhile, as assurance to professors who fe that their reports of violations will lead to unju punishment, we should follow a policy of lig punishment—maybe admonition only—for first o fenders. Most first offenders will not be punish at all, for a report to the Dean's file should ge erally serve as sufficient warning. It should known that the transcript of a student's academ record (courses taken, grades received) will nev contain a mention of such admonitions; they a irrelevant to the purpose of the transcript a would tend to cast into doubt the validity of h real accomplishment. Where, through repeated o fenses, that validity is genuinely compromised, t student should merely be expelled.

Thomas Hobbes observed, in *Leviathan*, "Cov nants without the sword are but words." Hobb must have said somewhere else that the use of t sword in the absence of a proper covenant equally fruitless. We professors have a contra with our students; we must give as well as expe Our assignments must be educational and cle our examinations meaningful and relevant. Th once we are sure our part of the code is observe we have the right, and indeed an obligation, to i sist upon theirs.

Harper's Magazine, May 19

A New Direction for Negro Colleges

by Howard Zinn

Instead of indulging in so much wistful talk about "catching up," they might do well to concentrate on their unique—and overlooked—advantage over other American schools.

While students walked by in their Sunday dress, the campus flecked with leaves and sun, in that unmatched, quiet beauty of the Southern Negro college, I talked with a distinguished sociologist about the new era. We spoke of the foundation grants, the flowering of concern. Then, with a bit of sadness and a smile, he said, "Yes, the missionaries are on their way again."

The sociologist was Dr. Lewis Jones, graying now, his manner gentle, his outlook tough, his head filled with more information about Negro colleges than can be found in the libraries. For a long time at Tuskegee, now Coordinator of the Race Relations Institute of Fisk University (his alma mater), he was defining the dilemma facing 120 predominantly Negro or all-Negro colleges as they confront this nation in the Second Reconstruction: how to repair the blight of a century of segregration and impoverishment without taking on the worst characteristics of most American colleges and universities.

What are these characteristics? On occasions of self-criticism, educators in both white and Negro colleges have pointed to them. Many colleges are too frantic for money and physical growth, too complacent about social problems, too removed from the ghettos of the poor which surround the universities, and even farther removed, not only geographically but emotionally, from the larger ghettos of the world which lie across the sea in Asia, Africa, Latin America. And while most people in Negro education are willing to ignore this in the interest of their own ambitions, a few remain wary, as are some of the more perceptive Negro students.

To white America, the Negro college has always been a troubling presence. Born in the passion of Civil War and Reconstruction, it was an unwanted child, and the nation ignored it for a century, while it grew up stunted, yet wise; subservient, yet nurturing a secret rebelliousness. Then the civil-rights uprising brought the Negro colleges into view—and now we are beginning to encircle them with a fine net of benevolence, threatening to draw them into an American culture which, to many Negroes, seems desirable and repellent at the same time.

Under segregation, the problem of the colleges was survival. Now with the battle for integration won (at least legally), the peace negotiations bring a question: What are the terms? The young people going to school in the era of the Negro revolt have been attracted to its peculiar combination of intellect and activism (Martin Luther King, Bob Moses, James Farmer, are examples). And while they do want careers and security, the curricula of the colleges—white as well as Negro—too often suggest that Orozco mural which shows skulls and skeletons in academic attire, surrounded by books and bones—knowledge serving death instead of

life. In his novel *Home to Harlem*, Claude McKay, an outstanding figure in the Harlem literary renaissance of the 1920s, speaks on this point. A young ambitious Negro has just said that "education is something to make you fine!" And another responds: "No, modern education is planned to make you a sharp, snouty, rooting hog. A Negro getting it is an anachronism. We ought to get something new, we Negroes. But we get our education like–like our houses. When the whites move out, we move in and take possession of the old dead stuff. Dead stuff that this age has no use for."

Yet the "dead stuff" of education means degrees, prestige, status, entrance into the professions. And for Negroes whose fathers picked cotton and carried trays and whose mothers' hands became hard washing other women's laundry, this is a huge achievement. Higher education, however, is always a gift for the few, and this is especially, poignantly true, of Negroes in the United States. Whites outnumber Negroes in the population about ten to one, but in college they outnumber them thirty to one. And of the 200,000 Negroes in college, half are in all-Negro or predominantly Negro institutions in the South.

Alike, Only More So

The campuses of these colleges are extraordinarily fragrant and lovely, with immaculate lawns and thick-limbed trees, with magnolia and honeysuckle and dogwood. The students seem to glide by, for there is little loud talk, there is little hubbub. They are honey-colored and brown and tawny and mahogany and altogether remarkably attractive young people.

The dress is less casual than on other campuses, the decorum controlled. Every minority group has always labored under the terrible weight of the admonition–delivered by the higher-ups within the group–to "make a good impression," as if this were somehow the key to equal treatment. You only realize how much this is "playing the game" when you make a personal contact with Negro college students, for then the smiles are especially warm and there is a bubbling of spirits over the edges of control. In the dorms at night the boisterous release is the counterpart of life outside the campus, where the Negro ghetto comes alive at night and on weekends after the restraint of working silently for the white man all week long.

The students are mostly from the South, from segregated schools, which have the lowest teachers' salaries, the most out-of-date textbooks, the most crowded classrooms, the most shabby equipment, in the country. Many of the students are badly prepared in their vocabulary, their reading ability, their study habits. A number are eager to make up for this, and shoot ahead. Others surrender (the financial needs of the family are always hovering over them). They either drop out or stagger to an ill-earned degree.

But those who are bright are very bright–which proves, as used to be said of the Jews, that Negroes are like everyone else only more so (perhaps because in harassed groups there is an intensification of pleasures, pains, deficiencies, genius). One of my former students, Marian Wright, is now Mississippi's first Negro woman civil-rights lawyer–and a brilliant one. Another, Herschelle Sullivan, who was a sit-in leader, is now working on her Ph.D. in political science. Another, a talented young poet and essayist named Alice Walker, is graduating from Sarah Lawrence, having transferred there from Spelman in her junior year. A former student of mine from Kenya, Jennifer Adhiambo, serves in the diplomatic corps in her country. Many other students of mine are teaching or doing social work in some Negro slum, because their husbands, even with college degrees, may be working on the assembly line.

But this picture of the Negro college is false if it emphasizes differences instead of similarities between white and Negro, homogeneity rather than variety among the Negro colleges. The fact is that the Negro institutions vary hugely, as do their students. For instance, on a ranking by academic quality, Howard (the top), Fisk, Lincoln, and Morehouse would be found in the upper tenth of all American institutions. And the poor Negro state institutions share the bottom of the academic list with white institutions all over the nation. And yet, *on the whole*, Negro colleges are smaller in size and poorer in quality. The reasons are easily identifiable: segregation, and a century of living on financial crumbs.

In the 85 four-year colleges and 35 two-year colleges whose student bodies are all-Negro or mainly Negro, the average enrollment is less than a thousand. In fact, only thirty of the Negro institutions have over a thousand students. Even

Howard Zinn, now associate professor of government at Boston University, was for seven years head of the history department at Spelman College. His books include "LaGuardia in Congress," "The Southern Mystique," and (coming this year) "New Deal Thought." In the summer of 1964, on an Eleanor Roosevelt Fund/Field grant, he taught in a "freedom school" in Mississippi.

oward University, the largest, with about 6,500, is under half the student body of New York Uni-rsity or Boston University. Size is important, cause small institutions have limited facilities, narrow range of subject matter, and weak grad-ate programs (only Howard University offers substantial doctoral program). One of the rgent jobs is to merge small Negro colleges with ighboring ones. Another idea is to combine cilities in a situation like that of the Atlanta niversity Center, where six predominantly egro institutions (Morehouse, Spelman, Clark, orris Brown, Atlanta University, and the Inter-enominational Theological Center) are now osely confederated. If resources were joined ere (while retaining the kind of independence adcliffe and Harvard have, using the same fac-ty) there would be far more efficient use of oney and talent than now exists.

Most colleges have to scrounge desperately for oney, but Negro colleges are more desperate an any of them. The average expenditure per udent in the nation's colleges was $1,334 in 1960; Negro colleges it was $888. And this doesn't tell e whole story, for there is a concentration of oney (as is true among colleges generally) in e upper levels, with only ten institutions holding) per cent of the total endowment. Negroes con-itute a tenth of the nation. But in 1960 Negro lleges got 2.7 per cent of the money given by ates for higher education, and a pitiful .66 per nt of federal money given to higher education. o wonder Whitney Young and James Farmer sist that *special* government aid to the Negro lleges is only a small step toward equal treat-ent.

These figures, like most of the statistical data am citing, come from a recent study by Earl McGrath, *The Predominantly Negro Colleges nd Universities in Transition*, published by eachers College, Columbia University. McGrath ays that local, state, and federal governments have the moral responsibility to equalize the op-ortunities for higher education among Ameri-an youth, especially the Negroes. . . . And with outhern state governments unlikely to move, the ederal government must act swiftly.*

The richer a family is, the better the children's chance to go to college. The average Negro family gets half as much annual income as white families in this country, and in 1963, one of 42 white Americans was in college, but only one of 110 Negroes. Nationally, over three-fourths of families with children in college earn over $6,000 a year, but this is true of less than a third of Negro college families. Negro college students have, on the average, three or four sisters or brothers at home. A student of mine from Americus, Georgia, said to me, "I'd like so much to go to grad school, but I've got to get my little sister through college first." Another student ended up at Spelman, even though she had received a scholarship to go to University of Chicago, because that scholarship simply didn't pay enough of her costs.

The United Negro College Fund, which coordinates fund-raising for thirty-three of the leading Negro colleges and universities, sometimes has trouble because donors wonder if they are contributing to dying institutions. It is true that the recent "discovery" of the Negro by Ivy League and other universities has boosted the scholarship offerings and begun to draw more of the gifted high-school seniors into first-rate Northern institutions. And some of the leading white Southern universities have recently received foundation money to attract the brightest Negro students. The fruit of this generosity may be a lowering of the academic level in the Negro colleges.

"Conscious of Your Color"

Negro colleges are hardly likely to be integrated out of existence, however. More white students are enrolling, but only in a trickle. True, two institutions in West Virginia (Bluefield State and West Virginia State) now have a white majority, but this is due to special conditions (convenient location for local whites, low tuition, and race prejudice never as virulent as in the Deep South). Lincoln University has always had a large percentage of white students; but remember, this is Pennsylvania. Howard University now has several hundred white students and Fisk University is getting more each year. But of the 48 Negro institutions which are now desegregated (most of the others are state institutions) 34 have only a handful of students.

Integration will grow at Negro colleges, but only slowly. Over half of all college-bound Negroes now choose Negro colleges over Northern white colleges. There are two main reasons why this is likely to continue. One is economic—costs at

*Almost all the Negro colleges are in the South. Notable exceptions are Lincoln University in Pennsylvania and Central State College in Ohio. Slightly less than half the institutions (51) are state-supported (with 69,000 students), and of the seventy or so private institutions (with 41,000 students), 56 have religious affiliations. Most of the church support comes from the Baptist, Methodist, and African Methodist Episcopal denominations.

Negro colleges are low, roughly half that of the national average. The other is cultural. There is a loneliness among Negroes who find themselves isolated in an overwhelmingly white college community. A young man just graduated from the predominantly Negro Virginia State College in Petersburg told me of a professor at a Negro college who had sent his son to Exeter, then to Colgate. "I would *hate* to do that to my son. You know why? This man's son just lives and breathes for vacation, so he can come back to the Negro community."

A bright, articulate Negro girl from North Carolina, attending Harvard Summer School, joined our conversation: "I was at a Catholic school, and it was bad. I don't mean educationally. But I needed companionship. I was a misfit. I've got friends who went off to Vassar, Elmira, places like that. They can't *wait* to come home. I don't care where you go, you will be conscious of your color." The Negro college is a social center and marrying place, as well as an occupational training center. And it will continue to reflect, in its racial character, the existence of a separate Negro community in the United States.

Still Second Pickings?

On the premise that "all American youth should have equal access to education," the McGrath report urges that the federal government and private foundations should give major aid to the Negro institutions. This would go to build up their faculties through higher salaries and more opportunities for research; strengthen the liberal-arts part of a curriculum too much devoted to vocational training; foster cooperative programs among Negro colleges and between Negro and white colleges; expand remedial programs for poorly prepared students; give more financial aid to students; expand counseling services; encourage long-range planning.

These needs are corroborated by students in the Negro colleges. Complaining about poor faculty, a Philadelphia girl at Delaware State said: "The ones they should get rid of, they keep. And the ones they should keep, they get rid of!" Another said: "We have too many philosophy teachers who teach *religion*," and the young man sitting at the same table smiled. "You have just described Philosophy 100 at Virginia State!"

One response to the new interest in Negro colleges represented by the McGrath report, is that foundations are giving some money. However, Negro colleges still tend to get the pickings after white institutions have been taken care of; the rich colleges get richer, the poor relatively poorer.

Another hopeful prospect is opened by the National Teaching Fellowships set up by the Higher Education Act of 1965. This provides that capable young faculty people can spend two-year teaching periods in "struggling" colleges. The Act also will subsidize cooperative arrangements between large universities and Southern Negro colleges for faculty exchanges and other aids.

Such cooperative arrangements began several years ago, and keep expanding slowly. Brown University has been sending faculty people to Tougaloo College in Mississippi; Harvard University has been helping Miles College in Birmingham; Cornell has an arrangement with Hampton. Summer programs to give intensive instruction to Negro college faculty were financed in 1964 and 1965 by the Carnegie Foundation. The Harvard University Law School last summer brought thirty bright juniors from Negro colleges to Cambridge to get both a taste of law school and preparation for it; they reported it was a marvelously stimulating summer.

But is all this enough? Is American higher education so definitely on the right road that all the Negro colleges need is more efficient transportation in the same direction? A Morehouse College student said to me: "Now the sit-ins are over, and the black colleges are getting the big rush from IBM. So you take the $6,500-a-year job when you graduate, and though your father was a bellhop you're now a part of the middle class. What happens to you as a *person*?"

Silence the Password

What worries this student is that the new slowly growing Negro middle class will be "used" by white society to obscure the fate of the vast majority, who will remain segregated *de facto*, uneducated, and poor. The new enrichment, in other words, may do no more than enable Negro colleges to imitate other colleges in the worst elements of their educational philosophy. And one of these is to assume that the most important function of a college is to feed efficient, smart youngsters into the giant jaws of business and government in a monstrous fulfillment of Jonathan Swift's caustic suggestion for eating our children. But to explain why this suspicion exists, even of an enriched system of Negro education, requires a brief look at the past.

Negro education was warped at birth by segregation, and the first to say so are the Negro

ıcators themselves. Dr. Lewis Jones, in a re-
rkable unpublished report for the Field
undation, says that for a hundred years the
gro colleges were used by whites to produce a
y elite who would service (as teachers, social
rkers, small businessmen) the segregated
gro community and act as agents, in effect, for
ite domination.

This judgment does not preclude gratitude for
se Northern white idealists who conceived and
ffed the tiny Southern schools for newly freed
groes that sprang up after the Civil War. These
lleges" were often housed in old Union bar-
ks or in churches: Fisk in a military hospital,
ntral Tennessee College in a gun factory, At-
ta University in a railroad car. Since then,
ry year on Founders Day, the chapel bells toll
Negro campuses and all assemble dutifully,
ck-robed, while the organ plays and the glee
b sings.

That first fresh spirit, however, after a genera-
n or so, became imprisoned inside the hard,
lent South of the Klan and the Redeemers, with
protest from white philanthropists or black
lege presidents. The calm voice of Tuskegee's
nder, Booker T. Washington, prevailed, urg-
safety. Thus, the Negro colleges (25 set up
Northern church denominations in the twenty
ırs following the Civil War, then 13 more by
gro denominations in the next three decades,
d meanwhile a burgeoning of state-supported
titutions helped by federal land grants)
thodically turned out the teachers, the min-
ers, the social workers, the nurses, the crafts-
n, to serve the two halves of a society divided
ng the color line.

Hampton Institute in Virginia and Tuskegee
Alabama, both devoted to industrial education,
ame the most sought-after recipients of white
ilanthropy. In 1965, they still ranked a runaway
st and second in endowments, accounting for an
onishing 35 per cent of the total endowment
all 120 Negro colleges.

Some Negroes never were able to live with the
ashington creed. One was the legendary W. E.
DuBois, who went South to study at Fisk in
shville, to Harvard to get his Ph.D. in sociology,
n taught at Atlanta University. He wrote from
lanta, at the turn of the century, in *Souls of*
ck Folk, on behalf of a different kind of educa-
n: "I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not.
ross the color line I move arm in arm with
lzac and Dumas. . . . I summon Aristotle and
relius and what souls I will, and they come all
aciously with no scorn nor condescension. . . . Is
s the life you grudge us, O knightly America?
. . . Are you so afraid lest we sight the Promised
Land?"

DuBois was right, America was afraid. And so, for a long time, the Negro college nestled inside the white segregated South in an odd, unwritten pact, whose essence was that the Negro college should remain invisible. And it involved a grisly bargain in which some Negroes were educated within the walls while others were lynched outside. Silence was the password through the gate, concocted by the verbal white majority, and unchallenged—for a long time—by the black minority.

Most white folk in town liked the arrangement, with its ritualistic token of occasional contact between the separated worlds—whites would come once a year to hear Negroes sing Christmas carols; politicians would show up to make speeches in chapel. For the Negro, isolation sharpened feelings of inferiority that had started with hearing the first cry of "nigger" in childhood.

True, the Negro colleges were "inferior." The students came from overcrowded, impoverished, pitiful excuses for schools. Many were from illiterate families. At Spelman College, I found that half my students were the daughters of ministers, teachers, social workers, skilled laborers, and businessmen; the other half the daughters of porters, waiters, tenant farmers, common laborers, maids, and factory workers.

Faculties were an odd mixture of missionaries, mediocrities, and miracle workers of both races. (At Spelman, about a fourth of the faculty was white, and this is not far from the proportion in most private Negro colleges.) There were also the kinds of hard-working, good teachers who go unnoticed in many institutions. Administrators included petty bureaucrats, charismatic figures, inspired pioneers, and benevolent monarchs, who were, as Lewis Jones says, "cautious and undramatic except in the exercise of autocracy."

The Revolution Blunted

In 1960, with the sit-ins, the pact of silence and separation was broken. It was evident now that, inside their basic conservatism, the Negro colleges had nourished hidden shoots of rebellion: interracial contacts which whites outside pretended not to see, daring ideas about Africa and the Negro heritage. And out of these colleges sprang the young Negroes (Martin Luther King and James Bevel of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; John Lewis and Julian Bond of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) who took leadership in the civil-rights revolt.

Since the Negro revolution took to the streets, and several hundred students left college to work in dangerous hamlets of the rural South, the campuses have quieted down. But memories of that brief, wild outburst in 1960, and the continuing excitement of "the Movement," still touch the Negro student. Revisiting a classroom at Spelman College recently, I listened to the girls ask: "What is wrong with us now? Can't we somehow recapture the spirit of the sit-ins?" A Morehouse College junior went further: "During the sit-ins, we were saying we want *in*. Now, my friends and I are saying . . . we want *out*."

The statement seems rash. But we should recall that some of the finest youngsters in the country—courageous, idealistic, informed—those who sparked the greatest social movement in the nation's recent history, came in 1960 and 1961 out of the "worst" colleges, the Southern Negro colleges. Was there not something wrong with the "best" colleges, which instructed generation after generation of complacent citizens how best to take their place in a segregated society? Must we, the Morehouse student was asking, simply become more like Harvard, Vassar, Swarthmore, and Smith, when poverty, nationalism, and war, press all around, asking for brains and courage to attack them?

Charlie Cobb, a young Negro writer, lean, smiling, was telling me about his experience: "I thought I could use the university to tailor knowledge to *my* needs, which were to do something about the society that was strangling me and mine. But it was too strong. So I left Howard after a year and went to Mississippi to work with SNCC." At least a thousand other students have also left college for varying periods of time to go South to work in civil rights; others have joined the Peace Corps or the poverty program in Appalachia, or have gone to work with the Students for a Democratic Society among the urban poor.

These students have heard much pretentious Commencement Day talk about the purpose of education being to develop "values" in students, but what they find is a strong concern to produce "able, first-class" young men and women who will score high on tests, enter leading universities, and become prosperous professionals. And while this is advantageous for the few, if unjoined to some larger concern it leaves too many people out.

To a Negro college administrator, this is asking him to do something outside his sphere of possibilities. His job, he believes, is to keep up with the higher world of education, and therefore the Negro college must do as others do: seek special projects and grants, not always because of the projects' intrinsic merits, but because money and prestige are involved. And then there is the emphasis on physical plant—buildings and more buildings (the one category, the McGrath report finds, in which Negro colleges have not been far behind other American colleges).

Along with this goes the sanctification of the token of education—higher degrees—rather than the education itself. Somehow, sometime, accrediting associations grasped the idea that an easy way to judge the quality of a college is to count the Ph.D.s on its faculty. This leads the harassed president of any poor college—and thus most of the Negro institutions—to be more concerned with the degrees held by a potential teacher than with his or her teaching ability.

Among the missing elements in the new attention given to material needs in Negro colleges is concern for the spirit of freedom. Many of the nation's colleges, and some of its large universities, are dominated by overbearing administrators, while vaguely interested trustees look on. With the Negro colleges, this is accentuated by the environment of the conservative South, the heritage of slavery, a long tradition of patriarchal administration under segregation. "The president thinks we're savages, and that it's his job to civilize us," one student said to me. Another told of the rule book given to her as she entered a Negro women's college: "It said what a young lady may not *wear*. That's so superficial, it makes me sick."

Presidential autocracy was as true when the presidents were white, as today, when they are Negro. Faculty and students have little to say in policy-making. At one Negro college a few years ago, many faculty members and students fled to escape what they felt was an unbearably oppressive regime: the president arbitrarily fired faculty who were overcritical; he censored the student newspaper; he withheld a scholarship from an honors student who had protested campus policies. As recently as last spring, a graduating senior, moved by events in the Selma, Alabama, crisis, decided to take off from school and spend several days there as part of a national pilgrimage of concerned citizens. She was suspended from the college and not permitted to graduate with her class.

"Basic internal reforms are essential," says Dr. Samuel Cook, a leading political theorist, chairman of the department of political science at Atlanta University. "Negro institutions cry out for an intellectual revolution that shakes, transforms, and purifies the very foundation of their existence." He calls for more faculty and student

ticipation in policy making, more opportunity faculty research, higher salaries, leaves of ence, and "cessation of the glorification of or- doxy, false piety, conformity, sentimentality, authoritarianism."

)ne hopeful sign is that a new generation of gro college presidents is beginning to appear— orous, forward-looking men who were active in civil-rights movement, and are imbued with nocratic ideas. Dr. Herman Long of Talladega lege in Alabama is one of these. Another is Vivian Henderson, who had made a reputation an economist at Fisk and is now president of rk College in Atlanta.

"The day when one man can sit up here and do rything is gone," Henderson said. "We're out- wing the old idea of the Negro college presi- t overseeing his plantation."

Another good sign is the slow reverse migration ard the Negro colleges of gifted, socially con- ous young scholars, Negro and white. And per- s most important, there is the dormant but asionally erupting impatience of the Negro lege student, his expectations aroused, seeking reedom Now" in education, as well as in the mmunity.

Their Supreme Advantage

here is too much wistful talk in education cles about how far Negro colleges must go to atch up" with the rest. What is overlooked is at the Negro colleges have one supreme advan- ge over the others: they are the nearest this untry has to a racial microcosm of the world tside the United States, a world largely non- ite, developing, and filled with the tensions of urgeois emulation and radical protest. And with re white students and foreign students enter- g, Negro universities might become our first assively integrated, truly international educa- nal centers.

Surely, it is a prime function of the university expand the consciousness of the student beyond e world he knows. And it becomes increasingly ident that, in the second half of this century, r nation is having difficulty understanding and aling with the explosive world of Africans, sians, Latins. If the United States is a white, fluent, middle-aged stranger in a dark-skinned, verty-stricken, revolutionary world, then a pre- minantly Negro university which attracts stu- nts from all countries can become uniquely fective as an educational center for young mericans.

While perhaps only Fisk, Howard, Atlanta, and a few others, could undertake this pioneering role, the lesser Negro colleges might perform another kind of special function, particularly as they merge with neighboring white state institutions (Negro Tougaloo and white Millsaps in Jackson, Mississippi, for instance, both of them with a tradition of social concern). They could turn into an advantage what middle-class education deems a handicap: the fact that so many of their students come from poor families.

With work-study programs along the Antioch model, they could have students spend half their time in the poor communities that surround most of these colleges, and half the year in school studying the problems of poverty. Work in the social sciences, the natural sciences, literature, and art, could all be directed toward transforming the lives of the poor.

No American institution of higher education has yet directed all of its reserves of knowledge and ingenuity toward both studying and changing the conditions of life nearby. So the slums grow up around them while the students inside ponder social problems as abstract exercises. "Yes," a Negro student said to me, "I do want to be intelligent, but I don't want to be a detached, emotionless *intellectual*." Charlie Cobb, the SNCC worker, said: "Sure, there's all this information in the college. But it's not available for the people outside."

Decisions for such new approaches need to be made soon, before the dominant mood—which is to take over the traditional goals of other colleges—becomes frozen. In the pursuit of orthodoxy, the Negro institutions will probably remain second-best. Thrusting into new directions, they could fulfill a unique function which would not only raise their own stature, but be of inestimable benefit to the nation, even to the world.

The new push for "excellence" is really Booker T. Washington's approach, on a new level. In his time, the emphasis was on vocational training, so that the Negro could take his subordinate place in a segregated society. Now the drive is to train a relatively small percentage of a mainly poor Negro population to enter, integrated, into our thriving middle-class business society.

These first missionaries brought Christ. The new ones bring the values of a business-minded civilization. These are aids to survival in a difficult world. But it may be that young people, in whom rebellion always lies one inch below the surface, and who have caught a glimpse of something special in the lightning flash of the civil-rights movement, will ask more than survival.

Harper's Magazine, May 1966

The Shame of the Graduate Schools:

Comments and Rebuttals

William Arrowsmith's article in the March "Harper's" evoked strong reactions from scholars, administrators, students, and writers. The following is a small but representative sample.

The chief enemies of the life of the mind in America are the peddlers of superficial generalization, easy cliché, cheap jibe, petulant complaint of the barbarism of science, and the seemingly daring criticism which is beside the point. When all of these come at the same time from the pen of a distinguished classicist, we can only remark that, indeed, Homer sometimes nods. Professor Arrowsmith laments the plight of the humanities, the rule of "publish or perish," the decline of the great teacher, dreary doctoral dissertations, etc., etc., etc. One longs for just one fresh discovery, but there is none here.

Professor Arrowsmith is of the opinion that "there is simply nothing happening these days in the humanities." How can one reply to such nonsense? A great deal is happening and some of it is the work of Professor Arrowsmith and his students. I refer the interested reader to the recent volumes, *Humanistic Scholarship in America: The Princeton Studies*, of which I am the General Editor.

Professor Arrowsmith trots out the hoary old complaint about standards and excellence: "We have trained as scholars men who are not fit to be scholars," as if every student of classical history ought to be a Thucydides or give up. He pontificates that "the humanities suffer from lack of organizational intelligence and committed action," whatever these may be. How many more times must we listen to the successful graduate teacher who solemnly tells us that he has "always preferred teaching undergraduates to candidates for the Ph.D."?

And what is the upshot of all this banality? We must give professorships in our universities, and give degrees in our graduate schools to critics and artists as well as to scholars! As Professor Arrowsmith well knows, the most active American universities have been moving in this direction for years and he himself is a conspicuous example of a critic and a poet who has achieved the highest academic eminence. He supports his proposal by citing "the best of our critics," R. P. Blackmur, who was, *mirabile dictu*, a university professor!

Graduate education and the study of the humanities both certainly need some imaginative reorganization. This will not come from tired, petulant, and irrelevant complaints dashed off by pillars of the Establishment who wish to have their cake and eat it too.

RICHARD SCHLATTER
Provost and Vice-President
Rutgers, The State University
New Brunswick, N. J.

Mr. Arrowsmith is unde[illegible] right about what he says is [illegible] with humanistic graduate st[illegible] the Ph.D. It has always seeme[illegible] absurd for a student to take [illegible] seven years to produce a badly r[illegible] dissertation on a subject that [illegible] he is interested in. The servil[illegible] tion of scientific method is d[illegible] to blame; but method can al[illegible] institutionalized. Intelligence [illegible] and that is why the Establish[illegible] afraid of it. The Ph.D. canc[illegible] ordered to investigate a sub[illegible] "English Prostitution as It s[illegible] flected in the Comedy of M[illegible] 1750-1760," presumably beca[illegible] an investigation will yield [illegible] edge."

If the Establishment wish [illegible] authoritarian, it ought to o[illegible] student to write a dissertati[illegible] great writer who would test hi[illegible] standing and critical percepti[illegible] civilized mind the idea of "r[illegible] is barbarous. Coleridge never id[illegible] research; he merely read [illegible] thousand books. The young c[illegible] should *compete with the p*[illegible] judge himself and be judge[illegible] light of the past.

In the university, the schol[illegible] role, as T. S. Eliot said, is th[illegible] slave to the critic and the i[illegible] tive writer. But since we l[illegible] servile-mass society, it is pro[illegible] the slave should be on top.

ALL
University of M[illegible]
Minneapol[illegible]

in sympathy with Professor
mith's animus, but I am aston-
hat he does not spell out the dif-
consequences of his position.
esent role of the university in
is *not* to produce men and cer-
not humanists in the sense of
nascence.
instance, whether or not a hu-
had strong feelings about the
m war, he would certainly pro-
ainst the jingoistic and porno-
coverage of the war on TV
the press. What of the sleek
bile ad and the sexy shampoo
t interlard the pictures of
er? As a guardian of civiliza-
e could not allow this insensi-
to persist in our communica-

essor Arrowsmith speaks as
the literary tradition of the
re alive for this generation of
s. But the thread of this tradi-
as been snapped by history;
n civilization has too much dis-
itself by wars, gas chambers,
ombs, Cold War, and the abuse
beautiful science. Our best
will have to make themselves
est and meaningful world out
r own ignorant but ingenuous
ts.

PAUL GOODMAN
New York, N.Y.

only quarrel with William
smith is that he has both
nplified and understated the
on. The sciences are no less
to destroying the individual
re the humanities. To empha-
e dichotomy is to repeat C. P.
mistake. Scientists have sim-
rged ahead on the basis of
Professor Arrowsmith terms
izational intelligence and com-
action." Humanists have made
, however, for the scientists to
an of concern with his life and
aning by abdicating their role
aking for the life of man.
increasingly fragmented struc-
f the graduate school encour-
he desire of many scholars for
y which, unfortunately, they
er more important than a full
ative life. The question is how
ters a rigidly structured, un-
imaginatively staffed Establishment. I do not think one does. I think one nurtures small groups of courageous thinkers and hopes they will fire up the minds of a few in coming generations.

It is the task of the "custodians" of graduate education (as Professor Arrowsmith calls graduate deans) to provide the opportunity to produce something new. And to this task some of the custodians are giving much effort with little help from their faculties and students and notably less from the scholars in the humanities.

Professor Arrowsmith's point was well put by the late Perry Miller: "A graduate school, confine it as one will, is an unsettling school." More and more repetitions of this idea, even occasionally by the custodians themselves, may induce some long-needed changes.

W. GORDON WHALEY
Dean, The Graduate School
University of Texas
Austin, Tex.

As a part-time graduate student at Yale, may I say that Professor Arrowsmith's article could not be more precisely on the head of the nail. The "best" universities are all factories . . . grinding out as many Ph.D.s per year as possible. Granted, the world is getting depersonalized and most jobs are meaningless, but it seems particularly sad that education should go the way of the Ford Motor Company.

CAROLE WALKER
New Haven, Conn.

Everything Arrowsmith says is true. Most graduate studies in the humanities are futile. And the pseudo-science of these studies is creeping downward. In large universities there are classes where undergraduates are taught together with graduate students and subjected to graduate-school methods; as this continues, undergraduates will become the obsequious dullards that many graduate students already are.

In order to use artists in the university, as Arrowsmith suggests, the university would have to be changed radically. Politicians and administrators would have to be persuaded to hire men without Ph.D.s. They would have to judge men by their ability, not by credentials. But the real obstacle is the belief that works of imagination can be taught in a scientific manner. The pseudo-scholars and critics would be afraid to have their methodology shown up for what it is —sheer laziness, in comparison with the work of original thinking and writing.

At present the university hires artists—then heaps committee work on them. To many people in the university, the work of a committee, and the money that can be obtained for it, is incomparably more important than teaching, scholarship, and art.

Mr. Arrowsmith writes from the Alamo. Here at Berkeley things are the same. We writers in the university are pioneers, and we are out on a limb. We are resisting the efforts of administrators and pseudo-scholars to crush the last sparks of life out of higher education. We are holding on desperately. Send help. It will soon be too late.

LOUIS SIMPSON
Berkeley, Calif.

In 1964 as editor of the journal *College Composition and Communication*, I printed ten detailed case histories by graduate students from universities all over America. Of these young persons only one of them deeply valued his experience in English. Others said: "Literature here is studied as if it were a dead cat." "The graduate school obstructed the exchange of ideas." "I thought literature was about life but in graduate school I found it was about theme, plot, structure, and symbol."

Many college and high-school English teachers don't like literature, don't read poetry on their own, don't encourage their students to write for campus literary magazines, don't buy the magazines when they appear. They judge sinful the belief that a student (or they themselves) might for a moment observe with the acuity of Faulkner or Chaucer.

Those who believe with Archibald MacLeish that literature courses should stand "with a foot in the text and a foot in the world" and with

Mr. Arrowsmith that their job is to show "the force of reality in a work" must today begin a revolution which will earn the title of The New English.

KEN MACRORIE
Professor of English
Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo, Mich.

The colossal truth of William Arrowsmith's horror-packed article reminded me of a Hungarian-American graduate student I know. Call him Corvinus and protect his happiness.

Corvinus confided one night, just before he left the graduate department with which I was tenuously connected, that he was leaving for two reasons: (1) the faculty were powerful zombies, and (2) these zombies were most highly organized in an other-directed frictionless operation. Corvinus, who was a bit older than most teething graduate students (besides blowing the top off the Graduate Record Exam he baked excellent bread, made good wine, and had been on the arbitration board for a longshoremen's union), said he didn't mind tooling out his destiny in a zombie work camp. What he did mind was the absolute precision of the camp. Now, Corvinus was precise too, but he had found there was no way to fit his kind of precision into that of the zombies. He told me he was going to another graduate school where there's lots of friction and wobble—and it would be in the margin of that wobble that he'd work his own precision.

Until William Arrowsmith's "Emersonian university" gets going, Corvinus' strategy may be our only humane hope.

DONALD L. WEISMANN
University Professor in the Arts
University of Texas
Austin, Tex.

Mr. Arrowsmith eloquently complains that the "most remarkable and agonizing feature of graduate education is . . . the gulf between one's studies and one's life." But his corrective is as futile as the condition, for the division which he insists upon between *knowing* and *being* is both arbitrary and untenable. Existence as most of us must confront it would simply not be endurable with this kind of capricious fragmentation.

Let us indeed agree that there is much "waste and detritus" in scholarship as it is practiced in many graduate schools today. Mr. Arrowsmith, however, is guilty of distortion when he universalizes as trivial, selfish, and dishonest the ends to which contemporary scholarship is directed. The pursuit of grubby facts is far from being as endemic as he dourly maintains.

His jeremiad, alas, bespeaks a failure to keep up with the growing literary and artistic consciousness of the last twenty years. One may well sympathize with his contempt for "bibliolatry," but still deplore the anachronistic assumptions on which it is founded. The good of course does not improve the bad, but the general reader ought at least to be disabused of the notion of overwhelming badness.

In archaeology, for instance, systematic attention to minutiae has resulted in remarkable cultural discoveries and revaluations. In disciplined literary criticism—in studies of Shakespeare, Blake, Joyce, and many others—the "pure text" far from being neglected has been an absorbing preoccupation. And there has been "action," but action has been substantiated and understanding enhanced to a degree impossible in the relaxing atmosphere of "general civilized discourse." There *are* good teachers, and good teaching is no more separable from research and critical scholarship than *knowing* is from *being*.

It may well be that we are not ready for Mr. Arrowsmith's idealized graduate school of the "three humanistic fates." In that event, we may only watch his spectacular Icarian flight but not regret overmuch that we cannot participate in it.

EDWARD A. BLOOM
Chmn., Dept. of English
Brown University
Providence, R. I.

William Arrowsmith said a great many things that needed to be said about the ossification of our graduate schools, and he said them boldly a eloquently. But not very concret Could he not give us some of the da including his own experience as member of the academic commun which led him to his conclusions?

Mr. Arrowsmith's triad of Teach Scholar, and Artist is interestin and stimulating—as a solution. "I f no difficulty in imagining a progr of study for each type," he wri after stating he sees no reason "t metaphor . . . should not be transla into academic practice." Myself, I find difficulty in seeing just how t metaphor could be "translated i practice." Could he be a little m specific there, too?

DWIGHT MACDON
University of Te
Austin, T

William Arrowsmith's blast sho give the academic Establishmen proper shaking up—and maybe eve waking up.

C. VANN WOODW
Dept. of Hist
Yale Univer
New Haven, C

As a graduate student in Engl literature . . . I believe William Arr smith underestimates the long-t deleterious effects of small humani budgets. One cannot *buy* imaginat it is true; but conservative spen leads inevitably to conservative th ing. As long as alumni clubhou parking lots, and administrative assistants continue to multiply w humanities departments cut back faculty sabbaticals and disserta fellowships, our universities will tinue to turn out frustrated " barians."

The formation of a humanist c narily requires a certain amoun leisure, a freedom from restraint petty harassment, and the cons presence of intelligent and acc plished minds. It is a slow proc and the completion of graduate st is only its beginning. But if it begin at all, our graduate departm must provide the proper environm

JOHN S. LAM
Stanford Unive
Stanford, C

Harper's Magazine, May

LOUIS XIV CREATING THE MILITARY ORDER OF ST. LOUIS



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Romeo and Juliet. Antony and Cleopatra. They had nothing on Shah Jahan and his lovely Mumtaz Mahal.

Do you know the story? Briefly, it goes like this:

Mumtaz Mahal was married to the Emperor Shah Jahan at twenty-one. She was said to be beautiful, wise and deeply in love. But she died in childbirth.

The Emperor was stricken. (Chroniclers say his hair turned gray and that he cast aside his royal robes for simple white muslin.) So he vowed to build a love memorial to his Mumtaz Mahal that would surpass anything the world had ever seen.

Most people think he succeeded. Beautifully. But you can only find out by seeing the Taj yourself.

And if you do, we'd like to reassure those of you who might be reluctant to visit India for fear of not enjoying the more civilized comforts.

There are hotels in India. Fine, sensibly-priced hotels all across our country, with air-conditioned rooms, sumptuous beds, courteous valets, and ever-so-gifted chefs.

There are fine roads. For the price of a rented car (which in India includes a chauffeur at virtually no price at all) you can drive almost anywhere. We boast the largest domestic airline in the world. And the fourth-largest railroad system.

Our point is this: See the wonders of our ancient, colorful land. The India of orchid-studded mountains. The India of sleepy blue lakes. The India time can't budge.

But, at the same time, feel quite confident that when you come to our unique and fascinating country you'll enjoy all of the modern amenities of life.

If you would like more information about our country, see your travel agent or write: Government of India Tourist Office; New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street.

Also in Canada.

India

College Newspapers in Search of Their Own Voice

by Jeff Greenfield

ith some notable exceptions, most of e two thousand student publications e trivial and timid. But college presi- nts and faculty might find it worth- ile to encourage a really free student ess—even if it often is immature, emo- nal, and disrespectful.

spent the better part of my college life in a bby, ill-lit room full of pencil stubs, shreds of er, paste, ink, broken chairs, typewriter rib- s, and candy wrappers, ruining my eyesight l digestion, living off cheeseburgers and potato ps, arguing with students, teachers, deans, mmunists, public-relations men, alumni, racists, rgymen, and my mother, who was convinced I s killing myself. For four years I worked on student newspaper, the *Daily Cardinal* at the iversity of Wisconsin; for more than two of se years I was editor-in-chief. This meant (in lition to having to receive all complaints about blicity, editorials, unfair news stories, and the y the paper was delivered) that I had to come with new ideas and techniques for making the er more readable. My method for getting these v ideas was time-honored and effective: I stole m from every other student newspaper I could my hands on.

I read dozens of college newspapers a week, looking for the unusual, the original, and the effective in student journalism. What I found—and did not find—suggested to me that there are two distinct and contradictory schools of thought in the American college press. One, content to be an adjunct of the university's press service, accepting its policies and programs and speaking out only on issues of the narrowest concern; another, "activist," critical, skeptical, publishing independent reporting and commentary about educational and broader concerns. I became convinced that far too many college papers are indulging in a passive, timid journalism which is of no benefit to their readers on campus, and which is damming the source of skilled journalists so badly needed today in the commercial press. Further, it became apparent to me that too many of those people who run our colleges have opted for this passive voice in student journalism, and have been enforcing their choices by keeping outspoken reporting and comment within narrow bounds and by threatening or actually punishing student journalists who refuse to go along.

There is a student newspaper on almost all of the two thousand campuses in the United States. It may be a four-page biweekly or monthly, or it may be a daily, full-size paper with wire news and photos, syndicated writers and cartoonists. Whatever the format, the newspaper is potentially the

most important and powerful student voice on the campus. It is the one single source that reaches the entire campus; consequently, it has the power to make campus issues and generate topics of discussion. For most of the college papers, however, this power is potential only. Either by choice, by indifference, or by fear, they have chosen to publish only the inconsequential and the inoffensive in their news and editorial columns.

There is a pattern to these passive papers, as predictable as it is dreary. On page one, there is The Speech ("Kennan Says Policy Muddled," "Liberalism Inadequate: Buckley"); The Big Event ("Homecoming Shapes Up As Biggest Yet"); The Student Government Crisis ("Veep Hits Jones On Prom Tickets"); The World News ("Khrushchev Out; Prof. Brown Surprised"); and The Big News Photo ("Jo-Ann Reigns as Sweetheart"). The editorial page will call for support for the Blood Drive or for more student parking. The rest of the paper will be canned news from the school's public-relations department, pinnings and engagements, and social items ("Phi Alphas Plan Vietcong Party," "Drama Club Offers Variety"). This makes the president happy, the alumni calm, the advertisers tranquil, and the state legislators content. All that is missing is the attempt to inform the campus about important educational and social programs of the college; there is no forum for concerned students to debate and discuss a variety of important matters. After all, there is always the cafeteria.

"Student Council Meets!"

Some papers have developed the art of saying nothing at great length to near-perfection. I once saw a college weekly, printed on the best glossy paper and featuring color photography. On the front page was a huge photo of the Homecoming Queen; on the editorial page was a paean for the school's president, praised for his courage and foresight in approving funds for color photography; on the back page, resplendent in academic gown, was of course a full-color photo of the president.

The passive voice can afflict any campus newspaper, no matter how strong its tradition of critical and aggressive news and editorial coverage, if the editors or staff are unwilling to give up the relaxed pace of college life and probe the difficult issues of higher education. (This malaise certainly afflicted my own paper, both in years past and during my own tenure, more than I care to admit.) An editor can fill two columns each week with party and gossip notes, as did the *South Carolina Gamecock;* he can run full-page picture stories of the weather, as almost every student paper does at one time or another; he can run banner headlines trumpeting "Student Council Meets!" as the *Tulane Hullabaloo* once did. He can, in short, fill the columns of a paper with easy-to-cover and easy-to-write stories, and pretend his paper is covering the real news on the campus.

Why is this passivity so widespread in American college journalism? At least part of the blame falls on the students themselves. It is infinitely easier to follow a pattern which has proven acceptable than to put in long hours seeking new, and sometimes dangerously controversial, reportage. Awards do not often go to the dissenting voices, in or out of school. For many, both classwork and the editorship are enough of a burden without getting people angry at you.

I do not think, however, that these are the main reasons for the weakness and timidity of so many college papers. Basically, I believe student journalists are almost always among the Disaffected—young people who passionately believe there is much wrong with society in general and with their schools in particular. And I am convinced there is a "Student Editor Type"—impatient, articulate, suspicious of the System and its leaders, hostile to compromise, determined to tell the whole story, and often monumentally tactless. (There is a story, I hope apocryphal, about one young editor who met Lady Bird Johnson at a White House reception for college editors in 1964. Pointing to a phonograph, the editor asked, "Is that the stereo Bobby Baker gave you?") For the "Student Editor Type," the attraction of the college paper is precisely that it *is* an effective way of getting a minority point of view across to a large number of people.

It is no accident that men like Tom Hayden, a founder of Students for a Democratic Society, and Sargent Shriver were editors of their student papers (Michigan and Yale, respectively), or that Ronnie Dugger, editor of the liberal *Texas Observer* and independent candidate this year for the U. S. Senate, was a vigorously independent editor of the *Daily Texan.* Much of the staff of the *Southern Courier,* a paper serving Negro com-

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nunities throughout the South, was drawn from he *Harvard Crimson;* and several Ivy League ournalists helped staff the Aaron Henry "freedom ampaign" in Mississippi in 1963 and the Council f Freedom Organization's summer project there n 1964.

Nor is it coincidental that at a recent national onference a large majority of college editors ndicated basic opposition to the Johnson Administration's Vietnam policy. (Significantly, the editors also agreed they did not represent a maority of their fellow students in this view.) Not hemselves advocates of the passive voice, those editors of pallid college papers appear in most ases to practice timid journalism out of pressure exerted by their schools.

Professor Mel Mencher of Columbia's Journalsm School diagnoses the problem this way:

> The average campus newspaper is not much more than a bulletin board that requires of its staff stenographic skills and little else . . . [and] the primary reason most student newspapers are so bad is that the administration on the great majority of campuses opposes a free student press.

This probably puts it too harshly; few, if any, administrators oppose a free student press in the abstract. What is undeniably true is that several imes every year student editors are suspended or fired, and papers are confiscated and destroyed for comment which administrators have attacked as "irresponsible" or an "abuse of freedom" or "a violation of the canons of good taste."

Exuberance vs. the Purse

These incidents, repeated with almost mathematical regularity, are the result of the youthful exuberance of collegiate journalists and the precarious financial position of almost every college and university. Some student editors are not at all reluctant to step on a few toes in the course of speaking out on a broad sweep of issues. An attack on local job and housing discrimination will not endear the paper or the school to community sources of revenue. Outspoken discussion of sexual ethics can scare off an alumni fund drive. Radical or unorthodox political viewpoints, or simply editorial views that challenge those of a ruling power faction, will not find favor in many state legislatures, which are the lifeblood of public colleges. Good relations with interest groups is an important commodity for any university; often the best student newspapers pose a substantial threat to those relations. For many schools, the answer is to limit the topics of discussion, either by supervisory or *post facto* control of what is said in the student press, in an attempt to get what Professor Mencher calls "a solid, clean newspaper that boosts the university the way a winning football team does."

In contrast to the tranquil and mediocre student press, a consistent minority of college papers have chosen to remain essentially independent sources of information, comment, and criticism on their campuses. It is quite easy to see the differences between the active and the passive student press. A look at the pages of the good college papers graphically reflects the different way these journals treat the campus and the world. While the run-of-the-mill stories are covered, there is also a large number of items seldom seen in the more passive press:

Page 1: Coverage of a major piece of international or national news by wire service (particularly where the college paper also serves as the community morning paper, as at the University of Iowa); a news story about an impending curriculum or academic policy change; an interpretive or analytical piece on that policy; an investigative story on a key campus problem, such as housing shortages, student employment wages, or community opposition to campus expansion. (The *Daily Texan* of the University of Texas last year took a leaf from the New York *Herald Tribune* and ran a major series on "The University in Crisis.")

Editorial Page: Commentary and opinion reveal even more dramatically than news coverage the gap between a college house organ and a genuine campus newspaper. Editorials may cover a routine campus dispute, or the war in Vietnam, or sexual morality, or communist speaker bans, or anything else which comes into the mind of an articulate writer who hasn't learned not to offend. The columns and letters are even more wide-ranging, a reflection of the ferment that is a part of any lively campus community. Indeed, the letters column may spark a major campus issue. (It was University of Illinois Professor Leo Koch's letter to the *Daily Illini* condoning premarital sex that led to Koch's summary dismissal and the subsequent censure of Illinois by the American Association of University Professors.)

The broad spectrum of opinion on most campuses means that political views rarely seen in the commercial press (for example, Marxism-Leninism in all of its varieties, or Ayn Rand "objectivism") get a hearing in student papers. My own efforts on the *Daily Cardinal* to encourage this diversity on my paper backfired at least once; after an editorial on the China-Indian border war,

I was denounced by our regular Marxist columnist as ill-informed and hypocritical.

There are no legal or administrative problems in controlling most student newspapers. On all but a few campuses, the newspaper depends on the school for substantial financial aid, thus making the school the publisher. Robert E. Kennedy of the Chicago *Sun-Times* accurately described the consequence:

> [The paper] is sponsored and owned by the colleges and represents it to the world. The students are only temporary employees. The college is in fact the publisher and, like a publisher in the pro world, has the last word whether we editors like it or not.

Control can be exercised through several devices. Editorial appointment and removal may be in the hands of a faculty-administration "publications board," which has supervisory control over the contents of the paper. Frequently a faculty "adviser" (more often than not a euphemism for "censor") oversees the paper, reading the copy for offensive or "irresponsible" items. At Michigan State recently, four editors quit when the editor-in-chief agreed to the adviser's suggestion not to publish news about a controversial expulsion of a graduate student. Had the editor not agreed, the adviser acknowledged that he "would have had to do something I detest doing: stop them from printing the story."

"Criminals," "Futzers," and Sex

The more notorious and dramatic examples of control occur when a newspaper that has generally been left alone steps on some sensitive area of concern; in many cases, it is a political one. At the University of Colorado in 1962, heavy criticism was coming from conservative sources against the administration of President Quigg Newton, who was restaffing the faculty, deemphasizing athletics, and behaving dangerously like a liberal. The opposition erupted when graduate student Carl Mitchum wrote a long, rambling essay in the *Colorado Daily* which, among other things, called Senator Barry Goldwater "a fool, a murderer, no better than a common criminal." Goldwater himself demanded action against the *Daily*—a request at first rejected by Newton in an eloquent reply which concluded, "Senator, I shall not silence them."

The calls for a crackdown intensified when Mitchum wrote an explanatory letter, in which he referred to ex-President Eisenhower as an "old futzer." Newton then asked the publications board to remove editor Gary Altheim. When it refused, Newton fired the editor himself. (Shortly thereafter, Newton quit Colorado to become president of the Commonwealth Fund.)

At Oakland University in Michigan, the editor of the *Observer* was fired and the paper confiscated for refusing to suppress the results of a sex questionnaire distributed by the newspaper. The school's chancellor demanded the suppression because "the students refused to take [it] seriously . . . they treated this as a joke."

Following an editorial in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* urging that President Hesburgh be made chancellor, with a layman brought in as president, the newsmagazine's "moderator" began to "supervise" more closely, citing a little-used policy directive defining the "prudent extent" of comment. Soon the school announced that three of the editors had resigned—to the surprise of the editors.*

There is a common thread running through the suspensions and dismissals which occur each year. That is the substitution of editorial judgment by an outside source as to what is and is not proper comment or reportage. (Administrators are not the only ones substituting judgment, especially where student governments distribute the funds. The student council suspended funds to the *Daily Pennsylvanian* at the University of Pennsylvania four years ago after a series of disputes over editorial policy. Attempts to fire editors have been made several times at UCLA.) The consequence is that papers withdraw from controversial topics and develop flaccid and timid coverage. This drives "activist" students away from the paper, which in turn guarantees that the passive voice will be the only one left.

Control of the student press, however, need not be as heavy-handed as confiscation or dismissal. A university is a closely-knit community, far closer than the communities in which the commercial press usually operates. The subjects of the student press—trustees, deans, teachers—also happen to be those in charge of educating and disciplining the reporters and editors; and this control is implicit in every invitation to a student journalist to drop by an office for a friendly chat, or an off-the-record, confidential "background briefing" on a campus controversy.

No matter how editorially free the paper is, the

* The offensive material sometimes is slightly less vital. Three years ago the *Queens College Phoenix* board was placed on probation after the Brooklyn Archdiocese objected to its attacking the myth of an American foreign policy as "pure as the Virgin Birth." The board was cited for running an "obscene" editorial.

Winners

EACH year the Overseas Press Club and the Reader's Digest Foundation jointly award prizes to outstanding student newspaper coverage of off-campus news reporting and commentary. This year's prizes, awarded at the College Editors Conference on National and International Affairs, went to:

(1) The *Michigan Daily*, *Colorado Daily*, and *Daily Texan* for best overall coverage;

(2) *The Drake (Iowa) Times-Delphic*, *Denver Clarion*, and *Valparaiso (Indiana) Torch* for best series by a semi-weekly;

(3) The *Hamilton (N. Y.) Spectator*, *University of the Pacific Weekly*, and *Goucher Weekly* for the best stories by a weekly;

(4) The *Michigan Daily* and the *Colorado Daily* for the best editorial material;

(5) The *Washington State Evergreen*, *Denver Clarion*, and *Chicago Maroon* for best opinion by a semi-weekly;

(6) The *La Salle (Pa.) Collegian*, *Alabama Crimson and White*, and *Cooper Union (N. Y.) Pioneer* for the best opinion by a weekly;

(7) The *St. John's (Brooklyn) Downtowner*, *Chicago Maroon*, and *Maryland Diamondback* for the best on-the-scene coverage of an off-campus news event.

itor is always under pressure to remember the ecarious position of the school, and to be "reonsible" in commenting on campus affairs and nsitive issues. When a school opens its committes and trustee and faculty meetings to the stunt paper (as does the University of Wisconsin, r example), the request to "consult" administrars is usually reasonable; frequently the story ill be better because it will include the viewpoint those intimately involved in the formulation of hool policy, and in any event the paper has the ory. What usually happens, however, is that the ewspaper is barred from the meetings of impornt deliberative bodies and denied access to camus administrators in *reportorial*, as opposed to udent roles. (The head of Mt. Holyoke recently fused to communicate with the editors of the *ews* because of their criticisms of his policy.) he editor is thus faced with the choice of either aiting for the story to be released during a time nd in a format convenient to the school, or else unning the risk of being irresponsible or underanded or inexcusably inaccurate.

(There are, it should be noted, several ploys for voiding these pitfalls, which are effective even if ney do skirt some ethical edges. When a decision aker tries to blunt a story by revealing it all offne-record, it may be useful to leak the outlines of a story to a source likely to oppose the impending action. Inevitably, that source will call the paper for details—whereupon the editor calls the original off-the-record source, informs him of independent verification, and regretfully reports that, since the news is already leaking out he will of course have to print the story. An alternative method I found helpful was to call a dean with a deliberately inaccurate version of a story, and ask if he knew anything about it. Usually he would be willing to see that the facts were set right.)

Administrative pressure is, of course, something different from the stream of demands, complaints, and threats that any newspaper is heir to. Each semester, for example, the Organization of Arab Students and the Student Zionist Organization would battle out the Palestinian War, the Sinai Campaign, and the diplomatic history of the Middle East in the editorial pages of the *Cardinal*. Each time I tried to reject the latest rebuttal to the reply to the answer to the challenge, I was implicitly accused either of anti-Semitism or of being a tool of the Zionists.

The most bizarre form of attack on a student journalist (I pass by the threats of beatings many, including myself, have received, or the bomb thrown through the window of the *New Mexico Lobo* some years ago) befell Sherry Haug, editor of the *Valparaiso Torch* last fall. Invited to a local restaurant, Miss Haug found herself confronted by the owner, who demanded that she sign a saccharine "declaration of gratitude" to the troops in Vietnam. Miss Haug, whose paper generally supported U. S. policy, replied that she would not. The owner promptly produced a sign which accused Miss Haug of harboring socialist and unpatriotic ideas. After convincing him she was not a socialist, and despairing of proving her loyalty, she left. The owner obligingly deleted the reference to socialism and displayed the rest of the sign prominently in the window of his establishment.

The Sources of Autonomy

The minority of the nation's consistently active, independent college newspapers have had the opportunity to exercise their judgment because of their financial and legal autonomy or because of a commitment by the school to editorial freedom. Their achievements have more than justified the risk taken by their schools in permitting an independent news source for the campus community.

At a small number of schools, the student paper is not published by the university, but by an independent corporation which is financially self-

sustaining. Consequently, the university has neither the legal authority nor the financial control to limit the contents of the newspaper—and the long-standing traditions of editorial autonomy all but preclude disciplinary action against the students. The most thoroughly independent structure is found at several of the Ivy League schools, where there is no publications board, and where the executives of the paper are selected by the outgoing students. At Cornell, Yale, and Princeton the top staff members also receive a portion of the profits, which is often a substantial amount (Harvard's system is similar, but the profits are much smaller).

At three universities in the Big Ten—Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin—the papers receive no official funds. Publications boards do exist at all three schools, but they are sharply restricted in the type of control they may exercise. The sheer size of these schools makes it possible to sell enough voluntary subscriptions to remain self-sustaining. At places such as the University of Minnesota, Oberlin, Antioch, Reed, and others, the financial ties to the school are not accompanied by administration controls, principally because these schools have made a judgment that a controversial and stimulating newspaper is suited to the intellectual and educational goals they espouse.

Something of a special case is the *Daily Texan*, which has preserved a measure of independence despite the periodic efforts of the University of Texas Board of Regents to clamp down. Various clashes between *Texan* editors and Regents have been classic cases in the history of college journalism. The latest controversy occurred this school year, when a Regent became angered over the paper's editorial policy and invited a committee of Texas newspaper editors to pass judgment on the *Texan*'s editorial stands. Editor Kaye Northcott and her staff held their own, and to their antagonist's embarrassment the Texas newspapermen made it abundantly clear they would have no sympathy with any attempts to censor one of America's best campus dailies.

"The crucial fact about these papers," says former National Student Association staff member Neal Johnston, "is that they all preserve and utilize their autonomy through a dynamic process, not through the regular reiteration of platitudes."

Courage Amidst Turmoil

What makes these papers qualitatively better than their passive counterparts? To begin with, they attempt to deal with the full range of complex issues about educational values and methods. Well before the Berkeley explosion they were raising hard questions about what the point of higher education was. Early in 1963, a *Daily Illini* writer examined the president's "state of the university" address and found it wanting:

> The undergraduate senses that the thrust and spirit have gone out of the university's efforts. The conception of the teaching role has remained frozen in the formality of the classroom, the student and faculty committees exist in isolation from one another. . . .

Alert college newspapers have on occasion discovered important educational news which the commercial press failed to note. When the loyalty oath provisions of the National Defense Education Act were repealed, the *Columbia Spectator* found that the new law contained severe criminal punishment if a member of a "subversive" organization applied for a loan, and required total disclosure of all past convictions. The story was picked up by *The Nation* and other journals; as a result, several universities refused to participate.

The *Michigan Daily* has consistently devoted attention to the quality and direction of university research, and to the implications of defense-oriented research. During my own tenure as editor of the *Wisconsin Cardinal*, we published so much about the archaic restrictions on women students (since liberalized) that a dean once called to ask if I had any personal problems I wanted to talk about.

Examination of the moral implications of educational policy has often taken real courage. In the field of civil rights, college newspapers in the South have frequently been far ahead of their commercial counterparts. An extraordinary example of this kind of editorial courage occurred during the rioting at the University of Mississippi in 1962. While *Mississippian* editor Sidna Brower was urging students at Ole Miss to stop the turmoil (an act for which she was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize), editor Mel Meyer of the *Alabama Crimson and White* declared that "morally there is no justification for Meredith's rejection. Legally, there can be no doubt he is entitled to become a student at Mississippi." For these thoughts, Meyer received threats on his life and a burned cross in front of his fraternity house.

Demands for full integration have come from the *Daily Texan;* at Tulane, the student paper was a persistent advocate of integration during the entire school year which finally saw the administration admit Negroes; at Auburn, the *Plainsman* editorially denounced Governor Wallace at the height of his national fame in 1964, declaring that

Alabama politicians have made a record of continued resistance to injustice . . . Wallace has failed to lead his state constructively."

Activist papers do more than comment; they have often led their schools on important issues. Last spring the *Yale Daily News* made a national issue out of Yale's refusal to grant tenure to a popular philosophy professor. Soliciting opinions from academics all over the country, running lengthy text and comment about academic and tenure policy, and keeping the spotlight on the issue, the *News* also challenged the "publish or perish" policy, stating that "at issue is whether Yale will reverse a trend away from a creative, human approach to both teaching and scholarship."

While the professor was not retained, the university thoroughly examined its tenure policies, and this year issued a report redefining the basic problem. Significantly, when a spokesman at a rally hailed the *News* action, he drew loud applause, instead of the raucous derision with which students on many campuses treat their papers as more or less a matter of course.

The Risk Is Worth It

The students who work on college papers become accustomed to the feel of responsibility at an early age. This experience helped make possible two years ago a remarkable phenomenon in journalism: a paper, managed largely by students, which became a commercial success in a large city. When the Detroit newspapers were struck in 1964, Michael Dworkin, the former editor of the *Wayne State Collegian*, borrowed a few thousand dollars and started publishing the *Detroit Daily Press*. His staff was drawn both from the struck papers and the world of student journalism. Overnight several "recognized authorities" on world and national events came into existence, supplying editorial matter for the *Press*. (I became an international affairs columnist, discussing the diplomatic implications of the Congo revolt, the Chilean elections, and Indonesia's monetary crisis.) Other student papers which have helped to fill gaps left during city-wide newspaper strikes are the *Columbia Spectator* in 1963 in New York and the *Harvard Crimson* this winter in Boston.

The *Press* lasted for the duration of the strike, and by its conclusion was a 48-page daily with color comics on the weekend and a daily circulation of more than 250,000. "For years," said Dworkin, "college editors have been telling each other how they would run the nation's press if they got the chance. Suddenly I got one. It still scares me a little when I think about it."

The tougher brand of college journalism is still in a minority, but there are increasing signs that it is becoming stronger. In 1962 a group of college editors founded the U. S. Student Press Association, designed to supply the college press with news items which they did not have the resources to get by themselves. With financial help from the National Student Association, the Reader's Digest Foundation, and other sources, USSPA began operations in the fall of 1962 as a one-man operation. (The one man was Mark Acuff of the University of New Mexico, who took a year off from his studies.) The Association that year began Collegiate Press Service, intended to supply college papers with educational and campus news items. USSPA now claims a membership of more than 250 college papers, making it the largest student-run press association in the world. (Other subscribers include the *New York Times*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, and *Mademoiselle*, as well as a number of news services and college administrators.) Its news service is now a five-times-weekly operation, with Washington correspondents and editorial features that include articles by Senators, Congressmen, and government officials about legislation, research money, and the complex issues of higher education.

Last fall USSPA received a grant from the Carnegie Foundation to keep student editors in touch with long-range educational issues—the kind too many college journalists ignore during their hectic terms as editors. More important, USSPA's conventions and conferences have brought together student editors under a program largely developed by student journalists, and not by advisers or outside organizations. These conferences exude an air of optimism and enthusiasm; the editors spend long hours arguing the points of campus press freedom, and how best to cover sensitive stories.

In the last analysis, however, a free and active student press requires a separate commitment on each campus. It requires a core of students willing to speak out about a large number of topics, some of them involving touchy and emotional issues. It requires a hard-working staff, willing to give up the party-football circuit for a more difficult kind of life. And it requires, perhaps most of all, a school willing to let its students run the risk of making up their own minds, however mistakenly, however awkwardly, however immaturely, and to let them offer those opinions at large. But on the basis of the record made by the free student press, the risks inherent in encouraging the active voice seem very much worth taking.

Harper's Magazine, May 1966

New York's Trade Center

World's Tallest Fiasco

by Wolf Von Eckardt

It's ready to go up right now. How did the plans get this far? Whose interests does it serve? How can we keep other "fearful instruments of urbicide" from being built?

There is currently much huffing, puffing, wheeling and dealing about the New York Port Authority's intent to build a colossal World Trade Center on the lower West Side of Manhattan.

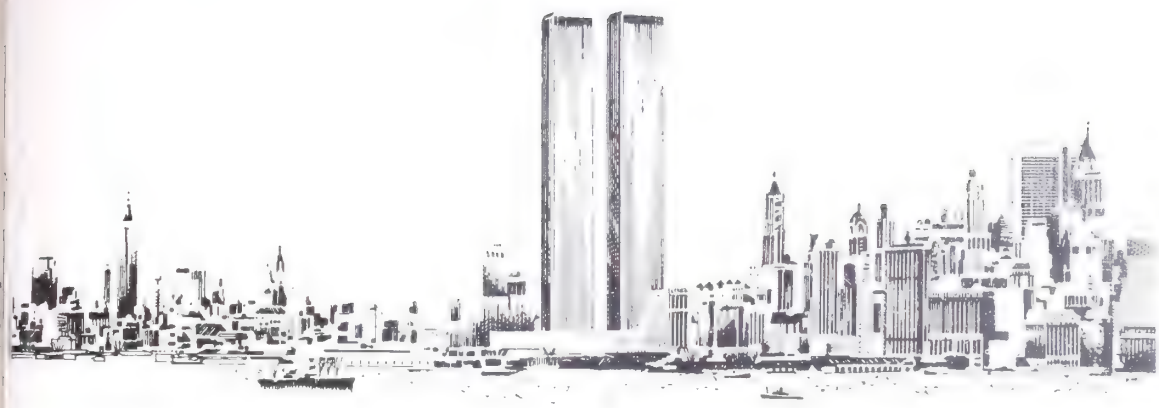
As presently designed, this fearful instrument of urbicide will be not only the tallest, but unquestionably one of the ugliest buildings in the world. Each of its two 110-story towers will dwarf the Empire State Building by a hundred feet, and together these arrogant twins will woefully clobber Manhattan's beautiful skyline.

One might assume that the whole, crowded island ought to be a center of world trade as it has been, with considerable success, for about two hundred years. But that is a naïvely outmoded assumption at a time when merchandising dominates not only commercial but practically all human affairs. Sound merchandising these days means to wrap whatever it is you have to offer, be it items for personal ablution or of international diplomacy, into one, big, neatly styled package and sell the hell out of it.

To sell world trade the New York Port Authority therefore proposes to wrap business, government, and consular offices for 50,000 people—a quarter again of all the office space constructed in Manhattan in the past twenty years—plus exhibition space, a hotel, and sundry facilities into one huge steel-and-concrete package and dump it on thirteen historic, living and breathing square blocks of the city—between Barclay and Liberty Streets and Church Street and the Hudson River wharfs. Another 80,000 people, says the Port Authority, will visit the center every day. It says nothing, however, about the traffic congestion this concentration of 130,000 people on sixteen acres is bound to cause during working hours.

After a thorough briefing on various aspects of this real-estate venture by eager Port Authority officials at their Manhattan headquarters, I was recently shown a large model of the proposed World Trade Center. Together with numerous drawings and plans, it clearly conveys the impact of the design on its surroundings, though many models of new buildings, unfortunately, do not. Shock—viscerally felt shock—is the only word to describe my reaction. And although one views even so large a model the way Gulliver viewed a Lilliputian toy, this sense of shock stayed with me as I contemplated and studied this Brobdingnagian to the accompaniment of a copious flow of sales talk by the PA's PR men.

Each of the two towers is relatively slim for its height. They are square shafts, 200 by 200 feet, with such narrow window slits that they appear of solid, gleaming steel, but they are so closely placed together that from most angles they will present one massive bulk. Worse, these incredible giants just stand there, artless and dumb, without any relationship to anything, not even to each other. This awkward placement, I was told, was determined by the fact that the towers must be anchored seventy feet in the earth and there was simply no other space for them on the build-



site. (It seems more difficult, somehow, to dis-
ge existing mechanical installations below
und than buildings and people above it.)
Skyward, the towers go on and on insensibly for
50 feet, at which point, presumably, some engi-
r finally said "enough!" and the architects
diently cut them off flat. There is no attempt
meet the sky gracefully, as the spires of the
rysler or Empire State Buildings do so well.

The Piazza San Marco Cult

he monsters rise on one corner of a five-acre,
ved plaza that covers a garage for 1,600 cars,
naze of subway stations, a new terminal for the
dson & Manhattan Railway, which was recently
named Port Authority Trans-Hudson railroad,
doubt so as to produce the catchy acronym
TH. The plaza is squarely enclosed by a seven-
ry building, bordered by a reflecting pool and
orned with potted trees.

The engineering of the towers is ingenious. The
umns are here spaced only three-and-a-half
t apart and form the exterior wall, instead of
structing the interior, as they do in the usual
rtain-wall buildings. Between the bars of this
ht cage are continuous strips of glass, 22 inches
de, which serve as floor-to-ceiling windows. An-
ner novel space-saving feature is the elevator
stem. On the ground floor you can take only an
press elevator, a huge box holding 55 passen-
rs, which will take you to a "skylobby" on either
e 42nd or the 76th floor. From there you trans-
r to a local elevator that takes you up or down
your destination. The human inconvenience of
ving to take two elevators for each trip yields
e building owners another 10 per cent net rent-
le office space compared to the conventional
stem.

The architects are Emery Roth & Sons, who have been responsible for some sixty of New York's more recent and less attractive office buildings, and Minoru Yamasaki, who, with Edward Durrell Stone, is currently the most popular architectural kitsch-monger. When it came to gift-wrapping the World Trade package, the Piazza San Marco in Venice was obviously much on the architects' mind. Along with mystical gobbledegook about "space" (dynamics of space, interpenetration of space, spatialism, spatial experience, and whatnot) and "human scale," the Piazza San Marco has lately become somewhat of a cult with most architects.

Here, however, all that can be said about space is that ten million square feet of it will be rentable for offices and another five million for exhibits. The scale is utterly inhuman. And unless the Port Authority manages to attract some pigeons to its plaza, the World Center's only resemblance to San Marco is the vaguely Venetian Gothic shape of the spindly arches on which Yamasaki rests the huge towers and which he echoes on a kind of ornamental grille that drapes the low buildings.

The plaza itself is about a fifth larger than San Marco, which ever surprisingly turns, once you have passed its wonderful bell tower, toward its delightful, wide-open encounter with the Canale Grande. Yamasaki's plaza originally did nothing. It was bare and square and opened only (and rather theatrically) toward narrow Church Street. The view of the Hudson was solidly blocked. The Center, in fact, turned its back to the port which it is to serve. Along the waterfront it presented only one unbroken four-blocks-long building façade, thus adding further insult to the lamentable

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Wolf Von Eckardt, architecture critic for the Washington "Post," is currently at work on a book called "A Place to Live: Architecture and City Planning Today."

injury the visually blighting elevated highway has already caused.

When New York City Planning Commission architects pointed out to him that this would tend to perpetuate the highway blight, Yamasaki revised his scheme somewhat. "To enhance the architectural impact," he announced March 17, 1966, the plaza's solid frame is to be broken up into free-standing buildings. The towers now stand alone and the low buildings are irregular in plan. This allows narrow openings which are, however, still but slits toward the river. The plaza now has a more interesting shape, a pavement pattern, and a fountain. The riverfront facade has somewhat more distinction.

But these architectural design improvements cannot redeem the basically impossible notion of grafting all this rentable square footage on a single, small segment of the city's complex tissue. The project appears much like one of those Buck Rogers schemes of "the city of the future" we've seen in the comics for years and which have more amused than frightened us. We have never taken them seriously. But the lonely superstructures, superhighways, and surrealist wastelands of these visions are now creeping up on us. New York's Pan Am Building, which woefully overcrowds and visually destroys the Grand Central area, was only a beginning. The hideous Prudential Tower that you cannot escape wherever you go in Boston is an act of character assassination of one of our proudest cities. Chicago is building an ugly steel-braced glass colossus 1,100 feet tall, the John Hancock Center, which will at least contain apartments as well as offices, but which, nevertheless, promises to disrupt not only the appearance but the urban ecology of the downtown area.

The future, it seems, has already arrived. But we neither control nor plan it. We are stumbling into the futuristic nightmares we never took seriously. All that has been said and written in the past few years by men like Lewis Mumford about making the city human and livable has gone unheard and unheeded. True, the Empire State Building, in its time, also added a new seemingly shocking scale to the city. But now we have surely reached the limit of the humanly endurable.

Joan of Arc and Her Brigades

The new gigantism murders the city as we know and love it, for the sole reason that it is now technically possible to build ever-larger structures promising ever-larger profits for their owners. But the fact that we can build them gives them neither practical nor moral justification. We ca do a lot of things technically, including the ult mate destruction of life on this planet. Our pro lem in urban design, as in a good many othe current concerns, is nothing more or less than t exercise reason and restraint.

We could also use a little creative imaginatio But creativity in approaching the problems of th city in general—or those of the New York Por Authority in particular—must spring from a com prehensive concept of what we want the city to b and where we are going. Without such a positiv concept and the will to make it stick, protestation however eloquent, are futile.

There is no lack of opposition to the Worl Trade Center. Much of it is sparked by the busi nessmen on the site who are to be displaced. Ther is also a Committee to Oppose the World Trad Center, headed by Raymond S. Rubinow, directo of a small philanthropic foundation and an altru istic warrior for many good civic causes. Foremos in his ranks is the Joan of Arc of sensible urba planning, Jane Jacobs, author of *The Death an Life of American Cities*, and that wonderful, wise and humane Dean of Protest, Norman Thomas.

These groups, reinforced by what someone ha called "the perfume brigade," a bevy of civi minded ladies who storm the zoning, school-board and public-welfare hearings all over the land, hav advanced a multitude of complex arguments—legal fiscal, and humanitarian. All of them have merit So far, however, the mighty Port Authority ha considered these opponents an insignificant nui sance. They may still have their day in court, how ever, when the city's Board of Estimate holds it public hearing on whether or not the Port Author ity may close the streets it hopes to cover with it superstructure.

The central issue is that our cities must be re modeled so they can thrive and provide open space housing, transportation, and the amenities thei inhabitants need to live in decency, safety, and dignity. It is also that people—like it or not—insis on driving private automobiles and are likely t continue to insist until some less bothersome kind of private vehicle comes along. That seems un likely for quite some time.

These facts won't yield to mere protests. Jane Jacobs and her many friends are right, of course The city ought to be urbane and urban, humane and human, intimate, friendly, varied, and all the rest. But to win we need plans and ideas that in telligently reconcile Jane Jacobs' laudable objec tives with practical needs. This is where our pusillanimous architects and planners have badly let us down. They talk about spaces, about human

le, about the Piazza San Marco and urban de-
n. But few have put sound, new ideas on their
awing boards.

The Story Not Told

rom the Port Authority I learned that one out
four persons living within a twenty-five-mile
dius of the Statue of Liberty depends for that
ing on the port of New York. The Port Author-
's job, of course, is to keep him living well and
urely. It was established in 1921 by the States
New York and New Jersey to operate and mod-
nize piers and docks, to build airports, tunnels,
idges, and highways, to keep passenger traffic
d cargo moving smoothly.

New York's share of American overseas trade,
wever, has dropped from 33 to 18 per cent in the
st ten years. This is due to various factors.
ere is, for one, increas-
gly effective competi-
n from other Atlantic
d Gulf ports. Although
ace World War II some
40 million have been
ent on improvements,
rt facilities, in the view
international experts,
e still grossly behind
d often outright ineffi-
ent. New York's labor
sts are high. Among
e lesser problems is the
ndling of paper work,
hich the Authority's
ecutive director, Aus-
n J. Tobin, claims
taggers under the load
inefficiency, waste,
d lost time." Govern-
ent and consular offices,
nks, insurance com-
nies, exporters, im-
rters, freight forward-
s, steamship lines, and
her agencies, he says,
e scattered across Man-
ttan. Messengers have
carry papers all over
wn to accomplish vari-
s transactions.

The Port Authority
erefore wants all these
encies in one place,
uipped with modern
electronic communications and data-processing machinery, as well as exhibit space for the display of domestic and foreign products. The Center is to include a new consolidated quarters for the U. S. Customs, which has long outgrown the Customs House at Bowling Green and operates its appraising offices and stores a mile and a half away at Varick Street.

But none of this requires the huge venture the Port Authority proposes. There is another story which the Port Authority and its prolific press releases do not tell:

A World Trade Center was first considered twenty years ago. A corporation, set up to study the matter, reported that a Center was not advisable and that it was more important to improve port facilities. The Downtown Lower Manhattan Association, headed by David Rockefeller, kept the idea alive, however. At Rockefeller's instigation the Port Authority suggested in 1958 that a



Model of New York's Trade Center, looking east from the Hudson River. The towers, if built, will be the tallest buildings in the world.

more modest Center, dominated by a seventy-six-story building, be erected at the East River near Wall Street and the Stock Exchange. Under the governorship of Nelson A. Rockefeller, the New York State Legislature approved the project in 1961. But the New Jersey legislature wanted none of it, and that was the end of that, since the Port Authority is a bi-state agency and needs New Jersey's approval.

New Jersey did, however, want the Port Authority to take over and modernize the Hudson tubes of the nearly bankrupt Hudson & Manhattan Railway, which takes 28 million passengers a year to their jobs across the river. This, in turn, seemed rather unappealing to the Port Authority. As Edward T. Chase pointed out in the June 1960 issue of *Harper's*, it has consistently neglected the problems of mass transportation and commuter railroads. Its bondholders take a dim view of deficit operations. PATH costs the Port Authority well over $10 million a year to operate.

But the Rockefellers saw a deal: The Port Authority would take the Hudson tubes and New Jersey would consent to the Center. To finance the railway, the Center would be expanded into an extensive real-estate enterprise considerably beyond its actual needs.

In 1962 both New Jersey and New York ratified this package arrangement with almost identical legislation. The courts have upheld it in two different law suits. After three years of intensive soliciting it turned out that World Trade businesses and consulates weren't as eager to rent space in the proposed Center as the Port Authority had hoped; in January 1964, Governor Rockefeller suddenly announced that New York State offices in the city would move in—to the tune of about a quarter-million square feet—to take up the slack. Port Authority officials tell me that about 75 per cent of the rentable space is now committed.

It may thus turn out to be an advantageous deal for the Port Authority and its bondholders. The Center is, of course, a tax-exempt agency. And although it will pay the city $1,250,000 a year in lieu of real-estate taxes, its opponents estimate that a private entrepreneur would have to pay about $20 million a year. The Port Authority, like urban renewal, also has the power of eminent domain to appropriate any property it deems suitable for its enterprises. Unlike urban renewal, however, it need show no evidence that a substantial part of the appropriated area is blighted.

The Fulton Street area it proposes to take is not a slum by any stretch of the imagination. There are now 280 retail stores, seventy manufacturing, warehousing, and industrial premises, as well as dozens of apartments on the World Trade Center site. Many of the buildings here are dingy; some old houses are downright dilapidated with their upper stories boarded up and either used for storage or altogether empty. Down toward the dead shadow of the elevated highway and the closed docks, it gets a bit dismal.

But throughout the area there is intense movement and lively bustle. The streets are pleasantly scaled. This is New York's and perhaps the world's busiest electronic retail center—so-called "radio row." People come from all over the whole metropolitan area to find special parts for hi-fi sets and television gadgets. Ever since the crafts guilds of the Middle Ages, such spontaneous concentration of specialized skills and stores—a tremendous convenience for both shopkeepers and their customers—has been one of the wonders of the city and one of the ingredients of urban vitality.

Funeral Expenses Covered

The Port Authority officials were most anxious that I should understand that it intends to assist with the relocation of these merchants, much as the federal urban-renewal program does. It will pay finders' fees to brokers who locate a new store or apartment for its victims and cover their moving expenses up to $25,000. In short, it is willing to pay for the funeral of another one of the city's unique institutions, for "radio row" will, of course, be scattered to the winds. This is tragic, considering that small business declined in the U. S. by 60 per cent in the past decade.

If New York City had an intelligent, comprehensive plan, that plan might, indeed, show that some of the port's paper work ought to be more closely concentrated around the new PATH terminal; nevertheless the amenity and economic advantage of "radio row" could undoubtedly be preserved. If need be, the entire market might be moved, lock, stock and electronic tubes, to a suitable new location. San Francisco, among other cities, has successfully relocated its produce market recently and although the merchants were suspicious at first, they seem happy now.

An intelligent, humane, and comprehensive plan would also weave the needs of world trade into the existing pattern of the Hudson waterfront. They would not be stuffed into a bureaucratic ghetto but interspersed with apartments, other businesses, cafés, restaurants, and stores where residents, visitors, and traders would spontaneously meet and rub elbows. Consular offices that have fled congested old downtown for more elegant mid








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SWISSAIR

In California There Are Two Hundred and Fifty Six Religions

by Richard E. Albert

I

In California there are
Two hundred and fifty six religions,
And I guess I belonged
To the two hundred fifty fifth;
At least it was odd
Or seems odd in retrospect
Or will seem odd to you, when I tell you
We didn't eat meat or drink alcoholic beverages
Or smoke.
You say that's not odd in California?
Then how about not wearing red and black,
Not BELIEVING in red and black,
Because colors have vibratory rates,
And black and red have low vibratory rates,
Cosmically speaking;

Black not being a color at all and red being
On the short end of the spectrum.

II

Everyone knows that black is the color of death
And we didn't believe in death,
And red is the color of blood and therefore—
No, not life, but anger, danger.
(You know a bull is angered by a red cape,
Despite the fact he is colorblind and bleeding.)
Like those of any faith, I needed all faith,
And you would laugh, not having faith,
Were I to tell you about the Cosmos
And the Creation
Because you heard it differently.
Most people like their myths to be familiar,
Or to have attained a respectable age;

No one wants to be caught, in this day and age,
On the short end of the spectrum.

town quarters might well find it attractive to move into rehabilitated old houses. Inside, if need be, these could be remodeled to accommodate modern office needs. But their exteriors would have to be restored, much as New Haven restored its fine old houses on Court Street for new uses.

New buildings would be carefully scaled in size and character to their environment. There might, to be sure, be a new skyscraper or two. But they could so easily be handsome and fitting additions to the skyline rather than its ruination. A new Port Authority building might well proclaim a splendid new plaza, not a bland, vast expanse of pavement, but an intimate, imaginatively designed one. A good example of such an intimate, human little square is the one William Paley of CBS is giving to the city.

If the Port Authority's planners are worried that its world traders would be spread too far apart in such a scheme, there is nothing to stop it from running small minibuses or electric trains through the area, similar to those now running up and down the wonderful mall which has given new life to Fresno, California, without destroying a single building. Rather than being stuffed into a big elevator, a trader, on his way to Customs, say, would ride for three or four minutes through a living, attractive city.

There is now a new and intriguing plan for lower Manhattan prepared at the instigation of the New York Planning Commission. In essence it suggests enlarging the tip of the island by filling in the East River and Hudson waterfronts for several hundred feet. The added space would be used for parks, underground parking, and a tunneled express highway. This plan skirts the proposed Trade Center area as sacrosanct. But the two proposals might be happily integrated. A new Hudson waterfront could be the main axis along which sensibly dispersed buildings for world-trade activities would extend from Barclay Street to the Battery.

Perhaps this would need even greater creative imagination than "skylobbies" but it can be done, and I doubt that, all told, it would be more expensive to the Port Authority than its present insipid scheme. In an intelligent, considerate, and loving renovation of lower downtown Manhattan there would be many things the city, private entrepreneurs, and various agencies, if they got together on a plan, would want to do anyway. In the end, the Port Authority might even have money left to adorn the area with trees, fountains, sculpture, and benches.

The trouble is that neither New York, nor any other American city has a comprehensive plan for the entire city and its people. The World Trade Center fiasco is due mainly to the fact that New York's and New Jersey's legislators have allowed the Port Authority to plan and impose its own selfish scheme in arrogant isolation.

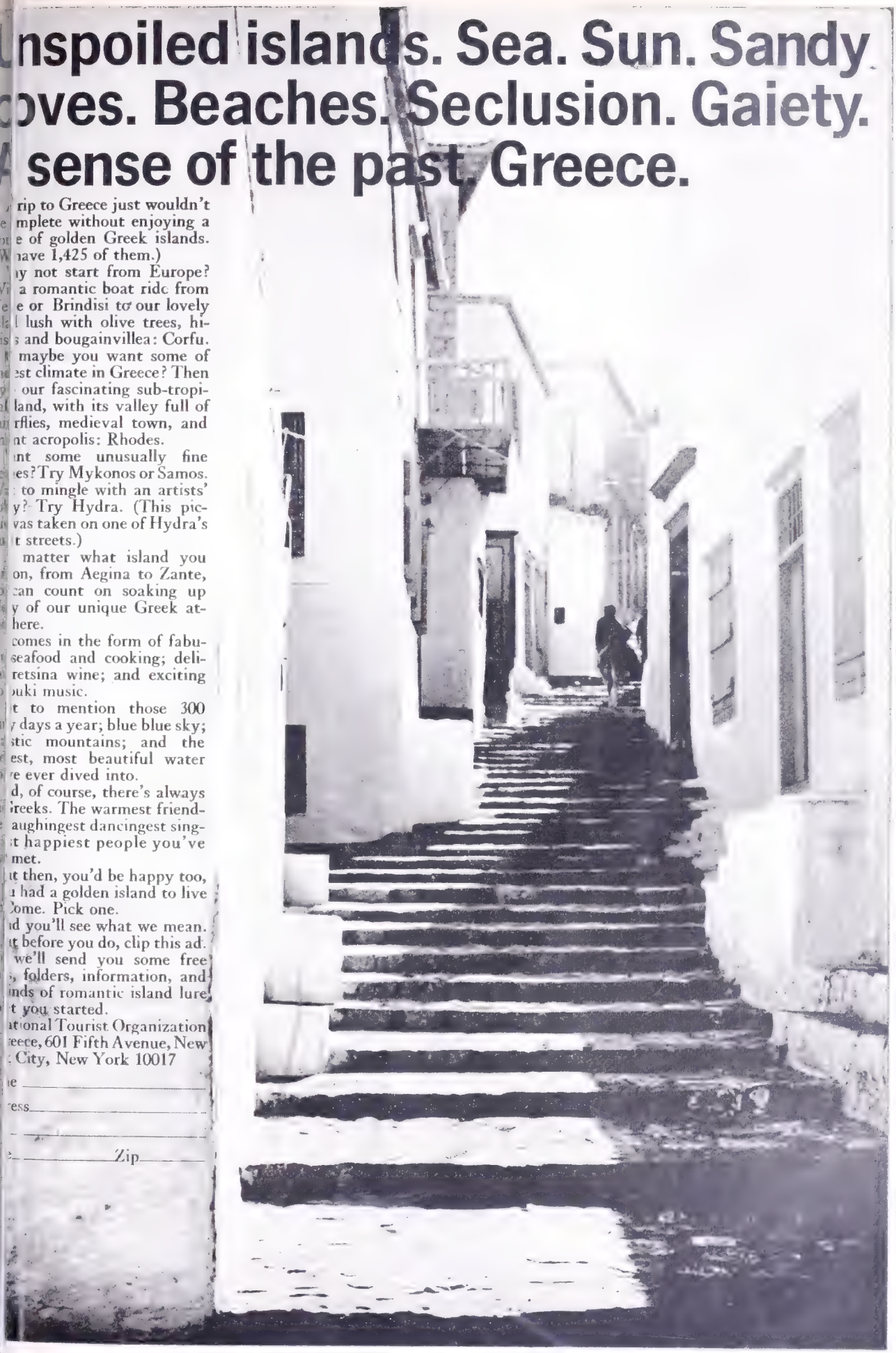
We plan only for special interests—downtown businesses, housing, or Port Authorities—and that is urbicide. There is no way to stop it until city planning involves all the people in the city with imaginative, creative proposals, subject to public debate, democratic control, and politics in the best sense of the word.

Harper's Magazine, May 196

nspoiled islands. Sea. Sun. Sandy oves. Beaches. Seclusion. Gaiety. sense of the past. Greece.

rip to Greece just wouldn't mplete without enjoying a e of golden Greek islands. ıave 1,425 of them.)
ıy not start from Europe? a romantic boat ride from e or Brindisi to our lovely l lush with olive trees, hi- s and bougainvillea: Corfu. maybe you want some of est climate in Greece? Then our fascinating sub-tropi- land, with its valley full of rflies, medieval town, and nt acropolis: Rhodes.
ınt some unusually fine es? Try Mykonos or Samos. to mingle with an artists' y? Try Hydra. (This pic- vas taken on one of Hydra's t streets.)
matter what island you on, from Aegina to Zante, can count on soaking up y of our unique Greek at- here.
comes in the form of fabu- seafood and cooking; deli- retsina wine; and exciting ouki music.
t to mention those 300 y days a year; blue blue sky; stic mountains; and the est, most beautiful water e ever dived into.
d, of course, there's always reeks. The warmest friend- aughingest dancingest sing- t happiest people you've met.
t then, you'd be happy too, ı had a golden island to live ome. Pick one.
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The New Books

On Schools: Are the Children in the Running?

by John Holt

Voices in the Classroom, by Peter Schrag. Beacon, $5.95.
The Cheerful Prospect, by Charles Benson. Houghton Mifflin, $3.50.
The Necessary Revolution in American Education, by Francis Keppel. Harper & Row, $5.95.
A Montessori Handbook, edited by R. C. Orem. Putnam, $4.95.

Mr. Schrag, in *Voices in the Classroom,* has written a most interesting and readable book that should be read by everyone who wants to improve our schools. Describing the schools and their problems in a number of communities, large, small, rich, poor, urban, suburban, and rural, he shows that the schools in any community must reflect what that community is, believes, and wants. He also reminds us, what we easily forget, that America is a very diverse place, full of communities so different from one another that they might almost be in distant and foreign countries. Finally, and repeatedly, he makes his main point, that in every community we could have, and will have, schools as good as our best, only if the community will put the needs of our whole society and nation ahead of local interests and prejudices.

The argument has much truth in it, but it is neither wholly true nor wholly persuasive. Mr. Schrag, like many other writers on schools and education, looks on them in a way that makes it hard for him to know what a really good school would be, or how very far from good our "best" schools really are. He thinks of a school as a kind of machine, and children a kind of inert raw material fed into the machine, and formed by it into the kind of product that some community thinks it wants. The heroes of his story are the men who design and run the machine—program planners, superintendents, and principals. The teachers run a bad second and the children are not in the running at all. We hear a great deal about exciting programs that some dynamic administrator has imposed on a district; we hear a little bit about exciting work done by a teacher in a class; but of something that a child is doing, on his own, out of interest and curiosity, we hear hardly a word. Furthermore, the examples he gives of what he considers good teaching show that, while he is scornful of the teacher who can only get short, factual answers from her students, he is easily snowed by the teacher who can get high-flown, intellectual-sounding answers. That the process, which Bill Hull has aptly named "answer pulling," is the same in either case, he does not recognize. Only one of all the teachers he shows us seems at all willing to let a discussion go where the students want it to go, instead of where he decided in advance it should go.

This answer pulling is a sterile process, whether it goes on in Newton, Massachusetts; Jessup, Iowa; or the Kentucky mountains, and whether the subject is old fashioned arithmetic or outdated science, or the very latest razzmatazz from MIT. The interests of both children and society require that we try, as some people are trying, to do something very different, and much better—give children more control and direction over their own learning, more opportunity to pursue what is most important to them. Oddly enough, it may be possible to make at least some of these genuine and far-reaching changes in education in many communities that are too poor or too prejudiced to allow the kind of top-down changes he proposes. T
are many children who, rather
throw around canned argun
about the UN, which in any case
elders will not allow, would be
much more from being given a ch
to talk and write honestly and i
inatively about their own lives,
other matters closest to them.
kind of change does not require
lions of dollars and highly tra
teachers; some of the most ger
education I have ever seen wen
under unsophisticated teachers, i
small, poor, crowded classrooms.
kind of education can be done
where, and where it is done, it w
some real and lasting good.

Professor Benson feels that w
unwise and unjust in spending
public money to educate rich chil
than poor. No one will argue with
In *The Cheerful Prospect* he pro
to change in a number of ways th
ministration and financing of sc
so as to make such educational f
itism impossible. His proposals a
genious but contain loopholes, ar
in any case not likely to be put
effect. They are more political
educational, involving as they do
considerable changes in the orga
tion of local government, in line
much current British practice.
one of these proposed changes
be sure to arouse an organize
determined opposition, and it is
to see—Professor Benson cer
doesn't say—where could be fo
constituency to support them.
book seems mistitled; if our

*Mr. Holt teaches in a Boston el
tary school and is the author of
Children Fail."*

it on these reforms to get
cation, they will wait a long

r Education Commissioner
The Necessary Revolution in
n Education is worthy but
is a collection of sermons,
largely at Congressmen,
s, and other state officials,
ing educational administra-
explain, defend, and win or
ort for the educational poli-
he Johnson Administration.
o don't understand why the
government is sticking its
education, or worry about
so, will understand more and
ss after reading this book.
rs, it will be a waste of time.
begins his book by saying
may consider the schools as
ct the child, or as they affect
nd then chooses the latter.
in his position, he can do no
it so doing, he turns away
he significant criticisms and
that are being made and
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ren, by such men as Paul
, Edgar Friedenberg, Jules
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cannot make "good" schools
y slums, no matter how much
e spend, unless we think
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might be—what they most
help them withstand, and
nd, the extraordinary world
in. Because it dodges all
stions, this book is much less
an it might be.

books reviewed here, and a
f others I have read, *A Mon-*
andbook is the only one that
narily about children. It is a
roduction to the Montessori
and also to the Montessori
such, it tells us a good deal
strengths of the former, and
lly great weaknesses of the

Montessori made a number
mental and vital contribu-
ur thinking about educating
ildren. She saw, and said,
ther things, that children
learn; that they learn best
their senses; that they are
able to do a great deal of independent and self-directed work; that they have a strong instinct of workmanship, and want to do things well; and that they have a sense of occasion, of the kinds of behavior that are reasonable and fitting in many circumstances. In a word, and in the best sense of the word, they are human beings, not monsters. They do not need to have humanity beaten into them; on the contrary, we must take care not to beat it out of them.

Madame Montessori also invented a large number and variety of materials which children could use in various ways, and from which they would gain various understandings and skills. Some of these materials are most ingenious and effective, but not all of them are equally so. Her touch was surest when she was closest to the senses, much less sure in matters more intellectual. The materials she devised for very young children can hardly be improved upon; for older children, better, sometimes vastly better materials and methods have been devised, for teaching numbers, mathematics, reading, writing, and many other subjects. It is the great weakness of her followers—one could say disciples—that they have been largely unable to see the deficiencies of her work, or go beyond it. There is no sign, in this book or any other Montessori book I have seen, that they have been willing to question or challenge or change or add to her philosophy and methods. Every word she spoke, they seem to have frozen into a kind of holy writ. Only if they can break out of this worshipful trance and see Montessori, not as a prophet, but as a pioneer, whose work is both imperfect and incomplete, to be improved and expanded, will the movement be a force for change and growth in education.

Black Comedy with Purifying Laughter

by Richard Schickel

Player Piano, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95.
Mother Night, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Harper & Row, $4.95.

The trouble with Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. is that he fits too easily into superficial literary categories, thus sparing critics from thinking very hard or well about his work. In the beginning he was thought to be simply a writer of science fiction, a distinctly *declassé* popular genre which no important literary person takes seriously. With the publication of *Cat's Cradle* in 1963 and *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* last year, it became obvious that science was only incidental to his fiction, but by this time there was a new category in which to file him away. He was, they said, a black comedian. This placed him in somewhat more fashionable company, but it did not differentiate him from his new peers any more clearly than he had been from his previous ones. So at the moment there is a Vonnegut cult, but he has as yet to reach the wide, literate audience that an unimitative and inimitable social satirist might reasonably expect to find these days.

With the republication this spring of his first novel, *Player Piano*, and his fourth, *Mother Night* (which first appeared in 1961 as a paperback original), it is possible at least to lend him the spurious respectability of historical appraisal in hopes that it will encourage serious people to take him seriously. The main point of the enterprise is to demonstrate that from the start of his novelistic career to the present Vonnegut has been a man with a unique vision seeking and finally finding the most effective manner of stating it.

This vision is quite easily summarized. He believes all ideologies, all elaborate programs for mass progress, whether technological, political, or sociological, are frauds men perpetrate on themselves. The best the in-

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Mr. Schickel is a critic and author of several books. He received a Guggenheim Fellowship for a study of the comic novel, on which he is now at work.



Mrs. May L. Case, age 92, says she'll cash her Savings Bonds when she's ready to retire

Mrs. May Case is the travel editor of the Clovis (Calif.) Independent, a weekly newspaper which she founded 47 years ago, with her husband.

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dividual can do is try to protect himself from their broad sweepings and perhaps by remaining true to himself (even if this involves lonely martyrdom) bear witness against them. Vonnegut is that kind of rationalist who even suspects rationalism when it is converted into a program of belief.

This much is a constant of his fiction. What has changed since 1952, when he first published *Player Piano*, is the strategy for presenting his moral. His first novel is long, full of realistic detail, and—despite some well-turned satirical moments—quite sober in tone as it recounts the revolt of Paul Proteus against an automated society he has helped build. The time is shortly after World War III and machines have eliminated all the skilled labor in which men once found existential meaning. The majority either spend twenty-five years in the army, toting wooden guns around, or join the Reconstruction and Reclamation Corps (popularly known as the Reeks and Wrecks), a giant WPA designed to keep them off the streets and attending chores so menial the machines regard them as untouchable. There is an elite of engineer-managers, chosen by IQ and computer-measured aptitude tests, but they too, have surrendered occupational choice as well as most of their more exacting and creative activities to the machines. They have the style of our own managerial elite—a blend of adolescent comraderie, boosterism, bureaucratic defensiveness, social blindness, the lot smarmed over by public-relations corn syrup—but they lack even such substance as the occasional accomplishment of real work imparts to our contemporaries. "Eternal vigilance is the price of efficiency," one of them says. But the price of efficiency is eternal boredom and banality.

A lesser novelist might have drawn quite a simple moral from Proteus' revolt against all this. But when he joins the inevitable revolution he discovers that wisdom does not reside in it, either. It, too, is the creation of men who, in riotous frenzy, make no distinction between good machines and bad, destroying all, right down to the flush toilets. They will, he sees, only "re-create the same old nightmare." His triumph is, finally, a severely limited one; he learns to recognize and accept the truth about himself and his world, which both are inevitably and n flawed.

Mother Night makes essent same point. It is cast as the cence of a man who "served openly and good too secre crime of his times." An Amer ing in Nazi Germany, Howar bell simultaneously becor Nazi's vilest propaganda bro and a U. S. spy, hoping by ser masters to preserve the thing highly values. This is the "n two" whose other inhabitan wife. But she disappears whi taining troops on the Russia rendering him more truly than his political acts ever co viving the war, he settles mously into a Greenwich Villa away, but the demonic fo ideology pursue him even th Russians want him as a war (and to embarrass Americ violate both remembered love friendship to lure him into a native Nazis try to claim friendship to lure him into a t finally ends up in Israel, on crimes against humanity. hangs himself for "crimes himself."

The difference between and Paul Proteus is one of Campbell has moved beyon tionary illusions and is at only to protect his secret, sa But even such a limited pro joined revolution on Vonne of impossibilities, and so hi the same as his predecessor'

As if in response to this n of the individual's limits V style has changed. *Mother N* short, intensely charged chapters are quick, deft ske most revue blackouts. There tempt at the realistic det *Player Piano*, no "believab ting or "rounded" characte The world is now such a place to Vonnegut that he pensed with these convention necessary encumbrances. O are, to him, so weird that an anything may be allowed without explanation and straining credulity.

The result is a marvelou pressed piece of writing a adox. Though an interest prescient novel, *Player Pia*

(Advertisement)

The Swivel Chair

"I sat next to Dr. G. M. Trevelyan. I did not know him, and neither of us, I suppose, is at our ease with strangers. For a long time we sat in silence. Then, perhaps, it occurred to him that I was a guest from London. At any rate, he fired a question at me about Churchill as if he were not interested in my answer. When I replied he turned his chair towards me, and for half an hour directed at me a stream of questions. I dealt with them as best I might. 'This is history,' he said. 'You ought to get it on paper.' I tried to tell him that the trouble was that I was Winston's doctor. He interrupted me, and, taking me, as it were, by the scruff of the neck, proceeded to tell me that I knew some facts about Winston which were not known to others, and that it was my duty to make them available to posterity. 'It is inevitable that everything about this man will be known in time. Let us have the truth.'"
from the author's Preface to CHURCHILL *by Lord Moran*



The truth was already recorded. Its publication was triggered by that conversation at Caius College, Cambridge.

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Everyone who has seen advance proofs of the book lives in search of a captive audience for favorite passages. For instance:

Moscow 1942

"It was five o'clock in the evening when our Liberator made a good landing at the Moscow airfield. A small crowd of officials, headed by Molotov,[1] met us, and a guard of honour goose-stepped past the P.M., while a band played the National Anthems of Britain, the United States and Russia. Then we got into cars and were driven at a great pace through Moscow to a house or dacha in a pine wood called "State Villa No. 7". The P.M. was preoccupied with the coming interview with Stalin; he was silent, abstracted and short-tempered.

"The elderly concierge on the door mumbled something. As I was getting out of my greatcoat I heard loud shouts coming from upstairs. I went up them, two at a time, to find Winston sitting in a large bath, shivering and damning.

" 'The water is bloody cold and I don't know which is the hot tap.'

"Their taps do not work like our taps, and the Russian lettering did not help. Sawyers had gone off to fetch something. I took a chance. There was a sudden big gush of icy water under terrific pressure. It caught the P.M. amidships. He gave a loud shriek and when he got his breath he cursed me for my incompetence. I flew to get help"

And at the end

"The village stations on the way to Bladon were crowded with his countrymen, and at Bladon in a country churchyard, in the stillness of a winter evening, in the presence of his family and a few friends, Winston Churchill was committed to English earth, which in his finest hour he had held inviolate."

CHURCHILL: TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN WILL BE PUBLISHED MAY 23 AT $10. A SPECIAL PREPUBLICATION PRICE OF $9 IS AVAILABLE IF YOU ORDER NOW FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER.



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damentally gray in tone, as befits its moral. As his mood has grown blacker, his implications bleaker, one might have expected the tone of Vonnegut's later work to grow correspondingly dark. But *Mother Night* (like *Cat's Cradle* and *Mr. Rosewater*) is, on the contrary, a wonderful splash of bright, primary colors, an artful, zestful cartoon that lets us see despair without forcing us to surrender to it.

There is no self-pity at the core of Vonnegut's work, only the purifying laughter of a man who has survived that stage. It is this maturit in the last analysis, separ from most black comedians. no lies about the diseases th us, but the sardonic, unhys tionalism of his voice as he them suggests a method of li them until they finally kill evitably they must. Over t Vonnegut has advanced from tician to exorcist, finding in fied comic art the magic anal the temporary relief of e pain.

Götterdämmerung, with Beer and Pretze

by Edward Grossman

The Last 100 Days, by John Toland. Random House, $8.95.
The Last Battle, by Cornelius Ryan. Simon and Schuster, $7.50.

Those of us who spent the second world war in cribs and sandboxes, beyond the reach of the murder, have something to feel lucky about. (We never actually *do* feel lucky, of course; that is another problem.) At the same time, we haven't escaped the war entirely, for it has had too many byproducts. Some of them, like homegrown militarism and the Cold War, have been perverse, important facts of life with which we have grown up; others, like the books on the war itself, falling regularly off the presses and into the best-seller lists, have been less important, but in their own way harmful.

Typically, these books are written by non-historians; they are gigantic in scope though not in imagination, demanding little more than a stiff admission price of book-club members who wish to while away a rainy weekend; and in effect they play a role for adults that John Wayne used to play for us kids on Saturday afternoons, when he wiped out German machine-gun nests: to "entertain" by recalling the dreadfulness of the fascist era.

To be sure, not all the work in this field is equally perishable. For example, John Toland's *The Last 100 Days* is inferior to Cornelius Ryan's *The Last Battle*.

Toland's desire is to tell th the last three months of the a personal level." Among t sons must be Pete Hulewic marie Friebel, Lieutenant M Guiffre, and also Churchill Hitler, and others who had events, from the Potomac Volga, including the collaps pires, the agony of cities, et Tolstoi would fear to tread rushes in. He reveals on jacket that in preparing his traveled "more than 100,000 twenty-one countries" and viewed more than 600 people. sult of his hard work is a goulash of fact and platitude, not much judgment has been to bear: "The most hypnot of the twentieth century, H able to impart his fanat others." Hitler and Roose learn, "had assumed leade their countries in the same ye and both had been called 'T by their intimates—but there larities ended." "Jüttner [a on a sinking ship vowed to c way of life if only he were while in the next-to-the-la graph of the book, "Like

Mr. Grossman, assistant "Harper's," has had article "The New Leader" and "Th public." He was graduated card in 196.

rmans, [Hitler's successor, Karl] Dönitz was just begin-
ee the perils of the *Führer-*
ne principle of dictatorship;
uman nature was incapable
he power arising from dicta-
vithout succumbing to the
ns of its abuse of power."
oland's worst fault is not his
yle, his persevering after
;," nor even his good nature
s him to swallow the testi-
survivors whole. It is rather
f response to the things he
The same deaf narration is
the fact that, on visiting the
Line, Churchill urinated on
at, after Dresden was fire-
in its zoo "a leopard was
er the top of a small tree,
l over two naked women."
amazement, bitterness, par-
cynicism; we get none of
Toland's story, aside from its
time killer, is meaningless.

s *The Last Battle* deserves
ect than Toland's book, this
ause Ryan responds to simi-
with any more thoughtful-
because, having chosen a rel-
ore manageable subject, he
n workmanlike—rather than
l—prose, and thus at least
while doing the job of enter-

s concerned with what hap-
generals, leaders, and "ordi-
le" in and around Berlin in
d April, 1945. In these two
ne capital of the Reich was
d by the Allies and occupied
ssians, and 150,000 civilians
ether with 100,000 Russian
nknown number of German
It was one of the most total
the most total war so far,
ally so, for Berlin, which be-
last fortress of Nazism at
of only one man—Hitler—
ity in Germany most skepti-
Nazis, in the 1932 elections
em only 23 per cent of its
there was no rebellion in the
Berliners mocked Hitler but
concentrated to the end on
neir skins and hoping, in
the Anglo-Americans would
fore the Russians. The Rus-
impossible scores to settle,
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killed themselves, cyanide capsules being the method of choice.

Ryan has sought out many of the survivors and, interjecting straight history, hops from one to another of their stories at a cinematographic pace—which is a reminder, by the way, of how much Hollywood, too, owes the war and of how often and quickly these big books are translated to seventy millimeters, color, and stereophonic sound. The filming of Ryan's previous book on D-Day, *The Longest Day*, required a good part of the U. S. Army to invade Normandy again. The filming of *The Last Battle* will be no less an operation, and the result probably even more of a blockbuster, though less informative, than the book.

The industry of popular culture based on the war is giving work to writers, actors, typesetters, and cameramen. Only a misanthrope could deny that this is a good thing. But besides providing some people their livelihoods, what does this industry do? Maybe by exploiting it, it ends by making a myth, for many more people, of war. Yet war is a characteristic event of our times, occurring incessantly on a small scale, and liable to happen on an unlimited one. Tens of thousands of us, nevertheless, have already read the Toland and Ryan books, slippered feet up on a footrest and a bowl of pretzels near at hand. That is what makes me shiver.

Our Four-legged Friends

by Charles G. Finney

The Company of Animals: A Naturalist's Adventures in the Jungle of Malaya, by Ronald McKie. Harcourt, Brace and World, $6.50.

Memoir for Mrs. Sullavan, by Bryna Ivens Untermeyer. Simon and Schuster, $3.50.

Valley of Animals, by Elma M. Williams. John Day, $4.95.

It's a long trek from Malaya to Wales by way of Connecticut, and the road is lined with animal-lovers. Mr. McKie offers you a game warden in a jungle seething with everything from tapirs to tigers to pythons dang. Mrs. Untermeyer tell kitten given them by Marga lavan wrought changes in and that of her poet spous Williams, on her Welsh farm, you with tales of goats, col sheep, cats, weasels.

Admiration—almost adora the vertebrates crams the their books. Crisis after crisi so much so that a non-anir might wonder: Why troub selves so much about the critters? The authors think of sitting up nights with pa graymalkins, goats, even el Towering veterinary bills cheerfully. Expert counsel stantly sought on the well- the beasties. Mrs. Untermeye that sometimes it all does bit thick, says, "We are una emotional about our pets." A from their painful and tragedies, pets do give a fell that nothing else can. Mrs meyer quotes Walt Whitman tion: "They [animals] do me sick discussing their duty

The miracle of reproducti plored in depth in each of t the women authors taking a clinical approach to the ma steering gently into such fields as selective mating, spa sexing, and gestative peri McKie gives you a ringside procreative act. A lady han king cobra—fourteen feet weaving in circles in a jun ing, and her swain, sixteen is swiveling around after h makes thirty feet of serpen cupiscence in the clearing. fellow catches up and, grow a bulldog, seizes her by the the neck and works his will He pays a big price: After he is so listless that he allow tives to bind him to a long p ure him, and sell him.

The animals in the Willi Untermeyer books show a re degree of camaraderie, dog ing with cats, sheep with

*Mr. Finney is a newspap Tucson, Arizona, and has several novels. "Harper's" will remember his reports [illegible] rattlesnakes

everything. Things are
Malaya where packs of
gs raven through the green
arming over and slaugh-
tever they encounter.
k has its own particular
harm, although Miss Wil-
seem to overwork exclama-
and italicized words, and
rmeyer's cats sometimes
e too precious. In Malaya,
more rough-hewn. There
r-old cow elephant leaves
hearth and tender, loving
romp in the green mael-
ee years later, she comes
so many wayward girls—
pregnant.
k suffers a common fault:
—if he be a veteran animal-
elf—will feel inclined to
authors and say, "Now
ant to tell *you* about some
had."

oks in Brief

erine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

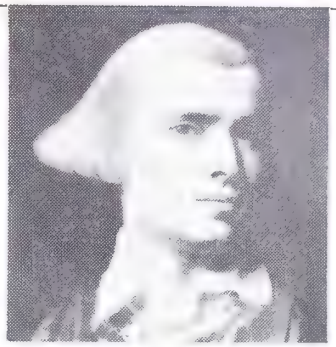
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funeral, in Westminster
one of England's great men
novelist and critic Gabriel
and before his remarkable
d friend, the narrator, a
ned man of letters himself,
halfway home in the big
hired for the occasion.
s that something very odd
ere, too. The real sense of
mystery built up and solved
questions of literary style
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nd social establishments, it
ire to be taken in by it for
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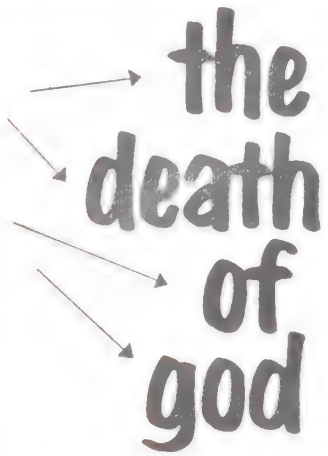
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that Mr. Stewart can make his sense of mystery stick and his fake literary world seem real (his phony literary titles are alone worth the price of admission). He is the author, under one hat, of *Character and Motive in Shakespeare*, and under another (and the name of Michael Innes), he writes brilliant detective fiction. This book rides pleasantly somewhere in between. Norton, $4.50

The Afternoon Women, by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker.

The vote which decided that small-town Branchton, North Carolina, should incorporate into one township with its even smaller rural neighbor, Branch St. James, lifted the lid on a Pandora's box in the smaller town. For years its gentle and highly respected gynecologist had been performing abortions (illegally of course) with the acceptance of the town, who trusted him entirely. Suddenly a politician from Branchton wanted an election issue and the hunt was on. There were three women waiting to be operated on—each for an entirely different personal reason—when the storm broke. They were thus thrown violently and unavoidably into unwanted intimacy for a whole week. Naturally they discuss their lives and their troubles with each other, the doctor, the local lawyer, and his Catholic partner, so that finally every attitude toward abortion has been hung out on the conversational line and thoroughly aired. . . . This brief synopsis does not at all do justice to a most readable and interesting story whose characters are not only real but likable, whatever their faults, and one is completely involved in their poignant, if special, predicaments.

The book is so honest, so intelligent and amusing and human that one wishes one could say it is also a distinguished novel. It isn't. But like Laura Hobson's *Gentleman's Agreement* in another decade it deals head on with one of the big issues of our time and makes a literate, illuminating, and absorbing story of it.

Little, Brown, $4.95

Nonfiction

The Delights of Growing Old, by Maurice Goudeket. Translated by Patrick O'Brian.

An extremely literary and literate Frenchman (though he says a writer), third husband of here writes a charming m his life. It is both a new fo *Close to Colette* (his earl about his thirty years with markable woman), and a tri story of what it is like, in you to marry a woman thir younger than yourself and at one to become a "young fath a homily, in a way, address young who fear age, and the are letting age get them do all very personal, vivid, and i ing, particularly the part Colette, supported as they many of her unpublished l him. It is full of portraits o Parisians, but always beca are relevant; they are not dr And the final section about riage to the young widow o Lelong and the birth of t makes it all end, as it starts paean of praise to life. But mistake, it is not sloppy. T seems to be telling everyth absolute frankness—and Frenchman that can be ve indeed—and appears like the complished conversationali sharing everything with the it is strange that one con from it feeling partic strength of reserve—the what has not been said.

Farrar, Straus & Giro

The Ballad of Carson McC Oliver Evans.

This book (which is incid very model of undistinguis lishing) bears as its subtitl timate Biography" (which surely is not). Unlike the a the biography described ab Evans relates a great deal b almost nothing. It is a detaile plodding, but not uninteresti sis of all Mrs. McCullers' wri only incidentally a persona phy. To be sure, when a wr dedicated and often autobio as Mrs. McCullers, the wri the life are hard to disenta one has the feeling that the ous comment on her work quotes and footnotes, was wr arately (for a doctoral thes the biographical passages w to make the book, though it i ten in the same unexciting

he all too many dramatically
of her life—the funeral of
nd in France which she was
attend—is described as fol-

t Flanner who attended the
ny with Truman Capote and
owns, described it to Carson in
r written immediately after-
* At Carson's request, the or-
ayed Bach, and John Brown
he Twenty-third Psalm. With
't hand Miss Flanner dropped
issus into the open coffin and
er right hand a great red rose
as she did so: "This is good-
om Carson. She wanted me to
ou goodbye."

*published letter (dated 5th De-
1953) from Janet Flanner to
McCullers.*

ork itself is so hypnotic, even
ption, her fascination with
isolation so compelling, the
omments are so rich and il-
ng (cf. V. S. Pritchett on
ad of the Sad Café) that any-
liar with her work is bound
n. (And in rediscovering her
reaks as symbols of the nor-
e understands again part of
ent appeal of Truman Cap-
trait of two murderers.)
obably is impossible in a biog-
f a living author to write
n "intimate" or even a con-
y suggestive one. This one,
s footnotes, does not seem to
v dimensions to this part-
art-triumphant personal his-
Coward-McCann, $5

Guide, by Ludwig Koch-Isen-
anslated by H. L. Edlin.
gardener worth his salt—or
of his plot of ground—will
e have started to plan his gar-
his year. But in most Ameri-
ates there will still (when this
e comes out in May) be much
ore the plan is hardened. This
a German who is not only a
r but a collector of new and
lants, gives tantalizing sug-
on a variety of subjects. "The
arden," "The Small Front
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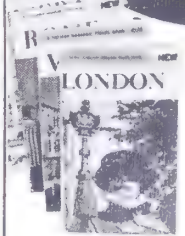
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Vintage Imports and Homemade Baloney

by Robert Kotlowitz

The Comédie Française heard through a transistor in one ear . . . "The Mad Show" seen in a time capsule . . . "The Shop on Main Street"—a sleeper emerges from the film festivals . . .

We have become so used to thinking of French cultural institutions in terms of decline that it came as something of a salutary shock to find the Comédie Française at the height of its form on its recent, brief visit to this country. Its vitality was obviously intact, so was its integrity, and it consistently displayed the vigor (but not the awkwardness) of an organization that seemed to have been born just yesterday. The company brought over four productions from Paris. Together they were perfectly representative of its repertoire and summed up the astonishing virtuosity of its performers.

Molière's *L'Avare* has had well over two thousand performances at the Comédie since its premiere in 1668, but the company might just as well have been doing it for the first time, so fresh and straightforward was their approach to Molière's dialogue. (In the classics, the Comédie prefers language to action and there are moments when all its members seem nearly giddy on syntax.) Michel Aumont was the ancient miser, Harpagon, playing him as though every limb were just a little bit crooked and every phrase a sly, newly minted hymn to hypocrisy. Small, narrow-shouldered, and charged with nervous energy, Aumont seamed Molière's smooth exercise together by never overplaying, never shouting, never indulging in farce. Harpagon, his vanity engaged, took on an entirely universal aspect in Aumont's performance. He would have been recognized for what he was in Tanzania or Vladivostok with his pot-belly-first posture, his always malicious, heavy-lidded eyes, the baleful, abstracted look when his beloved money was threatened, and above all his miserable, compelling laugh, full of catarrh and self-esteem.

The women in this Louis XIV comedy sometimes bounced the pretty French words off their upper palates like Ping-Pong balls; but that is the way of Frenchwomen and the French language. I did have objections to the tacky set, which was also unimaginatively symmetrical (a general fault with the Comédie) and used flapping burlap to fill the wide spaces of the New York City Center's stage, where the company was forced to play. (The theater's size makes a huge box-office gross possible and huge box-office grosses make international tours like this a reality.) But what a relief to see vices like misanthropy, avari greed, lying, usury, flattery, a thievery on such amiable public d play in such amiable, direct languag perhaps all that a "classic" rea comes to is a work of the past in whi a part of ourselves and our prese world is revealed.

Several nights later, the compa followed *L'Avare* (as well as C neille's *Le Cid*, which I did not se with Henry de Montherlant's conte porary drama (1942, that is) *Reine Morte*. The lugubrious, naggi tone of this play was set the mome the curtain rose on the Infanta Navarre striding onstage like a you lioness to complain to Ferrante, Ki of Portugal, about the delay in h wedding to his son. Honor was t subject they discussed—honor, h our, *l'honneur* in all its variation as was courage, the complexity of li and, as Ferrante described it, "t endless existence of acts." This simp meant, in the unsurprising context Montherlant's abstractions, the c sequences of all we do.

But the play was disturbing in curious way. Courage and honor a what Ferrante wants, both for hi self and his son, whom he endles belabors as a mediocrity. He is sessed with an ideal of virility t despises sentiment and would destr all feeling that does not first ser duty. It all seems Teutonically fam iar; where else have we heard this

rhaps the date of the produc-
st performance, 1942, is the
ll sounds like a sop, a weary,
nd cruel homage to the Oc-
f France.

performance was brilliant.
noving on the stage, set in
bleaux in front of deeply col-
estries (or their clever imi-
and stained-glass windows,
ile Deiber, Christine Fersen,
beautiful Geneviève Casile
their intelligent lines off
each other with the dedica-
eligious novices. Their French
amidst all the ambiguities,
clarity and force of a water-
; in the end, Montherlant was
h for them and for the audi-
escribing Ferrante, one char-
ys, "To capture his character
overing a statue with water."
ctly describes the play, too.

Comédie Française wound up
York stay with Georges Fey-
In Fil à La Patte, or How to
Thread That Ties You to Your
s. This vaudeville, or farce, or
outburst of vulgar low comedy
ave New York, if not the fun-
ay, certainly the funniest per-
ce of the year. No man could
try to credit only one, two, or
ree of these performers with
tning spirit that turned what
a leaden succession of tired
erstandings on the printed
nto the vivacious carnival it
became onstage.

production was, in effect, a
ng of the entire Comédie clan
y played to each other with the
l speed of Harlem Globetrot-
acques Charon, who directed,
yed the hero (if that is what
Bois-d'Enghien, exposing for
f one act his roomy under-
s and for the entire evening a
s repertoire of gestures and
ses that encompass the entire
of known emotion. Michel Au-
(the company's Miser) hap-
wandered around in *his* long
ear, too, as a sad, put-upon
iter of no particular talent ex-
a generator of plot complica-
Paul-Emile Deiber, who a few
previously had somberly in-
Henry de Montherlant's dia-
in impeccable French, mal-
l the same language as a randy
American general. And others:
ive Casile, totally unrecogniz-



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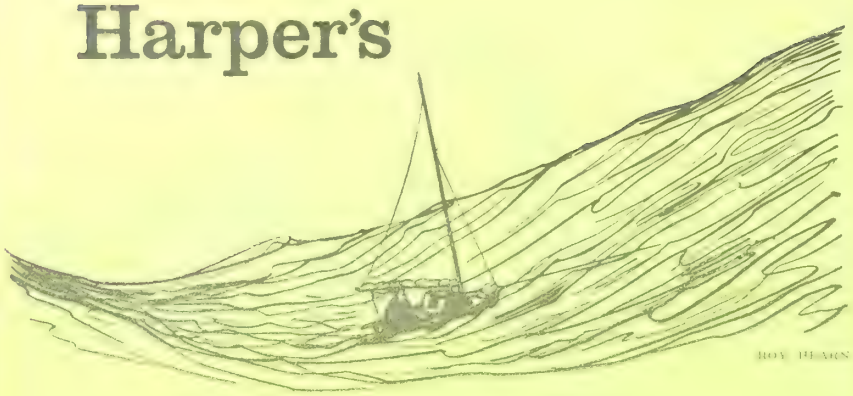
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A Skeptical Guide to the Michelin, by Herbert Lottman

The Editor's Easy Chair, After Hours, Washington Insight, The New Books, Performing Arts, Music in the Round

able as a silly cocotte about to ar into the aristocracy; Lise Del: a fresh from her robust, rouge-po trayal of Frosine, the matchn-di Dolly Levi of *The Miser,* as a ba bony, and droll maiden lady a Catherine Samie as Lucette, th mi tress, possessor of a sure, Paris stinct for how to feather one's n t.

So much for repertory. Give in money, talent, and a point of vie (at the right moment and in the ig amount), it obviously works. are unable to produce a comp.y our own in New York, then wou do the next best thing and spo others, either from Europe or th parts of the United States. It ou not be such a bad idea in any ca invite the Comédie here for a m or two every other season. We ou all benefit.

I should add that I watched al m Comédie productions with a trai s plugged into my right ear. Cor came English translations spo n a man and a woman (she, at l st specialist in the flattened vow s New York), no matter who mi t facing each other onstage, ma a woman, man and man, or wom a woman. As I listened to the t h tors, my left ear went its se r way, picking up the French th v being spoken by the perfo e Through it all, the center of my r sometimes woolgathered or wan, sometimes concentrated on it o problems. I assure you that it is r environment to create for your l Happening all on its own, priva , unpleasant, but in the end exha i

Dear to the Adolescent

When a revue called *The Mad* opened at The New Theate Broadway late in December, i Lavin was a member of its cast, and the one most cordially we. r by the daily press. The show s which is based on *Mad* Maga highly successful bulwark of te wit and weltschmerz, was also w received. I did not get to it u weeks after its opening and b time Miss Lavin had gone greener pastures. (Off-Broadw formers need give only four da tice to the management befo parting, while the manag apparently, has no obligations nounce the fact to ticket buyers

been a remarkable girl, for
I saw, without her special
loud and shrill, and every
the work that went into
s skits and songs as well as
g them showed up with
inful clarity on the tiny

eators of *The Mad Show*
y Siegel and Stan Hart
), Mary Rodgers (music),
Barer (coauthor, lyrics),
n Vinaver (director). Far
of their material and jokes
such subjects as toilets,
mpits, emetics, vomit, and
scatological references, all
s that are dear to the adoles-
as manifestations of "real"
the strange feeling through
the show's ninety minutes
d somehow stepped into a
ule and landed in the midst
sed to be known, years ago,
lly Junior Jubilee at Forest
h School in Baltimore, Mary-
JJJ, like *The Mad Show*, was
ltiparental jokes as well as
merry teen-age transvestism
ght came when the school's
eam danced onto the gym
sed as coy young girls), and
ible entendres about natural
.

d Show does offer one golden
It's a number called "The
. . .," in which Marcia Rodd
irl singer who takes off on
ose endless Bossa Novas and
ng her way to the last note
to lose the lyrics, the melody,
h, and, finally, her aplomb. It
funny.

Risks

per of last fall's New York
stival was a Czech movie
he Shop on Main Street.
was shown then at Lincoln
ts two leading players—War-
ddish actress, Ida Kaminska,
f Kroner—had already won
ial Acting Awards for the
annes. Despite the award, the
esponse of the Festival audi-
he film, and a later success in
ercial release in England, it
n *The Shop on Main Street*
x months to make it onto art
creens in the U. S., but make
and it should not be missed.
movie that is very much con-
cerned with content in a specific and highly charged way. Its subject is the relationship during World War II between a simple, ordinary, small-town Slovakian carpenter and an aged, deaf Jewish woman; through the influence of his bestial brother-in-law, he has been made the "Aryan" overseer of her and her profitless shop. This, in theory, will make him rich, safe, and powerful. That is the situation; the film's triumph—and no other word will do—is in how it is worked out.

The directors of *The Shop on Main Street*, Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos, took quite daring risks all the way through. The film is almost a third over before its central situation is even defined. The entire lengthy, leisurely opening unfolds like a Russian novel, patiently accumulating details about the hero's grubby, hopeless life, the sense of corruption in wartime Slovakia when bullies fulfilled their peacetime fantasies by terrorizing their neighbors (and brothers-in-law) and seducing their wives, and the natural, almost unavoidable attempts of shrewd, unthinking people to care only for themselves in time of danger. It is a slow, often funny, process of building credibility, establishing character, making an atmosphere in which everything that takes place not only can happen but must happen. Through this, the film remains always true to its people; even the hero's dog has a personality of its own to which the directors are faithful.

The directors took chances, too, in the character of the old Jewish woman. She is almost too sweet, at moments too much the stereotype of the Jewish mother who is happy only if her guest is overfed, until, that is, her grip on life is threatened and she becomes paralyzingly aware of what is happening to her. But in the end—in the performances of Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska—these two insignificant people sum up the history of their town, their Slovakia, their modern Europe in their own misunderstood, uncomprehending, violent relationship and while the resolution to it all is almost unbearably painful there is a daring and beautiful epilogue that leaves the audience in stunned silence. It is Kadar's and Klos's biggest risk and it comes off. In *The Shop on Main Street* they have made a potent, shocking movie out of extraordinary poetic and human feeling.



Music in the Round

by Discus

Stravinsky on Record

He is not the most salable of composers, but to the professionals he is still awesome.

Of all living composers, Igor Stravinsky is the most fortunate in his relations with recording companies. The fact that he is the greatest of the living composers is of course no little help. But at the same time, much of his music is not readily salable, especially the most recent works, which enter the difficult world of post-Webern serialism, and it is a tribute to Columbia Records (and, more specifically, to Goddard Lieberson) that virtually the entire *oeuvre* of Stravinsky has been put on discs. For this, future generations will be grateful.

For about thirty years, starting from *Oiseau de feu* in 1909 up to the beginning of World War II, it was Stravinsky who set the styles. The most influential score of the first half of the twentieth century was *Le Sacre du Printemps*, echoes of which resounded through the entire body of European music for years and years. The neoclassic period, which followed, also exerted a potent, though lesser, influence. Strangely enough, though, the post-*Sacre* Stravinsky has never been a great pet of the public. It is true that a handful of his scores—the *Symphonie des psaumes*, *Oedipus Rex*, a few others—have achieved wide currency. It is also true that twentieth-century ballet music would be little more than a pimple were it not for the Stravinsky-Balanchine collaborations. But, by and large, the public is more willing to accept Stravinsky's reputation than actually to listen to his music. And toward Stravinsky's most recent works there seems to be actual hostility. *Threni*, the *Canticum Sacrum*, the *Movements* for piano and orchestra—none of these is in the repertoire. In New York, supposed to be the world capital of music, the works have come up once, at specially sponsored Stravinsky events, and then disappeared for good.

It is among the professionals, and especially the creative professionals, that Stravinsky's reputation remains colossal. To them he is still Big Daddy. Octogenarian composers throughout history have generally been regarded by their younger colleagues with a certain amount of condescension, nostalgia, good-natured affection. They have outlived their time. But not Stravinsky, who is still regarded with awe and even fear. His mind is as razor-edged as ever (as certain unfortunate music critics have discovered), his response to music as sharp as it ever was.

Sense of Sin

And the fact remains that the small musicians of the younger generation are constantly being attracted to the old master. Pierre Boulez is one. Boulez is one of the great living theoreticians and one of the most important of postwar composers. It was he more than anybody else who launched the post-Webern school. In recent years he has taken to conducting, and has specialized in contemporary music: Debussy, Berg, Webern, himself, Schoenberg – and Stravinsky. He is an extraordinary conductor, one of the most brilliant recently to have come down the pike. Last year he caused a furor when he conducted the BBC Symphony in the United States. A modernist himself, he is able to enter the world of his chosen composers' minds, and what he get is not only unerringly accurate transposition from printed notes to live sound, but also a sense of structure, of bone and blood and sinew, that makes his work in this literature unique.

His conducting of Stravinsky's **Sacre du Printemps**, with the Orchestre National de la Radio-Télévision Française (Nonesuch 1093, mono 71093, stereo), is a representative

And Also . . .

Barber: Violin Concerto; Hindemith; Violin Concerto. Isaac Stern and New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML 6113 (mono), MS 6713 (stereo).

One example of twentieth-century romanticism (the Barber) and one of twentieth-century baroque (the Hindemith), both impeccably played by Stern. The two concertos make an attractive coupling.

Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Fantasy and Fugue in G minor; Prelude and Fugue in D; Trio Sonata No. 2. Karl Richter, organ. Deutsche Grammophon 18907 (mono), 138907 (stereo).

The Trio Sonata is not as well known as the other three pieces on this disc, but all are masterpieces. Richter plays them in the German manner—with efficiency, dogged rhythms, and a rather dreadful literalism that leaves no room for space and air in a musical line. Helmut Walcha's Bach organ recordings, also on Deutsche Grammophon, remain the best.

Poulenc: Sextet for Piano and Winds; Trio for Oboe and Bassoon; Sonata for Flute and Piano. Jacques Février, piano, Michel Debost, flute, and Paris Wind Quintet. Angel 36261 (mono), S 36261 (stereo).

Stylish performances of lightweight though charming music. Poulenc kept repeating the same joke, and telling much the same stories, all his career; but he did so in an urbane and civilized manner.

Sibelius: The Swan of Tuonela; Valse Triste; En Saga; Finlandia. Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6132 (mono), MS 6732 (stereo).

And what is the Mormon Tabernacle doing on this disc? It is singing in *Finlandia*, and a more vulgar performance cannot be imagined. In this dubious tribute to the Sibelius centenary, Ormandy also conducts orgiastic performances of the other works on the disc.

rtain things are immediately
Where most other conduc-
ntrate on the blockbusting
of the score, Boulez manages
amazing detail and lucidity
ver sacrificing anything to
But this is the strength of
ectly coordinated athlete
an that of a weight lifter.
re supple and a little fast;
are terse without stomping;
sonorities are handled with
precision, one weighed
ne other. Stravinsky himself,
lexes are not as trigger-like,
gin to achieve the same ef-
s own recording of *Sacre*.
sky in any event has never
atural conductor. In recent
ecially since his liaison with
Records, he has had the
conduct a variety of orches-
by now there are few major
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g has given him a security
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is earlier discs. Orchestral
s who have worked with him
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d baton technician in the ac-
nse. But, of course, he knows
ow he wants his own music
he conducts only his own
and by now he is able to get
across.

ost recent disc contains two
allet scores—**Orpheus** and
Columbia 6046, mono; 6646,
In both, he conducts the Co-
Symphony Orchestra. Balan-
s choreographed both. *Apollo*,
was Stravinsky's first col-
n with Balanchine. *Orpheus*
s the famous score that Bal-
fashioned for Ballet Society
ediate precursor of the New
ty Ballet). Both are neo-
Apollo has the long line, the
s and fingerprint rhythms, the
and stripped-down writing
ristic of the composer's mid-
d. *Orpheus* is fuller, more ro-
(not that Stravinsky ever
romantic), warmer. The ser-
tion has a wow of a theme,
he most transparent and the
gful Stravinsky ever wrote.
n important disc, and is also
available version of both
n amazing fact, but typical.
l above, Stravinsky is not the
able of composers.

Ansermet Goes Back

Just as Boulez represents the view of the brilliant young musician of today toward Stravinsky, so Ernest Ansermet represents that of the older generation. Where Boulez is primarily interested in relationships of meter and sonority, in organization and densities, Ansermet approaches the scores in terms of line, color, texture. Ansermet's relationship with Stravinsky's music goes back to the first world war, when he was one of Diaghilev's conductors; and Ansermet is generally regarded as Stravinsky's outstanding conductor of the older school. Ansermet, though, abominates Stravinsky's serial phase and will have nothing to do with it. He even has mathematically "proved" the falsity of serial composition.

Be that as it may, Ansermet, a great conductor, has had a lifelong association with Stravinsky's music, and moves within it with grace, style, and understanding. One of his recent discs contains **Renard** of 1917; **Mavra**, the one-act opera of 1922; and the little, inconsequential, **Scherzo à la Russe** of 1944, a Paul Whiteman commission (all with the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, London 5929, mono; 25929, stereo). This is the only available recording of *Mavra*. In *Renard*, a sort of ballet-pantomime with spoken and sung dialogue, Ansermet has Stravinsky's own recording to contend with. Ansermet uses a group of British singers, and the performances are in English. The music of both scores is in Stravinsky's "Russian" style. As in *L'Histoire du Soldat*, also within the same period, a pronounced nationalistic flavor makes itself felt.

These scores have dated a little, mostly because of the librettos. The music itself is fascinating—perky, smart-alecky, full of inventive devices imbued with the Stravinsky flavor. But it is hard to take the plots of *Renard* and *Mavra*, which might have been cute forty years ago, but which today impress one as labored and artificial. Anyway, Ansermet conducts very beautifully, with grace and charm.

The recorded sound is spectacular. Right off in *Renard*, when the stereo disc delivers the brass on the left, percussion on the right, the sound is so enveloping and rich that you feel like reaching out and squeezing it.



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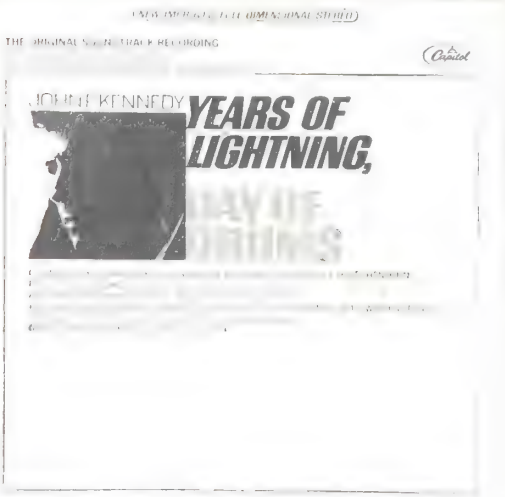
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jazz note

by Eric Larrabee

Tone

Nobody has ever accused Don Shirley of adhering to a rigid beat. He has been known as an impressionistic player, and for "impressionistic" critics would read: someone who meanders all over the keyboard in melancholy introspection, while waiting for an idea to occur to him. This is unkind to Shirley; it is especially unkind now that he and his trio (piano, cello, double bass) have begun to construct a repertoire with some rhythm to it.

Shirley remains an agile and fisted pianist; he has a lot of technique under control and an educated ear for echoes from the classical literature (read: lifted quotes) to drop in when he wants them. He is remarkable with all the disadvantages of his stance in a hurly-burly time which puts higher value on attack. Or, rightly or wrongly, that he is playing mainly to please himself. Well, why not? He is an acquired taste. One can like and admire him: impossible to be fully convinced: difficult.

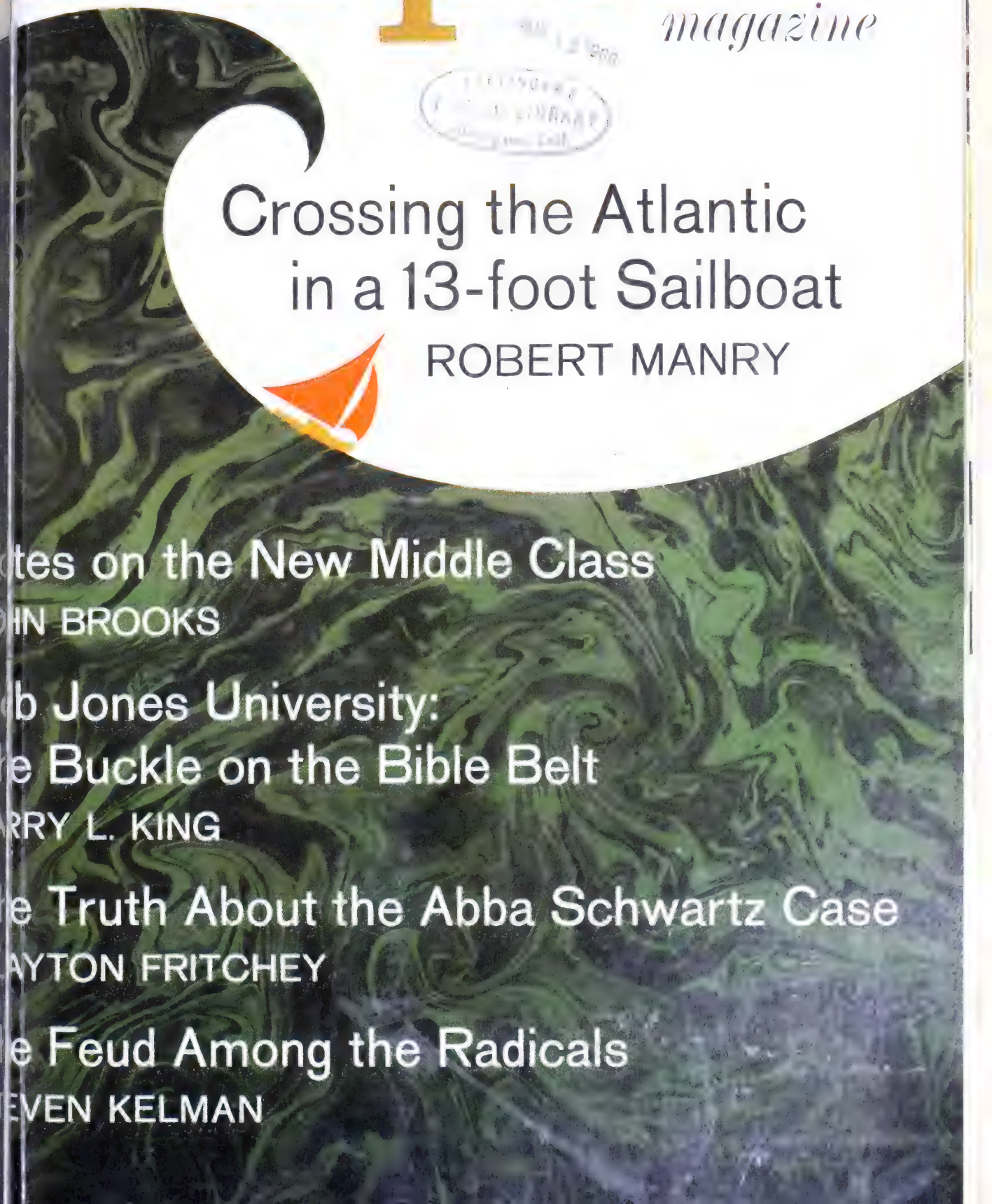
Ran Blake is a far less orthodox phenomenon. What Shirley is hearing in the back of his head, as he improvises, is Gershwin and Art Tatum; what Blake is hearing is Monk and Charles Ives. This is a true musically hungry, omnivorous, devouring in the same gulp ballad time, folk shout, memories of Thelonious Duchin and a musical (and jazz) education all mixed together. Above all, Charles Ives.

I underscore the Ivesian note heard in Blake not to make him sound derivative, but the opposite: he has not only listened, and learned. What he has learned from Ives is how to put together the raw "pop" material, snatches of song, odds and ends, fragments of musical collage—in short, enunciated, intended, controlled form. He is young yet, not fully developed, still trying. But by Ran Blake I am completely convinced.

Water Boy. Don Shirley Trio. Columbia CS 9196. **Ran Blake Plays the Piano.** ESP-Disk 1011.

JUNE 1966 75 CENTS

Harper's magazine



Crossing the Atlantic in a 13-foot Sailboat

ROBERT MANRY

tes on the New Middle Class

IN BROOKS

b Jones University:
e Buckle on the Bible Belt

RRY L. KING

e Truth About the Abba Schwartz Case

AYTON FRITCHEY

e Feud Among the Radicals

EVEN KELMAN



How to explain to your wife why you went and bought the most expensive automatic Polaroid Color Pack Camera there is, when you could have gotten one that makes pictures just as good and just as fast for less than half the price, big shot.

Start by telling her about the transistorized shutter that lets you shoot black and white pictures *without flash* in a dimly lit room and get perfect time exposures automatically. (You could go into the kids' room at night, for instance, and get pictures of them asleep, with only the night-light on.)

Tell her you'll be able to take beautiful close-ups, too, maybe even win a prize or something, because you can use the close-up and portrait attachments with this camera.

Tell her sure, the economy model will give you color prints in 60 seconds. But *this* camera has a triplet lens. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black and white. A superimposed-image, coupled rangefinder.

should get her. Especially if you very fast.

Tell her it's like mink vs. mu

Let her stroke the beautiful bru chrome, the supple leather strap

If she still hasn't softened, taking pictures.

That should do it.



Touch-Tone push buttons are swift servants of the modern hand. With them you place calls faster and someday will "input" instructions into bank and store computers to render and pay bills, transfer money, charge purchases, verify credit and thus gain greater command of personal time and energy. Still other ways they can free you of daily drudgery are being explored.

omorrow's Telephone Service – A Forecast

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advances in telephone service
e to make your daily life easier,
ve you still more command of
ersonal time and energy.

advance is today's Touch-Tone
– the push-button means of plac-
s that is now being introduced
y areas.

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ur bank, for example, but may
ay put you "on line" into your
computer in order to pay bills,
deposits, and use revolving
credit. There are many such "input" uses for these ten little buttons.

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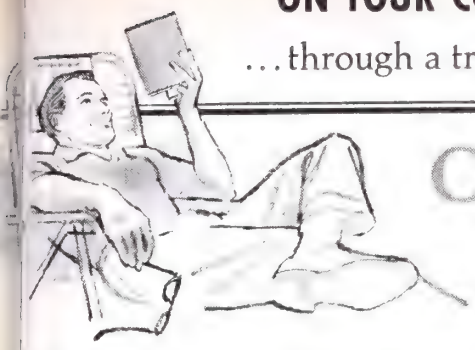
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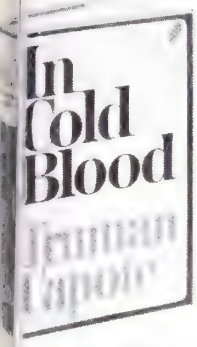
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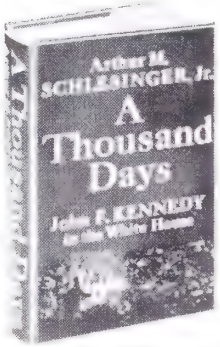


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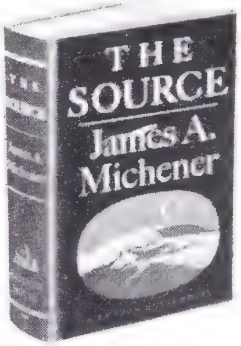
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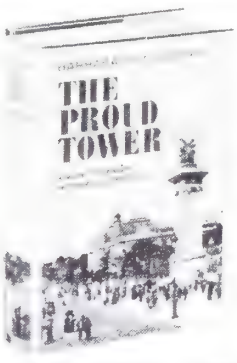
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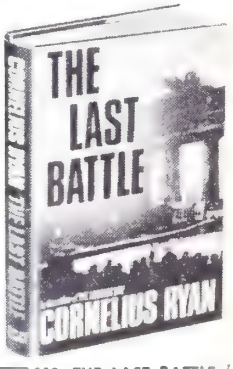
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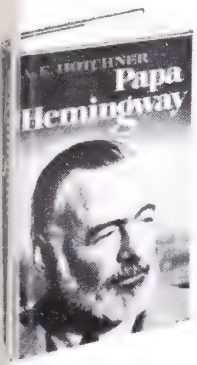
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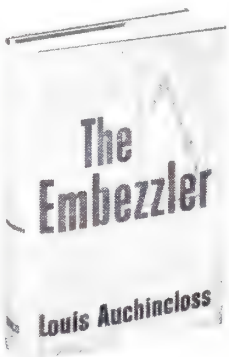
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Letters

American Jews Debate

Marion Sanders makes a neat little package in her article ["The Several Worlds of American Jews," April], but alas, it is all patina. She sees Jews in three dominating organizations that are most visible to her, but she never gets to the mass-Jew who is in neither the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, nor the ADL-B'nai B'rith.

Speaking from the place of greatest Jewish population, New York City, I have never seen an impressive outpouring of Jews gathered to express Jewish protest or Jewish joy, or other significant Jewish feeling in which Mrs. Sanders' three giants were represented by more than a minority of those present. There still are two Yiddish daily newspapers, with combined circulation of over 100,000. There are a multitude of pro-Zionist, religious-centered, and Yiddish secularist organizations. . . .

It is true that the three groups engage in secularist activity, but they do so only because it will make life among non-Jews in America a bit more comfortable, and not because of any deep-rooted, timeless Jewishness. They acknowledge themselves to be in the main "defensive" organizations. . . . As such, and this is not intended to be critical, and it is less true of Congress than it is of the other two, they leave the profounder stirrings of Jewishness to be created and maintained by the many other Jewish agencies, institutions, and affiliations which give heart and soul and ethos to the American Jew. If there is concern about intermarriage, which is one way of measuring how seriously one takes Jewish survival, it is not because of the Sanders Three, but because of all the Jewish groups Mrs. Sanders either mentions obliquely or is unaware of. . . .

WILLIAM STERN, Ed.
The Workmen's Circle *Call*
New York, N.Y.

I wish to congratulate Mrs. Sanders on her article. As a Jew, I must state it is by far the best article on the subject that I have read. She may receive many brickbats for frequently calling a spade a spade. . . . I do wish, however, that she might have included more of the criticisms of many Jews of their own Jewish institutions. For instance, why should Jewish organizations involve themselves in controversial matters which are the problems of all Americans, such as Vietnam, federal aid to education, etc.? If combating anti-Semitism is no longer a major problem, why is it now necessary to have three organizations with an annual budget of about $10 million? . . .

HARRY SAHLM
New York, N

As an observant Orthodox Jew and an American citizen, I feel it my sincere duty to comment on a point made by Marion Sanders. . . . She says, "However, no one who has to earn a living in the U. S. can perform all the more than six hundred ritual laws governing virtually every moment of the waking day—which are prescribed by rigid Orthodoxy. So Orthodox Jews pick and choose among the ancient laws." . . .

The foundation for all Jewish life is the Torah . . . which includes 613 precepts or commandments. It is a legal requirement rather than a choice that no Jew, whether he be a resident of the U. S. or not, can perform all of these 613 rituals. Many are regulations to be observed only by members of the tribes of the Priests (Kohanim) or the Levites respectively. Many others are applicable only to the land of Israel and to Jewish inhabitants.

The total remaining few hundred commandments which are applicable universally and at all times . . . are carried out by hundreds of thousands of Torah-staunch American Jews constantly. . . . These rituals, which do in fact govern every moment of the day, are all means to creating the "total holiness" of mind and body which the Jew wishes to attain.

RABBI HARRY GEFF
Baltimore, M

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LETTERS

Marion K. Sanders' article great autobiography—but unbal reporting. In writing off Zionis an important factor in creatin public image of U. S. Jews, Sanders is guilty of either wi thinking or incomplete evalu Less than three years ago, a Senate investigation disclosed i pages of testimony how the Ame Zionists were acting as a "con through which funds from a r tered foreign agent (the U. S. a the World Zionist Organization) being channeled to serve Zionist Israeli political interests. . . .

Lobbying for domestic interes an acceptable practice in our d cratic traditions, but propagand for a foreign country whose nat interests differ from ours is an matter. And when it appears done in the name of the religion philanthropy of American Jews be most damaging. Mrs. Sander ports that the "dual citizenship" tion posed by Zionism has "virt disappeared." Yet the recent fin of a four-year study at the Unive of California disclosed that 3 cent of all Americans believe U. S. Jews are more loyal to I than to the U. S.! The author misses the efforts of the Ame Council for Judaism to protec single-nationality status of Ame Jews from Zionist-Israeli laws claims, on the grounds that w conjuring up ghosts and nonexi plots. Yet in 1964, our governme a historic ruling declared that jected the Zionist "Jewish pe concept as a concept of internat law. Knowledgeable readers o nation's press know that the Zi movement continues to flout thi ing by our government.

RICHARD KORN, Nat. Vice-
American Council for Juc
New York,

Controlling the Campus I

Ohio State University's admin tion knows and uses all the techn listed in Jeff Greenfield's rema the suppression of college newsp ["College Newspapers in Sear Their Own Voice," May]. And i added a few innovations which be helpful to suppressors on campuses.



We made this sterling silver porringer circa 1774.

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LETTERS

The administration has threate students and faculty members i criminately to prevent the pub tion of stories that would damage university's "image." It has thr ened to cut off funds for *The Lant* the campus daily with a circulatio 22,500. It has threatened to "w the School of Journalism" through budgetary power. It has closed dent meetings to student repor and has imposed stiff restriction the coverage of other meetings. It kept the School of Journalism ho in a dusty firetrap, despite a th fold increase in enrollment and ulty in less than eight years. It denied promotions to outspoken ulty members and granted promoti to the ones who would go along.

Despite all this autocratic pressu however, *The Lantern* has remain free and outspoken voice on the O State campus because student edit have refused to be intimidated faculty members of the School Journalism have supported them.

President Novice G. Fawcett mits that he has been unsuccessful a suppressor of news. "If I have b a censor, I haven't been a very g one," he told newsmen recently. " you have to do is look at *The Lanter*

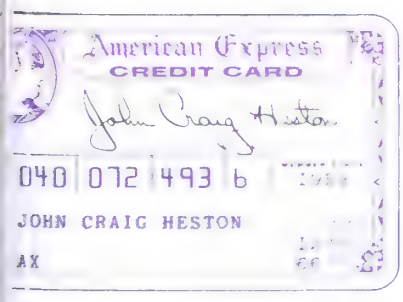
It is true that *The Lantern* has mained free, but the price has b high for those faculty members w have refused to goose-step to Fawcettian cadence.

Fawcett's most recent exercise academic dictatorship was to appo a new director of the School of Jou nalism over the vigorous objections two-thirds of the faculty members. became clear to members of the Jou nalism School faculty early in t search for a director to succeed t late George J. Kienzle that Fawc would stop at nothing to silence *T Lantern*. It became clear that would destroy the school if necessar He attempted, of course, to obscu his purpose behind high-soundi academic doubletalk. His statemen about "broadening the program" h a familiar, hollow ring to the profe sional newsmen on the faculty. Tran lation: "Convert a solidly profession school into a theoretical wasteland When it became apparent that Fa cett would name his man despite t objections of the faculty, the diss dents took out a full-page ad in *T Lantern* on April 14 to protest t



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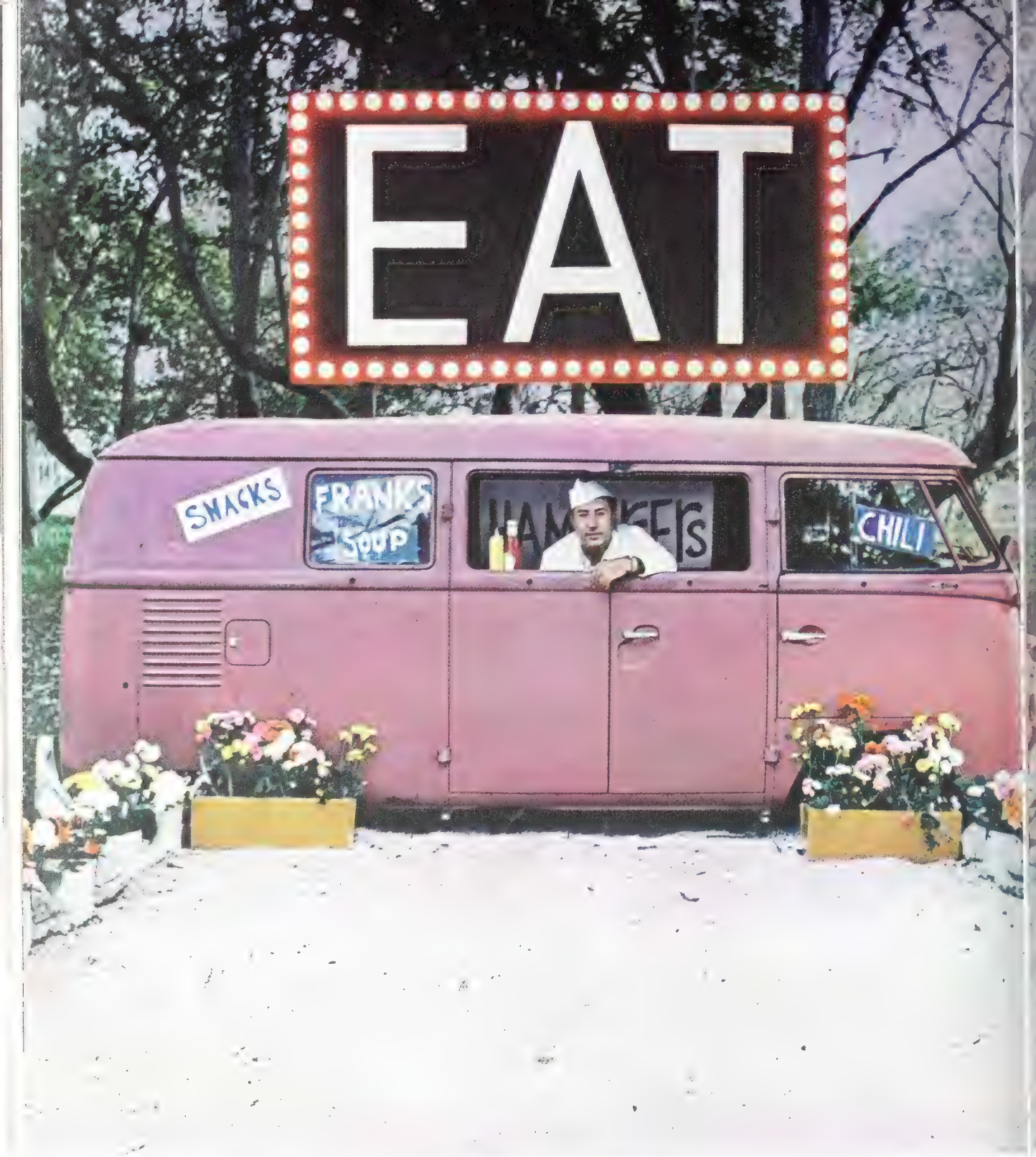
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But then, he didn't start with any old box.

He started with a Volkswagen Station Wagon. Which has about twice the amount of space as an ordinary wagon.

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However, if you're planning to go into the restaurant business, better not bu new. (The body's been welded int solid piece of steel, the tires alor last for 35,000 miles, and on top of e thing else, there are four coats of protective paint.)

It'll take too long to get a new one into bad enough shape.

nminent appointment of Dr. m E. Hall Jr. Hall was ap- d despite this unprecedented and he promptly issued a de- that the ten dissatisfied faculty ers resign. "I will not tolerate ong in the ranks," Hall said.

faculty members have in effect all to go to hell and have con- l the fight. Students have pick- he administration building and eds have attended outdoor ral- o protest the administration's boy tactics. But a respected of journalism is endangered is freedom of the press at Ohio

Lantern is run by journalism nts under the supervision of alism instructors. Last year it ight first-place awards in the na- contest sponsored by Sigma Chi, professional journalistic y. No subject is too delicate for *antern's* columns so long as the ters and editorial writers docu- their stories and support their ons with facts.

st winter, for example, the Board ustees approved a $300,000 man- for Fawcett. The next day *The ern* attacked the action as a "bla- excess" and an "outrageous ex- iture." The press of Ohio took up ry and the board rescinded its ac- at Fawcett's request.

st summer the board voted to ld Ohio State's speakers' rule, r which Fawcett had banned by anyone who might voice what cett considered impure or sub- ve ideas. *The Lantern* again took ne challenge. It saw the action as evere setback" and charged that id "retarded the progress of the e university." Students and fac- members spoke out in support of eralized rule, and, once again, the d reversed itself.

nese are but two examples of *The tern's* many forthright stands. re may not be many more.

JOHN M. LEMMON
School of Journalism
Ohio State University
Columbus, O.

Choosing Genes

ermit me to express to your read- my regret at the misrepresenta- s and even libelous falsehoods concerning my views on human genetic betterment that were expressed by Lucy Eisenberg in "Genetics and the Survival of the Unfit" [February]. It is so easy to arouse public abhorrence and an outraged opinion against expressions of unconformist views. This applies even to views that the public is shortly to adopt, as happened in the case of evolution and of planned parenthood.

If Mrs. Eisenberg had read any of my dozen or more articles of the past quarter-century on the subject under discussion that I call germinal choice, she would have seen that I did not say or even imply the breaking up of the family. She would have seen that it was my aim to strengthen the family, and to strengthen love, human brotherhood, mutual understanding, and the basis of society in general, while also giving its individuals ever more effective means of self-fulfillment and development. This is to come about, so I argued, not by any type of dictation, but by their own voluntary choices and efforts.

My most recent article on the subject is my chapter in the paperback *The Population Crisis* (1965, Indiana University Press). Already I find enlightened religious leaders, as well as general audiences, on hearing me explain my views of the subject, approve of them.

HERMANN J. MULLER
Dept. of Zoology
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

MRS. EISENBERG REPLIES

It was not my aim to arouse "public abhorrence" against Dr. Muller's opinions. In describing his plan for positive eugenics I said, "When a woman decides to have children she will then choose sperm from the donor whose qualities she most admires." I believe that this is a fair description of "germinal choice." I also said that this plan "involves a total departure from our present ideas about marriage and children." But Dr. Muller himself in discussing the subject has said, "We must rid ourselves of preconceptions based on our traditional behavior in matters of parentage" (*Man and his Future*, 1963). Nowhere in my article did I say or imply anything about the breaking up of family ties and I regret that my words could be so interpreted.



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High Energy for Space: A report from General Dynamics

How can you add calories and not gain weight?

The question, only rueful to waistline worriers, is vital to space flight. Calories are energy that has to be unlocked from fuel. The fuels that now lift relatively large payloads into earth orbit are not really efficient to take them all the way to the moon. Something with more "calories" to the ounce is needed.

The theoretical answer has been known for years—hydrogen.

Hydrogen contains more heat units to the pound than any carbon-derived power source. It burns explosively when mixed with oxygen. Under proper control, it would be ideal.

Enigmas of ultra-cold:

Hydrogen, existing naturally as a gas, is unnoticeable under everyday conditions. To be used as a practical space fuel, it must be carried in the vehicle as a liquid. In that form it is one of the coldest things in existence, 420° below zero Fahrenheit.

In this world of ultra-cold, most materials become as brittle as thin glass. Should the temperature rise only a few degrees, liquid hydrogen "boils" into a rapidly expanding gas that could burst through a sealed container.

Could liquid hydrogen be contained within a vehicle light enough for space flight? Could it be kept cold enough? Be controlled so precisely that its reaction with oxygen would give exactly the amount of thrust needed?

Today, hydrogen has been tamed. When the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Surveyor lands on the moon, it will have been put on its way by Centaur, the first space vehicle fueled by high-energy liquid hydrogen.

Centaur was originally started by General Dynamics as a research project for the Department of Defense to test the feasibility of hydrogen as a fuel. Now operational for NASA, Centaur is the most powerful upper-stage space vehicle for its size and weight available. In nature the most efficient container in terms of weight to strength is considered the shell of an egg. Centaur, which needs only 1/35th of a pound of tank for each pound of propellant carried, is three times more efficient.

But before Centaur became operational, major problems had to be solved.

Early hurdles...

On the ground liquid hydrogen must be stored in large stainless steel tanks with double walls filled with insulation and evacuated to a high vacuum. Similar permanent insulation would mean a substantial weight penalty for a space vehicle.

With the best available insulation, relatively high external air temperatures on earth and the friction heat generated during booster flight cause some boil-off, creating the danger of constantly increasing gas pressure inside a tank.

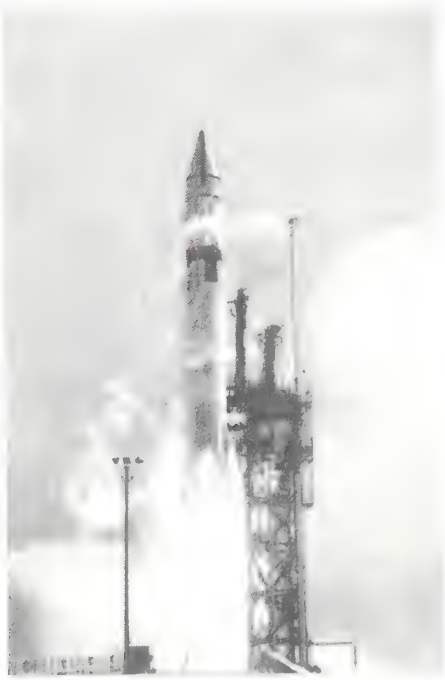
Liquid oxygen must be carried in le vehicle to react with the hydrogen. Ix is pretty cold itself at −297° F., but "h" enough to make hydrogen boil.

Centaur's stainless steel tank, wh is also the external skin of the vehi is only one-third the thickness of a di The extreme cold initially created r croscopic cracks, visible only under m nification, in the stainless steel arou some welds. Such cracks could ca structural weakness—and leaks, sin hydrogen, the smallest of atoms, c seep through openings that will he back everything else.

...and answers:

For external insulation Centaur wrapped with 1,200 pounds of in thick glass fiber panels filled with pl tic foam. Just before the upper st separates from its booster, the pane which have served their purpose, forced away by explosive charges. N Centaur is free to reach its requir speed at a minimum insulation-weig penalty to the mission.

To control boil-off, venting syste bleed off hydrogen gas during prop lant loading and until launch at pounds per minute. Excessive pressu is prevented from developing inside t tank, yet the gas is sufficiently diffus that it can be fed into the atmosphe without danger of explosion. Duri booster flight, venting continues un the vehicle enters the frictionless co



Atlas-Centaur launches a payload.

How Centaur works as a space vehicle

Space flight requires both muscle and speed. Whether the payload is a grapefruit-sized satellite or a manned capsule, it must be pushed to a speed of 25,300 feet per second to reach a 160-mile high orbit around the earth. To go to the moon, it must hit 36,000 f.p.s.

The muscle is supplied by a launch vehicle whose initial push, defined in pounds of thrust, must be sufficiently greater than the total weight of the vehicle, fuel and payload to overcome the pull of gravity.

The heavier the combination, the more thrust is needed to get it started against the pull of gravity and to keep it moving fast enough to reach its destination.

Just adding more propellant to a single stage vehicle would ultimately make the propellant containers so heavy that the vehicle could not reach the necessary velocity.

So for speed, a second stage is used.

This tandem combination can be compared to a sports car being pushed by a truck. The truck goes as far and as fast as it can. When both vehicles reach the top speed of the truck, the fully fueled sports car starts, adding its own acceleration to carry its driver farther and faster.

Centaur's "truck" so far has been an Atlas, the same General Dynamics' launch vehicle that boosted the first American astronauts into orbit.

Fully fueled on the ground, Atlas, Centaur and a two-ton payload weigh a total 303,000 pounds. Atlas' 380,000 pounds of thrust, provided by a kerosene derived fuel, push the combined vehicles to 91 miles and a speed of 12,700 f.p.s. before it drops off and Centaur's hydrogen fueled engines take over.

The high energy of the smaller Centaur now need push only the 36,500 pounds of itself and the payload against less gravitational effect and without the resistance of the atmosphere. After 440 seconds of firing, Centaur is traveling at 36,000 f.p.s., fast enough to send its payload along its orbit to the moon.

pace, when the bleed drops to a
-pound per minute.
ne step in the elimination of micro-
ks was to thicken the original skin
'entaur a bare .004 inch to its cur-
.014 inch. To reduce them further,
he vehicle's 162,000 spot-welds are
ıy inspected, and any imperfect
ds are repaired before assembly con-
es.

tra chores:

ıddition to its fuel energy, the hy-
gen even helps itself work.
'he ultra-cold actually solves one in-
tion problem. Oxygen and hydro-
tanks are separated by less than
-third of an inch, but the liquid hy-
gen freezes air between the tanks
a solid, creating a narrow vacuum
minimizes the passage of heat.
'he thrust chamber—where the fuel
ɔurned—develops temperatures of
ıe 5,500° F. Such heat could quick-
ring the cryogenic propellants to the
losion point.
)n its way to be "burned," liquid hy-
gen is first pumped through a cool-
jacket surrounding the thrust
mber, separating the very hot from
very cold areas.
n absorbing the engine heat the liq-
expands to a turbulent gas to be
d for the energy reaction. But some
emporarily diverted to drive turbo-
nps that feed the propellants in re-
red amounts to the engines. Without
technique, propellants would have
be force-fed to the engines under
h gas pressure, requiring thicker
k walls and greater weight.

imming down more:

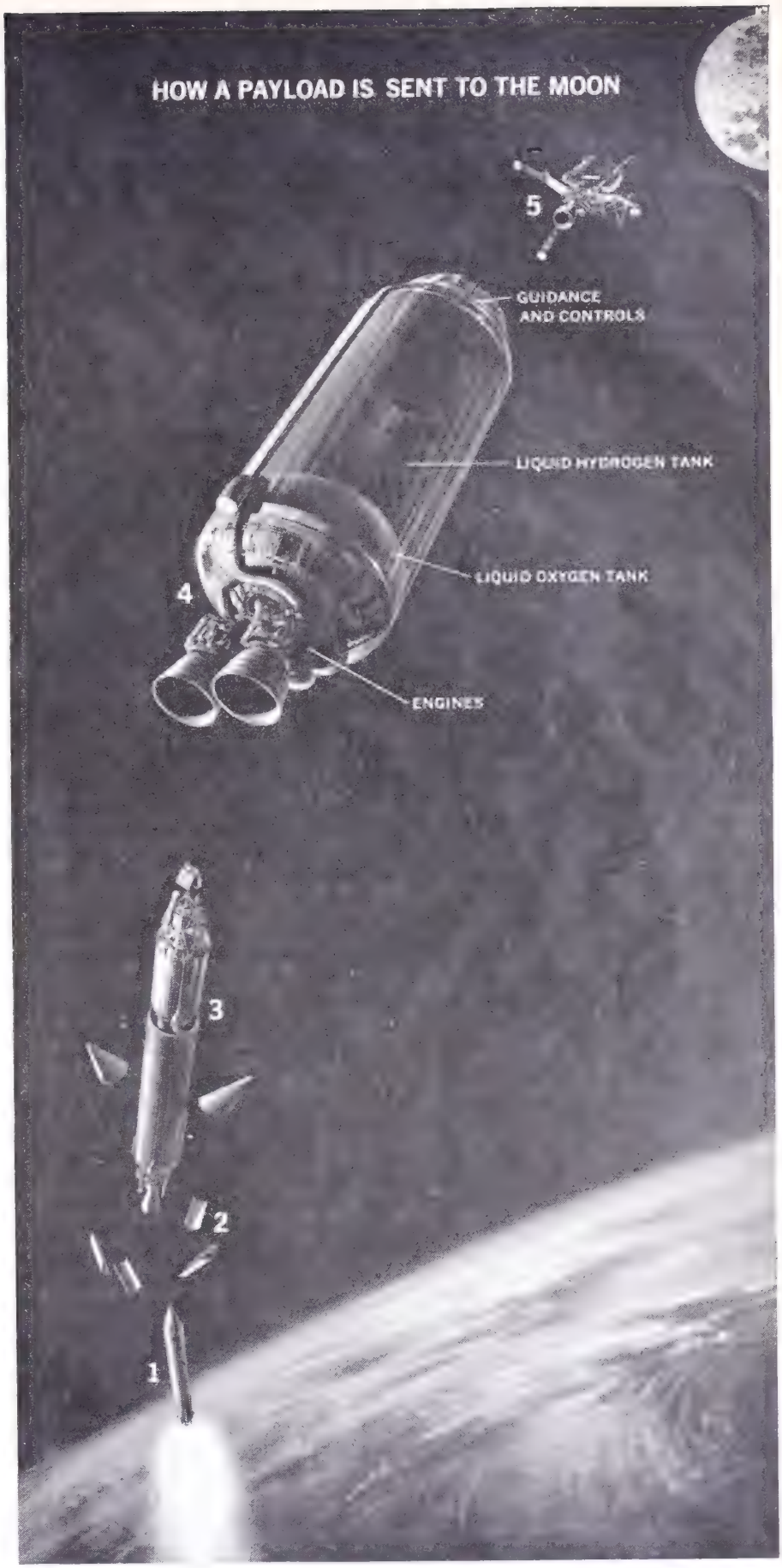
ıtaur, for its size, is the most efficient
gle vehicle in operation today. Its
l is the most efficient currently avail-
e for space use.
Yet further improvements are being
rked on by General Dynamics: met-
equally strong and possibly lighter;
ıper-insulations"; uprated engines,
anced control systems and fuel addi-
es to increase performance.
As Centaur matures, it's going to
e on even more calories—and prob-
ly lose more weight in the process.

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ENERAL DYNAMICS

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1—Atlas starts Centaur and its payload on their flight. **2**—Shortly before Atlas and Centaur have separated, insulation panels and then nose fairings have been jettisoned. **3**—Atlas separates and Centaur and payload start their phase of journey. **4**—Centaur has completed firing and separated from payload. **5**—Payload continues along its orbit to the moon.



For the Mildly Adventurous Traveler: Field Notes on Three Varieties of Japanese Inns

by John Fischer

If you are one of the two hundred thousand Americans who will be going to Japan this summer, your travel agent probably will advise you *not* to stay at a Japanese inn. Travel agencies (including the semi-official Japan Travel Bureau) like to play it safe; and there is no denying that the average American tourist might find some kinds of native-style hostelries a little disconcerting.

Pay no attention. What the agencies do not tell you is that Japan has four distinct types of accommodation, ranging from the conventional (and often luxurious) Western hotel to the strictly traditional Japanese country inn. Unless you are a timid old lady, it would be a pity not to experiment with at least one of the three latter varieties. The delights are likely to outbalance any embarrassments or discomforts you might encounter; and you can, moreover, pick the type which best suits your own degree of venturesomeness. All you need is a little classified information. Since it is hard to get from any travel agency or guidebook that I know of, I hope these notes may be of some help.

The first classification is the *ryokan* or strictly traditional inn, designed and operated for Japanese tastes, with no concessions to foreign quirks, and unchanged in its essentials for three hundred years. A few, indeed, have been entertaining guests for even longer. Their number is dwindling now, because it takes a lot of girl-power to run one properly and labor is in short supply; besides, many Japanese are turning to Western ways. Still they are reasonably plentiful in every city, and in the more remote villages a *ryokan* often is the only accommodation you will find.*

But getting into one isn't easy. Typically they are small—less than a dozen sets of rooms—and the best often are fully booked up long in advance by their established Japanese clientele. Besides, the proprietor usually hesitates to accept American or European guests. He is afraid they will demand Western-type food and amenities which he can't supply; and since it is unlikely that he or any of his help can speak English, how could he cope with even reasonable requests? Then, too, he has heard that many foreigners aren't housebroken; they have been known to keep their shoes on indoors, pick flowers in the garden, pile their incredibly heavy suitcases on an antique table, and make passes at the chambermaid. He may be particularly nervous about American women traveling alone or in groups—for, as one of my Japanese friends put it, "those ladies off the cruise ships, sir, can be rather grisly." Consequently you are unlikely to get a reservation unless it is arranged through a Japanese, known to the house, who can vouch for your good behavior.

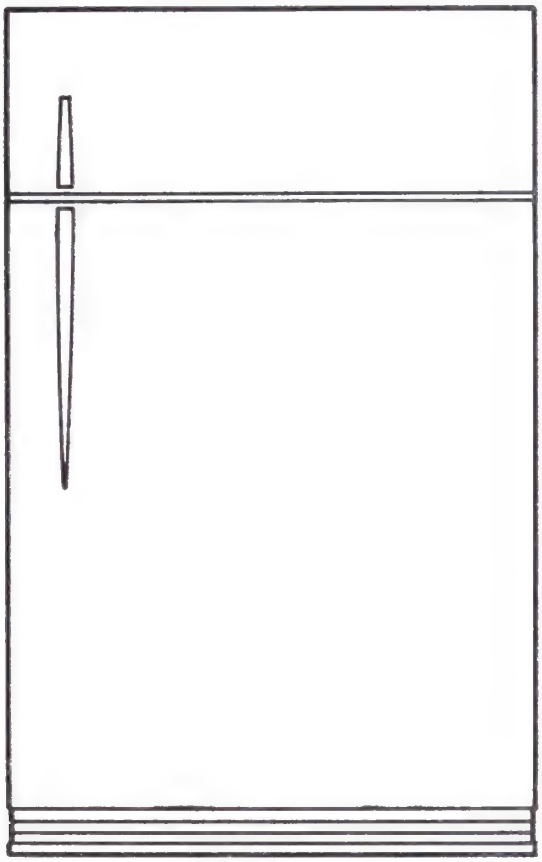
Once that is settled, however, what happens to you may run something like this:

Late one afternoon, after a long drive over some fairly hair-raising roads, my wife and I arrived at the Danrokan Inn in Kofu, a small town deep in the Japanese Alps. An unpretentious two-story wooden building, it looked from the street much like any Japanese home. At the door stood the proprietor, a middle-aged lady of great dignity, with what was apparently her whole staff. They welcomed us with bows, nervous giggles and a flood of words, none of which resembled anything in our phrase book. Her gardener-handyman—the only man in the little group—whisked away our shoes and offered house slippers. A gaggle of kimonoed teen-age girls made off with our bags, two to each handle. An older girl who led us to our rooms turned out to be Michio, our attendant, day and night for the duration of our stay.

Our quarters added up to seven rooms: a foyer where we left our slippers, a living-dining-sleeping room about twice the size of an ordinary New York hotel room, a lavatory with hot and cold running water, a separate

*Notably the one best known to Americans, the Minaguchi-ya in Okitsu, about a hundred miles southwest of Tokyo best known because it was so lovingly described by Oliver Statler in his *Japanese Inn* (Random House, 1961). For this reason, however, it has now been sadly overrun by foreign tourists, and is referred to by some scornful Japanese as The Tokaido Road Statler. Yet anyone planning a visit to Japan would do well to read both Statler's book, and another equally charming: *The Kimono Mind* by Bernard Rudofsky (Doubleday, 1965).

6 out of 7 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?



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toilet, a dressing room, a sun porch, and a gallery opening into a walled garden. The only Western furnishings were in the sun porch: two chairs, a small table, and a refrigerator stocked with beer, soft drinks, and a bottle of Suntory, a passable imitation of Scotch whisky. The rest of the rooms seemed, at first glance, to be virtually unfurnished. The effect was one of spare, serene elegance, created by the exquisite proportions of each screen and doorway, by hand-rubbed woodwork and the pattern of the wall-to-wall *tatami* matting.

Before we had finished exploring this little domain, Michio produced a wicker basket full of steaming face-cloths (to wipe away the dust of the road) and green tea with little cakes. As we drank she explained—with gestures, smiles, and occasional reference to our phrase book—that she was ready to escort us to our baths.

Community bathing is a dying custom in Japan, at least in the presence of foreigners. Like most up-to-date inns, the Danrokan has individual bathrooms located in a wing of their own, each with its square cedar tub and a tiled area equipped with a tiny stool, soap, and wooden pail. Here you are supposed to scrub and rinse with buckets of water dipped from the tub. Only afterwards do you climb into the tub itself and sit, in a fetal position, in water slightly below the boiling point, until you are parboiled.

When you emerge, relaxed to the verge of stupor, you are not expected to re-dress. Instead you slip into a long, loose kimono-like garment called a *yukata*, printed in vivid colors with the symbol of the inn—in this case, dogwood blossoms. You are now prepared for a stroll in the garden, to contemplate the subtleties of Japanese landscape architecture, feed the goldfish, and restore both soul and appetite. Although it is not specifically mentioned in the Zen canon, I found a glass of Suntory-and-soda an excellent aid to contemplation.

Because my wife still felt stiff and sore from the journey, she asked Michio (with a little help from our phrase book) whether a masseuse might be available? Within a matter of minutes one appeared, a muscular young lady who bowed low, tucked up her kimono sleeves, and launched immediately into her arcane therapy.

A Japanese massage begins at the toes, with the popping of each joint. From there the masseuse works upwards, searching out every knotted muscle-fiber and reducing it to the consistency of jelly. By the time she reaches your scalp, your nerve ends will be dangling on the floor. Her profession is an honored one, for reasons to be noted in a moment, and every good inn has both a masseuse and a masseur on tap around the clock. (Often they are blind. Since lack of sight is no handicap—and, as a tactful concession to modesty may, indeed, be regarded as a kind of asset—it has long been customary in Japan to train blind people in this profession.)

Meanwhile, Michio had set up a foot-high table of beautifully polished wood, flanked with cushions and—since Americans are assumed to be incapable of kneeling for an hour at a stretch—backrests. The dinner she served was delicious: a clear soup containing a poached quail's egg, thin slices of raw tuna salted and seasoned with herbs, seaweed, radishes, soybean curd, shrimp dipped in batter and deep-fried, an assortment of sauces, and of course rice. Each item arrived in its own dish, and each dish was different—lacquered wooden bowls for the soup and rice, for example, square saucers with a blue pattern for the shrimp, pastel porcelain cups for the sauces. (To a Japanese, our habit of piling everything on a single plate is revolting, and a table setting of uniform design seems woefully unaesthetic.) As we ate, Michio knelt beside us, smiling encouragement at my awkward effort to master chopsticks and constantly refilling our thimble-sized cups with warm *saki*.

Afterward she shooed us out to the balcony for moon-viewing, while she cleared away dishes, hid the table somewhere, and pulled from a cupboard the foam-rubber pads and quilts that were to serve as beds. Since there was a slight nip in the air, she lighted a minute charcoal fire in the *hibachi*, a big stoneware bowl filled nearly to the brim with months' accumulation of ashes. Beside it she placed a lacquered tea tray, with cups, pot, and caddy, in case we should be overwhelmed by an insomniac yearning for tea; and as an afterthought she added a thermos of water. If we should want to call her during the night, Michio indicated in laborious pantomine, we need only clap our hands; she would be somewhere within earshot.

The operational pattern of the inn has evolved over many generations to meet a specific need of Japanese society. Daily life there tends to generate deep tensions—partly because so many people are crowded into a few small islands, but mainly because the Nipponese culture, with its hierarchical structure, its web of obligations, its elaborate ritual of etiquette, and its suppression of emotions, imposes a heavy strain on everybody.

To relieve these tensions, the society has developed an array of institutions, ranging from the geisha house to the mass demonstration from the bath and massage to alcohol. (Heavy drinking carries less stigma in Japan than in most countries. In the public parks it is not uncommon to see a man unconscious on the grass with an empty *saki* bottle clasped in his arms; by convention he is invisible both to the police and to the crowds streaming around his body.) Another such institution is the inn. Its central purpose is to sooth, to induce an atmosphere of relaxation and serenity. To this end, its every aspect has been refined over the centuries by experts in pampering.

Personally I find this very agreeable. It is only fair, however, to add a few cautionary words.

For one thing, a good inn necessarily is expensive. The minimum rate for food and lodging is likely to be about $15 a day per couple, and at the posher establishments it can easily run to three times as much. Perfectly satisfactory accommodations can be had in Western-type hotels for less.

The American palate does not always take immediately to Japanese cuisine, and at the traditional inn you have no alternative. There is no public dining room and no menu. You take what the maid brings to your quarters—which for breakfast might well be soybean soup, rice, and a pickled radish.

In cool weather you may be uncomfortably chilly, since the *hibachi* normally is the only source of heat. Handsome though it is, the classic wood-and-paper architecture of Japan is wildly dysfunctional for a Northern climate. Consequently chilblains are a common ailment—and many younger



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We can't answer that categorically, of course.

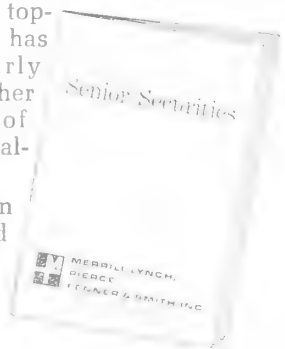
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Japanese are moving into ugly but warm concrete flats.

How to unpack your bags always is a puzzlement, since your rooms will have neither bureaus nor closets—probably not even a coat hook. This is no problem to Japanese, who travel light—often with only a change of linen in a knotted cloth—knowing that the inn will supply toothbrushes and other toilet articles. But an American carrying luggage for a long trip is likely to find himself piling clothes in every corner of the room.

As in any country, you can have a disappointment. My only one was in Shimabara, in Japan's Deep South. The inn there had an entrancing view of Ariaka Bay, but the food and service were indifferent, the lavatory smelled, and the main corridor was cluttered with pinball machines. Perhaps this was because Shimabara is a minor resort town, roughly equivalent to Biloxi, Mississippi. Every other place we stayed, whether inn or hotel, was immaculate.

If you don't want to risk even these slight inconveniences, you might do well to try Classification Two, which could be described as The Modified Inn. Outwardly it looks much the same as a *ryokan*—a low wooden house with galleries and garden—but inwardly there are important differences.

For one thing, you will have no trouble in getting admitted. This is the kind of place the Japan Travel Bureau will send you, if you insist on staying at an inn, and its reservation is all you need. No recommendation from a Japanese friend of the landlady will be required.

The room clerk and at least one of the maids will speak some English. The furnishings of your quarters will be partly modified to suit foreign habits. There probably will be an electric heater, for example, a few hooks on the wall with coat hangers, and perhaps an air conditioner. The *tokonoma*—the decorative niche in the living room, which traditionally contains a scroll painting and a bowl of flowers—may hold a television set as well. By your bed at night you are likely to find a transistor radio, tuned to the U.S. Armed Forces Network. Meals will still be served in your room and will be basically Japanese, but if you demand cornflakes, toast, and coffee for breakfast, the kitchen will produce them. On the other hand, you ma get quite as much devoted atte as you would in a *ryokan;* inste looking after you alone, your probably will be assigned (at le the rush season) to two or guests. And instead of being the foreigner in the place, you are to discover that at least half the tele is American.

In Kyoto—the one city whic visitor to Japan can afford to r typical Modified Inns are the H giya and the Tawaraya, both lo near the center of town and both comfortable, although aesthet less exciting than a really good *kan.* In Tokyo the best I know o the Fukudaya and the Kyoine. of them is a prime example of nese elegance at its best, with ce ics and scrolls worthy of a mus and truly memorable food. If yo lucky, you may be taken to dinn one of them, as I was; but unles are wealthy, you would be prude stay at one of the more modest e lishments which the Japan T Bureau will recommend.

A third category might be la The Transitional Hostelry. It is w visiting if only because it is so acteristic of contemporary Japa culture, in its current state of change. Outwardly it doesn't hav slightest resemblance to an inn. I modern building of ten to fi stories, built of glass and reinf concrete. Its public rooms wil much like those you might find in York, Hongkong, or Zurich, inclu the conventional lobby, shops, ban halls, and dining rooms, which s American and Continental as we Japanese food. Most of its g rooms (and their rates) will equally familiar.

But tucked away somewhere t will be a few floors, or a separate w which provide the traditional J nese-style accommodations, com with *tatami* mats, omnipresent m gardens, cedar baths, and inte done with that exquisite simpl which the Japanese call *shibui.*

The best example that I know the Miyako in Kyoto, a big, new, personal hotel, as efficient as any ton. Its Japanese-style annex, hi in a hillside garden, is accurately scribed in *Fodor's Guide* as "e cially gorgeous . . . the *ryokan* wa

Cook's tour.





Canada!



In Viet Nam jungle water is more dangerous than the Viet Cong.

If that fact hasn't made headlines, it's because it isn't news. Contaminated water has been killing Vietnamese for over 2,000 years.

Typhus, typhoid, amoebic dysentery, infectious hepatitis—these are just a few of the deadly assassins.

Coupled with malnutrition, they limit the life span of a peasant to 35 years. And they guarantee that more than half his children will die before they're 5 years old.

With statistics like these all too common in underdeveloped areas, it's obvious that the ultimate war to be fought in Viet Nam and southeast Asia will be the war against disease.

Fortunately, it's already underway. Olin, for example, is shipping tons of chlorine to Viet Nam each month for on-the-spot water purification.

Not ordinary chlorine, but a special dry granular type called HTH,® developed in this country by Olin back in 1928. It's easier to handle and safer to use. So safe, our G.I.'s use HTH tablets to purify water right in their canteens.

And when more sophisticated means are used to purify water, other Olin products will find use abroad.

Chemicals like biocides, to prevent the growth of algae from clogging lakes, rivers and reservoirs. Hexametaphosphate, to prevent rust scale from forming in pipes. And tripolyphosphates, to soften water.

Olin is even working on the development of large, portable chlorine systems for use in remote areas by small villages.

It's only a beginning, though. As the world population grows, pure water, like food, will become ever scarcer.

That's why in the jungles of Viet Nam, as throughout the world, the war against disease will go on long after man has made peace with man.

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CH

life with ultramodern facili

Less expensive and to my more enticing is the Yataro in N saki. It is a small skyscraper on above the city, with a fabulous of the port and the park which morializes Ground Zero of the s atomic bomb. Since it has few eign visitors, it has no regular lish-speaking personnel. But it have an arrangement with Aki charming young lady who ordi works as an English-language s tary in the Mitsubishi shipyards miles away. When American g arrive, the Yataro signals the yard; Akiko is granted leave fo duration; and she forthwith tak her duties at the hotel as Vice-P dent in Charge of the Honorable eigners. In spite of the heavy involved in her constant shiftin tables and bedding, she seem enjoy every minute of her as ment—which she regarded, a ently, as a running seminar in cultural relationships. She bu with questions about every aspe American life, tutored us in Jap language and deportment, and s vised our sight-seeing.

If you don't feel at all experim you can of course stay at one o strictly Western-style hotels have sprung up since the war in Japanese city. The best of them instance, the Okura in Tokyo o International Hotel in Kurashik at least the equal of any estal ment I know of in America or Eu But if that is all you want, why t at all?

Two final warnings:

Never haggle over your bill a inn or hotel. It will be correct—in matters, Japanese honesty wou regarded by, say, an Italian as lutely bigoted. To question it grave discourtesy.

Don't tip. Japanese maids, resses, taxi drivers, and guides r tips and would be offended if you crude enough to offer one. But i find that you have grown fond of guide or your maid at an inn, it right on leaving to give her a gift. Your departure will then be teriously delayed while she scu off to the nearest shop and bu present for you. Accept it, b means, and make sure that your well bow is just as deep as hers.



If after all this time you still don't know what a Uniroyal is, we (the U.S. Rubber Co.) ought to be shot. Uniroyal is the new world-wide trademark of the U.S. Rubber Co. and it also replaces the dozens of different names and trademarks we've been using in 150 countries.

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Royalex,® a thermoplastic for auto and truck bodies which is not only harder to dent than steel but, if dented, pops back as good as new under heat. Sexy Eskiloos® boots for the ladies, and Keds,® the famous line of soft, colorful family shoes that are as easy to look at as they are to wear. Wet suits for aquanauts. Polycrest,® our new olefin fiber, that's more stain resistant than any other kind of carpet fiber alive. Alanap,® a smart weed killer for weeds that are too smart for other weed killers. SBR, a synthetic rubber (from which we make our Rain [illegible] safer and longer-lasting than natural rubber.

Now you can see why we had to change our company's trademark—we needed a new trademark to better suit our derring-do. But we're never going to forget our forebear, the U.S. Rubber Company. Never! In fact, some of us here would feel a great deal better in our hearts if our new world trademark read, "Uniroyal, son of U.S. Rubber."



After Hours



Public Faces

by Russell Lynes

The path to the National Portrait Gallery in Washington is presently strewn with ancient airplanes, colossal statuary, and space hardware. It occupies a single large room in the A & I Building ("A" for arts, "I" for industry) of the Smithsonian Institution, of which it is a part, and it is a mere shadow of what it is going to be in a few years. Orville Wright in wax looks down from his first plane at those who seek the gallery, a jaunty gentleman in a black cap, and right on his tail hangs the *Spirit of St. Louis* with the door to its cockpit open but no Lindbergh in sight.

One turns right at a full-size plaster version of Thomas Crawford's statue of "Freedom" that tops the dome of the Capitol. At "Freedom's" left hand are a mock-up of a space capsule occupied by a wax astronaut, a number of models of satellites of various sorts, and several rockets that are children's toys compared with the massive "Atlas" that stands outside the building.

All systems in the National Portrait Gallery are Go, I learned when I visited in March, but the countdown is going to take about two years more, and when it takes off it will, I expect, be rather more like a balloon ascension than a blast-off. The situation now at the N.P.G. (as its staff calls it) is not by any means static, but its animation is slightly suspended.

Some months ago I had heard Charles Nagel, the director of the N.P.G. and formerly the director of the distinguished City Art Museum in St. Louis, speak about his gallery at a conference of museum people in New Haven, and I had asked him then if I might one day pay him a visit. The N.P.G. seemed to have been an unintentionally well-kept secret and one worth exposing. No one, of course, is more eager to expose it than Mr. Nagel, who is quite frank to say that his biggest problem is that the gallery was founded a hundred years too late. This is unquestionably true, not only historically but artistically as well: we have arrived at a time of high interest in our national history and a low level in the art of portraiture.

Mr. Nagel is an extremely tall man with close-cropped gray hair and a dignified but friendly manner honed to a kind of ambassadorial sureness by long years of dealing with politicians, museum trustees, and donors of works of art. He had nearly as many bright-yellow, sharpened pe- cils on his desk, neatly laid out lik log roadway, as there are items n in the N.P.G. collection. Behind h was a handsome bookcase of bur elm, nearly empty, flanked by two p traits, one an etching and the ot what appeared from a distance to a drawing.

"We hope," he said, "to open new galleries in the spring of 19 Everything in the government tal longer than you think it is going t

The new galleries and the new ecutive quarters, archives, and libra of the N.P.G. will share with the N tional Collection of Fine Arts, anot branch of the Smithsonian, a build which was the home of the Civil S vice Commission between 1932 a 1963, a splendid Greek Revival edi with commanding Doric porticoes cated on F Street at Eighth a known as the "Old Patent Office."

"It was once the biggest building the nation," Mr. Nagel said. "It w started in 1836 and took nearly thi years to complete, but the Patent fice moved in in 1840 and was th for more than ninety years."

There was a moment, Mr. Nagel plained, when the building very nea vanished. The General Service Adm istration had decided to tear it do and replace it with a bleak symbol progress, a macadam parking facili the sort of imaginative approach a landmark that makes itself f from time to time in government cles. "If it had not been for David F ley, former director of the Natio Gallery of Art, and chairman of Commission of Fine Arts," Mr. Na said, "together with the other me bers of the Commission, who stron recommended against the destructi of the building and secured power help from President Eisenhower, would undoubtedly have gone. N only would its loss have been histo cal and architectural with the en mous waste of useful and convertib space, but the city would have lost focal point for its new plan.*

"L'Enfant in his plan for Washi ton," Mr. Nagel said, "designated site as a place for a national p theon."

*Readers who remember Douglas H kell's article, "A New Grandeur Washington" in *Harper's* for April this year, will recall it as the focus o splendid pedestrian mall.

This unpleasant, cranky, and unbelievably rude man works for Avis.



o show his face would ruin his act.

"Look, sister, I asked you for a red Plymouth convertible. Don't hand me any jazz about a reservation and don't tell me all you've got left are sedans. Just you get a wiggle on and try harder like your ads say. Or I'll find somebody who will."

That's how our Mr. X carves out a living: bugging Avis girls. Just to see f he can wipe the smiles off their faces.

(You aren't always in such a hot mood yourself when ou come in, if you want to know. And we want to be eady for you.)

Company spies aren't nice. But neither is being No. 2.

The names of some Avis employees are reported to ur president. Some will get his personal check for ten ollars for trying harder.

Some won't.

Mr. Nagel showed me the plans for remodeling the Old Patent Office to accommodate the needs of his gallery and the galleries of the National Collection of Fine Arts, whose function might be inadequately but not exactly inaccurately described as those of a sort of Washington version of London's Tate Gallery.

"The building adapts itself very well to our purposes," Mr. Nagel explained. "It's been used as galleries before. The museum of models of the Patent Office was there. It has to be flexible for us, and we need fairly small rooms for our exhibits."

He pointed to a row of galleries on the blueprint.

"You see," he said, "we need a series of rooms like these, one for each of the original thirteen states. Then we want to have exhibitions by professions . . . one for physicians, one for the clergy, the law, and so on. Over here we'll share library space with the National Collection of Fine Arts. And here will be our archives."

"What started all this?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "That's hard to say. A national portrait gallery has been in everybody's mind for years and years. Everyone who goes to London knows the portrait gallery there. David Finley has always been a strong supporter of the idea, and Andrew Mellon was also interested. Some years ago Mr. Mellon acquired a collection of American portraits because he very much wanted two great Gilbert Stuarts that were in it—the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Yates. (She's greater than he is, of course.) They're now in the National Gallery. When Mr. Mellon died the Mellon Trust turned the rest of the portrait collection over to the National Gallery with the stipulation that it could give anything it did not want for its own collection to a national portrait gallery if such a gallery were founded within twenty years of the gift. That was in 1942."

"You just made it," I suggested.

"Just," he said. "The enabling legislation was passed by Congress in April 1962. We got thirty-five portraits from the Mellon trust. Our Pocahontas was one. So was our splendid Copley of Henry Laurens, and the Healy Lincoln."

The total collection of the N.P.G. is only 260 items and of these fewer than a hundred are now hung on the white walls of the room in the A & I Building which has been allocated by the Smithsonian as the collection's temporary home. In addition to portraits in oils, varying greatly in quality, but each given every advantage of the display expert's art, are a number of caricatures of Americans by the English nineteenth-century artists "Spy" and "Ape" for the London paper *Vanity Fair*. They were recently given to the N.P.G. by the National Portrait Gallery in London. Several pieces of sculpture are also now on exhibition.

"We will take any kind of portrait," Mr. Nagel explained. "We are less interested in the aesthetic quality of the portrait than we are in the importance of the subject, though we want as fine portraits as are obtainable. We want prints and drawings and paintings, photographs and sculpture, but we don't want memorabilia. That is not our function. But we want likenesses of people, as it says in the act of 1962 that established us, 'who have made significant contributions to the history, development, and culture of the people of the United States.' We are not going to show anybody's portrait who has not been dead for at least ten years except, that is, for the President and his wife."

If the first problem of the N.P.G. is that it was founded a century too late, its second problem, according to Mr. Nagel, is the size of its purchasing budget which at present is a meager $50,000 a year. In an art market in which a late-fifteenth-century German engraving can bring $89,600 at auction, as one did at Sotheby's in March, $50,000 is not going to pry many important pictures of important people out of private collections. As a result Mr. Nagel's problem becomes a familiar one to museum directors—prying money out of donors to use to pry pictures out of owners. Obviously most of the great portraits of the public figures of the nation's past are already firmly affixed to museum walls, but there are surprises and Mr. Nagel showed me one that is temporarily in his keeping. He hopes that one day it will become a permanent prize of the National Portrait Gallery.

It is a portrait of George Washington, full-length, standing by a table, and it was painted—or at least part of it was painted—by Gilbert Stuart. Mr. Nagel took out a binder in which the was a color photograph of the pain ing and a color print of another Stua from which it was copied.

"I think it is quite certain," he sai "that the head is by Stuart, thou much of the rest of it was probab painted by someone else. But t important consideration from t N.P.G.'s point of view is that here is large and impressive portrait of t Father of Our Country which dat from the earliest days of the Repu lic."

The painting has a curious histor It was painted about 1800 on commi sion from a group of American tra ers of Boston, Newburyport, Sale New York, and Philadelphia as a gi to a merchant in India with wh they all did business and whose ho esty they greatly esteemed. It seem fitting to the traders to present th faraway friend not only with a po trait of the father of their brand-n country but with a man so renown for his honesty. The portrait was d covered just a few years ago in C cutta by Duncan Emrich of the St Department and brought back to th country in 1962, where it was pu chased by Eric Kauders. Mr. Kaude originally from Czechoslovakia, is t man who invented the bazooka, t rocket-firing, antitank gun that w so important to us in World War According to Mr. Nagel, Mr. Kaude who is now an American citizen, is " extremely nice man; we have beco great friends."

Mr. Kauders, who has already do a great deal for his adopted count does not feel that he can afford to gi the painting, which was apprais several years ago at $350,000, to t gallery.

Mr. Nagel produced from his de a blueprint of a drawing showi where he would like to place the pai ing in the new galleries at the he of the stairs in an arched rece flanked by two similar arches wi fanlights in them.

"It would make a magnificent e trance to our galleries," he said, "a what could be more suitable?"

It would be hard to think of an thing more suitable except the ori nal painting of which this a repli and which was originally a gift to t Marquis of Lansdowne from wh estate it passed through various han into the possession of the Earl



s a producer, 5 of our companies can get into the act.

troleum industry is typical of the process industries ITT supplies. ITT companies in the U.S. and e make or service what is needed. ncludes valves, pumps, heat ex- s, actuators, flow tubes, meters corders, as well as microwave nications systems.

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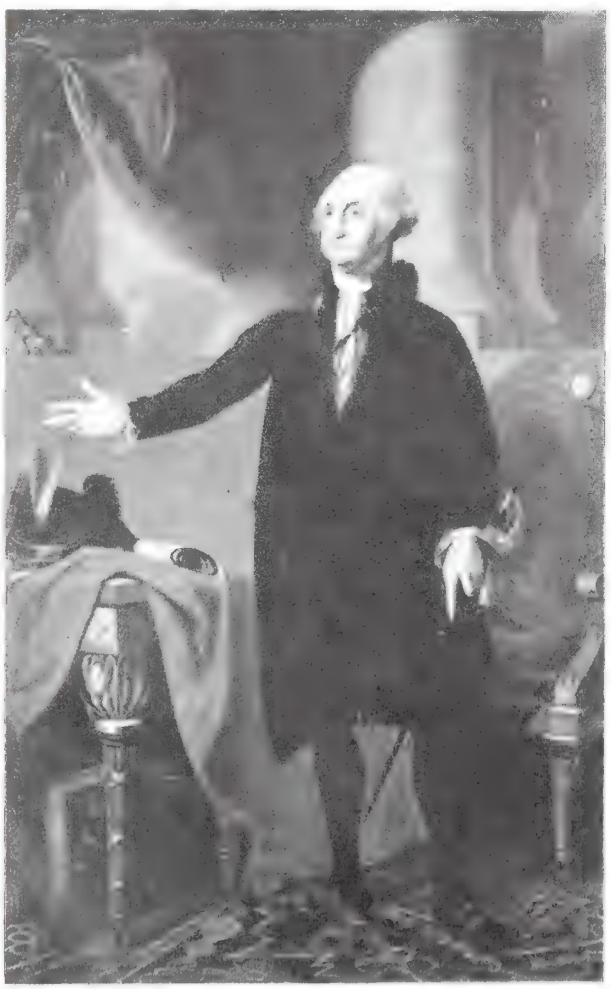
Roseberry. Mr. Kauders said that he would be glad to have the picture reappraised in case the original value placed on it was excessive, but on second examination by another expert the value was set at $400,000. Mr. Kauders, however, is willing to abide by the earlier appraisal, and Mr. Nagel is exploring possible donors who may be willing to make considerable or modest contributions to the picture's purchase. One very large banking concern has shown some interest in helping and so has one large religious body. I assume, however, that Mr. Nagel would prefer at this point not to have their names mentioned. One thing he does not want to resort to, he said firmly, is "getting pennies from schoolchildren," not because they would not be welcome but because of the red tape involved.

After an inspection of the collection and a brief look at the Washington portrait, which is in a little room by itself behind heavy bars and is only shown to those who might conceivably be useful or generous or both, Mr. Nagel took me to pay a call on David Scott, the director of the National Collection of Fine Arts. He is incongruously implanted with his staff in the Natural History Museum, and his office on the third floor is approached by a series of seemingly endless corridors filled with large metal cases with labels on them saying such things as "Bones, Miscl." and topped with the sculls and antlers of moose and deer. Fine arts are about as happy among the bones and specimen bottles of the Division of Mammals as portraits are among rockets. The dawn of a new day in the Old Patent Office looms as large in Mr. Scott's anticipation as it does in Mr. Nagel's.

It seems almost unfair to speak of the National Collection of Fine Arts in its present habitat where it has only one small gallery to display temporary exhibitions. Mr. Scott said tha the collection is custodian of som forty thousand items made up o paintings, prints, decorative arts o European and Oriental origins, bu its greatest strength is in nineteenth century American paintings. It has for example, eighteen Ryders. It use to be called the National Gallery o Art until Mr. Andrew Mellon cam along and wanted the name for hi magnificent gift of building and mas terpieces to the nation. The Mello Gallery, as it is sometimes called, i also a part of the Smithsonian Institu tion, which has a corner on the gov ernment's cultural collections, othe than those in the National Archive and the Library of Congress. The Mel lon has its own massive marbl structure facing on the Mall and Co stitution Avenue.

(To digress slightly, the day I wa in Washington might well have bee called Mellon Day. It was the twenty fifth anniversary of the opening c the National Gallery; Mr. Mellon' son, Paul, and his daughter, Mr Bruce, had lent pictures from the own extraordinary collections c French nineteenth-century masters t embellish the occasion. The fo mal party was attended by som eleven thousand seekers-after-truth and-beauty, and also by a number c politicians, Secret Service men—Mr Johnson was there and so was th Vice President—and out-of-town a buyers and custodians. It was quite party, but it seemed modest compare to the opening celebration in 194 when the courtyards were filled wit mimosa fresh that day from th Wideners' greenhouses and Bo Scouts were kept busy giving first ai to ladies who fainted because of th crush.)

Whatever thunder the Nationa Collection of Fine Arts may once hav had has been stolen by the Nationa Gallery, but, I hope, only for the m ment. If it is given its due, and the i fighting and politics of public acquis tion will permit, there is every reaso why it should become an importa and delightful cultural ornament i its new home. Officially its function described as that of an institution "t foster . . . a growing appreciation c art" and to "encourage the develo ment of contemporary art and to e fect the widest distribution and cu tivation in matters of such art."



Gilbert Stuart, who painted Washington many times, is said to have done this portrait about 1800. It has recently found its way back to America from Calcutta and into the collection of Eric Kauders, who has loaned it to the National Portrait Gallery.



Art Mayer–self-taught mechanic now teaches at a GM Training Center



e was the happiest boy in town when e landed a part-time job at the corner as station. He wanted to be a mechanic or as long as he could remember. He anted to learn all he could about cars nd engines. And this was his big chance. e turned his part-time job into a full-me ambition. He never lost the desire o work on engines . . . or to learn more.

After serving as a helicopter mechanic during the war, Art joined one of the General Motors car divisions as a mechanic and soon worked his way up to Master Mechanic. Today, Arthur E. Mayer, Jr., is an instructor at one of 30 GM Training Centers across the nation, with a total annual enrollment of some 125,000 automotive mechanics drawn from GM retail dealerships. The "refresher" courses taught at these centers keep local dealer mechanics constantly abreast of new advances in technology and service methods.

Art Mayer is happy working with his students, helping to advance their knowledge and skills. He's a fine example of the kind of people that make GM go.

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AFTER HOURS

The promise of the portrait g
is of a quite different sort. It h
opportunity to give life to wha
been since Sargent and Boldini f
years ago a languishing, even un
ionable art. As a minor craft,
traiture, to be sure, has not
there is still some kudos in h
one's effigy painted in a tradit
manner and hung in the board
and headmasters and college
dents like to join their predece
in staring down on students an
ulty from the walls of the com
An occasional distinguished po
bronze turns up, but I can think
one since Epstein who has lent
vigor to the art. There are a
many perfectly competent lin
who spread paint on canvas
breathe no life into their sub
Photography from the bulky can
of such early practitioners
Matthew Brady and David Oct
Hill and Julia Cameron and their
cessors were unquestionably d
rents to painters, both economi
and artistically. And in the last t
years it has become more fashio
to be photographed by Steiche
Cecil Beaton or George Platt Ly
Penn or Avedon than to be painte
almost anyone, since almost no
with a reputation as a painter wa
terested in commission portrait

Possibly the N.P.G. may help t
vive an interest in the art rather
the craft of portraiture. It is true
the gallery will collect photograp
distinguished persons and, sinc
knows on which side its budget is
tered, it will keep on hand, and in
on exhibit, "the complete cur
Cabinet, Supreme Court, Senate,
House of Representatives . . . in
form of portrait photographs in
or."

But fashions in subject matter
in cycles, and just as the novelists
showing signs of becoming une
with the anti-hero, so possibly
plastic artists will become une
with the anti-object and the anti-
sonality. It seems unlikely that
traiture will again for some time
come a major art, but it might v
well turn upward from its present
spondency and become a lively o
There are, even now, some very liv
old boys hanging just beyond
spacecraft and the missiles. T
would welcome some new friends a
fellow conspirators.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Clayton Fritchey



he Truth About the Abba Schwartz Case

was more than a humiliating in-lent; for the very secrecy of "liquidation" raises disturbing estions, and may have unfore-n results.

[emingway has told us about death the afternoon; Arthur Miller has onized over the death of a sales-n; but in Washington efforts are ll being made to understand a dif-ent kind of mortality—the sudden litical "demise" of a prominent pub- official.

The name of the victim (Abba hwartz), his title (Director of the reau of Security and Consular fairs), his rank (Assistant Secre-y of State) are of course of some erest, but to those who have a clini- interest in Washington, attention ters not so much on the who as on e what and why and how, for they veal much about the way deadly po-ical infighting is carried on in the tion's capital.

Careful newspaper readers may re-ll some aspects of this case, but gen-ally it has been reported in bits and tches, for, as in all good mystery ories, that is the way the facts grad-lly emerge. In this case, we still n't have—and may never have—all e facts, but we do know enough to aw some conclusions.

First, as to the background: The reau of Security and Consular Affairs was created early in the Eisenhower Administration in the heyday of McCarthyism, and, under the late Scott McLeod, was one of McCarthy's chief instruments for tyrannizing the State Department. When Kennedy came to power he was determined to clean up this situation, and his final choice for director was Abba Schwartz, a close friend of Eleanor Roosevelt and as a private lawyer an expert on refugee and immigration matters.

After he had been five years in office, the Washington *Post* said, "Abba Schwartz has done a superb job in the State Department in leading the long fight for immigration reform. He deserves great credit for a major role in drafting and bringing to realization the wise and decent immigration bill passed last year by Congress. If he made enemies in that fight, they are an honor to him. He has conducted the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs with common sense and humanity, granting passports in conformity with the rules laid down by the Supreme Court, and granting visas to foreigners of divergent views, confident that the loyalty of Americans to their own system of government is not going to be overturned by the arguments of itinerant Communists or Fascists. He is no believer in iron curtains."

The editorial generally reflected the community's judgment, and even now no one has publicly disagreed with this appraisal of Schwartz's performance. Yet when he returned in March from a mission abroad, he learned informally through a newspaper friend that his bureau and his job had been secretly abolished while he was out of the country. That's when he began to appreciate fully that there were forces that did *not* agree with his liberal conduct of his bureau, and that these forces, which still can only be guessed at, retain some of the power they exercised back in the sordid days of McCarthy.

In any case, the disbelieving Schwartz went to see his boss, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who spoke of Schwartz's possibly taking on some other, undefined, job. The Director said in the circumstances he felt compelled to leave; the Secretary did not discourage him. The President did not see fit to answer his letter of resignation with even a routine letter of acceptance, or to thank him in person for his outstanding services.

An official explanation has now been offered for this unusual liquidation: It was an "economy" measure. We are told that William J. Crockett, the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration, with the help of the Budget Bureau and a White House assistant, conceived the reorganization plan which would abolish the bureau by eliminating the director and transferring his employees elsewhere in

State. All this began last September, but for some reason it took six months to perfect the plan and prepare it for submission to Congress.

Without Blessing

Naturally, this raises the question of what part the President and Secretary of State played in this clandestine operation. The whole truth is still not known, but apparently they were at least not active participants. It may seem odd to the layman that the abolition of a celebrated, if not notorious bureau, plus the elimination of an official with sub-Cabinet rank, could occur without the encouragement and blessing of the Chief Executive and the Secretary of State; and yet, in a way, that seems to be more or less the fact, although it is not altogether certain whether it is more or less.

Mr. Rusk says the reorganization plan was brought to his attention last fall, and that he approved it, subject to final okay by the Budget Bureau, which came through while Schwartz was out of the country. Mr. Rusk says he was going to inform Schwartz when he returned. In fairness to the Secretary, it appears he did not initiate the action, but his handling or mishandling raises several disturbing questions. First, of course, knowing the controversial history of this bureau, how could he have regarded its abolition as just a routine matter? Second, and more importantly, how could he have approved such a radical step without consulting and seeking the advice of the head of the bureau, or at least paying him the common courtesy of telling him what was up? The humiliating consequence was that Schwartz ultimately learned his fate by accident from outside sources. Mr. Rusk says he had not wanted to disturb Schwartz until the matter had been cleared bureaucratically.

As for the White House, there has been no official Presidential explanation. Still the press has been given to understand that the President had nothing to do with the case, or at least not much. Yet, as with Rusk, this raises certain questions: Since Johnson is famous for running every detail of his Administration (including turning off the lights) how could an important bureau and an important official be "scrubbed" without his knowledge and consent? And finally, if all this was done behind Johnson's back, why did he not veto the plan and reinstate Schwartz, instead of abruptly accepting his resignation?

It goes without saying that nobody in Washington takes seriously the "economy" explanation. Actually it is doubtful how much will really be saved, and in any case the amount involved is tip money in this Administration.

So what really happened? Who wanted to "get" Schwartz? It would take a novel to explore all the speculations, but the journalistic consensus is that it was promoted by individuals in Congress and State who have never shared Schwartz's liberal outlook, and who in any case have wanted to regain influence over the vital matters under his jurisdiction. "The Abba Schwartz story," said the Washington *Post*, "might well be headed: Joe McCarthy Rides Again."

The most suspicious aspect of the plan is the stealth with which it was executed. Ordinarily, reorganization plans become common knowledge as they are discussed and reviewed while going through the usual channels for clearance. But the Security Bureau proposal was a better kept secret than the original atomic bomb. Not even the legal adviser of the State Department knew of it for months. There was good reason for the secrecy: Those who engineered the operation obviously felt that success depended on a fait accompli. They apparently reasoned, probably accurately, that premature disclosure would generate so much liberal opposition that the plan could never be carried out.

To sum up: The President and Dean Rusk apparently had nothing personal against Schwartz, and were innocent or not-so-innocent bystanders; they appear not to have given enough thought to the matter; but it is a safe bet that they now wish they had. And, finally, it is even a safer bet that from now on every decision coming from Schwartz's former domain is going to be examined by the press under a microscope.

"His departure," said Senator Robert F. Kennedy, "is a loss to the government he served." This poses the problem of where the Administration will turn for further "losses" when it runs out of former Kennedy appointees.

One of the State Department officials most frequently mentioned in the Schwartz case is Miss Frances G. Knight, the comely, efficient, and acutely conservative Director of the Passport Office, which is in the Schwartz bureau. Suspicion was naturally directed at her because she got her job under Scott McLeod during the McCarthy era, and has always been closely identified with prominent right-wing politicians. She was openly contemptuous of both President Truman and Adlai Stevenson. Naturally she did not see eye to eye with Schwartz, her nominal boss.

The surmise that Schwartz's ouster would prompt closer scrutiny of the Passport Office was quickly borne out. So much so that Miss Knight already is complaining that she is a victim of what she calls "Schwartzism," whatever that is.

Sequel

The new screening has already produced disclosures that have aroused more attention than the original ousting of the bureau director. For the first time the press and public have learned that the State Department (through quiet requests to the Passport Office from the FBI and other government agencies) has secretly been spying on Americans abroad. Apparently the Secretary of State himself did not know about this, for Miss Knight authorized these foreign investigations without even consulting her immediate boss. Her explanation is that this has been going on for thirty years, a claim which is now being looked into.

Like the Schwartz affair, this sequel has been coming out in bits and pieces, and it is no wonder that the public is confused and mystified. With the advantage of a little perspective, however, it is now possible to see more clearly what has really been going on.

The first crack of light was a "leak" to the press that the Passport Office, at the request of the FBI, had asked our Embassies in Paris and Moscow to place Harvard history Professor H. Stuart Hughes under surveillance when he visits Europe next fall. The messages sent out by the Passport Office to the Embassies described Hughes as a man who "reportedly in the past has had strong convictions toward communism."

The official reactions of the State

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

Department to this disclosure l... shed new light on the deep and ... tinuing conflicts within State on ... matter involving communism, ... pected communism, trumped-up ... munism, or even trampled-over ... munism.

First, the Department's off...al spokesman not only confirmed the ...r-veillance, but said the practice is w...e-spread and might even involve h...n-dreds or thousands of Ameri...s every year. The spokesman also ...id the Department intended to conti...e using U. S. Embassy personnel ...to check up on Americans trave...g abroad.

The spokesman was unable to ...te any legal authority for the Dep...t ment's activities. He said State ma...s no effort to determine if a surveilla...e request is either desirable or w...r-ranted. "We are not an investiga...ve agency," he said, "and would not c...-duct screening procedures."

Checking Trave...

Any number of federal agencies ...is admitted, may request surveilla...e checks on U. S. travelers: the FBI, ...e CIA, the Defense Intelligence Age...y, the Treasury, the Narcotics Bure...u and the Immigration and Natural...a-tion Service, to name a few.

The exact manner in which th...e requests are handled is still not a...to-gether clear. No one at State at f...t would say whether the requests h...d to be honored, but there is no rec...d of a recent request being denied. ...n the case of Hughes, the surveilla...e request bore a very low security cl...-sification ("limited official use only ...," which means almost anybody in ...a Department could see it. The spok...s-man did not answer when he w...s asked if that kind of handling did ...t violate Presidential orders that r...-idly restrict access to derogato...ry "security information" about Ame...ri-can citizens.

But the Secretary of State began ... answer these questions himself two ...ty-four hours later when the ca...se triggered a sharp public reactio... Senator Edward Kennedy of Mas...sa-chusetts led the demand for a full i...n-vestigation. In a message to Rus... Kennedy described Hughes as ... "gentleman of integrity." The Sen...a-tor also declared, "The right to trav... without harassment by our gover...

is a fundamental right of Amer-
citizenship. I trust the Depart-
will take every step necessary
that our citizens can travel with
uaranty of privacy."

cretary Rusk's answer was that
mself was disturbed at the prac-
especially the transmission to
Embassies of unsubstantiated
ges against Americans that have
passed along from the raw files
encies such as the FBI. He in-
ed he had basic procedural
ges in mind. He said he person-
would collaborate with Attorney
ral Katzenbach in "establishing
ia" for the future. "I can tell
uite frankly," Mr. Rusk said, "I
believe that we ourselves or
ne else should be transmit-
abroad unevaluated information
n has not been subjected to a
judgment as a matter of policy
in Washington."

anwhile, it was learned that the
port Office had placed another
ssor, Staughton Lynd of Yale,
r surveillance when he returned
e U. S. last December from an
thorized trip to North Vietnam.
purpose was to obtain, among
things, a record of Lynd's
-American statements," which
to be used as grounds for revok-
his passport. Lynd's attorney,
l Carliner, said Passport officials
tted at a hearing that the be-
r of American citizens here at
—including speeches—was a fac-
n deciding whether a passport
d be granted. "They are using
ssuance of passports," Carliner
"as a means to regulate speech."

st how far the Department re-
s will go is not yet clear, but one
is sure—Miss Knight's near-
ute rule over the Passport Office
s to be at an end. From now on,
as been ordered to consult with
p B. Heyman, Schwartz's acting
ssor, before ordering any fur-
surveillances. It was Heyman's
n in rescinding Miss Knight's
illance order on Hughes that
brought the case to the attention
e press.

a career civil servant, the out-
en Miss Knight cannot be ousted
out formal charges. "I have no
tion of leaving and opening this
to a bunch of wolves," she said.
other statement, she said, "I can-
ee the sense of the U. S. govern-



24 philosophers protesting the way some people rush through life.

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ment going all out in Vietnam and having our boys murdered and mutilated, and then having lax security practices in the State Department. I make no bones about saying so." She also said, "Some creeps are out to get me." But, she added, "they don't have the guts to charge me with inefficiency or malfeasance." And they probably don't.

In her own mind, Miss Knight traces her present troubles back to Abba Schwartz. In a memo to Heyman, for instance, she said she had "reliable information" that Schwartz had said "he would drag me out with him if it was the last thing he did. His antagonism to any cooperation or contact with the FBI is a matter of general knowledge."

Asked about policy clashes, Miss Knight said, "I will issue a passport to a baboon if I can find out that that is the policy. The trouble is, I've had eight bosses in my ten years as head of the Passport Office. . . . They're here today and gone tomorrow. I will follow instructions if I can find out what they are."

Her prayer, it appears, is going to be answered. The betting is that, for the first time, Miss Knight will end up with instructions that will to some degree limit her hitherto unquestioned reign over the Passport Office. It will be the Washington irony of the year if the plot against Schwartz boomerangs on Miss Knight, with the end result being a more, rather than less, liberal passport policy.

How to Win Votes and Sacrifice People

The liquidation of Abba Schwartz more or less camouflaged the passing of another intelligent and liberal official from the Washington scene. Like Schwartz, Adam Yarmolinsky was anathema to the conservative cabal in Congress; and his story is a further demonstration that, even in these days of a relatively liberal Congress, this cabal can still wield, at least negatively, considerable power.

Fortunately, there still is Harvard and after several years of mistreatment in Washington, Yarmolinsky is headed for Cambridge, where on July 1 he will begin developing urban legal studies, teaching both urban law and land-use planning. He will also teach criminal law, and probably will be associated with the Kennedy Inst[itute] when it is organized.

The brilliant Yarmolinsky se[rved] as chief assistant to Defense S[ecre]tary Robert McNamara from 19[61] to 1964, when he was loaned to Sar[gent] Shriver to help plan the Admini[stra]tion's War on Poverty. His work [was] so imaginative that he was slate[d] to be the Deputy Director of the Pov[erty] Program, but Southern conserva[tives] in the House ganged up on him a[s be]ing too liberal, although it was n[ever] explained just what they mean[t by] that.

This poses one of the most [dis]guished problems for the execu[tive] branch of the government: The P[res]ident, the Secretary of Defense, [the] Director of the Poverty Progra[m] all had confidence in Yarmolinsky, [but] they were confronted with the [un]pleasant choice of withdrawing [his] appointment or possibly losing c[rit]cal votes for the antipoverty bill. [Yar]molinsky lost. Perhaps what happ[ened] to the bill was more important [than] what happened to Yarmolinsky, [but] one has the feeling that a Tru[man] might have ended up with the bill [and] Adam, too.

In any case, Yarmolinsky was [put] to the sidelines, where he wa[ited] fourteen months for a White Ho[use] appointment that never came. [He] wanted to be General Counsel of [the] Defense Department, but instead [he] was finally named last October to [be] the "principal" Deputy Assistant [Sec]retary of Defense for Internati[onal] Security Affairs, a post that does [not] require Senate confirmation. [Mc]Namara's defenders point out w[ith] some justice that lesser Secreta[ries] might have washed their hands a[lto]gether of Yarmolinsky, but that i[sn't] what General Marshall did when [he] was the Secretary of Defense and [his] Assistant Secretary, Anna Ros[en]berg, came under far more severe [at]tack. Marshall stood his ground [un]flinchingly, he fought hard and ope[nly] for his assistant; and when the sh[ow]down came in the Senate over c[on]firmation, he won hands down.

At a White House Correspondents' Din[ner]

Art Buchwald, speaking "for" [the] Administration, described the [new] Johnson policy on the Kenned[y] "Containment *and* isolation."

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Harper's
magazine

Crossing the Atlantic in a 13-foot Sailboat

By Robert Manry

For Robert Manry, one of the fringe benefits of working on the copy desk of the Cleveland Plain Dealer *was the advance look he got at the classified ads, especially those listed under "Boats-Marine Supplies." In 1958 he investigated an ad for a "SAILBOAT, 13½ ft.," and for $160 he claimed* Tinkerbelle. Tinkerbelle *was in poor condition, with "two enormous splits in her hull" and numerous other signs of her age (thirty years). But Mr. Manry set to repairing and improving her, and eventually, with the addition of a cabin, he, his wife Virginia, and their two young children had a "proper little yacht" in which they could sail Lake Erie. Each winter Mr. Manry improved* Tinkerbelle *still more, and each summer he became more familiar with her temperament and more fond of her. Then, in 1964, "a friend with a 25-foot sloop" proposed that Mr. Manry and he sail her to England. Mr. Manry seized on the idea, for "a voyage such as that had been a dream of mine for nearly three decades." His joy was cut short, however, when the family and friends of the co-captain persuaded him that the voyage was too risky. Mr. Manry was "heartbroken, inconsolably wretched." What brought him out of his despair was a sudden inspiration: Why not go it alone, in* Tinkerbelle?

Here, in excerpts from Robert Manry's Tinkerbelle, *to be published this month by Harper & Row, is the story of how he translated this inspiration into a great adventure.*

© 1966 by Robert Manry

I had a fairly good idea of the reaction I would get if I let it be known that I planned to sail across the Atlantic in little *Tinkerbelle*. I could see the raised eyebrows and hear the expressions of alarm such a confession would produce among my *Plain Dealer* associates and neighbors. I wouldn't have minded if that had been all. What did worry me was the possibility that some well-intentioned

person who knew nothing about boats or the ocean, but who had an unreasoning fear of both, would go to work on Virginia and try to convince her that, for my own good, she should refuse to give the voyage her blessing.

So I engaged in a deception for which I hope the good Lord and my friends will forgive me: I let everyone continue thinking I expected to cross the ocean with my friend, in his 25-foot boat, and whenever anyone inquired about our plans I answered as if a voyage in the larger boat were still being undertaken. Actually, almost all of the planning I did for the voyage in *Tinkerbelle* was the same as it would have been for a voyage in the bigger craft (except that the provisions were reduced by half), so the amount of fabricating I had to do was minimal. It consisted mainly of simply allowing a false impression to remain uncorrected.



I started my studying and planning with the determination that if at any time prior to embarkation I encountered a difficulty of such magnitude as to be what I considered a serious threat to success, I would decide against attempting the voyage. I was resolved not to let foolish pride sweep me into a bad situation or, being in one, make me continue in it to the bitter end. For my family's sake as well as my own I refused to be concerned about loss of face, for I considered it far better to be a live coward than a dead hero.

What I had to do first of all, it seemed to me, was to determine as precisely as I could the nature and full extent of the hazards to be expected on a transatlantic voyage, and then come to a level-headed decision whether these hazards were surmountable. If they weren't I'd simply have to go back to being a copy-desk Walter Mitty, at least until another, more propitious opportunity for oceanic adventure came along.

The weather was the first major hazard to be reckoned with. I knew from reading about other voyages and from studying the marvelously informative pilot charts of the North Atlantic issued by the U.S. Naval Oceanographic Office that the summer months were best, but I lacked more precise information. I wrote to the U.S. Weather Bureau, and the summaries it sent me, while still not so detailed as I had hoped for, were most encouraging. They contained sentences such as: "The weather of June is usually very pleasant over the North Atlantic. . . . The wind speeds average force 3 to 4 over most of the ocean. . . . Gales are infrequent. . . ."

Then I ordered, from the Naval Oceanographic Office, an *Oceanographic Atlas of the North Atlantic Ocean* and a book entitled *Wind Waves at Sea*. I learned that the highest wave ever reliably reported was a monster 112 feet high observed from the USS *Ramapo* in the North Pacific in February 1933, and that the highest waves seen in the North Atlantic were 60-footers, also observed in the winter. The atlas predicted that on a transatlantic voyage lasting through June, July, and August I would have approximately two days of waves 12 feet high or higher, four days of 8 to 12-foot waves, nine days of 5 to 8-foot waves, and smaller waves the rest of the time. It also gave me forecasts of wind speeds—including four days of blowing at 28 knots or stronger, and nine or ten days of calm.

Tinkerbelle had already taken 6-foot waves and about 30-knot winds on Lake Erie without having to heave to and I was confident that, hove to, she could survive far more severe conditions. I realized, of course, that the Oceanographic Office statistics were averages that wouldn't necessarily hold true for a given summer; there was always a chance one of those infrequent storms would strike. Red tracks on the pilot charts showed that storms had crossed my proposed transatlantic course in the summers of 1952, '54, '55, '56, '59, and '60, so the probability seemed to be much greater than 50-50 that I would take either a head-on or glancing blow from a storm. Still, I was confident my little boat would acquit herself well, especially since I planned to make her unsinkable. I won't say I believed she could live through a hurricane.

but I did believe she could take a terrific amount of punishment.

Many small-boat voyagers had stated in their books that size has little or no bearing on a boat's seaworthiness and, visualizing conditions at sea in a storm, I was inclined to believe they were right. A small boat, first of all, is a great deal stronger, pound for pound, than a big ship. Secondly, a small boat, being light and buoyant, will recoil before the waves and tend to ride over them, whereas a big ship will offer immense resistance. The predicament of a big ship in a storm is that of an almost irresistible force meeting an almost immovable object: something is likely to give, and fairly often it is the rivets or plates in the big ship's hull. That is why big ships are sometimes battered and broken, even sunk, by storms that do no more than cause a few hours' inconvenience to properly handled small boats.

So far so good. But what about the differences between my boat and other sailboats less than, say, 25 feet in length? Would *Tinkerbelle* equal them in ability to weather a storm?

It seemed to me that the Achilles' heel of the usual oceangoing yacht was its keel, a thick slab of iron or lead that, in some boats, weighed more than a ton. The purpose of this weight was to keep the boat sailing right side up, a most worthy objective. But what if the boat sprang a bad leak or through some other misfortune filled with water? It would sink like a lead casket. *Tinkerbelle*, fortunately, has a centerboard instead of a keel.

One Danger at a Time

As I saw it, the prime function of a boat was to float, and, preferably, to go on floating no matter what calamities befell it. For even if its sails were torn, its rudder lost, its mast broken, even if it capsized or had its planking ruptured, those aboard would have a fighting chance to stay alive as long as it continued to float. So I filled the spaces between the *Tinkerbelle*'s deck beams with polyethylene-foam flotation material and, in addition, made five or six thick planks of the material to be packed inside the hull with my supplies. Of course, the boat and all my gear had to be weighed to make certain the total weight didn't exceed the buoyancy factor of the flotation material.

Then it occurred to me that next in importance to staying afloat was being able to call for help in case of need, so I bought a surplus Air Force Victory Girl distress signal transmitter, a neat little waterproof gadget that, on being cranked, automatically sends out SOS signals on two frequencies. The next biggest problem was the danger of being run down by a big ship while I was asleep. I would prevent this from happening by, insofar as possible, staying away from the regular shipping lanes, all of which were clearly marked on the pilot charts. Where it was impossible to stay clear of these lanes—near New York and entering the English Channel—I would stay awake, if necessary, with the aid of pills, until I was safely into the untraveled sea.

What about navigation? It was obvious that simply by sailing east I was bound to fetch up, sooner or later, somewhere on the western coast of Europe; but I hoped I could be a little more accurate about my landfall than that. I wanted to sail to England. It would be mortifying if, instead of landing there, I landed in France or Spain or Portugal or Ireland. It was essential that I learn the rudiments of celestial navigation, a subject whose very name filled me with dread, for as a mathematician I was a great tennis player.

But as it turned out, navigation wasn't the bugaboo I had thought it was. Some wonderful, anonymous men had taken all the pain out of it by producing a book of logarithmic tables called *H. O. 214* which reduced all the required calculations to simple addition and subtraction. And add and subtract I could, just. So, armed with George W. Mixter's *Primer of Navigation*, Carl D. Lane and John Montgomery's *Navigation the Easy Way*, *H. O. 214*, the *Nautical Almanac*, charts on which I could pinpoint the position of our home, and a surplus Air Force sextant, I set out to teach myself how to guide a boat from one port to another across the trackless sea. And I did it on our home's front porch.

My sextant could be used either with the natural horizon or with an artificial bubble horizon. In my practice sessions I used the bubble, and the check I had on the accuracy of my calculations was the known latitude and longitude of our house. If my sun lines came close to this position I knew my sextant sights and figuring were reasonably accurate. They didn't come close at the beginning, though. If I remember correctly my first sight put

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Robert Manry first sailed on the Jumna River at Allahabad, where his father, a Presbyterian missionary educator, taught at Ewing College. He left India at nineteen, studied briefly in China, and entered Antioch College in Ohio in 1937. After wartime infantry service in Europe, he took his A.B. in political science. He has been a copy editor on the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" since 1953, and is now on leave.

me somewhere in the middle of Hudson's Bay, Canada, hundreds of miles to the north. That was a mite alarming. If I couldn't do better than that I might as well throw away the sextant and rely on a Ouija board. But in time I improved. In the end my position lines usually came within nine or ten miles of being right on the nose and, from my reading, I gathered that that was pretty good going with a bubble sextant. Of course, it remained to be seen whether I could do as well from the cockpit of a little boat on the bounding main, but I had the feeling I could. So I decided another difficulty had been overcome.

What about sharks? I had an idea they wouldn't bother *Tinkerbelle* or me, as long as I stayed out of the water (and I planned, in any case, to take along chemical shark repellent), but I was a little concerned about what whales might do. I knew of several lone voyagers whose boats had been damaged by whales and also two instances of real-life Moby Dicks having sent large whaling vessels to the bottom. I didn't enjoy contemplating what might happen if an enraged whale were to assault my miniature sloop and yet I couldn't decide what I might do to guard against such a catastrophe. The best plan I could devise was to blast away on the compressed-gas foghorn I expected to carry with me and put my faith in the theory that an animal won't bother you if you don't bother it.

One danger at a time, I tried to think of every conceivable misfortune that could beset us and contrive a way of taking the sting out of it. What if lightning struck? I put a lightning rod at *Tinkerbelle*'s masthead and grounded it through the shrouds to a hefty copper plate on her bottom. What if a wave washed me overboard? I rigged a lifeline to prevent my being separated from the boat. What if the rudder broke or was somehow lost? I built a spare rudder and, in addition bought spare gudgeons and pintles. What if the hull were damaged or the mast broken? I assembled a complete tool kit and a supply of lumber of various types and sizes with which to make repairs. What if the boat capsized? I bought an inflatable life raft and figured out a way of using it, with a line running from it to the sunken masthead, to right the boat. What about my health? I had a complete medical checkup (in fact, I had two) and passed without any ifs or buts. What if my water supply were spoiled or lost? I bought a solar still for converting seawater into freshwater. What if my food supply didn't last? I acquired an extensive fishing outfit. What if my SOS transmitter failed? I collected flares, signaling mirrors, and dye markers. If something forced me to abandon *Tinkerbelle* and take to the life raft, how would I stay alive? I studied survival techniques perfected by the Navy and put together a complete survival kit, including emergency food and water. What if I were becalmed in the path of a ship? I took along a radar reflector to make my presence known to ships equipped with radar and also took along oars with which to row out of the way. What if the sails were badly torn? I got together a sail repair kit and spare sails, in fact, I bought a red nylon mains'l to make the boat as highly visible as I could. What if a shroud parted, the stem plate gave way, or something else broke? I bought replacements for every piece of equipment that was under strain. What if I became ill or suffered a serious injury? I put together a complete kit of medical supplies, including antibiotics, disinfectants, and pain-killers, with the help of a Cleveland physician and pharmacist.



And so it went.

In the summer of 1964, before the planning had gone very far, my son Douglas, then ten, and I took a cruise on Lake Erie that was the longest voyage yet for *Tinkerbelle*. We sailed in easy stages from Cleveland's Wildwood Park to Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada, covering more than 200 miles. This was a trial voyage, for me, in preparation for the assault on the Atlantic, and it made me more confident than ever of *Tinkerbelle*'s capability. In a thunderstorm one day she ran up against stiff, squally winds and the biggest waves she had yet encountered, white-crested rollers 6 to 8 feet high. The spirited way in which she rode these waves made me more optimistic than ever about the Atlantic venture, especially when I remembered having read somewhere that Howard Blackburn of Gloucester, Massachusetts, a former Grand

Banks fisherman who had twice taken small boats across the Atlantic, believed the sailing he had once experienced on Lake Erie was more dangerous than anything he had met on the ocean.

Forty Plastic Bottles

I began in January 1965 to gather food supplies: dehydrated meat bars, components of Army C rations, canned white bread and fruit cakes, cereal bars, and dehydrated eggs. Most of the food was purchased at neighborhood grocery stores, and all of it was acquired with an eye to easy preparation of meals. I didn't want to spend much time cooking, so practically all the food was precooked. It needed only to be warmed, or, if I was hard pressed, it could be eaten cold. I had a little canned-heat stove, a frying pan, a saucepan, and a knife, fork, and spoon with which to prepare and eat my victuals. And, naturally, I had a can opener.

Acting on the principle that it is unwise to put all one's eggs in one basket, I decided to carry 28 gallons of water divided between forty half-gallon plastic bottles, three one-gallon plastic bottles, and one five-gallon plastic container. By doing this I hoped to prevent any mass loss or spoilage and to facilitate keeping track of my consumption. And, by refilling emptied bottles with seawater, I hoped to maintain most of the boat's ballast. According to the usual allowance of half a gallon a day I had enough water to last 56 days. However, this was supplemented by numerous cans of fruit juice and carbonated drinks, plus a supply of canned water in my survival kit, so I felt it was adequate. Besides, I knew from experience that my consumption of water would be far less than half a gallon a day. And, if I did run short, I could use the solar still to make more, or catch rainwater in a sail.

I expected the voyage to take about 60 days, but guessed that it might possibly take as long as 75, so to be on the safe side I collected enough provisions to last a minimum of 90 days. Other west-to east crossings of the Atlantic had taken between 22 and 123 days, which indicated to me that my estimate of the trip's duration was reasonably realistic.

One point about my food supply worried me: How would I protect all those cans from the corrosive action of seawater? The contents of any cans that rusted through would spoil very quickly so that, if worst came to worst, I might be reduced to living on fish and plankton, a prospect that didn't appeal to me in the least. Some earlier voyagers had protected their cans of food by noting the contents on each one with paint or indelible ink, removing the labels, and then varnishing them thoroughly. This method, I felt, had now been made obsolete by the introduction of plastic materials; so I packed my food supplies into [illegible] plastic bags sealed shut with a hot iron, two bags containing the food required for one day. Each week's supply of food was then packaged in a larger plastic bag which, in turn, was put into a protective canvas bag. I had eight of these large bags of food, enough for two months at sea, with enough additional food in the form of emergency rations to last more than another month. As all these preparations neared completion I began to feel confident that, no matter what my other misfortunes, I would at least have plenty to eat.

Robert Manry now told the members of his family the truth about himself and Tinkerbelle, *and swore them to secrecy. "On the whole," he writes, "they took the news calmly." As for his associates at the* Plain Dealer, *they still believed he was sailing with his friend on the bigger boat. In the spring of 1965 he decided that Falmouth, Massachusetts (on Cape Cod), and Falmouth, England, would be logical ports in which to begin and end his voyage. The embarkation date was set for June 1, and a few days before he and his wife Virginia drove to Cape Cod,* Tinkerbelle *trailing behind.*

We took *Tinkerbelle* over to Falmouth's Inner Harbor and, at a marina operated by F. W. (Bill) Litzkow, a big, friendly man, she was hoisted from her trailer and lowered into the salt water. It was her first taste of the sea and she took to it as though she'd been tasting it all her life. She seemed especially buoyant and proud of herself, and, believe me, I was proud of her.

But I couldn't stand around just admiring her. I paddled her over to a nearby dock and went to work raising her mast and bending on her sails while Virginia filled all the plastic containers with water. Then I packed in the eight big bags of [illegible] and the Victory Girl, sextant, radio, blankets, charts, spare batteries, flotation planks, and all the rest of my equipment. There were an awful lot of things to get into that little boat, but somehow I found a spot for everything. When the loading was completed *Tinkerbelle* was sitting lower in the water than she'd ever done before. I guess she had only 8 or 9 inches of freeboard although, empty, she had had more than 12 inches.

While the loading was under way Bill Litzkow's

eyes must have bulged at the sight of all the material we were putting aboard.

"Where's he going?" he asked Virginia in a confidential tone. "England?"

My fellow conspirator was taken aback, for no one else had suspected our secret. "How'd you guess?" she said, with a mysterious grin.

Then Virginia swore Bill to silence and he promised he wouldn't breathe a word to anyone. He kept his word, too. He didn't even mention it to me in the four days I remained at his dock preparing for departure.

Last Night Ashore

There is an old superstition of the sea that if you wave a ship out of sight you'll never see it again. So the next morning Virginia began her journey back to Cleveland with the trailer.

Two days later, on my last night ashore, I telephoned home and said good-bye to Mother, Robin, Douglas, and Virginia, all of whom were still confident of my success. As I left the telephone booth and walked slowly back to *Tinkerbelle* I was seized by an intense realization of my great good fortune in having a family such as mine. How many mothers, sons, daughters, and wives were there who would let their son, father, or husband do what I was doing? Probably very few. I'd seen too many men whose lives were hemmed in by strict adherence to the conventional demands of business or profession or marriage; too many whose lives were made pallid by the fear of being different, of being criticized, of failing to meet all their responsibilities (as *others* saw them). I knew these fears well because I had cringed before them myself. The pressure to conform that pervades our society has a basically useful function, I suppose, but I wonder if it isn't too intense, too rigid, or perhaps misdirected, so that it stifles the freedom of living that gives birth to happiness.

I was positive no one in the world had as wonderful a wife as I. She could have insisted that I behave as other "rational" men did and give up any notion of taking this "crazy" voyage. But she didn't. She knew I was stepping to the music of a different drummer and she granted me the boon of self-realization by allowing me to keep pace with the music I heard. I was poor in dollars and cents, but wealthy in love. I hoped I would prove worthy.

The next morning Robert Maury sailed Tinkerbelle *out to sea. By staying awake for forty-eight hours he got her safely through the shipping lanes, and then, for the next twelve days, enjoyed good weather and no mishap. "My biggest problem," he recorded in his log, "is my bumteratum, which is getting awfully sore from the dampness and constant jostling." But during the night of June 14 the Atlantic started brewing up some bigger troubles.*

Even with shortened canvas *Tinkerbelle* rushed headlong through the darkness at about seven knots, her top speed. Her spray-soaked sails strained against their fastenings as the relentless wind probed for some point of weakness that could be forced to give way. Every now and then a foaming wave-cap slammed into her starboard side, sending up a geyser of spume and sloshing rivers of salt water back along her deck, half-filling her self-bailing cockpit. Under each blow of the waves she lurched like a wounded doe, dipping to leeward with a tense, stomach-churning heave. She told me through her tiller, by the way she wanted to point closer to the wind, that she was unhappy. But I forced her to go on, full tilt.

What time was it? How many more grueling hours to dawn?

I wrapped the mainsheet once around the tiller and held both in my left hand. Then, struggling to keep *Tinkerbelle* on course with this hand, I shone a flashlight into the cabin with my right hand and peered through the tiny porthole in the drop panel of the battened-down hatch. I'd hung a wristwatch inside where it was relatively dry. From the Greenwich Mean Time indicated by the watch I calculated it was roughly 2:00 A.M. at our meridian of longitude. Oh, God! Another two and a half hours to sunrise! I'd be frozen stiff by then! Not to mention blown silly or drowned!

The cabin barometer was an enigma. I wasn't sure what its strange behavior presaged. During the day it had fallen gradually. Then, between sunset and about 11:00 P.M., it had held steady. But since 11:00 it had zipped upward again at an alarming rate. I suspected it meant we'd soon encounter even stronger winds than those we were already battling.

We kept moving, despite our vulnerability, because I wanted to make up for the seven or eight hours we'd spent hove to in a hard blow during the day. It would take forever to reach England if we had to spend that many hours out of every twenty-four lying to a sea anchor. We were already several days behind schedule. So on we raced, taxing our endurance to the limit.

Except for glimpses at ocean, sails, and sky, I

kept my eyes fastened on the orange glow of the compass, shifting the tiller to right and left as required to keep the index line opposite the mark for 105 degrees, our eastward course, printed on the swaying card. We bucketed along, our position at that hour being approximately 40 degrees, 43 minutes north, and 60 degrees, 50 minutes west; which meant we were some 290 nautical miles south of Canada's Cape Breton Island and 480 miles east of the United States' Long Island.

It was cold. My teeth chattered even though I had on four layers of clothing. I wore padded thermal long johns next to my skin, regular cotton underwear over these, then a woolen shirt and woolen trousers, and, on top of everything, a yellow, rubberized anti-exposure suit. And still I shivered.

It was wet. My socks, canvas shoes, feet, and the lower halves of my trousers and legs were soaked despite the waterproof outer suit. Rivulets from my sodden hair trickled across my face and down my neck, stabbing icily at my back, making me wince. My hands were puckered and swollen from prolonged saturation. They hurt, especially the tips of the fingers and thumbs, which made untying knots and adjusting the sheets painful.

And it was wild. The wind, whistling out of the south at 25 knots, the most that *Tinkerbelle* could stand up to under reefed main, built up menacing seas that threatened to bowl her over on her beam ends. She had to be swerved around periodically to meet the biggest of the cross waves almost head-on or she'd have gotten into serious trouble. Yet on we swooshed like the proverbial scalded cat, reeling off a fraction less than two nautical miles every fifteen minutes.

"England, here we come!" I yelled at the stars.

But it was no time for exuberance; we were perched too precariously on the thin line between maximum speed and minimum safety. To remain on that perch demanded senses tuned to their greatest receptivity. It called for unwavering alertness, instant detection of the slightest change in conditions, and swift, appropriate responses. A moment's inattention could be disastrous.

I knew all of this well, but it didn't help. The wind pulled a diabolical trick. It increased in force so stealthily I failed to perceive it until whamo! a puff caught the mains'l at the same time a wave struck the stern and *Tinkerbelle* spun around a full eighty degrees, paying no attention whatever to my frantic yank on her tiller. She wound up stopped dead in her tracks, facing into the wind, her sails flogging ineffectually with snapping sounds like firecrackers going off that meant the fabric might soon be ripped to shreds.

Fortunately, she started drifting backward almost at once and the rudder drew her stern around so that she went over onto the port tack and the flogging stopped. The sails were saved. I kept the genoa jib sheeted to the weather side and fastened the tiller and main sheet on the lee or starboard side to heave her to. A reduction of the sail area was overdue.

A few minutes later the big red mains'l was down and lashed to the boom and we were continuing on our way under genny alone. Even so, we sped along almost as fast as before, for the wind in those few minutes had increased markedly. It also had veered toward the west.

By the time the first lightening of the eastern horizon signaled the approach of daybreak and the longed-for blessing of the sun's warmth, the wind had moved all the way around to the west and now blew from directly astern. For awhile the sea was confused. Then the waves, by degrees, adjusted to the changed direction of the wind. They grew higher and steeper as they bore in from behind, rank on rank, flinging us forward in spasms of breakneck speed. Clutched in a welter of sizzling foam, we surfed giddily down the forward slope of a breaking wave, paused for a moment in the trough as the wave raced ahead, and then when the next one grabbed us repeated the maneuver.

The chief hazard was that we might broach; that is, slew around broadside to the waves. A breaker striking *Tinkerbelle* in that position could knock her down, even roll her over and over. It might dismast her or inflict other dire injuries. It was a catastrophe to be resolutely avoided.

Anchor in an Avalanche

So, favoring discretion over sailing valor, I decided the time had come to put out the sea anchor again. I hated to end our eastward gallop, but consoled myself with the knowledge that even while riding to the sea anchor we would continue moving eastward, drifting at less than a knot, perhaps, but, still, that was better than drifting toward the west or even the north or south.

Our sea anchor was an army-type canvas bucket. It was streamed from the bow on 150 feet of half-inch nylon line, with a polyethylene float attached to it by another, much lighter, line to keep it from sinking farther than 15 feet below the surface. Its function was to act as a brake, and to hold the bow facing into the wind and the waves as the boat, its sails doused, drifted slowly sternward. This was the safest way for a small boat, especially a boat with *Tinkerbelle*'s underwater shape, to weather a

storm. But *Tinkerbelle* had a quirk that some other boats didn't have; she wouldn't lie to a sea anchor properly as long as her rudder, which dug deep into the water, was in place. It always made her turn her side to the waves. So, whenever the sea anchor was in use, her rudder had to be unshipped and stowed in the top portion of the slot through which her daggerboard-keel descended.

As soon as I got the bucket anchor out, the rudder off, and the genny down, the strain on my nerves eased up and I could almost relax. *Tinkerbelle* seemed to appreciate the change, too. For a little while her motion was less violent; water sluiced across her deck less often. But the waves continued to grow. I could see them clearly in the brightening daylight. They were huge. They resembled rows of snow-capped mountains marching toward us. The mountains themselves weren't especially terrifying, nor even their snow-capped tops. What really made my hair stand on end was the sight of one of those snowy tops curving forward and falling, carumpf! sending an avalanche of tons of frothing, hissing water cascading into the valley. What if one of those avalanches rammed into *Tinkerbelle* broadside? Oh, brother. . . .

I was tired. So far I'd gone more than twenty-three hours without sleep. The skin of my face felt stretched taut. It burned from the protracted buffeting of wind and spray. My eyelids were beginning to droop and my head to nod. I even had some trouble focusing my eyes.

I thought how wonderful it would be to crawl into the cabin and at least get out of the reach of the wind, but I didn't have the courage or the faith in *Tinkerbelle* to do it. I feared she might be capsized, trapping me inside her, and I imagined that that wouldn't be much fun. So I remained outside in the pitching, bounding, rolling, yawning, dipping, swaying, reeling, swiveling, grating cockpit, exposed to the merciless clawing of what by then was either a full gale or the next thing to it.

From the tops of the waves I could see four or five miles, maybe farther. A reddish glow in the east foretold the imminent appearance of the sun. How I yearned for its heat, it would make life worth living again. Banks of orange-looking clouds hugged the northwest quadrant of the horizon, making it seem as if there must be land there, although, of course, there wasn't. The sky had already turned from black to gray to white and now was turning from white to pale blue. Except for the northwest sector, close to the sea, it was almost clear. Only a few small billowy clouds dotted its vastness.

With the arm I didn't need for holding on I beat my chest and rubbed my legs in a frantic effort to generate warmth. I wriggled my toes and, as well as I could under the circumstances, made my legs pedal an imaginary bicycle. The exercise and the friction helped. It produced a mild internal glow that dulled the icy sting of the wind.

In another twenty minutes or so, at about 4:30 A.M., the sun bobbed up and so did my spirits. The red-gold rays burnished the varnished mahogany of *Tinkerbelle*'s cabin and sent waves of radiant relief deep into my chilled hide. The sight of my own shadow made life appear ever so much brighter and, somehow, this deep blue ocean of the day didn't seem nearly as threatening as the ink black one of the night had seemed.

What happened soon afterwards happened so fast, I still don't have a clear picture of it in my mind. I remember I was reveling in the growing warmth of the sun and in the improved prospects for the day when a wall of hissing, foaming water fell on *Tinkerbelle* from abeam, knocking her down flat and battering me into the ocean with a backward somersault. One moment I was sitting upright in the cockpit, relatively high and dry, and the next I was upside down in the water, headed in the direction of Davy Jones' locker.

I flailed my arms and legs, fighting to gain the surface. I wasn't exactly frightened; it had all taken place too fast for that. But the horrible thought of sharks passed through my mind and I was gripped by the awesome feeling of being suspended over an abyss as I recalled that only an hour or so before I had figured out from the chart that the sea was about three miles deep at that spot. No use trying to touch bottom and push myself up to the surface.

I struggled harder as pressure began to build up in my lungs and behind my eyeballs. I hoped I could get my head above water in time to avoid taking that first fatal underwater breath that would fill my lungs and, no doubt, finish me off. My lungs were at the bursting point when, at last, my head broke out of the water and I gasped for air. I expected to find *Tinkerbelle* floating bottom up, her mast submerged and pointed straight at the ocean floor, but no, joy of joys! she had righted herself, faithful, able craft that she was, and was riding the waves again like a gull. We were no more than eight or ten feet apart.

I reached down, caught hold of the lifeline around my waist, and hauled myself back to my loyal friend. Then, gripping the grab rail on her cabin top, I tried to pull myself on board. I couldn't do it; the weight of my wet clothes made the task too great for my limited strength. There must be an easier way, I thought, as the boat and I rose and fell to the waves in unison. Then it came to

me: hold the grab rail with one hand while floating close to the surface, get a leg hooked over the rub rail and onto the deck, and then pull up. I was given extra impetus by the image of a vicious, snaggle-toothed shark possibly lurking nearby, so, on the next try, I made it.

Puffing heavily, I flopped into the cockpit and lay there clutching the handhold above the compass as my breathing slowly returned to normal. The situation, to state the case mildly, could have been a lot worse. I had been given a bad scare and was soaked through, but nothing really calamitous had happened. *Tinkerbelle* was still right side up and clear of water, and neither she nor I had suffered so much as a scratch. And, best of all, I now had evidence of exactly how stable she was. That one piece of empirically gained knowledge transformed the whole harrowing experience into a blessing in disguise. There would be no more torturous nights in the cockpit; from now on I would sleep in comfort in the cabin, even in the foulest weather, with the assurance that my boat would remain upright. No longer did I need to fear being trapped there by a capsize. This discovery made the remainder of the voyage immensely more enjoyable than it would otherwise have been.

Now that he had survived the storm, Manry sailed with renewed confidence. In fact, he became nonchalant about regularly being washed overboard and climbing back. In between times he encountered many ships and forms of marine life (from his log: "Saw what I can only describe as a giant sea worm. It was about the same color as an ordinary garden worm, but about ten feet long and fatter . . ."). Nearly two months later, on August 8, he heard the drone of a plane and looked up to see a Royal Air Force bomber heading in his direction.

It was flying quite low, under a layer of dark clouds. It roared by overhead, circled, and then roared by twice more, and each time I waved. On the next pass it came toward us very low, so low I thought it might clip off the tip of *Tinkerbelle*'s mast. Instead, it dropped two bright orange, cylindrical canisters tied together with a buoyant line. I sailed over and pulled the canisters aboard. They contained a wonderful supply of fruit, apples, and bananas, and a friendly message from Wing Commander R. A. Carson of the 42nd Squadron of the RAF, based at St. Mawgan, Cornwall, not far from Falmouth. The message said:

"Welcome to British waters! You are 'big news' and we shall be bringing gentlemen of the press to see you tomorrow, 9th Aug.—at approx. noon. Your present position is: 4845N 1220W. Good luck."

It was great to be welcomed so warmly to British waters by the RAF. Commander Carson's greeting was a wonderfully gracious gesture; but what was this about being "big news" and bringing gentlemen of the press to see me? As I tried to figure it out the plane zoomed toward us again and I gave it the hands-clasped-over-the-head salute as it swept by so close I could make out every detail of its construction.

My Great Miscalculation

I hove to about midnight for some sleep and got up early the next morning, ate a hasty breakfast and got moving again. Not long afterward I saw a trawler approaching from the south on a course that would bring us within hailing distance and I wondered what nationality it was and whether it would stop to exchange a few words. When it got closer it became apparent that it was steering to meet us rather than to pass by. It turned out to



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be English, the *Roseland* of Penzance, a port west of Falmouth and not far from Land's End, and standing at the rail was a man in a handsome turtleneck sweater whose face looked vaguely familiar. And, behind him, stood another man who was operating what I took to be a motion-picture camera.

Gradually it dawned on me where I'd seen the face of the man in the sweater before: it was on the screen of our television at home. Now I knew it, he was a TV newsman, Bill Jorgensen of Cleveland's WEWS. I couldn't imagine what he was doing there. The cameraman with him was Walter Glendenning. They had been cruising about on the *Roseland* for about thirty-five hours, looking for me. A question of newspaper ethics arose in my mind: Could I in good conscience report details of my trip to these men from WEWS, a competitor of my employer, the *Plain Dealer*? Well, I reasoned, the WEWS men apparently are very interested in the voyage, so interested they have gone to enormous lengths and expense to find me, so I think I should tell them whatever they want to know. I felt this way especially when I recalled that the *Plain Dealer* and national magazines I had queried before my departure (all of them at that time believing, because of what I had told them, that I was going on the voyage with another man in a 25-foot boat) had expressed only mild interest in printing stories about the venture. I'll have to admit, frankly, that I didn't think *Tinkerbelle*'s smaller size would make much difference in the interest shown by the *P.D.* or the magazines or other newspapers. It's painful for me to have to admit it now, but I failed to assess properly the news value of my own story. And this failure probably was the greatest miscalculation of the entire expedition.

So I spoke freely with Jorgensen; in fact, we talked steadily for three-and-a-half hours while Glendenning took both movies and still pictures. During our conversation Jorgensen showed me a copy of the Falmouth *Packet* dated August 6, and right there on the front page was a story that bowled me over. It said:

> For nearly 70 days, since he set sail on June 1, Bob Manry has braved the elements, mastering loneliness and enduring as-yet-untold discomforts, to make his dream of an Atlantic crossing come true.
>
> Yesterday newspaper reporters and cameramen from the United States flew into Falmouth to join those of the British press and international news agencies already in town ready to record the scenes as Manry completes his 3,200-mile crossing at Custom House Quay.
>
> A hero's welcome awaits him.

There was more to the story and there were even two pictures: a drawing of me and a photograph of *Tinkerbelle* that could only have been taken from the deck of one of the ships we met along the way.

Holy cats! A "hero's welcome"! What on earth was building up there in Falmouth? It looked as though somebody was trying to make a big deal out of this whole thing!

Bride

by Bella Akhmadulina

Oh to be a bride
Brilliant in my curls
Under the white canopy
Of a modest veil!

How my hands tremble,
Bound by my icy rings!
The glasses gather, brimming
With red compliments.

At last the world says yes;
It wishes me roses and sons.
My friends stand shyly at the door,
Carrying love gifts.

Chemises in cellophane,
Plates, flowers, lace . . .
They kiss my cheeks, they marvel
I'm to be a wife.

Soon my white gown
Is stained with wine like blood:
I feel both lucky and poor
As I sit, listening, at the table.

Terror and desire
Loom in the forward hours.
My mother, the darling, weeps
Mama is like the weather.

. . . My rich, royal attire
I lay aside on the bed.
I find I am afraid
To look at you, to kiss you.

Loudly the chairs are set
Against the wall, eternity . . .
My love, what more can happen
To you and to me?

—Translated by Stephen Stepanchev

Bob Jones University:

The Buckle on the Bible Belt

by Larry L. King

Billy Graham went there, but he is now regarded as a heretic by the Jones Family—which owns and operates the $30-million school, dedicated to the Bible as literal truth and to its own special brand of culture.

There are approximately five hundred families of Joneses to keep up with in and around Greenville, South Carolina, which calls itself the "Textile Center of the World." It is an old, flawed city of 66,188 set among rolling, red-clay hills reaching into neighboring Georgia. People named Jones attend their looms in dozens of mills, till the soil, and over at the Jones Funeral Home they have for fifty-three years buried the dead with "Dignity, Quietude, and Beauty."

But in circles where the Holy Writ is taken undiluted by Modernism, and political potions taste sweetest when untainted by anything of lesser vintage than McKinley, the only Jones Boys who count are the Bob Joneses: Senior, Junior, and III. They are, respectively, the Founder, President, and Vice-President of what they proclaim "The World's Most Unusual University." Any list of what makes Bob Jones University unusual must begin with the Jones Boys themselves, a trio as inseparable as the Holy Trinity.

Who else owns—free of debt, sorority-house panty raids, and sullen alumni bent on hanging the coach—an educational institution valued at more than $30 million? Who else imports a small-college professor from Virginia (vaguely but officially presented as "a leading scientist") to teach that the world's creation processes "terminated at the end of six days" and that "the world could not possibly be more than 10,000 years old"—yet, on the other hand, claims to be nowhere excelled "in the thoroughness of scholastic, cultural, and artistic work"? Who else forbids students to see Hollywood movies—yet produces films good enough to win plaudits at the International Film Festival in Cannes *and* an award from Screen Producers Guild of Hollywood? Who else toured the Bible Belt during the 1964 Presidential campaign in a bus equally bannered for God and Goldwater—yet insists they do not run a partisan institution?

Nobody else. But then nobody else has a university that is completely family-held. The Jones family—father, son, and grandson—control the 185-acre campus sprawled along U. S. 29 on Greenville's outskirts, and they control everything on it. Whether you buy a $4 copy of Dr. Bob Jones, Jr.'s novel, *Wine of Morning*, at the Book Stall or study your Sunday School lesson over ten-cent coffee at Little Moby's, probably the only campus hangout in America pushing Crucifixion Art, every nickel put in the till goes to God and the Joneses.

There is eighty-two-year-old Robert Reynolds Jones, Sr., called by all—including himself—simply The Founder. Thirty-eight years ago in Florida he founded the forerunner of the present "Fortress of Faith" that is BJU. On his good days, bundled against the chill of his years in a black coat, cape, and hat, he strolls the campus to exchange Scriptural quotations with BJU students: an ancient, Old Testament Zorro, flaying the Devil, Modernism, and liberalism at any opportunity.

There is The Founder's son, balding, fifty-four year-old Bob Jones, Jr., President of BJU, whose artistic taste runs to Shakespeare, Van Dyck, Sebastiano del Piombo, opera arias, and his own best-selling evangelistic novels. The third member of the triumvirate, twenty-seven-year-old Bob Jones, III, is the school's administrative Pooh-Bah. Bob-the-Third is a lanky, handsome youth who likes to wear tailored pinstripes with narrow English lapels, slant pockets, and pointed-toe shoes; he enjoys tooling around in his red Mercedes-Benz. But despite these eccentricities in son and grandson, they are firmly with The Founder in their exhortations against dancing, watered-down Scripture, and repeal of right-to-work laws, and in upholding total immersion, racial segregation, and eternal damnation for all who go a few degrees wrong.

They like to tell you at BJU of their cultural triumphs: how Bob Jones Opera Association has produced *Faust*, *The Barber of Seville*, and the difficult *Ernani* ("last seen in 1928 until *we* did it"), bringing in operatic luminaries to sing lead roles—Cesare Valletti, a leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company and La Scala, Milan; Jarmila Novotna, and Marjorie Lawrence. Or they recall the annual Artist Series' presentations of actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke, violinist Henryk Szeryng, and pianist Maria Tipo. They point to trophies won by the school's Unusual Films, or to plaudits bestowed on BJU's Classic Players by Shakespearean scholars. They tell you that even varsity football was unceremoniously scrapped years ago when the Fighting Angels turned out to have littered the dorms with cigarette butts, beer cans, and other symbols of earthly distractions. And they pridefully say that more students study Greek at BJU than at any undergraduate school in America. All this is true.

Larry L. King, a native Texan, grew up the son of a farmer who was a part-time country preacher. His novel of politics, "The One-Eyed Man," to be published in June by New American Library, is an alternate selection of the Literary Guild. Mr. King free-lances out of Washington.

But Bob Jones University primarily exists, according to a warning sign in Mack Library, "to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ. The teaching of mathematics, science, literature, music, speech, art, and all other subjects are incidental to this." BJU has supplied more ministers for Fundamentalist pulpits than any school on earth; 5,000 of them attend the spiritual needs of about one million Americans each Sunday. The 612 students in the School of Religion ("Our Preacher Boys," as they are called) must serve off-campus pulpits every weekend. They carry The Word by bus, car, and even horse to hamlets like Reform, Alabama; Brushy Creek, South Carolina; and Fair Play, Georgia. Last year the Preacher Boys distributed a quarter-million Bible tracts, held more than 35,000 services in South Carolina churches alone, and conducted "personal visitations" with almost 100,000 citizens through door-to-door house calls or simply by ambushing unwary sidewalk loafers.

Not for these hearty proselytizers an elastic creed which might include drinks at the country club, or square-dancing at one of the Saturday night stomps in thickets along the creek forks. They endorse a fiery Hell with white-hot pitchforks and acrid brimstone, a Heaven where Saint Peter is as real as the armed student guards on BJU's main gates. The Founder sees to that. "If you will trim Jesus down to suit the Modernists," he says, "they will like it. I've never trimmed Jesus down."

He has cut some others down to size, though, and foremost among these is the Devil. The Founder denounced Satan to the mules he plowed as a seven-year-old Alabama farm boy back in 1890. He broadened his audience to include human souls as a teen-age minister who "got the Call" at a backwoods revival in his eleventh year. By the time he was forty, Robert Reynolds Jones, Sr., who thrived in the era of Billy Sunday and John Culpepper, had "led a million souls to Christ."

The Founder has not confined his attacks to Satan. He has, variously, assaulted Billy Graham, the Pope, anti-God scientists, loose women, the National Council of Churches, hillbilly music, whiskey merchants, pie-eating politicians, and lukewarm Christians who eschew orthodoxy. In The Founder's view, "Orthodoxy says the Bible *is* the word of God; Modernism says the Bible merely *contains* the word of God." The "pie-eaters" are politicians who gobble up the false riches of liberalism at the cost of becoming fat in the head, soul, and heart.

In 1928, The Founder made five hundred speeches for Fundamentalism and Herbert Hoover against Al Smith. ("I'd rather see a nigger Presi-

dent.") He and his heirs have expressed hostility toward every Democratic Presidential nominee since. Campus-speaking favorites include homegrown Senator Strom Thurmond, 1948 Dixiecrat candidate for President, who recently converted to Republicanism; Governor George Wallace of Alabama; General Edwin A. Walker; Southern Methodist University Professor John Beaty, author of *Iron Curtain Over America;* radio rightists Dr. Carl McIntyre and the Reverend Billy James Hargis, who, between them, broadcast five hours each week over BJU radio station WMUU*; and *The National Review*'s Bill Buckley.

Red-letter Shalt Nots

Last Thanksgiving Sunday, preaching to 3,300 in overflowing Rodeheaver Auditorium, BJU's Dean of Men got in pulpit licks against the United Nations, Medicare, the Federal Communications Commission, and labor unions. ("Noah, building the Ark in accordance with God's command, didn't have to worry about unions or time-and-a-half for overtime.") On the BJU bus tour for Barry Goldwater, banners warned: "Turn Back America! Only a Divine Miracle Can Save Us Now!" Still, the Joneses get their dander up if you say they run a political institution.

One thing they assuredly do not run at Bob Jones University is a democracy. "If you don't like it here," The Founder has reminded students and faculty alike, "you can pack your dirty duds and hit the four-lane highway." Some of the 3,500 students do exactly that each year. Nobody will say how many, least of all the students themselves. They are forbidden to talk to newsmen, writers, or to any stranger whose business is unknown. But in 1953 the registrar, three deans, and a dozen teachers resigned after charging The Founder with insisting that "the tiniest facet of his thought" be considered red-letter Gospel—an act which inspired The Founder to speak on Judas.

Though in theory faculty members are hired for life, they can by contract be fired on ten-day notice. Dr. Bob Jr., who in his role as President spends most of his time traveling to raise funds and recruit students, puts it bluntly: "We do not believe it is a just use of the term 'academic freedom' for a man to be able to say, 'I'm gonna teach evolution or free love in this school.' Academic freedom here boils down to the ability to say or do anything you want to do—so long as it doesn't offend the Bible."

*Standing for "World's Most Unusual University," one of the most powerful FM stations in the area.

By Jones guidelines, however, the Bible is easier to offend than Maria Callas. You can offend it by listening to, singing, or playing jazz, by picking up a deck of cards; or by becoming inquisitive over the specific biological details of the Immaculate Conception. Indeed, your wife can offend the Book for you by wearing slacks or merely by "griping."

Wives are considered under contract to serve BJU in their best capacities the moment their husbands join the faculty. Room and board are computed in salary scales, and salaries are based on "need." Thus an instructor with five mouths to feed is paid more than a childless full professor. Dr. R. K. Johnson, BJU business manager and an orphan boy who came as a student in 1928 and has never left, claims that "fringe benefits of our group far exceed any I've ever heard of. Our faculty members are better off [than] they would be in any other system in the world."*

But BJU is not popular with the American Association of University Professors. There is, academically speaking, a heavily incestuous air about the faculty. All but twenty-six of its 160 teachers got at least part of their education at BJU. Four of ten doctorates (including that of Vice-President Bob Jones III) were awarded on the home campus. "Dr." Bob Sr. and "Dr." Bob Jr. have honorary Doctor of Divinity degrees. The Founder's was granted by Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio; the President's is courtesy of Northwestern Schools, Minneapolis.

For every Shalt Not binding the faculty, students are restricted by at least a half-dozen. They shall not use the gymnasium, swimming pool, or tennis courts in sexually mixed groups; nor borrow anything from townspeople; nor release any information to newspapers. Nor shall they patronize any store (drug, restaurant, or grocery included) that sells liquor, wine, or beer; nor become addicts of "hillbilly screechers, swing bands, or syncopated hop-skip-and-jump music"; nor leave the campus after 10:30 P.M. One violation can mean expulsion. Any student knowing of a violation by any other, but who fails to report it, is considered as guilty as the original sinner.

No Goldfish, No Deadbeats

The Founder, though he has lived long past the three score and ten years allotted by the Bible, has not forgotten the warm-blooded folly of youth. "It is a little dangerous," he warns, "to make love

*One must, however, balance this observation with the notation that Dr. Johnson has favorably compared The Founder with Saint Paul.

on a moonlight night." Fat chance of that. Off-campus dating is taboo unless special permission is granted; even then, dates must be chaperoned. On-campus dates are limited to two hours; boys and girls must keep a six-inch space between their bodies whether sitting or standing. To be found with a blanket anywhere on campus, except in one's own room, is as final as Doomsday.

"Bob Jones students," says young Dr. Bob III, "do not swallow goldfish. They don't care how many people can pack a telephone booth, and they don't waste their time with checkers, chess, or puzzles." They don't smoke or gripe, either. The college catalogue warns that "no griping will be tolerated"; students must fill out forms each year attesting that tobacco and liquor have not touched their lips since last they signed the pledge.

Most BJU students were raised in hard-shell Baptist churches, though by no means all. Many are from such Holy Roller sects as the Church of God or Assembly of God. Others are low-church Presbyterians, Methodists, and Campbellites. When Preacher Boys go forth to spread The Word, they generally migrate to Baptist pulpits. The school is officially nonsectarian, however. (The Founder quit the Methodist Church of his father in 1939, blasting it as "a honeycomb of Modernism.")

"Our kids are the cream of the crop," Dr. Bob III says. "They've really got to be zealots to make it here. A lot of them come here over the objections of parents who've been softened up by the Modernists." But there is a history of "going to Daddy's Old School," too. In America's small towns and on its farms are fathers who rush their heirs off to Greenville the way Philadelphia Main Line lawyers or fathers holding seats on the Stock Exchange point their sons toward Harvard or Yale. BJU graduates tend to marry each other; rarely do the offspring of such unions escape to other campuses. The school rightfully claims students from all fifty states and thirty foreign countries. But the student body is predominantly Southern, though California, Pennsylvania, and Indiana have sizable delegations.

Most BJU students prepare for careers in the ministry or in teaching. But the School of Business is growing rapidly, and talent scouts for management are increasingly attracted to Greenville. Bob Jones graduates are neat, orderly, and take to corporate discipline. "You don't get any boat-rockers or deadbeats hanging around the water cooler or loafers betting on office football pools," a Bendix Company recruiter says.

It is not difficult to see why the managerial scouts like BJU students. They are courteous to a fault when not rattling about God or Goldwater, and they radiate determined cheer even before breakfast. By edict boys wear ties at all times, and coats to meals. Girls are never without hose; they are permitted just enough facial makeup to prevent possible mutiny arising from the inborn vanity of their sex.

There is more spit-'n'-polish than at West Point. Bells sound for reveille and lights out; attendance at all chapels and meals is mandatory; all classes or discussion groups must be prayed open and prayed closed. All this is "heavenly manna" to The Founder, after which, he says, "garlic and onions can never taste good anymore." To partake of such manna, the BJU student pays $1,000 annual tuition.

God and Radioactivity

If other Fundamentalist schools had done their jobs the way The Founder and God wanted them to, Bob Jones University would not be a going concern today. But other schools would not remain loyal to orthodoxy. They began to harbor a professor or two who "taught evolution as a fact," they surrendered to "the atheistic drift in education," and they came to see symbolism in the Garden of Eden's talking serpent instead of simply recognizing him as a real old snake in the grass.

All this had happened by 1927. Bob Jones, Sr., by then deserved (and sometimes got) equal billing in the evangelistic big leagues with the flamboyant "praying baseball player," Billy Sunday. On one memorable occasion when more than 6,000 erring sinners walked the aisle to give themselves to Deity, Dr. Jones was there to receive them. Though feeling he was blessed in his ministry, Dr. Jones had nagging thoughts that something was wrong. One day he figured out what it was. "I am tired," he told his wife, "of leading boys and girls to Jesus Christ and then seeing them attend institutions which shake their faith. Honey, I am going to build a school."

They called it Bob Jones College when doors opened in September 1927, among five hundred acres of sandy-land pines nine miles outside Panama City, Florida. Following the Depression crash of 1929, Dr. Jones moved the school to "more centrally located Cleveland, Tennessee." There it remained until 1946, when the city of Greenville offered free the present 185-acre campus.

"Some of the money was mine and some of the money was a gift of God," is about as specific as The Founder gets about financing five buildings

of Spanish architecture on the original Florida site. The Founding Class of 125 tilled twenty acres to produce campus food, milked a twelve-cow dairy herd, and operated a canning factory. Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama came to dedicate a school pledged by charter "to combat all atheistic, agnostic, pagan, and so-called scientific adulteration of the Gospel." But Dr. Jones did not want to found "just another Bible College." Though giving "special emphasis to the Christian religion and the ethics revealed in the Holy Scripture," he would "conduct an institution of learning for the general education of youth in the essentials of culture, the arts, and sciences."

One must wonder, though BJU's official family does not, whether these scholastic expectations have been realized. Only a few deep Dixie and prairie-state schools enthusiastically welcome BJU products for graduate work. The school is not a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, nor is it affiliated with national education organizations. The Joneses claim this has nothing to do with poor academic ratings. Long ago The Founder got on record that "we can render better services spiritually and even educationally without holding organic membership in an association." BJU has also refused federal grants rather than sign "the so-called Act of Compliance and be at the mercy of federal control." The official line out of Greenville is that BJU would be cheerfully admitted to almost any academic circle it wished to join, but is choosy about whom it circles up with.

This contention is judged closer to pure truth on the BJU campus than in more detached quarters. One can imagine academic heavyweights wondering about any institution where an anthropology course is described in the school catalogue as "a Christian interpretation of the problems of evolution and human origins," or where the clinical psychology course bears down on "the application of Biblical principles to the diagnosis and treatment of mental problems." Nor does it help when a BJU lecturer, asked about radioactive dating methods that show the world to be several million years old, responds that "scientists mistakenly assume that God has never accelerated radioactive decay rates."

Sometimes even the Joneses can't seem to make up their minds exactly where their school belongs on academic charts. One moment Dr. Bob III will tell you, "We're unusual in our objective to teach the student what he already believes. We don't throw out a bunch of theories about the religions of the world or philosophy and that sort of thing." In the next, he tosses off the names of BJU graduates who are "recognized masters in the world of arts and letters." He cites Clifford Lewis, a member of the Founding Class, as the author of *233 Precious Poems* and *Japan Needs Jesus*. And the "Christian novels, books of inspirational sermons, and volumes of devotional verse" by BJU's own Dr. Bob Jr. "have been critically acclaimed in *Bible Banner* and *The Christian Herald*." The same Dr. Bob (author, president, actor), you are given to understand, is skilled enough on the boards to have "turned down offers of Hollywood screen tests."

Junior Jones is not, in fact, a bad actor, nor an inexperienced one. In University dramas, his roles have included Shylock, Macbeth, Lear, and Pontius Pilate in the screen dramatization of his own novel, *Wine of Morning*.*

Wine of Morning, a two-hour color production, won not only the National Evangelical Film Foundation's four top "Oscars," but high praise from the French Institute of Cinematography, the Canadian Kodak Company, the Italian Motion Picture Institute, and critics at the International Film Festival in Cannes. It has been shown on TV in Switzerland, enjoyed a Paris run under sponsorship of the American Embassy, was praised by a Russian official for its "breathtaking photography" (though not its Christian message), and has gladdened BJU coffers as the all-time box-office smash of evangelical filmdom. A twelve-minute full-color production, *The Flying Angel*, a trailer on how movies are made at BJU, was voted the Intercollegiate Film Award for Short Subjects by the Screen Producers Guild.

BJU ranks, in fact, with UCLA, Boston University, and the University of Southern California as a king of collegiate cinema-making. It is not likely, however, to send its graduates to Hollywood tasks. Signs posted in the block-long shooting studio warn against vanity, and remind one that talent is God-given. "When we first started the movie thing here," says Dr. Bob Jr., "some people were afraid we might be going Modernist. But that wasn't it. We just decided the Devil had been granted a monopoly on drama long enough."

Billy Graham vs. BJU

In Christian lore, Christianity and persecution are synonyms. Holy wars . . . raw meat for the lions . . . plagues of locust and famine. Evil kings: Herod and Pharaoh and the king of Moab. Bondage and dungeons and crucifixion. You understand

*Dr. Jones does not need screen tests at BJU. He is casting director.

how deeply ingrained all this is when you hear The Founder growl, "We took on all the enemies of Jesus Christ when we founded this school." The theme is everywhere. In Melton Wright's *Fortress of Faith*, the official BJU story, we are told: "There have been well-organized, well-financed schemes to smear Dr. Jones' name and to ruin his influence, ruin Bob Jones University, and cripple the whole Fundamentalist movement through Dr. Jones." And The Founder himself is fond of saying, "The door to opportunity swings on the hinges of opposition." Sometimes the Jones clan seems to give the door a push.

Take the Billy Graham case. Billy Graham, the biggest mover and shaker on the revival circuit for the past fifteen years, was a BJU student briefly in 1936. He left, by his version, because the school proved something of a disappointment. "He couldn't stand the discipline," says young Bob III, quoting lessons learned at his granddaddy's feet. "To be an evangelist," The Founder says he once told Reverend Dr. Graham to his face, "the Lord wants a man to have brains in his head, grace in his heart, and guts in his belly—and you, Billy, don't have any of them."

At BJU they think Dr. Graham has "trimmed Jesus down." He had welcomed to his platform Catholic Cardinals, pie-eating politicians, and representatives of the National Council of Churches. He has prayed over Lyndon B. Johnson's inauguration, and insists on preaching only to racially integrated audiences. He has kind words for the United Nations, and he attended an Inaugural Gala where – in the words of an ex-Preacher Boy now filling a Georgia pulpit – "had been gathered three hundred bartenders to pour whiskey and one preacher to pray." President Jones has listed Satan's "three forces in his war against God" as "Modernism, Neo-Orthodoxy, and the New Evangelicalism. Of these three, the last group is the most dangerous." You know where that puts Dr. Graham, don't you?

"Why, I tried every way in the world to help Billy," The Founder says. "He asked to be considered one of my Preacher Boys, even though he quit us here before his shirttail had time to come out, and he asked to return here and speak to our students." Dr. Jones welcomed the Prodigal Son with an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree. But those were the days when Billy Graham scolded labor unions and warned that "over 1,100 social-sounding organizations are communist or communist-operated in this country." Times changed, and so did Billy. He got to running with "those who proclaimed only the humanistic virtues of Christ," says The Founder. He put down extremism, broke bread with the New Nixon, and played golf with Jack Paar. In 1957 The Founder refused to permit a campus Prayer Day asking blessings on Dr. Graham's Madison Square Garden crusade, saying he wanted no part in "the great compromise." In flat-earth Fundamentalist circles, it was the shot heard across the world.

The Mark of Fundamentalism

Greenville, South Carolina, goes with Bob Jones University like cornbread goes with sweet milk. When Dial-A-Prayer service first came to Greenville, so many people called they overloaded the phone circuits. The city has 126 churches: 119 Protestant, 61 of them Baptist. The biggest thing on local TV is Billy Grammer and his Gospel Guitar. The program is sponsored by a roach powder and a stomach tonic; Billy always twangs out a Sacred Number dedicated to "all you shut-ins out there in television-land." Greenville is the kind of town where everybody calls the noon meal "dinner," and supper is on the edge of bedtime.

Guests may drink a little whiskey in the "private clubs" up on new Highway 29, but downtown in the old, gone-to-seed section, BJU Preacher Boys shout their warnings of hellfire next to red-paint reminders that "Jesus Died For Your Sins." On the wide, sloped streets where the middle class lives there is an aura of faint decay and gentle Southern decadence. Down in the city's bottoms, the yards of shack-dwelling textile mill "lint-heads" are grotesquely beautified by sprays of flowers growing from the centers of whitewashed auto tires anchored in the ground.

Greenville is the Old South, and the Old South is of the Fundamentalism to which the Jones Boys owe their allegiance. This faith fed on the region's inbred clannishness and historic reluctance to change its stubborn clinging to old values. You see this stubbornness there today in die-hard segregationists, village cops who fear One World Government, working men who suspect labor unions; in the Ku Klux Klan's perverted distortions of Lee's Lost Cause, and in ancestry worship to rival the Japanese.

The frontier church often became school and sideshow as well as spiritual pillar. Early-day evangelists were often more acrobat than prophet. Even today's modern "faith healers" (Oral Roberts, for example) tour in tents and employ musical minstrels common to road-show traditions. This "old-time religion" tempted each act to top the other, just as vaudeville did. It bred cultists who tottered on the brink of religious hysteria:

folks who went in for foot-washings, talked in tongues, kept multiple wives, or as the late Governor Earl Long of Louisiana said, "chunked snakes and caught fevers."

This was the Fundamentalism I knew in childhood: a combination gaudy tent show and grim Puritanism. One might with impunity jig-dance in the throes of the Holy Spell, but tap not one foot in response to bows drawn across catgut strings. It was a personalized religion: God was as real as the truant officer or the superintendent of schools. The Founder of Bob Jones University knew this personal faith. He would "lie in bed and talk to God," he "met God in a personal way out in the woods," and he "felt God's tap on the shoulder." It was, really, a form of faith in one's self, an extension of ids and egos.

Confronting Jones the Younger

The first thing you see in the Administration Building is a sign warning: "Visitors Will Not Smoke in BJU Buildings." The second is a door marked "Do Not Enter."

I ran the gauntlet of signs last November. For several days I had prowled the campus unannounced, observing students and teachers (though failing in attempts at meaningful conversation with any of them), attending Thanksgiving services, taking stock of the physical plant. Student patrolmen looked me over but never approached. One patrol car stayed close while I circled among homes in the faculty compound (where the Joneses have the biggest homes), but when I kept going the patrol car did too.

When I called on Dr. Bob Jones III shortly before noon one day, a pretty young receptionist said, "Young Dr. Bob's out to dinner." Waiting, I eyed bigger-than-life oil portraits of the Jones Boys and their wives which dominate the Administration Building lobby. The portraits reminded me of those I had seen over mantels in the homes of Texas oil millionaires, where all nose warts and chin duplications had been carefully painted out.

Young Dr. Jones received me an hour later. He was faintly bathed in the sunlight which streamed through stained-glass windows. He appeared more than six feet tall, slim, and even younger than his years. His dark hair had been neatly clipped in accord with school rules. He had a firm handclasp and a wide mouth that often smiled when his eyes did not. In his narrow-lapel pinstripes and pointed shoes he would have been called a "jellybean" in the brush country of my youth.

The office with its stained glass, paneled walls, deep carpet, and executive desk was altogether attractive. It took a while to decide what was missing: books and ash trays. Bob III's desk held but a single copy of *National Geographic*, two sheets of paper, and a telephone. Several times I tentatively reached for a cigarette. Each time Jones eyed me furtively.

When he learned my mission, Dr. Jones held Christian rejoicing to a minimum. "No," he said, "I'm afraid I can't help you. Not unless you promise you'll write a strictly *factual* story." I said I hoped to, but that in matters of religion and politics folks often had trouble agreeing on facts. Young Dr. Bob scowled. He said, "I will *not* talk about politics or religion. If you want to do a factual piece about our facilities or our accomplishments, fine. But no religion and no politics."

I quoted the sign from Mack Library: "Bob Jones University exists to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ." I read the names of BJU political speakers, and mentioned the Goldwater tour. Didn't that put the school somewhat into religion and politics?

Dr. Jones was vexed. "But this not a *partisan* institution. I tried to explain that to reporters from *The Nation* and the *New York Times*. It didn't do a bit of good. They wrote the same old stuff the liberal press always writes. Taking quotes out of context . . . poking fun . . . distorting. We can't trust the liberal press! We're nice to 'em, and then they go off and knock us."

I said, "The door to opportunity swings on the hinges of opposition." Young Dr. Jones recognized I was quoting his grandfather, and that is when I realized his eyes do not smile every time his mouth does.

We talked politics and religion for two hours. The exchange began when I mentioned Billy Graham. I had asked where Dr. Graham had "gone wrong." To tell the truth, it was like hunting with a baited trap.

"I just don't *understand* him," Dr. Jones said. "He had everything. God had blessed his work . . ." He shook his head, leaned back in his chair and his eyes got bright. I had seen that look in the eyes of a hundred preachers. It meant singing was over and the sermon would begin.

He said, "God has blessed this school. He raised it up and He has sustained it. This school is worth $30 million and has no debts. We serve a great God. . . . People support this school because they know the Devil won't get one nickel of their money. We haven't compromised.

"The Duke Foundation offered us a grant of two million dollars. We turned it down—they made their money in tobacco. And we've turned down

Plaintive Geometry

by Felicia Lamport

How happy the hostess who finds she can plan
A party including a notable man,
  But let her beware of the grim mistake
  That many a lady is prone to make
By thinking: "If *one* Name's an asset, well then,
Why shouldn't I try to get *two* famous men?
  Each bathed in the glow that his equal bestows
  Is sure to start topping the other's bon mots."

But joining two suns makes for total eclipse,
A notable failing of quotable quips
  As each wants the limelight in *his* gin and tonic
  And, having to share it, turns dour and laconic.
At best, one celebrity falls asleep
While the other discusses his compost heap.
  As stated in Euclid's quaint conceit:
  Parallel lions can never meet.

federal grants. We know that with any amount of government money comes a like amount of government controls. No whiskey-drinking bureaucrat is going to draw us a blueprint for preaching the salvation of Jesus Christ the way he'd draw a blueprint for some urban renewal scheme. Why, if we ever compromised Jesus Christ, then by law this school could be closed down. The Founder had that put in the charter.

"We get kids with a lot of character," he said. "They come here because they can't get what we offer at the bohemian colleges. They don't want a campus where they can buy pep pills and tranquilizers or go on alcoholic sprees. We've got a *monopoly* on a certain kind of kid. Other schools handed us that monopoly on a silver platter by stressing materialism and intellectualism—and they're the twin foes of the Gospel."

Didn't liberalism rate high among "foes of the Gospel" at BJU? Young Bob III reluctantly nodded, as if he had a headache and feared sudden motion. "I guess you'll bring in the Goldwater bus and make that *sound* partisan. So I'd better explain. We hold with old-fashioned Christian Americanism. We think it made this country great. We think it serves freedom, and we think it serves God. Now we aren't partisan, but when liberalism crops up we fight it. And if liberalism crops up in one political party more than in another . . . well, that's not *our* fault, is it?"

I knew better than to suggest social responsibility as a Christian virtue. The Jones Boys consider social Gospel worse than no Gospel at all. Young Dr. Jones once said, "Our graduates are not crusaders against social depravity and political injustice. They are warriors against Sin, and the Scripture refers to the Christian life many times as *spiritual warfare*. So our efforts are not primarily for the purpose of making a *better world*, but rather to spread the good news of salvation."

Dr. Jones had been quoted as saying racial segregation is taught by the Bible. I asked for the Scriptural citation. "That always gets quoted out of context," he said. "I don't want to discuss it. If I had confidence you'd print the whole thing . . . well, it's so long and complicated—. No, I don't want to talk about that."

I persisted. Hadn't he said God has decreed the Negro to be "a servant's servant?"; that the Negro "is happier when waiting tables"; when serving mankind in special ways "God intended"?

After a long pause Dr. Jones replied: "Look, I'm not a racist. This isn't a racist institution. I don't want to go beyond that." We observed twenty seconds of silence, then he went beyond it. "I've known some fine Christian Nigras. I'm for the Nigra having his rights; I sure am. But I do feel . . . lots of us feel . . ." Then with a firm resolve, he declared, "That's all I'll say on the subject, sir. I don't see it has anything to do with Bob Jones University."

Was there even one Negro student in BJU? Had there ever been?

"Well, now, that's a matter of record. No, sir. I expect you knew that or you wouldn't have asked the question. But that's no reason to—we're not, and I'll say it again, a *racist* institution. We don't teach hate. We teach love of Jesus and love *by* Jesus for his children.

"Now sir, that's absolutely the last word I'll say on the Nigra subject."

Soon our conversation became desultory. We quarreled mildly over theology, but without much spirit, and when my senses reeled from craving tobacco, I traded final handshakes with him. At the door I asked, "Do you know where I can get a copy of your father's novel, *Wine of Morning?*" Out in the world of carefully curried public images and PR men, two assistant vice-presidents would have materialized carrying freebies. But with Dr. Bob Jones III, charity did not, this day, begin at home. "Yessir," he said. "You can buy it at our bookstore."

And I could be secure in the knowledge that "not one nickel" of my purchase price would go to the Devil, or to Americans for Democratic Action.



The Parrot

A story by Isaac Bashevis Singer

Translated by Ruth Whitman

Outside the moon was shining, but in the prison cell it was almost dark. Although the single window was barred and screened, enough light filtered in to disclose parts of faces. New snow had fallen and gave a violet glow to the speck of sky which came through the window as through a sieve. By midnight it had become as cold as in the street and the prisoners had covered themselves with all the rags they had: cotton vests, jackets, overcoats. They slept in their caps, with rags stuffed in their shoes. In summer the chamber pot had given off a stench, but now the winter wind came in and blew away the odor. It had begun to get dark at half past three in the afternoon, and by six Stach the watchman put out the kerosene lamp. The prisoners went on talking for a little while until they fell asleep. Their snoring kept up till about one o'clock, when they began to wake.

The first one to awake was Wolf Ber the thief, a married man, a father of daughters. He yawned like a bell. Mottele Roiskes woke up with a belch, then Berele Zakelkover sat up and went to urinate. The three had already been there for months and had told one another all their stories. But this morning there was a new prisoner, a giant of a man with a snub nose, a straight neck, thick moustaches the color of beer, dressed in a new jacket, tight high boots, and a cap lined with fur. He had brought a padded blanket and an additional pair of new boots which hung over his shoulders. He seemed like a big shot who had influence with the police. In the beginning they thought him a Gentile. They even spoke about him in thieves' jargon. But he proved to be a Jew, a silent man, a misanthrope. When they spoke to him he scarcely answered. He stretched out on the bench and lay there for hours without a word. Stach brought him a bowl of kasha and a piece of black bread, but he was in no hurry to eat. Wolf Ber asked him, "A word from you is like a gold coin, eh?"

To which he answered, "Two coins."

They couldn't get any more out of him.

"Well, he'll soften up, the snob," Mottele Roiskes said.

If this new inmate had been a weaker fellow, the others would have known what to do with him, but he had the shoulders and hands of a fighter. Such a man might have a hidden knife. As long as there was light, Wolf Ber, Mottele Roiskes and Berele Zakelkover played Sixty-six with a pack of marked cards. Then they went to sleep with

heavy hearts. In prison it's not good when a man thinks too highly of himself. But sooner or later he has to break down.

Presently all three of them were silent and listened to the stranger. Since he didn't snore, it was hard to know if he was asleep or awake. The few words which he had spoken he pronounced with hard r's, a sign that he was not from around Lublin. He must have come from Great Poland, on the other side of the Vistula. Then what was he doing in the prison at Yanev? They seldom sent anyone from so far away. Mottele Roiskes was the first to talk. "What time can it be?" Nobody answered. "What happened to the rooster?" he continued. "He stopped crowing."

"Maybe it's too cold for him to crow," Berele Zakelkover answered.

"Too cold? They get warm from crowing. There was a teacher in our town, Reb Itchele, who said that when a rooster crows he burns behind his wings. That's the reason he flaps his wings—to cool off."

"What nonsense," Wolf Ber growled.

"It's probably written in a holy book."

"A holy book can also say silly things."

"It's probably from the Gemara."

"How does the Gemara know what's happening behind a rooster's wings? They sit in the study house and they invent things."

"They know some things. A preacher came to us and he said that all the philosophers wanted to know how long a snake is pregnant and nobody knew. But they asked a *tanna* and he said seven years."

"So long?"

They became quiet; conversation petered out. Berele Zakelkover began to scratch his foot. He suffered from an eczema. He scratched and hissed softly at the same time. Suddenly the stranger said in a deep voice, "A snake is not pregnant seven years, perhaps not even seven months."

All became tense. All became cheerful.

"How do you know how long a snake is pregnant?" Wolf Ber asked. "Do you breed snakes?"

"No creature is pregnant seven years. How long does a snake live?"

"There are all kinds of snakes."

"How can the Gemara know? To know you have to keep two snakes in the house, a he and a she, and let them mate."

"Perhaps God told him."

"Yes."

They became quiet again. The stranger was now sitting up. One could barely see his silhouette but his eyes reflected the gold of the moon. After a little while he said, "God says nothing. God is silent."

"He spoke to Moses."

"I wasn't there."

"An unbeliever, eh?"

"How can you know what God said to Moses?" the stranger argued. "It's written in the Pentateuch, but who wrote the Pentateuch? With a pen you can write anything. I come from Kalisch where there are two rabbis. When one pronounced a thing kosher, the other said unkosher. Before Passover the miller asked one of them to make the mill kosher. So the other one got angry that he hadn't received ten roubles and he said the Passover flour was unkosher. Does all this come from God?"

Mottele Roiskes was about to answer, but Wolf Ber interrupted. "If you are from Kalisch, what are you doing here?"

"That's a different matter."

"What do you mean?"

The stranger gave no reply. The stillness became heavy and tense.

"Do you have a smoke?" the stranger asked.

"We're all out."

"I can do without food, but I have to have a smoke. Can you get it from the watchman?"

"We have no money."

"I have some."

"With money you can buy anything. Even in the clink," Wolf Ber answered. "But not now. Wait until morning."

"The winter nights are rough," Berele Zakelkover began to say. "You go to sleep with the chickens, and by twelve o'clock you're already slept out. You lie in the dark and all kinds of thoughts come into your mind. Here you've got to talk or you'll go crazy."

"What is there to talk about?" the stranger asked. "There's a proverb: man spouts, God flouts. I'm not an unbeliever, but God sits in the seventh heaven and snaps his fingers at everything."

"Why did they put you in this cage?" Wolf Ber asked.

"For singing psalms."

"No, I'm serious."

The stranger was silent.

Isaac Basheris Singer's many novels and books of stories (translated from Yiddish) include "The Slave" and "Short Friday." His new book, "In My Father's Court," is an autobiographical work from his childhood in Warsaw, where his father was a rabbi. (It was published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in May.) Since 1935 Mr. Singer has written for the "Jewish Daily Forward" in New York City.

"A big pile, eh?"

"No pile at all. I'm not a thief and I don't like anyone to steal from me. If somebody tries it, I break him in pieces. That's the reason I'm here now."

"In what *yeshiva* did they keep you before?"

"First in Kielc and then in Lublin."

"Did you polish off someone?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I did."

2

The stranger stretched out on the bench again. Berele Zakelkover went back to scratching his foot. Mottele Roiskes asked, "Are you going to stay here?"

"They'll probably send me to Siberia."

Wolf Ber walked over to the window. "A blizzard."

"It's a sin to let out a dog in weather like this," Mottele Roiskes said.

"I'd like to be the dog," Berele joked.

The stranger sat up again. He leaned his back against the wall and supported his chin on his knees. Broken moon rays reflected on his shiny boot tops. He said, "So what if they let you out? In half a year you'd be sitting here again."

"A half a year isn't anything to sneeze at."

"This is the last time for me," Wolf Ber said, both to himself and to the stranger. "I've eaten enough half-baked bread. I have a wife and children."

"That's the usual song they all sing," remarked the stranger. "Where do you all come from? From Piask?"

"You're a thief yourself."

"I'm not a thief, and till now I wasn't a murderer. I could always swap blows, but for many years I've never touched anyone, not even a fly."

"So what happened all of a sudden?" Wolf Ber asked.

The stranger hesitated. "It was fated."

"Who did you finish off? A merchant?"

"A woman."

"Your own wife?"

"No. She wasn't my wife."

"Did you catch her red-handed?"

The stranger gave no answer. He seemed to doze off while sitting there. Suddenly he said, "It all happened because of a bird."

"A bird? No kidding."

"It's the truth."

"What kind of a bird?"

"A parrot."

"Tell us about it. If you hold it in, you'll lose your mind."

"That wouldn't be so bad, but you can't choose when to lose your mind. I'm a horse dealer, or rather, that's what I was. They knew me in Kalisch as Simon the horse trader. My father also dealt in horses, my grandfather too. When the horse thieves in Kalisch tried to sell me bargains, I sent them packing. I didn't need stolen goods. Sometimes I used to buy a half-dead nag, but under my care it recovered. I love animals, all animals. We're a family of horse traders. My wife died two years after our marriage and for thirteen years I was alone. I loved her and I couldn't forget her. We had no child. I had a house, stables, I kept a Gentile maid—not a young shiksa, an older woman. And not for what you think either. I lived, as they say, respectably. The matchmakers proposed all kinds of women, but I didn't like any of them. I'm one of those men who must love, and if I don't love a woman, I can't live with her; it's as simple as that."

"Aha."

"I like animals. For me a horse is not just a horse. When I sold a horse, I wanted to know to whom I was selling it. There was a coachman in our town who used to whip the horses, and I refused to sell to him. For sixteen years I traded in horses and I never lifted a whip to one. You can get anything out of an animal with good treatment. It's the same with a horse, a dog, or a cat. Animals understand what you say to them; they even guess your thoughts. Animals see in the dark and have a better memory than men. Many times I've lost my way and my horses have led me to the right spot. The snow might be knee-deep, but my horses would take me to the peasant's hut and stop in front of it. Sometimes my horse would even turn his head, as though to say, 'Here it is, Boss.'

"If you're alone, you have time to observe these creatures. Besides horses, I had dogs, cats, rabbits, a cow, a goat. I lived in the suburbs because in the city you can't keep a big stable, you can't take a horse to pasture. Oats and hay are good in winter, but in summer a horse needs fresh grass, green grass with flowers and all the rest. The peasants hobble their horses and leave them all night in the pasture, but a hobbled animal is like a hobbled human being. Is it good to be in prison? I made a fence around my pasture, and the peasants laughed at me. It doesn't pay to build a fence around six acres of land, they told me, but I didn't want to hobble my horses, or let them stray into strange fields and get beaten. That's how I used to be before I became a murderer."

"What about the bird?"

"Wait. I'm coming to that. I kept fowl, and

birds too. In the beginning, they weren't in my house but under the roof and in the granary. Storks used to come after Passover from the warm countries and build nests on my roof. They didn't have to build new ones, they just mended last year's nests after the rain and snow. Under the eaves, starlings had built theirs. People believe that crows bring bad luck but actually crows are clever birds. I also had pigeon cotes. Some people eat squabs but I never tasted one. How much meat is there in a squab?"

"You seem to be a regular saint."

"I'm not a saint, but when you live in the suburbs you see all sorts of things. A bird flies in with a broken wing. A dog comes in limping. I'm not softhearted, but when you see a bird tottering on the ground and not able to lift itself up, you want to help it. I once took such a bird into my house and kept it until its wing was healed. I bandaged it like a doctor. Of course, the Jews laughed at me, but what do Jews know about animals? Some Gentiles understood. In summer my windows are wide open. As long as a bird wants to it can stay and get its seed. When it's healthy again, it flies away. Once a bird returned to me, not alone, but with a wife. I was sitting on a stool fixing a saddle, and suddenly two birds flew in. I recognized the male immediately because he had a scar on his leg. They stood on a shelf and sang me a good morning. It was like a dream.

"Matchmakers used to come to me and propose all kinds of arrangements, but when I looked over the merchandise, she never pleased me. One was ugly, the other fat, the third one talked too much —I can't stand chatterboxes. Animals are silent; that's why I love them."

"A parrot talks."

"Yes."

"Well, what else?"

"Nothing. The years go by. One day it's my wife's first anniversary, then the second, then the eighth. Other horse dealers became rich, but I just made a living. I didn't fool the customer. I decided how much profit I wanted and that was all. I got used to being alone."

"What did you do when you needed a female?"

"What do you do?"

"In a prison you have no choice."

"If you don't like anyone it's like being in a prison. There were whores in Kalisch, but when I looked at them, I felt like vomiting. You could get a peasant girl or even a woman, but they were all lousy. Mine was a clean one. Each night she combed her hair. In the summer we bathed in a pond. She died from a lump in her breast. They cut it out but it grew again. Such suffering I don't wish my worst enemy."

"Was she beautiful?"

"A princess."

3

"Well, what about the parrot?"

"Wait. Where can I begin? I'm not a grandmother and I don't tell grandmothers' tales. Gypsies used to come to me to sell horses, but I never bought them. First of all, they're thieves. Second, their horses are seldom healthy and, if you're not an expert, you find the defect later. But I see everything the first minute. The gypsies knew that they couldn't put anything over on me.

"Once I was sitting and eating breakfast, millet with milk. I used to eat the same thing every morning. I always had a sack full of it for myself and for the birds. As I sat there, I saw a gypsy woman, a fat black one with large earrings and many strings of beads around her neck. She came in and said, 'Master, show me your hand.' I had never been to a fortune-teller; I didn't believe in it. Besides, what is the good of knowing things in advance? What must happen will happen. But for some reason, I gave her my hand and she looked at my right palm and clucked in dismay. Then she asked for my left hand. 'Why do you need my left hand?' I asked. She said, 'The right one shows your fortune and the left one the fortune of your wife.' 'But I have no wife,' I said. 'My wife died.' And she said, 'There will be a second one.' 'When will she come?' I asked. 'She will fly into your window like a bird.' 'Will she have wings?' I asked. She smiled and showed her white teeth. I gave her a few groschen and a slice of bread, and she left. I paid no attention to her talk. Who cares about the babble of gypsies? But somehow the words were stored in my head, and I remembered them and thought about them. Sometimes an idea ticks in your mind and you can't get rid of it.

"Now listen to what happened. They had just called me into a village to buy horses and I stayed overnight. The next day I came riding home with four horses, one my own mare and three which I had bought from a peasant. I walked into my house and there was a parrot. I didn't believe my own eyes. Local birds flew in and out, but where did a parrot come from? Parrots are not of this country. He stood on my wardrobe and looked at me as though he had been expecting me. He was as green as an unripe lemon but on his wings he had dark spots and his neck was yellow. He was not a large parrot, in fact he seemed a young one.



I gave him some millet and he ate it. I held out a saucer of water and he drank. I stretched out a finger to him and he perched on it like an old friend. I forgot all my business. I loved him immediately like my own child. In the beginning, I wanted to close the window, because he could fly out as easily as he flew in. But it was summer, and besides, I thought, if he's destined to stay here, he'll stay.

"He didn't fly away. I bought him a cage, put in a saucer of millet, a dish of water, vegetables, a little mirror, and whatever else a bird needs. I named him Metzotze and the name stuck. In the beginning he didn't talk, he just clucked and cawed. Then suddenly he began to speak in a strange language. It must have been gypsy talk because it wasn't Polish or Russian or Yiddish. He must have escaped from the gypsies.

"The moment he came I knew that what the gypsy foretold would come true. Somehow I felt that this would happen. The summer was over and winter was coming on. I closed the windows to keep the house warm. He began to talk Yiddish and call me Simon, and when the Gentiles spoke in Polish he imitated them. The moment I entered the room he would fly up to my shoulder. When I went to the stable he stayed sitting there. He put his beak to my ear and played with my earlobe, telling me secrets in bird language. In the beginning I didn't know if he was a he or a she, but a magician passed by and told me it was a he. I began to look for a wife for him and at the same time I knew I would find my intended."

"A strange story," Mottele Roiskes interrupted.

"Just wait. Once I had to go to an estate to deliver horses, but since I loved my Metzotze so much, it was hard for me to leave him. But how do they say it?—making a living is like waging a war. I took my horses and went to the estate. I told my maid—Tekla was her name—that she should watch the parrot like the eyes in her head. I didn't have to tell her—she was attached to the bird herself, as was my stable man. In a word, he was not among strangers. I sold my horses for a good price and everything went as smoothly as on greased wheels. I wanted to go home, but new business came up. The bird had brought me luck. I had to spend the night at an inn and the moment I entered I saw a woman: small, dark, with black eyes, a short nose. She looked at me and smiled familiarly as though I were an old friend. Outside, there was a blizzard, much as today, and we were the only guests. The landlady heated a samovar for us, but I said, "Perhaps you have some vodka?" I'm not a drunkard but in business you sometimes have to drink. When the deal is finished the buyer and the seller strike their palms together and have a drink. The landlady brought us

a bottle and a bowl of pretzels. I asked the woman, 'Perhaps you want to taste some?' and she answered, 'Why not? I'm still able to enjoy life.' I poured a full glass for her and she tossed it off as if it were nothing at all. She didn't even take a pretzel afterwards. I saw that she could pour it down. When the landlady went to see a peasant about a cow, we were left alone. I took a glass, she took a glass. I don't get drunk quickly—I can pour down a large bottle and still stay sober. I was afraid she would get fuddled but she sat there and smiled, and we just became more cheerful and familiar. We talked like old cronies. She told me her name was Esther, and she came from somewhere in Volhynia. 'What is a young woman doing alone in an inn?' I asked her.

" 'I'm waiting for a smuggler.'

" 'What do you need a smuggler for?' I asked, and she told me she was going to America. 'What's wrong with this country?'

"She told me she had had an affair and the man left her. She learned that he had a wife. He was a traveling salesman, one of those skirt chasers who thinks tricking a woman is something to boast about. 'Well,' she said, 'I played and lost. I couldn't show my face at home anymore.' It came out that she had had a husband and had divorced him. Her father was a pious man and it was below his dignity. In short, she had to leave. Some smuggler was going to lead her to the German border.

" 'What will you do in faraway America?' I said. And she answered, 'Sew blouses. If you do something silly you have to pay for it.' I poured her a fourth glass, a fifth glass. She said, 'Why didn't I meet you before? A man like you would make a good husband for me.' 'It's never too late,' I said. Why should I drag it out? By the time the landlady came back from the peasant, everything was settled between us. I was drawn to her as to a magnet and she felt the same way. We held hands, kissed, and her kissing drove you crazy. She wasn't a female, she was a piece of fire. I didn't want the landlady to know what was going on and I went to sleep in my room, but I lay there in a fever. She slept right next door and I heard through the thin wall how she tossed on her bed. At dawn I fell asleep and in the morning I had to leave. We had already decided that she was going with me. The whole business of America was out. She didn't need a smuggler any more.

"I came out of my room and found my woman already packed and ready. She smiled at me and her eyes shone. When the landlady heard that she was going with me, she understood what had happened, but what did I care? My heart was with Esther. I took her in my sleigh and she sat near me on the driver's seat. She was afraid of falling and she held on to me and excited me all over again. Riding along we decided to get married. We didn't need any special ceremonies. I was a widower and she a divorcée. We would go to Getzel, the assistant rabbi, and he would lead us under a canopy. I told her about the bird and she said, 'I will be a mother to him.' We spoke about him as though he would be our child."

"Did you really marry her?" Wolf Ber asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because she was divorced and I was a Cohen. I had forgotten the law."

"Who reminded you? The assistant rabbi?"

"Who else?"

"What a story!"

4

When Rabbi Getzel told me that we couldn't marry, I wanted to tear him to pieces, but was it his fault? I never went to pray except at Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Suddenly I was a Cohen, descended from a priestly line! I took Esther and went home with her. 'Let's pretend that I'm a Catholic priest and you're my housekeeper.' I lived far from the city and nobody would look through the keyhole. At first, she was disappointed. What should she write to her family? But we were both so much in love that we could barely wait till night. Metzotze immediately became pals with her. The moment she entered he perched on her shoulder and she kissed him on the beak, and he kissed back. I said to her, 'He's our matchmaker,' and I told her the story about the gypsy and all the rest of it.

"In the beginning everything went well. We lived like two doves. They gossiped about us in the city, but who cared? So what if Simon the horse dealer isn't pious? So they won't call me up to the reading of the scroll. Well, but Esther wanted a baby and that was bad. It would mean that the baby would be a bastard. Some student from the study house told me that such a baby is not exactly a bastard, but is called by some other name. But it's bad just the same. Esther had written to her parents that she got married and they wanted to visit us. Now the complications began. I was satisfied to be alone with her. Esther and Metzotze were enough for me. But she only wanted to go to town. She asked me if I had friends, wanted to invite guests to show off with her cooking and baking. Her cooking was fit for a king. She could bake a cake which you couldn't match in the best bakeries. She dressed nicely too, but

for whom? In the fields she wore a corset. She tried to persuade me to go with her to America. I wish I had listened to her, but I had no desire to travel thousands of miles. I had a house, stables, grounds. If you have to sell all this you get almost nothing in return. What could I do in America? Press pants? Besides, I was so attached to the bird that I couldn't leave him. And it's not so easy to drag a parrot over borders and oceans. I was attached to my mare too. And where could I leave her? She wasn't young any more and if she fell into the hands of a coachman, he would whip her to pieces. I said to Esther, 'We love each other, let's live quietly. Who cares what people babble about?' But she was only drawn to people. She went to the city, made acquaintances, entangled herself with low characters and the devil knows what. I let her persuade me to invite a few horse dealers to a party, but in the years when I was a widower I had kept away from everybody and no one wanted to come to the suburbs. Those who came did us a great favor. After they left Esther burst into tears and she cried until daybreak

"Why drag it out? We began to quarrel. I mean, she quarreled. She scolded, she cursed, she cried and screamed that I had trapped her. Why didn't I tell her I was a Cohen? I didn't remember that I was a Cohen any more than you remember what you ate in your mother's belly. She lay beside me at night and kept talking as though possessed by a dybbuk. One moment she laughed; the next moment she cried. She was putting on an act, but for whom? She talked to herself and did such strange things that you wouldn't believe it was the same Esther. She called me names that you don't hear in my part of the country. Suddenly she began to be hostile to the bird. He screamed too much, he dirtied the house, he didn't let her sleep at night. She was jealous too, complaining that I loved him more than I did her.

"When this began I knew that it would have a bad ending. Was it Metzotze's fault? He was as good as an angel. At night he was quiet, but in the morning a bird doesn't lie under a quilt and snore. A bird begins to sing at daybreak. Esther, however, went to sleep at two o'clock in the morning, and at eleven at night she might begin to wash her hair or bake a cake. I saw I was in a mess, but what could I do? One minute she was sane, the next minute crazy. There's a teahouse in Kalisch where all the scum gather together. She kept on dragging me there. I sat and drank tea while she made friends with all the roughnecks. She met some strange nobody and told him all our secrets. I must have been stronger than iron not to bury myself from shame. She could be clever, but when she wanted she could act like the worst fool. It was all from spite, but what did I deserve it? Another man in my place her by the hair and throw her out, but to a person. Also, I have pity.

"I can tell you, it became worse from day to day. I never knew what Gehenna was, but I had Gehenna in my own house. She picked quarrels with the maid, the Gentile, and made her leave. I had never touched her, but Esther suspected the worst. She was only looking for excuses to make trouble. She also began to pick fights with the stable boy. For years both had worked for me with devotion. Now they had to run away, and in my business you need help. You can't do everything by yourself. Horses have to be scrubbed and groomed. There are imps that come into the stables at night. Don't laugh at me. I didn't believe it either until I saw it with my own eyes. I would buy a horse and put him in the stable. I'd come in the morning and he was bathed in sweat as though he had been driven all night long over hills and ditches. He was foaming at the mouth. I would look at the mane and it would be in pigtails. Who would come at night to braid pigtails on a horse? It happened not once but ten times. These imps can torture a horse to death. I had to go down at night and keep watch. But when the groom left, I had to do his work too. In short, it was bad. When I talked she flared up; when I was silent she complained that I ignored her. She was only looking for something to pick on. I couldn't write, and she tried to teach me. She gave me one lesson and that was it. We played cards just to kill time, but she cheated. Why did she have to cheat? I gave her enough money."

"For such a piece of merchandise there is only one remedy," said Wolf Ber. "A good swat in the kisser."

"Just what I wanted to say," Mottele Roiskes chimed in.

"I tried that too. But I have a heavy hand and when I give a blow I can cripple someone. If I touched her I had to pay the doctor. She al threatened to denounce me. But what was there to denounce? I didn't make counterfeit money. She was far from religious, but if she felt like it she could become pious. To make a fire on the Sabbath was all right, but to pour out the slops was forbidden. She changed the rules whenever it suited her. The women in the city knew of my misfortune and laughed in my face.

"It happened two years ago in the winter. I don't know how it was here, but around Kalisch there were terrible frosts. Old men couldn't remember such cold, and heating the stoves didn't

help. The wind blew and broke the trees. On my place, the wind tore off a piece of the fence. Usually it's warm in the stable, but I was afraid for my horses, for when a horse catches cold it's the end. To this day I don't remember what we quarreled about that evening, but then, when didn't we quarrel? It was one long war. Sometimes at night we made peace for a few minutes, but later we didn't even do this. She slept in the bed and I on a bench. When I had to get up, she went to sleep. I'm a light sleeper—it's easy to disturb me. She crept around, boiled tea, moved chairs; she began to say the Shema and suddenly she burst out laughing like mad. She wasn't mad—she did it to spite me. She knew that I loved the parrot and she had it in for him. A parrot comes from a warm climate and if he catches a draft, he's finished. But she opened the doors and let the wind blow in. He could have flown away because he was an animal, not a man with understanding. I told her clearly, 'If anything happens to Metzotze, it's all over with you.' And she screamed, 'Go and marry him. A Cohen is allowed to marry a parrot.' I know now that it was all predestined. It's written on a man's palm or on his forehead: He will live this long; he will do this and that. But what did she have against me? I didn't stop her from going to America. I was even ready to pay her expenses.

"Where am I? Oh. Yes, I warned her, 'You can do with me whatever you want, but don't take it out on Metzotze.' Nonetheless, she screamed at him and scolded him as though he were a man. 'He's scabby, lousy, a demon's in him,' and so on. You know, a bird needs to have darkness at night. When a lamp is lit, he thinks it's day. She kept on lighting the candles, and the bird couldn't stand light at night and tucked his head under his wing. What does a bird need? A few grains of seed and a little sleep. How can a man torture a bird? One night I heard noises in the stable. I took my lantern and went to look at the horses. As I stepped over the threshold I somehow knew there would be misfortune."

For a while all was silent. Then Wolf Ber asked, "What did she do? Chase out the parrot?"

The stranger began to murmur and to clear his throat. "Yes, in the middle of the night, in a burning frost."

"He wasn't found, huh?"

"He flew away."

"And you finished her, huh?"

The stranger paused.

"As I came back from the stable and I saw that the parrot wasn't there, I went over to her and said, 'Esther, it's your end.' I grabbed her by the hair, took her outside, and threw her into the well."

"She didn't fight back?"

"No, she went quietly."

"Still, one has to be a murderer to do something like that," Mottele Roiskes remarked.

"I am a murderer."

"What else?"

"Nothing. I went to the police and said, 'This is what I did, take me.' "

"In the middle of the night?"

"It was already beginning to get light."

"Did they let you go to the funeral?"

"No funeral."

"They say that a Cohen is an angry man," Berele Zakelkover threw in.

"It looks that way."

"How much did they give you?"

"Eight years."

"Well, you got off easy."

"I'll never get out," the stranger said.

For a long while all were quiet. Then the stranger said, "Metzotze is still around."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll think I'm crazy, but what do I care?"

"What do you mean, around?"

"He comes to me. He perches on my shoulder."

"Are you dreaming?"

"No, it's the truth."

"You imagine it."

"He speaks. I hear his voice."

"In that case you're a little touched."

"He sleeps on my forehead."

"Well, you're out of your mind."

"A parrot has a soul."

"Nonsense," Wolf Ber said. "If a parrot has a soul, so has a chicken. If all the chickens, geese, and ducks had souls, the world would be full of souls."

"All I know is that Metzotze visits me."

"It's because you miss him so much."

"He comes, he kisses me on the mouth. He flutters his tail against my ear."

"Will he come here too?"

"Perhaps."

"And how will he know that they sent you to Yanev?"

"He knows everything."

"Nonsense. Tell it to the doctor. They'll send you to the nuthouse. It's easy to run away from there. What about Esther? Does she visit you too?"

"No, she doesn't."

"Fantasies. The dead are dead. Men as well as animals."

The stranger stretched out on the bench again.

"I know the truth."

The Feud Among the Radicals

by Steven Kelman

Two passionate bands of New Leftists are now fighting each other at least as hard as they are fighting The System—because they hold totally different views about what is wrong with American society, and how to fix it.

When Yale assistant professor of history Staughton Lynd last year branded fellow civil-rights activist Bayard Rustin a "labor lieutenant of capitalism," and a liberal professor at an Eastern college countered that Lynd is "on the very margin of sanity," some observers of the factional struggles of the American Left were tempted to yawn and wonder why radicals always seem to fight each other more than their common foes. But the exchange was really the opening dialogue in the final act of a drama.

The action is taking place, not in a void—the locale of so many American radical debates since the 'thirties—but in an atmosphere made congenial by a revived campus "New Left," by the burgeoning attack on American involvement in Vietnam, and above all by the determination of the black one-tenth of the nation to join the Great Society. The predicament of today's small band of American radicals concerns the tactics they are going to use in promoting their programs. Should they work for a coalition of the largely powerless Negro masses and poor people, with groups already sharing power—the labor unions, liberal organizations like the Americans for Democratic Action, and progressive religious movements? Or should they reject alliances with such forces and attempt instead to organize those "unspoiled" by power as a potential revolutionary force independent of "The Establishment"?

To the public, such debates on the radical fringe seem no more than ludicrous. Will any appreciable number of people follow *either* path? Are today's radical disputes any different from the obscure infighting of the 'thirties between Socialists, Trotskyites, Communists, Lovestonites, and other shades of left-wing opinion?

The answer is yes. We should not be misled by the experiences of the 'thirties into ignoring the present-day radicals. The radicals of the late 'thirties remained more or less in the wilderness of theory because their potential constituency, the workers, already belonged to F.D.R. They could do unionizing work, but the workers invariably resisted attempts to make such unions tools of one or another radical faction.

On the other hand, today's potential radical following—the urban poor and the Southern Negro—is as yet unclaimed (or, as John Lindsay's election in New York shows, old claims are in flux). Furthermore, today's poor are still largely invisible amidst American affluence, while during the Depression everybody was working to end distress because everybody was involved. The isolation of today's poor, underlined by the outbreaks of destructiveness in Harlem and Watts, makes radical solutions to their problems seem necessary.

The Left of the 'thirties was mesmerized by words. While serious economic problems beset the country, many remained caught in the irrelevancies of such questions as whether the Soviet Union was a "degenerate workers' state" or a "managerialist bureaucracy." In contrast, the Left of the 'sixties prides itself on its belief in action first. The coalition *vs.* independent-action debate of the 'sixties, in fact, got started only after a few years of radical action. The Left built itself up testing its relevancy in the field.

The Immorality of Alliance

Radicals have always divided up on the basis of their answer to one important question: Is it possible to achieve "meaningful" (*i.e.*, radical) change within the existing political structure? American radicalism today might roughly be divided into three parts according to the answer to this question. There are the *Can't*s, the *Can*s, and (of considerably less importance than the others) the *Communists*.

Can'ts believe that the existing society is so corrupt that alliance with any established group is dangerous, useless, and immoral. Existing groups, in the words of the Can't publication *Freedom North*, are "so integrated into the existing structure that they function as enemies of social change." Can'ts specialize in making comparisons between America today and Nazi Germany. Many agree with Staughton Lynd that "socialism . . . is likely to come by way of resistance to fascism." With Armageddon approaching, Can'ts feel it is frivolous to try to do anything basic about our problems now.

Cans, on the other hand, are radicalism's matchmakers. As radicals, they are maximalists in their demands, but they are willing to accept less than total victory in every confrontation. Cans do not shrink from basic and caustic criticism of current institutions, but they maintain that the tool for change is available in the form of political democracy. Bayard Rustin, for example, prefaces his Can program with the remark, "Needless to say, I am assuming that the forms of political democracy exist in America, however imperfectly. . . ." Cans base their radical plans on the swing to the Left which they forecast, once groups now excluded from political power—the Negroes and the poor—get their "one man, one vote."

The Communists (or, to be more precise, the Moscow Communists) fall outside either group because theirs is essentially an opportunistic policy. Ideologically, they are Can'ts. But politically, they are often Cans. Recently, for example, American Communist party leader Gus Hall warned against the classic Can't pitfall of "being tied down by abstractions or slogans that sound radical but do not correspond to . . . what is possible," and Henry Winston, another ranking Communist official, took the coalitionist line that "equal rights can be attained only by enlisting the support of the peace organizations, the trade-union movement, and other democratic forces." This "realistic" position is of course designed to serve the purposes of the Communist party, which can then claim credit for everything that happens of which they approve.

As the battle positions form, the troops line up more and more behind two men, Bayard Rustin and Staughton Lynd—each of whom, curiously enough, often seems like a general leading a brigade which rightfully should belong on the other side.

The followers of Bayard Rustin have been caricatured as the radicals in gray-flannel suits, and denounced as academic types who have either never seen a picket line or have forgotten what it used to be like. But Rustin does not fit these stereotypes. He is rather a tall, graying Negro revolutionary, a non-racialist and a pacifist, who boasts twenty-four civil-rights and "political" arrests (including a long stretch during World War II as a conscientious objector). When I succeeded in getting to speak with him—an appointment squeezed into Rustin's perpetual round of meetings, conferences, speaking engagements—I was astonished to find that he is so active that he has had little time or inclination to follow the voluminous literature radicals pour out and the debates swirling around his name.

Rustin is not an intellectual. Unlike many other radicals, he does little writing. When he speaks he prefers to talk to local audiences rather than at $100-a-plate fund-raising affairs. A friendly observer on the liberal Left has commented that Rustin's main virtue is his ability to put reasonable proposals into revolutionary rhetoric. When he does write, his purpose is to set out a course of action. Rustin's long article in a 1965 issue of *Commentary*, "From Protest to Politics," set out the new Can course of political action, articulating positions he had begun to develop tactically at the 1963 civil-rights March on Washington and the 1964 Democratic Convention. These positions represented a departure from Rustin's earlier advocacy of direct action ("placing down our black bodies and stopping traffic") as the primary civil-rights technique.

He was born in 1910 in West Chester, Pennsylvania (ironically, this is near the place where today's radical Students for a Democratic Society—SDS—set up one of their first projects aimed at "organizing the poor"). After graduating from high school, he worked at odd jobs to earn money for college. At City College, he earned money singing folk songs with Leadbelly and Josh White. His radical and civil-rights activity has taken him around the world. As early as 1941 he became the first field secretary of the then just-formed Congress of Racial Equality. In 1947 he participated in the first freedom ride ever held. In North Carolina, the destination of the ride, he was arrested and sentenced to thirty days on a chain gang. Rustin's story of his experiences in the New York *Post* led North Carolina to abolish chain gangs.

Organization is Rustin's forte. He was Martin

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Luther King's strategist and ghost writer when King was first gaining fame. He planned the Montgomery bus boycott and drew up the design for King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. More recently, he organized both the 1963 March on Washington and the 1964 New York City school boycott. Like President Johnson, he is a man proud above all of results. He flashes results—jobs created for the poor, laws passed, discriminatory practices ended—with a sense of satisfaction.

Because of his long and distinguished career in the radical movement, it is difficult for Rustin's opponents on the Left to attack him head-on. Instead they use guerrilla tactics. The most unkind cuts of all are almost always preceded by references to the old comrade Bayard they all knew and loved, mixed with shock that he has abandoned the people for the guiles of the power structure.

From Method to Mesmerism

And who is leading the pack of holier-than-the Master disciples? Can'ts have been portrayed as the beatniks of the 'sixties, oversexed bearded slobs whose main concern is to *épater le bourgeois*. But Staughton Lynd, the general of the Can't forces, is nothing like that. Professor at Yale, Lynd seems an unlikely candidate for the role of assailant of the established order. When I spoke to him, the thirty-six-year-old Quaker—feet lazily propped on the wooden desk in his newly installed cubbyhole office in Yale's Trumbell College—answered in slow, deliberated phrases in which each word seemed carefully weighed to make sure that it would offend nobody. He almost appeared to be thinking for the first time about some of the problems on which I was questioning him. He spices his speech with such quaint Americanisms as "okey-dokey," and the Quaker expression "folk" for "people." In his published historical writings as well, Lynd is methodical and contemplative. His background in the solid professional gentry extends from New York City's Ethical Culture and Fieldston schools to Harvard.

"As long as I've known him, Staughton's been some form of Marxist," an old classmate says. In 1948 Lynd, still too young to vote, supported Norman Thomas rather than Henry Wallace for President because the latter was a "bourgeois party" candidate. In 1954 Lynd and his wife joined a Georgia cooperative community run by ex-conscientious objectors. He left the community in 1957 to do graduate work at Columbia, where he got a doctorate in American history for the thesis, "The Revolution and the Common Man: Farm Tenants in New York During the American Revolution." He got his first teaching assignment at Spelman College, a Negro women's school in Georgia. In 1964 he came to Yale.

Lynd's self-proclaimed intellectual role is that of New Left philosophical synthesizer. "I've tried to teach pacifism to the Marxists, Marxism to the pacifists, and Christianity to both," he told me. Defying all the best rules of radical obscurantism, he once defined his political credo as simply as this: "The time we live in . . . [is] the Period of Transition from Capitalism to Socialism. . . . I consider myself a radical in that I applaud the coming of socialism, and seek to assist rather than resist it."

Up until 1964 Lynd's life seemed much like a rerun out of 1840-vintage Transcendentalism, but in the summer of 1964 he got his first activist experience as director of the Mississippi Freedom Schools. It wasn't until a year later that he was arrested for the first time. Although on this occasion Lynd was literally on the receiving end of a can of red paint, he is still for the most part sheltered from the day-to-day tribulations of the radical activists.

But his spiritual home is in the fray. His skills as an organizer are recognized by all. As a Chicago SDS leader observed, "Nothing much happens without Staughton." And a crowd does something strange to Lynd—the easygoing academic is transformed into the kind of bogeyman good at scaring big businessmen and little children. Many people who knew Lynd when he was younger, and who have described him as "shy," "a poor speaker," and even "a bit pedantic" are surprised at his talents with crowds. But it is not so much Lynd's delivery that is extraordinary (a Yale student who has debated with him commented, "Even the shocking statements are made in a mild way") as what he says: in a crowd of militant revolutionaries, he can act as the conciliator; in a mixed group of militants and moderates such as are usually present at anti-War-in-Vietnam rallies, he can delight the extremists and try to move the moderates by a mixture of sweeping moralisms, bold-sounding attacks on targets as diverse as Yale and American Secretaries of State, and calls to action which at the moment they are uttered sound like just the thing needed to stop the "shame."

In addition to the generals, each side has its folk heroes. A Can't demigod is Bob Moses of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), who showed his militant opposition to the idea of "manipulative" leadership by changing his name to Bob Parris and leaving Mississippi

when he felt he was becoming too idolized by local blacks. The Cans have Michael Harrington, a former member of the Catholic Worker movement and current Socialist party leader who wrote his angry book on the American poor, *The Other America*, only to have President Kennedy read it and dream up the War on Poverty.

The personalities are diverse, and the language is anything but sedate. The Can'ts have revolutionary-sounding journals like *Liberation* and *Free Student*, as well as the less strident *Studies on the Left* and the tabloid weekly *National Guardian*. (These publications, aided by a few newspapermen who lazily picked up their expression, have succeeded in having their position dubbed the *New* Left.) The Cans can answer back only in the Socialist party's *New America* and in the bimonthly *Dissent*, but they have the advantage of access to liberal publications like *Commentary*, *The New Leader*, and even that Establishment bastion, *The New York Times Magazine*.

Cans have labeled their opponents "kamikaze radicals," "messianists," and even "reactionaries." Can'ts have replied that Cans are "court socialists" in the palace of power, unwilling to offend "the good man in the White House." Cans have been attacked as "former radicals" and even "sell-outs." At times this is meant literally: a California SNCC journal suggested that Rustin agreed to sell out in exchange for a $50,000 grant from the AFL-CIO to his A. Philip Randolph Institute. The Can coalition has been described as a "coalition with the Marines." At an open-air rally, Harrington, who had recently written an article attacking Communists in the peace movement, was derisively called "Colonel Harrington of the War on Poverty."



"In protest against everything, that's what it's in protest against!"

Beyond C. Wright Mills

This tendency to be diverted by colorful language often obscures one basic difference in the views of the Cans and Can'ts: their different conceptions of the meaning and uses of power. The Cans have an unambiguous attitude toward power. They feel it is nothing to shirk, provided it is based on democratic consent. To them, gaining political power is *the* aim of all political action.

The Can'ts are not at all sure. The dual origin of today's New Left in the anarchist and Marxist traditions leaves them unclear as to whether they want to *take* power or *annihilate* it. This double attitude becomes apparent in the actions which New Left thinkers have proposed as alternatives to Rustin's coalitionism. Sometimes their purpose seems to be to *escape* from power, sometimes to *grab* power by a minority putsch, sometimes merely to *test* the purity of their forces against temptations to "cop out" to the power structure.

These different attitudes toward power help explain the seeming contradiction in the fact that Negroes like Rustin, who have *experienced* the evils of the society which they are trying to change, seem to be less extreme in their position than middle-class whites like Lynd, who have grown up with the best America has to offer. The middle-class "community organizers" of SNCC and SDS don't mind romantically living "among the poor" on 50 cents a day. For them it is a "happening"; for the poor, it is something they've been doing all their lives, and who is to blame them if they don't like it. Lynd can afford to be extreme; he has no personal stake in the success of his programs. The poor, and

people like Rustin who have known poverty, do.

So Rustin has carefully developed a scenario for bringing about the adoption of the clearly defined Can program. He takes as his point of departure the pluralistic model of American society developed by liberal sociologists in the 'fifties to answer C. Wright Mills' attempt to prove in *The Power Elite* that a group "few in number and weighty beyond comparison," outside public control, exerts all real power in the United States.

According to the pluralistic-society theorists, countless interest and voting groups—the unions, business, churches, farmers, etc.—compete for, share, and thus atomize power. This view, which nonchalantly ignored unorganized groups (such as Southern Negroes), has been updated by Rustin. According to him and to many Cans, the United States is a pluralistic society which must be made *more* "plural."

In other words, democracy in America is not yet perfected. Not only are some groups excluded from political participation, but also economic power is concentrated in too small a group. However, the basic instrument for change is there, and the powerless of today can become the powerful of tomorrow by using it. That instrument is politics. To a strategist like Rustin, the question is one of numbers:

> A handful of Negroes, acting alone, could integrate a lunch counter by strategically locating their bodies so as *directly* to interrupt the operation of the proprietor's will; their numbers were relatively unimportant. In politics, however, such a confrontation is difficult because the interests involved are merely *represented*. . . . In arriving at a political decision, numbers and organizations are crucial, especially for the economically disenfranchised.

For Rustin, the turning point in the realization that it was time for the civil-rights movement to turn from "protest to politics" and from lunch counters to "numbers and organizations" was the mass demonstrations at Birmingham and the March on Washington in 1963. In Birmingham the entire Negro community, rather than a small educated elite, was in the streets. In Washington a coalition of Negro, church, liberal, and labor groups amassed 250,000 demonstrators. These were mass efforts with more than token goals.

The civil-rights movement, Rustin reasoned, could now use the strength it had acquired in ten years of localized pressure to turn to the more substantial problems which both Cans and Can'ts agree are at the heart of the "Negro question"—economic problems. And, in focusing on economics, the civil-rights movement could emerge from a self-restrictive racial ghetto. Automation, medical care, the quality of urban life, housing, and mass transit are not issues which face Negroes or even poor people alone: they face most Americans.

As Rustin turned his vision from small direct-action protest toward mass protest and the resulting political action to change society, he immediately was forced to realize the fact that

> . . . The country's twenty million black people [cannot] win political power alone. We need allies. The future of the Negro struggle depends on whether the contradictions of this society can be resolved by a coalition of progressive forces which becomes the *effective* political majority in the United States.

And the proposed elements of the coalition are, like Barkis, willing. As early as December 1963, in an article in the AFL-CIO's *American Federationist*, labor's leading political theorist, Gus Tyler, held before the rights movement the tantalizing possibility of a "simultaneous expansion of jobs and freedom" arising from a Negro-labor alliance. Cans have been heartened by the agreement of civil-rights and labor leaders on a three-point program of Congressional priorities: a $2 minimum wage (what one Can has called "the single most potent *civil-rights* proposal ever to come before Congress"), repeal of 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, and expanded unemployment insurance. Cans are counting on their voter drives and the unions' organizing drives to provide the power base for a swing to the left. Meanwhile they have rejoiced at the presence of Catholic nuns at Selma and the important support of the California clergy for a strike of AFL-CIO organized grape pickers in that state.

Redemption through Success

The goal of Can action is to *shift the center of power* by placing the votes and influence of Negroes and the poor behind a new progressive majority force, eventually realigning the two parties so that the "alliance of New Dealers and Slave Dealers" within the Democratic party is broken, and making it the instrument of the Negro-labor-liberal coalition. Rustin argues that the Negroes will of necessity be a radical influence in the coalition, because even if most Negroes—in their hearts—"seek only to enjoy the fruits of American society as it now exists," they will find this goal impossible. Rustin says: "The young Negro who would demonstrate his way into the labor market may be motivated by a thoroughly bourgeois ambition and thoroughly 'capitalist' consid-

erations, but he will end up having to favor a great expansion of the public sector of the economy."

The Cans are counting on redeeming their radicalism, not by verbal militance, but by success. Rustin can boast of his work in opening up the building-trades unions to Negroes. "How many jobs have these fellows produced?" he asks of the Can'ts. Radicals of the Can persuasion will continue to press for massive government programs of slum clearance, urban development, public housing, hospital and park construction, and the creation of new towns. Though such a program is still "this side of radicalism" (to use Michael Harrington's phrase), it would be an important radical breakthrough in that it would necessitate national planning. It is at this point, says Harrington, that the radical forces in the coalition could press for the "basic transformations" which the poor need today, but which "the entire society will require tomorrow if it is to make its revolutionary technology humane."

So the Cans are busy trying to build.

But not without sniping. Hal Draper, a leftover from the 'thirties and a Berkeley perennial, has quipped that the Can theory of coalition leading to realignment "has an excellent chance of coming true if Mary Poppins joins the LID" (the League for Industrial Democracy, a leading Can "educational organization"). But the more fundamental criticism of the coalition concept by the Can'ts is not its impracticality but its political immorality.

Staughton Lynd has summed up this objection in the epigram "Coalitionism is Elitism": "its assumption is that major political decisions are made by deals between the representatives of the interests included in the coalition. . . . Men like Rustin will become the national spokesmen who sell the line agreed on behind doors to the faithful followers in the streets."

This conclusion about the alleged antidemocratic nature of coalitionism was reached at the 1964 Democratic National Convention at Atlantic City. To the Can'ts, the turning point was when the credentials of the all-white official Mississippi Delegation were challenged by the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party (MFDP), an independent political grouping organized by SNCC. The Democratic hierarchy came up with a compromise: the MFDP would get two at-large seats, and a resolution requiring abolition of racial discrimination in delegate selection would be adopted.

SNCC leaders opposed the compromise, carrying the majority of the MFDP delegates with them and out of the convention. Rustin, along with Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, James Farmer, and others, fought for its acceptance, arguing that it was the best solution obtainable and that allies in the liberal wing of the Democrats would be necessary in the future. Lynd objected to Rustin's contention that "national considerations"—the need of the Negro for allies—must play a role in the decision; by that, Lynd felt, Rustin meant that the "plain people in Mississippi" were not "competent to decide" on the matter.

The Democratic "power structure" was thus thrown in the same lot as the Mississippi racists. Both, said SNCC, wanted to keep the Negro "at the back of the bus." The lesson, SNCC leader Bob Moses said later, was that "responsible" groups in society were not responsible, that the destiny of America was not in the people's hands. And the villain of the Can't morality play was Rustin.

The Can'ts thus came to contest Rustin's view of American society as an incomplete democracy. To them this is a country ruled by an all-embracing "power structure" where even the "first-class citizens" (middle-class, white-collar, and industrial-working-class whites) do not have "any meaningful degree of control over the basic direction of American society or the values which now dominate it," in the words of one editor of *Studies on the Left*.

This Can't model of what they call, with obvious awe mixed with scorn, "The System" is essentially, if not always overtly, Marxist. Indeed, the ideological Marxists have indignantly asked why today's Can't New Left uses pussyfooting terms like "Establishment" and "power structure" when it means—or at least *should* mean—capitalism.

The answer is that the Can'ts don't quite *mean* capitalism. Capitalism is part of what they mean, but the whole is more accurately described as "power." They have updated C. Wright Mills to make the "power elite" a fiendish, but demonically brilliant, octopus which is frantically trying to devour any radical movement emerging to the surface.

Playing Checkers the Can't Way

So a fundamental reason that Can'ts refuse to enter into coalitions with liberals or unions is that these have *power*. They are part of the same Establishment that General Motors and Governor Wallace are part of. In fact, the New Left's most significant contribution to modern political paranoia is their increasingly prominent belief (strangely parallel to that of the John Birch Society) that The System against which they are railing is none other than American liberalism.

Why is the owner of this Rover 2000 smiling?



Because he's alive.

This Rover 2000 Sports Sedan was photographed st after a head-on collision with a truck.

With virtually any other make of car, certain things ıd to happen in these dire circumstances, among em: a) The engine tries to join you in the front at; b) The steering column, which on most cars be- ıs near the front wheels, competes with your chest. Neither of these happened to the driver of this over 2000. (If you are wondering what *did* happen, cracked a collar bone and two ribs because his fety harness was carelessly loose.)

Luck Had Little To Do

Luck had very little to do with it; the answer is in e car itself.

First off, the Rover 2000 is designed with the ought that, on collision, an engine ought to go down *ıder* a car rather than up into your lap.

Also, the forward section of the body is designed crumple defensively; an expensive shock-absorber, at well worth it. Note that although the front lost 18 ches, the passenger compartment is intact.

Steering Column Has To Go

As to the lost 18 inches; in the ordinary car a foot- ıd-a-half of steering column has to go *somewhere.* he 2000's steering column begins behind the engine, ıd thus is not accident-prone. Moreover, the steer- g wheel is flexible and shock-absorbent.

The seats, front and back, are bucket seats of molded steel covered by fine padded leather. The tops of the front seats are padded, as well, to protect them from the faces of the rear passengers.

The top of the dash and the storage bins in front of your knees are also padded. Objects that are necessarily hard are carefully located and inoffensively shaped.

The Rover 2000 Sports Sedan is thought by many authorities to be the safest car in the world. Happily, it is also among the best handling, so that the likelihood of accident is far less to begin with, and it is fun to drive.

In addition to a revolutionary suspension system which makes for fantastic maneuverability, the 2000 also has disc brakes all around.

Heartless To Pretend . . .

In conclusion, may we apologize for mentioning such unpleasant possibilities? However, it is even more heartless to pretend that they don't exist—and neglect to provide for them.

The stern fact is that very few cars have *any* of the safety features we have mentioned; and only the 2000 has all of them—and a good many more besides.

Oh, yes, the price: $3998. Or you can buy it for delivery in Europe and save enough to pay for your passage. If you write, we'll tell you about that, too. Thank you.

The Rover Motor Co. o. N. America Ltd., Chrysler Bldg., New York

Snarled traffic, snarling drivers. Who cares?



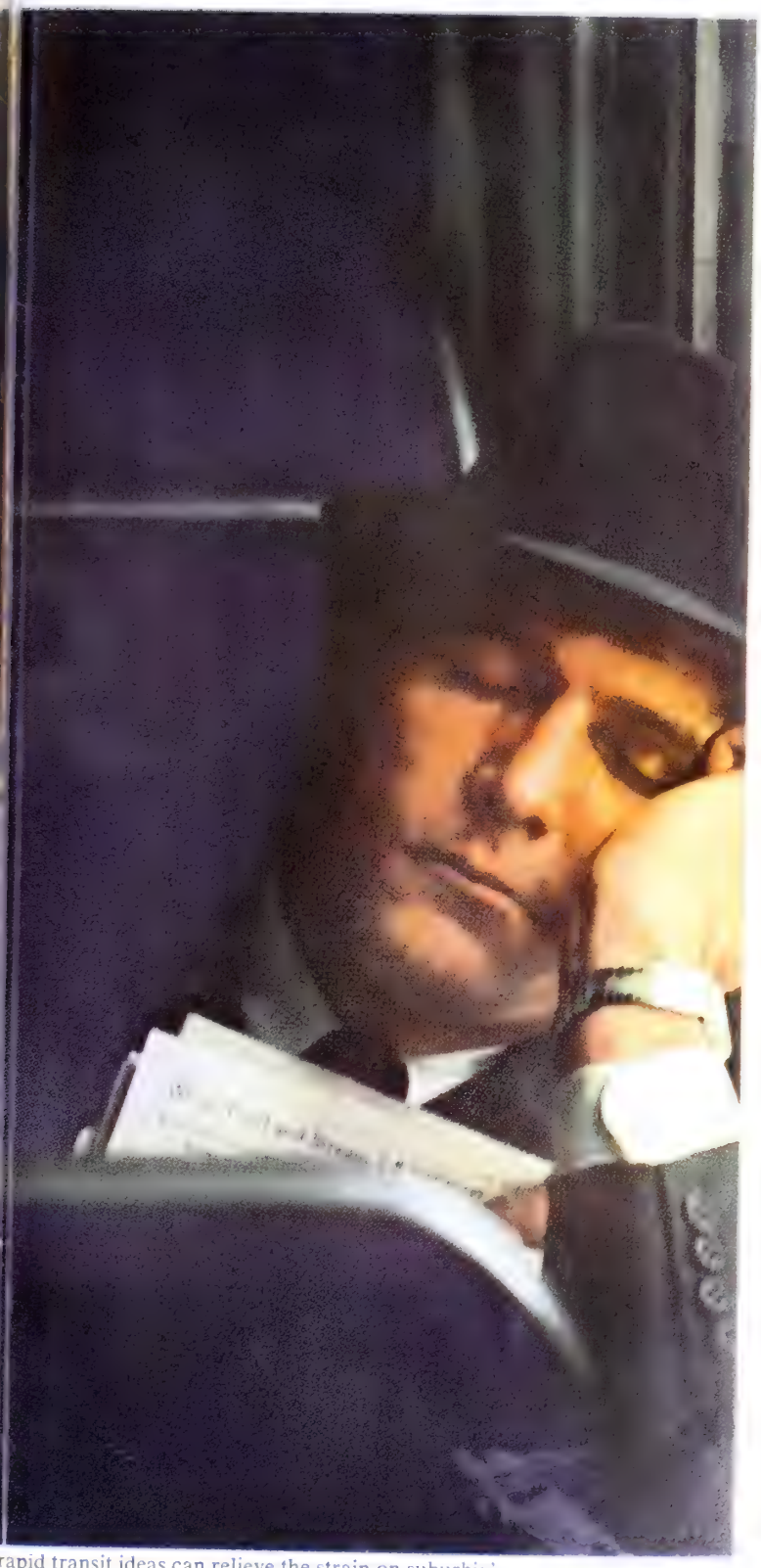
To help untangle traffic, G-E engineers developed closed-
of signals for smoother flow. Another helpful G-E contribution.

Big trip, little time. Who cares?



New helicopter service sharply cuts time wasted traveling
to airports. In New York, G-E powered 'copter cuts a 45-minu
trip to seven. In Los Angeles, from 50 minutes to ten.
And the cost is about the same as taking a cab.

Dreary commute, weary commuter. Who cares?



rapid transit ideas can relieve the strain on suburbia's
nuters. For San Francisco, G.E. has developed computers,
controls and propulsion systems so trains can operate
mph speeds—with a train every 90 seconds.

General Electric cares

(and we're working on better ways to get you where you're going)

Americans are "go" people. But the going's getting tougher all the time.

What to do about jammed roads and overburdened transit systems? At General Electric our scientists and engineers are coming up with some interesting answers.

If you live near water, you may, in the near future, travel to work on a ferryboat at speeds up to 70 miles an hour. A hydrofoil powered by G-E engines is now pioneering such a service. And don't be surprised if air commuting starts in your community. We're building engines for new vertical-takeoff and landing aircraft that may well be tomorrow's commuter vehicles.

For longer-range transportation, G-E engineers are now developing jet engines for 2000-mph airplanes that will shrink the world more than 50%.

Ideas like these (and those at left) come from trying to serve our customers better. But the people at General Electric have another motive:

We want to get home from work faster, too.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

If Gene Kelly doesn't wait in line, why should you?



This vacation, thousands of people will take the first flight of their lives.

And if you're one of them, you probably won't mind waiting in line to check in.

Or waiting 10 minutes to get your baggage back.

You'll simply be too excited to care.

Still, why should you have to wait? Gene Kelly doesn't.

American happens to know all about travellers like Gene Kelly—men who take planes 40 or 50 times a year—because they're the ones we built American for.

We even put in a computer to keep Mr. Kelly's reservations straight on every trip he makes.

And Louis Harris, whose opinion surveys are famous, found that these are the fliers that American got. They take American every time they have a choice.

All of which makes it kind of nice for you, too.

Because the family on vacation gets exactly the same service that Gene Kelly gets.

They have to.

If they take the same airline.



American built an airline for professional travellers.

But, lest they be accused of reverting to the old leftism of the Communists in the early 'thirties, who used such terms as "Social Fascist" in describing Social Democrats, the Can'ts shrink from such terminology, preferring instead a new term of their invention, "corporate liberalism." It is the "corporate liberals," said SDS President Carl Oglesby at an antiwar rally last November, who rule America.

This all is pretty cagey. The corporations rule the country; the assignment of the liberals and labor unions is to stop ("co-opt" in the current parlance) radicalism by producing watered-down reform. Thus the cabal keeps all power in its hands and prevents The People from making any decisions affecting their lives.

But, in their attempted synthesis of Marxism, pacifism, and anarchism, the Can'ts end up unsure as to what they want to do about society. Meanwhile, they cover up lack of decision with slogans like "Let The People Decide"—it is they, not us, say the Can'ts, who should come up with programs and conclude what to do.

The heart of the ambiguity in this attitude lies in Lynd's concept of The Unrepresented. Behind this idea is the old anarcho-Rousseauian belief that majority-rule democracy is insufficient because it does not include the whole community in sharing power. A minority is defeated, period. It can try to become a majority, but as long as it isn't, it doesn't make policy.

For someone who cannot stand such a situation, there are two possible courses of action. One is to *renounce* the idea of power and to withdraw into a new community created by people who share your beliefs and style of life. The other is to *grab* power to become the government—through a minority putsch supported by a small number of self-chosen saviors. Lynd has toyed with both anarchistic and authoritarian courses of action in his chief contribution to Can't political thought, the "parallel structure."

Parallel structures are institutions set up outside the existing community ("community" in the broad sense of "social unit"). They are the refuge of The Unrepresented. The Southern Negro cannot participate in either major party, so he creates a "parallel party" (after the Atlantic City Convention in 1964, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party started describing itself in such terms). This is one thing in Mississippi or Alabama, where the Negroes are literally disenfranchised. But what if the majority of the people are in favor of, say, the war in Vietnam? This still leaves the minority unrepresented (because "the majority rules"). So, according to Lynd, The Unrepresented should form a parallel *government* to end the war. If you don't follow this logic, you've never played checkers with someone who knocks the board over when he starts losing.

Lynd offers the Continental Congress of 1774 as an excellent example of a parallel government growing into the real government. According to Lynd-the-Authoritarian, those opposed to the Vietnam war should unite with those involved with SNCC and SDS community work to convene a new Continental Congress.

> Resolutions would be adopted and the form of treaties ratified; emissaries of the congress could seek to make direct contact with the people of other countries. In effect the continental congress would begin to govern. The transfer of allegiance would apply, to begin with, only to specific acts. Those refusing to pay taxes might pay them to the continental congress.

This would go on until Johnson and "the Tuesday lunch club that runs this country" resign!

This comic opera version of a *coup d'etat*, carried on by a handful of Can'ts presumably in the name of the "objective interests" of mankind, shows at its purest how the Can'ts turn the corner toward totalitarianism. Imagine the twenty-seven millions who voted for Goldwater setting up their own government, occupying SAC, and dropping The Bomb on Peking. Lynd's "parallel structure" ideas could lead to a potential putsch by any kind of disgruntled political faction.

But there is also Lynd-the-Anarchist, sounding like a modern Pied Piper of Hamelin, leading the discontented from current corruption to parallelistic purity. He idyllically exhorts the alienated: "Let the teacher leave the university and teach in Freedom Schools; let the reporter quit his job on a metropolitan daily and start a community newspaper."

When used in this manner, the parallel structure is not really a political device at all. It is rather a "counter-community," an oasis of fraternity in a land of materialism. People elected by Negroes as representatives to state or national legislatures, suggests Lynd, should "decline" to take their seats, and serve as a "symbol" of rejection of existing government, presumably staying home to create some local "parallel structure."

It Boils Down to Style

If the creation of such havens of happiness is the goal of SDS and SNCC in their organization of the poor, the poor people involved are likely to view the whole thing as a cruel hoax perpetrated

lant protest involves at most five of more than one hundred plantations on the Delta. With so [illegible] to bring in labor from other plantations. Under such conditions, the strike can theoretically go on forever without any results. Meanwhile, the strikers [illegible] from the North and freedom songs from SNCC.

Pop-Art Guerrilla Warriors

[illegible] is unable to accept the objective existence of success. For three years, SNCC devoted virtually all [illegible] tions. After a lot of fighting, they achieved a little desegregating. Then came the Civil Rights Act of [illegible] a bit: public accommodations did not really matter if you did not have the money to use them. So next SNCC turned its attention to voter registration [illegible] came the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Suddenly [illegible]

Their attitudes, say the Cans, lead to giving up the struggle, then giving up politics, and resigning [illegible] give up trying." [illegible]

Meanwhile, among those still engaged in politics, the struggle goes on. The Can'ts continue with their invective and their organizing. As the war in Vietnam has escalated, the Can'ts have accused the Cans of agreeing to be quiet on "U. S. imperialism" in Vietnam and elsewhere as the price for their coalition—a coalition which thus becomes, by extension, a "coalition with the Marines."

This accusation has occasioned some of Lynd's most hysterical attacks on Rustin, since Lynd considers attack on American foreign policy as one – if not *the* – foremost goal of any radical movement.

While the Can'ts shout, the Cans are able to keep relatively restrained. For they know that even independent radical organizing efforts will help them and increase their strength in any coalition. This is why Rustin can say that he is grateful for SDS community organizing and local third parties, but still add that on a national level coalitionism is the only answer.

One wonders what ever became of the End of Ideology. In 1960 Professor Daniel Bell, the Columbia sociologist, wrote a book documenting "the exhaustion of political ideas in the 'fifties." Bell spoke of a world where old ideological battles were over, where men debated, not about doctrines, but about allocation of resources.

That was the 'fifties. The 'sixties have now passed their halfway mark and it seems that perhaps Bell's death sentence was a bit premature. Clark Kissinger of the SDS disputes Bell in the direct New Left manner: "When they proclaim the end of ideology, it's like an old man proclaiming the end of sex. Because he doesn't feel it anymore, he thinks it's disappeared."

Whatever else can be said about the radicals, one thing stands out. *They* feel it.

Two Ways of Dying

by Marion Lineaweaver

Sheeted in sun, the rail warm to my arms,
The deck breathing hugely under me,
I watch the net of the ship's wake
Ravel away, slide into piling foam.
Struck from the cloud
Being sculptured over my head
An explosion of gulls is like marble chips
That powder down to the wind's onrush.

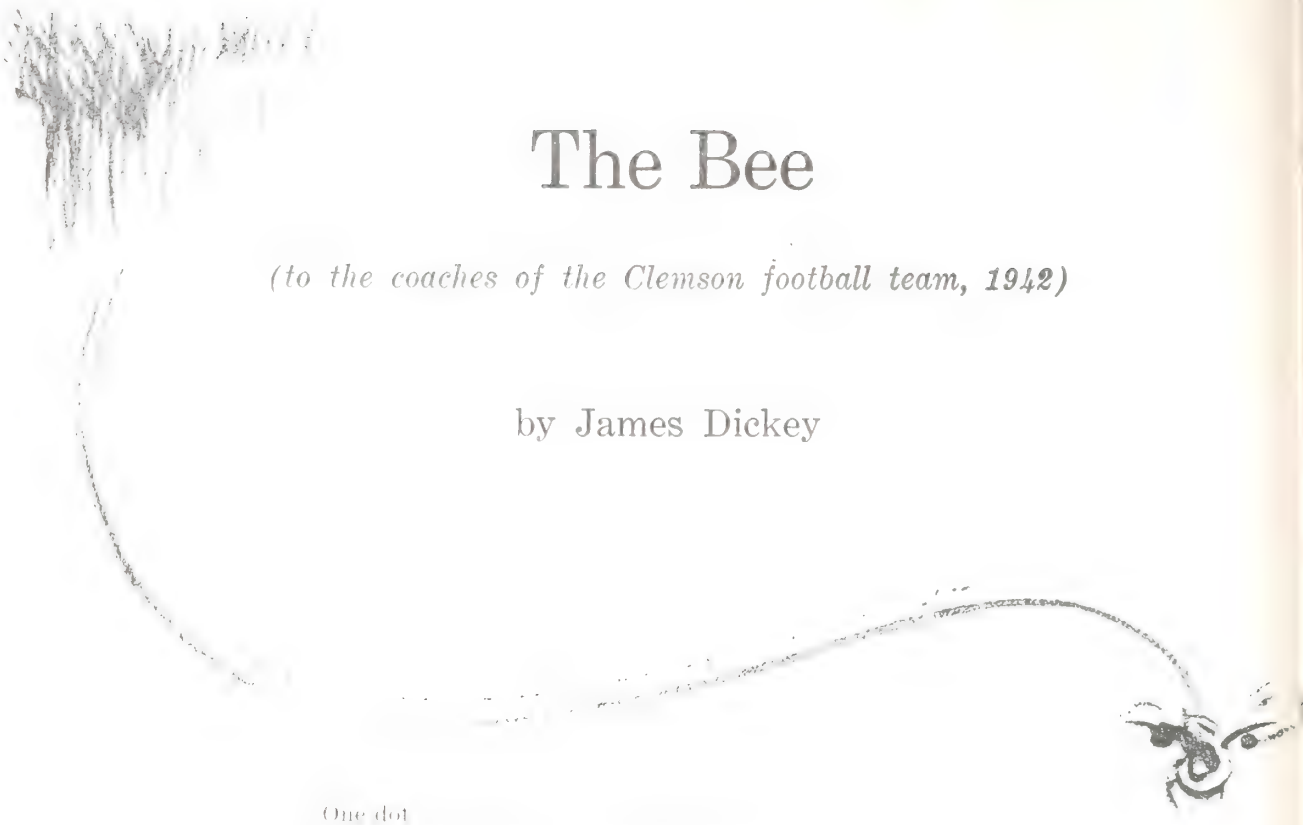
I think of waterfront gulls,
Awkward, dull as wood,
In the city which was my tomb.
I remember mean streets
And immovable masses of air.

I shall walk in Naples tomorrow,
On my left the beat and shine of the bay,
On my right the Villa Communale
With sparkling babies, balloons, music, mimosa
I shall see eight black horses
In clatter and glitter
Drawing an ebony hearse
Embossed with carved cupids and feathers;
Inside the glass, flanked by roccoco lanterns,
The casket, massively silver.
A quick boy springing up from the docks
Will press into my hands an incandescent bouquet
Of red camellias.
Death is an act of pride
In Naples, on such a day.

The Bee

(to the coaches of the Clemson football team, 1942)

by James Dickey



One dot
Grainily shifting we at roadside and
The smallest wings coming along the rail fence out
Of the woods one dot of all that green. It now
Becomes flesh-crawling then the quite still
Of stinging. I must live faster for my terrified
Small son it is on him. Has come. Clings.



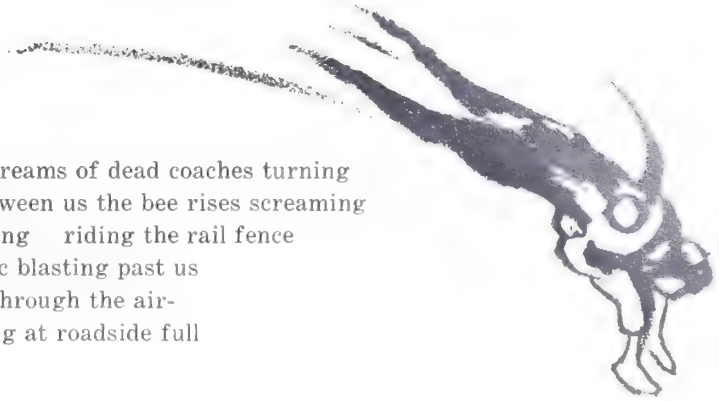
Old wingback, come
To life. If your knee-action is high
Enough, the fat may fall in time God-damn
You, Dickey, *dig* this is your last time to cut
And run but you must give it everything you have
Left, for screaming near your screaming child is the sheer
Murder of California traffic: some bee hangs driving



Your child
Blindly onto the highway. Get there however
Is still possible. Long live what I badly did
At Clemson and all of my clumsiest drives
For the ball all of my trying to turn
The corner downfield and my spindling explosions
Through the five-hole over tackle. O backfield

Coach Shag Norton,
Tell me as you never yet have told me
To get the lead out scream whatever will get
The slow-motion of middle age off me I cannot
Make it this way I will have to leave
My feet they are gone I have him where
He lives and down we go singing with screams into

Osborn



The dirt,
Son-screams of fathers screams of dead coaches turning
To approval and from between us the bee rises screaming
With flight grainily shifting riding the rail fence
Back into the woods traffic blasting past us
Unchanged, nothing heard through the air-
conditioning glass we lying at roadside full

Of the forearm prints
Of roadrocks strawberries on our elbows as from
Scrimmage with the varsity now we can get
Up stand turn away from the highway look straight
Into trees. See, there is nothing coming out no
Smallest wing no shift of a flight-grain nothing
Nothing. Let us go in, son, and listen



For some tobacco-
mumbling voice in the branches to say "That's
a little better," to our lives still hanging
By a hair. There is nothing to stop us we can go
Deep deeper into elms, and listen to traffic die
Roaring, like a football crowd from which we have
Vanished. Dead coaches live in the air, son live

In the ear
Like fathers, and *urge* and *urge*. They want you better
Than you are. When needed, they rise and curse you they scream
When something must be saved. Here, under this tree,
We can sit down. You can sleep, and I can try
To give back what I have earned by keeping us
Alive, and safe from bees: the smile of some kind



Of savior–
Of touchdowns, of fumbles, battles,
Lives. Let me sit here with you, son,
As on the bench, while the first string takes back
Over, far away and say with my silentest tongue, with the man-
creating bruises of my arms with a live leaf a quick
Dead hand on my shoulder, "Coach Norton, I am your boy."



James Dickey, will be Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress next fall. His fourth book of poems, "Buckdancer's Choice," brought him the National Book Award this spring.

It's that time of year again, and to help make travel both lighthearted and rewarding, here are a pair of guides to Gallic courtesies—one to help the voyager cross all of France sensibly, a second to lead him to a place of unusual pleasures.

A Skeptical Guide to Michelin

by Herbert R. Lottman

How reliable is it? What do those stars really mean? Why should Americans read the Michelin differently from other people?

The three institutions I admire most in Europe are Venice, the Paris daily newspaper *Le Monde*, and the Michelin Guides—the fat red volume published each Easter for France, the smaller red apprentice volumes for Italy and Germany, the narrow-format soft-cover Guides to sights in sixteen regions of France and eight other Western European states.

Yet I try to approach them with some objectivity: I'm familiar with the canal smells and the awful summer tourists; I'm furious at *Le Monde* for its simple-minded anti-Americanism; and I want desperately to be rational about Michelin, even though I know that in Europe no hotel or restaurant is as perfect as the Guide Michelin which describes it. I've been its disciple for years, as well as its slave; about a score of the 20,000 annual letters it receives from travelers are mine, and in them I comment on some hundred hotels and restaurants which I visited and liked or didn't.

The very dimensions of the French Guide (the 1966 edition was published in mid-March, not a moment too soon for those who depend upon it for daily guidance) demand respect: over 1,000 pages annually, each line containing up to twelve separate facts about 6,984 hotels and 3,250 restaurants (thanks to the use of symbols), every detail reviewed each year (has the cooking improved? have the rooms been redecorated? have rates gone up?)* This year 873 establishments were added, 544 eliminated; no restaurant was added to the three-star category ("worth the trip"), but seven got two stars ("worth a detour") and two lost them. There was much wringing of hands when newspaper leads reported that the celebrated Left Bank seafood restaurant Relais de Porquerolles not only lost its two stars but was purely and simply eliminated from the Guide, for reasons which were not announced and may remain secret forever. Fifty restaurants got their first star ("good food in its class") while 38 lost theirs. Among notable rejectees in this category was that favorite of Americans on the delightful square facing Jean-Louis Barrault's Théâtre de France, La Méditerranée, which one seems to visit only on the head chef's night off; another was fashionable and elegant Fouquet's, Champs-Elysées rendezvous for the cinema set, whose waiters lean

* Michelin Red Guides (Hotels and Restaurants) for France, Germany, Benelux, Spain, and Italy—with explanatory notes in English—are distributed in the U. S. by French & European Publications, Inc., New York City.

on one's table to shout at each other as they might in some Neopolitan trattoria.

One can visit any city covered by the Michelin Guides and find a recommended establishment at the desired price, knowing from the tiny map where the view is, where the noisy trams run, how far it is to the sea, to the post office, to the garage.

Examine the Michelin organization. That awful building on an outer Paris boulevard, giving the visitor the impression he is entering a garage (the back way). The ceremonial fire stairs (there isn't any elevator), the peeling paint, lavatory-tiled walls, floors which seem to have been destroyed by skilled vandals. This—shall we say "unpretentious"?—building houses the Paris components of the Michelin company, makers of honest tires. André Michelin created the first of the tourist guides in 1900, to promote motoring (when there were only 3,000 cars in all France), and hence to encourage the wearing out of tires. "This work appears at the beginning of the century," he wrote in the preface to the first volume. "It will last as long as the century."

Today the Guide remains a first-class publicity scheme, and if its costs are not made up by the sale of over 450,000 copies, they are written off with joy by the parent company.

The Michelin staff numbers two hundred, but the section responsible for sampling the hotels and restaurants of France is a small one, ten inspectors and their chief, all anonymous. To avoid pressures, they will not divulge names, and only one of their number has been elected to deal with the outside world as *chargé de relations extérieures;* his name once appeared in a magazine article, and there is no use hiding now. New inspectors are selected from the regular Michelin organization, although some are now being recruited from the student bodies of France's fine hotel schools. They undergo twenty-four months of rugged training in the headquarters building before setting off on their annual 15,000-mile tours. (Separate native staffs prepare the red guides for foreign countries.)

Still, I should have liked to have met the Chief, whom I might call M. I do know something about him: he is sixty-two years old, which makes me feel better, because I had heard that Michelin inspectors were all very young (the average age is in fact over forty). I am also assured that M has a pot belly. I should hope so. My friend Harold Newman, author of the well-known *European Travel Guide*, has the physical appearance of a connoisseur, and instinctively one feels confidence in his judgment, a confidence one might be reluctant to accord to the young Michelin inspector whose photo I once saw in a weekly magazine. "Let me have men about me that are fat." I want the Guide Michelin inspector to have a hungry look; I don't want him lean.

No outsider has ever attended the annual meeting of the Michelin Security Council, but I am able to reveal how it proceeds. All ten inspectors "licensed to eat" are present, grouped about M and his immediate assistants; the director of Michelin Tourist Services is there, and so is the president of the Michelin Tire company. Each matter involving stars to be awarded or withdrawn is discussed separately. A typical dossier will contain the reports of several visits by a Michelin inspector (only after paying the bill does he flash a card bearing his photo, and offer compliments or criticism); irate notes from the general public, or their enthusiastic praise.

One must understand Michelin's essential conservatism. The loss of a star to a restaurant in a small town may put an end to the parade of travelers to that town, seriously impairing its economy. No wonder that the restaurant's proprietor wakes the head of the local chamber of commerce to cry with him; that the latter phones the mayor, he phones the *préfet* (governor of one of France's regions), who may decide to raise the matter with a member of the Cabinet.

Decisions, then, are as grave as any made in France in our time. For this reason, I feel there is a proper usage of the Guide which is not necessarily evident to the occasional traveler; one is tempted to say that the Guide is not to be placed in everybody's hands. Here, I think, are the basic rules to remember.

All men are fallible

In the only epigram I heard in the Michelin building, the External Relations officer Monsieur Jean Lasbugues remarked: "*Les restaurants à trois étoiles n'existent pas, ce sont des restaurants à deux étoiles . . . améliorés.*" It was a humble concession to relativity. Suppose your plate is warmed, but the food on it was cold to start with? How many minor errors add up to one big one?

Michelin admits that its judgment is empirical, based on comparison. Its confidential questionnaires used to award from 0 to 20 points for each

Herbert R. Lottman, who has lived in France since 1956, is an editorial representative of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, a free-lance contributor to American magazines, and, he says, "obviously a free-lance eater." He was a Fulbright scholar in France in 1949-50, studying reading taste.

dish depending on degree of excellence; in an effort to be flexible, the form now asks the inspector to mark columns headed Very Bad, Bad, Mediocre, Rather Good, Good, Very Good. A line drawn from top to bottom, touching the marks, affords an immediate graphic pattern.

Some inspectors are better at wines, and some at sauces. The Michelin board strives for consen- [illegible] don't shudder.

Be as skeptical as the Guide is conservative.

If a resturant's star is new, the chances are it's a valid one. If it is old, it may mean that it is on its way out but Michelin is hesitating, for fear of ruining the restaurant (which overnight can lose half its clientele) and the town. A star or two stars (and, we fear, sometimes even three) may become a habit, and the mood around Michelin headquarters didn't strike us as iconoclastic. "We have to realize that anyone can have a bad day." Michelin explains. Then when an old gourmet learns that a favorite restaurant has been demoted, it's as if he has lost his own stars. Arguing with one such person about why I think Lapérouse in Paris is overrated is like talking to a World War I veteran about what was wrong with Marshal Pétain.

Robert Courtine is food editor of *Le Monde*, writing under the nom de plume of La Reynière. He is a friend and admirer, but also an occasional critic, of the Guides. "Certainly Michelin's policy is to watch and wait," he has written. But surely when the owner of a restaurant dies and the food drops in quality, should the star remain? The example he cites is the traditional Ramponneau in Paris, which is still starred in the 1966 edition.

Restaurants whose waiters sing crude songs, or where customers are known to be of *moralité douteuse*, will never be listed in the Michelin Guide. For this kind of experience we must follow our own instincts.

Stars don't always shine.

I'll never forget my visit to a restaurant in the Loire château country, the only one with two Guide Michelin stars, on a drive down with friends from New Rochelle. The specialty listed in the Guide, *Dodine de canetон au porto*, was inedible; we learned after the fact that the restaurant had just reopened after some weeks of holiday, so the duck was too fresh. (Today the restaurant omits the *dodine* from its list of specialties in the Guide Michelin.)

Just as there are good days and bad days for a cook, there are daytime and nighttime restaurants. I can reveal for the first time that Michelin inspectors are workers too and most often drop in on Paris restaurants for lunch (with the exception of strictly supper places). Yet the tourist often elects to skip lunch (when museums are open and the sun may be shining) to save his appetite for dinner. Alas, if the restaurant is in a business neighborhood, even a star won't guarantee that in the evening you won't be faced with a deserted room, bored waiters, stale bread, reheated potatoes —as I have been at the one-star Grand Veneur in Paris—and you are fortunate if the chef hasn't slipped home to watch TV.

Bull in a restaurant, a bear in hotel rooms.

A personal experience: One of the finest restaurants I know in Paris (its successful owner has now shut it down to take over a château in Southwest France which he is turning into a gastronomic heaven) was never listed in the Guide Michelin. Yet I'd have given it two stars. The owner occasionally expressed his bitterness to me, and I know he was justified. But Michelin simply can't list all the restaurants in France. Chez Denis in Paris' 16th arrondissement has been in existence for five years, but Michelin waited three before honoring it. "We had to be sure it was stable."

And some restaurants don't want a star, Michelin says, for it is an obligation to keep up standards (comparatively simple when the owner does his own cooking, but an expensive matter when he must find the right chef after the previous one has left him).

The moral, of course, is that you may indeed discover a restaurant which is not in the book. "We have eight thousand cards on establishments we must visit this year," Michelin says. You may get to one of them first. Let's hope you're not sorry that you did.

As for hotels, I don't experiment myself. Outside of Paris, anyway, hotels not in Michelin are to be avoided at any cost; better go another hour's drive than yield to the temptation. I once stayed in a hotel in Evreux which could have been in Izmir because I forgot this simple rule.

The star you save may be your own.

Michelin men are human beings, subject to our weaknesses. They can be softened by flowers on the table, or a match set to Grand Marnier in a dish of crêpes. Certainly the Michelin team is trained to look for the truth beneath the decor, although I don't blame them if they sometimes

break under the pressure of outdoor tables under parasols, jet fountains, and long-limbed girls with dark lashes lunching at adjacent tables. If the decor knocks your eye out, what do you think it does to the Michelin man who works in that awful building on the Boulevard Pereire?

And if Michelin inspectors are human, what can we expect of the customers who allow themselves to be dazzled by considerations foreign to the significant issue? Sitting in the garden watching the fountains, or the girls, they tend to lose track of time, and if the chicken comes late and cold, who cares? They'll write to Michelin to say it was the best meal of their trip.

Speaking of a Normandy restaurant we feel is overrated, a Michelin inspector told me, "What can we do? The movie colony likes it. They order double whiskeys before dinner, then smoke two cigarettes during dinner—absolute death to gastronomy. Then"—his voice dropped to a tone of confidence—"we must say that at the seashore one eats lobster. The chef pops it into the oven, and serves. And of course it's delicious. But that isn't *cooking*." So this Normandy restaurant has its devoted followers, *que voulez-vous*?

Michelin hates to topple giants.

Are the dozen three-star restaurants of France *always* worth three stars? Can anyone be good all the time, and every day? The question is important, because thousands of travelers this year will drive long distances on European roads—they will risk their lives, is what it is—in order to arrive at mealtime at one of those establishments which Michelin has crowned with its highest distinction.

Thus there is a legendary restaurant in Southeast France, eighteen miles below Lyons, Les Pyramides, which has been idealized as the best in the country. Indeed it was, as far as I am any judge, in 1953 when the owner-chef Fernand Point was alive.

Today M. Point's widow and a succession of chefs have managed to keep up the standards, at least superficially. The garden, the decor, the large menu are still there. When we arrived on our last visit we saw *la patronne* in an anteroom, shuffling playing cards and glancing at a TV set; at no time during dinner did she come in to supervise, nor did any member of the staff who might have been acting as her deputy.

And indeed, all was not well. This was the hunting season, but the only dish the menu offered was grilled chicken, brought to the table tepid, on the same plate with string beans and *gratin dauphinois*, each (chicken, vegetable, potatoes) in its own sauce, thrown together in a cacophony of sight and taste which for GIs will evoke mess-hall days.

The fabulous hors d'oeuvres of Point had been reduced to three, the *foie gras en brioche* sliced so finely we could hardly taste it. One dish, during this *triste* dinner, was actually cooked to order, for I had asked for an omelette to replace the fish. Surely this would be no challenge to a three-star chef, but rarely have I tasted one as ordinary. The desserts were of the sort tourists find in a neighborhood *patisserie*. Service was too rapid, without style; we laughed at a series of papier-mâché and plastic decorations on the platters which seemed to herald the poverty of the cuisine—so much *poudre aux yeux* for the tourist.

But if you are a celebrity or a journalist, you will first introduce yourself to Mme. Point, and leave the table with those stars in your eyes. And if you are the man from Michelin, can you go against the opinion of the tastemakers, in a sense contributing to the overthrow of your own empire? ("We receive complaints about every restaurant, especially those with three stars," the Michelin man says phlegmatically.)

Deduct one star if American.

Many restaurant employees and their *patrons* have less consideration for Americans, judging them all on the behavior of a few whiskey-drinking, cigar-smoking samples. The service is always a little off, the duck a little fatty, when one is accompanied by friends speaking no French. Thus the three-star establishment is worth only two to a damned Yankee, the two-star only one. To meet this problem with success, be particularly exigent from the outset, turn back stale bread, refuse a wine of a different château or year from the one ordered. All of this makes for a nervous stomach but a respected one, and the ground is prepared for the Americans who may follow.

Be a good loser.

The first Guide to be published in 1966 was the red book for Italy. I rushed to buy a copy, tempted to thumb through it even before reaching home. I was stunned: two of my favorite restaurants in Rome had been removed completely, as if they had never existed. My *intellect* tells me that Michelin must be right; on balance, they are always right. I can only count on the unevenness of Italian restaurant standards in general: my favorite restaurants were so bad last year they can't be listed in 1966; tomorrow, perhaps, they'll be so good again . . .

Père Bise and the Swans

by Mary Jean Kempner



If you come for a single meal you will leave with a sense of buoyant fulfillment—but to stay longer requires a pacing and mingling of delights.

Off the main road about halfway from Lyons to Geneva, the Auberge du Père Bise nestles on the edge of the lake of Annecy in the little village of Talloires. Nothing distinguishes it from its surroundings. It abuts the local boat hire dock. It's architecture is indigenous to this part of France known as the Haute-Savoie. Two four-storied chalets contain a total of eleven bedrooms, all small, with a view of the lake and garden haphazardly planted with red rambler roses and bee-hydrangea. These rooms are bespoken months in advance. A magnet for gourmets, the [illegible] happen to be one of France's twelve restaurants to which [illegible] three-star accolade. The guest list [illegible] to stake their last farthing on a mem-

and the French who come in droves. Guests *chez* Bise dress casually but tend to remain suitably covered. Voices rarely become raucous. One has a sense of detachment. To bow to a fellow guest who also happens to be spending several days is more a salute than a desire to communicate, a fact intuitively grasped by both parties. It has been said that the bedrooms here are rarely occupied by married couples, perhaps an exaggeration but in any case all irregularities are immured behind a façade of stylish turn-of-the-century manners. The *ambiance* of Père Bise is frankly and unselfconsciously of the nineteenth century.

The inn was started on a shoestring some forty years ago by François Bise and his wife, and she did the cooking. At her death, a few years later, a daughter-in-law then still in her twenties "took over the stove" and before long was accumulating Michelin stars. Until her death a year [illegible] a doctrinaire matriarch showed no [illegible] her [illegible] pans although her thirty-six-year-old son François prepared all the specialities. She liked to boast, "All my cooks are young," and she considered this fact a guarantee of continuity. Her [illegible] pot, even though it is now François who directs the high-powered team of seven young cooks all still in their twenties.

Each member of the team operates in a punctiliously staked-out culinary domain. One prepares the fish, another the grilled dishes, another cold dishes; then there is a man to make the sauces, two pastry cooks, and a dessert man. To each of these virtuosos is attached a *commis* or assistant, one who has survived a minimum of three years' apprenticeship either *chez* Bise or at some restaurant with suitably rigorous standards.

François Bise assimilated his mother's philosophy and prejudices as well as her skill. He believes that "plain cooking is not for plain cooks." He likes to tell the story of a journalist who once asked Madame to make a choice from her carte du jour—which, incidentally, never changes and contains some seventy items. In her brisk, didactic way she said, "Shirred eggs, of course." Today her son admits, "When I'm tired, I also eat them —but only if I've cooked them myself; they must be perfection."

One usually dines or lunches outdoors. Tables fan out from a glassed-in terrace over onto graveled paths shaded by lime trees, which during the summer are heavy with blossoms and alive with ambitious colonies of bees. Wooden chairs, painted white, have blue canvas cushions. The napery is plain, the crockery made in local kilns.

A breeze ordinarily riffles the lake from morning until around six in the afternoon, when it dies suddenly, leaving the waters still. This is the moment the water skiers turn exhibitionist and the wild swans and their cygnets waddle grotesquely onto the lawn pretending to rummage for bugs—a mere ruse, for what they particularly savor is an anchovy-flavored pastry served with the aperitifs. If that doesn't keep them happy, waiters produce leftover crusts of the morning's brioche toast. (According to local lore, when [illegible] fed on sherry a change of [illegible] is forecast, but one suspects that this particular elegance of [illegible] than barometric pressures.)

Like the swans, those who come to

Bise for a single meal manage to leave with a sense of buoyant fulfillment, having eaten their way through six courses (costing ten dollars, plus perhaps three dollars for a whole bottle of a good wine). The wise and fortunate who have arranged to stay several days tend to take their gormandizing more reflectively. Living *en pension*—which includes room and bath plus three meals, all for about thirty dollars—invites a dedication to food. One thinks of little else but that enormous *carte du jour* and the difficulty of making a choice.

For lunch should one begin with a pâté of quail liver or the smoked ham of Aravis—a local product, smokier than the classic ham of Bayonne with a more delicate flavor—perhaps followed by a *gratin Savoyard*, an incomparable dish of sliced potatoes, freshly grated gruyère cheese, and milk? For dinner should it be Omble Chevalier braised in port—a firm, pink-fleshed trout found only in the lakes of Annecy and Leman, which tastes like salmon trout or grilse, only sweeter—or a chicken in cream and tarragon? And among the almost irresistible desserts there is *bois joli*, a sweetmeat strewn with paper-thin slices of bitter chocolate.

The day-to-day operation of the inn is a family affair. François Bise, like his mother and grandmother, enters the kitchen shortly after five-thirty each morning. His comely and efficient wife sleeps perhaps a little longer before taking over her responsibilities as general manager; it is she who takes care of reservations, assigns rooms to arriving guests, copes with the harassments of French telephones. The *maître d'hôtel* is the oldest son, René Bise, who looks like Jean Gabin and walks like a man who might be insouciant if his feet didn't hurt. His expertise with the wine card is full of subtlety. Both wise and imaginative, if consulted he is likely to suggest Crépy, a little white wine practically unknown outside of Savoie, with a lunchtime dish of crayfish, but in the evening with, say, a saddle of lamb, he becomes a classicist and urges one to try a La Tache 1945 at the peak of its splendor. He is also responsible for the pacing of the courses, as precise as a Balanchine ballet, affording just the proper anticipatory interval between dishes.

Le patron, Marius Bise, moves among the tables with lofty detachment and the air of a man who enjoys his own reflections. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, "he works like a devil and cultivates a celestial air of leisure." Graciously he exchanges a few words with friends of the establishment and then usually withdraws to a choice table and assorted cronies, to enjoy food prepared to suit his fancy and wine which he orders with considerable largess, sometimes even going to the cellar himself to select a particularly notable bottle.

His day starts early too. By nine-thirty each morning, except Sunday, he is at the Annecy market, where he buys the day's supply of fish, vegetables, meat, fruit, cheese, butter, milk, and cream. Everything must be fresh; lengthy refrigeration and processing are not tolerated. (There is no deep-freeze in the Père Bise kitchen and the refrigerating equipment is equivalent to that of a large New York house.) The Bise scorn for pasteurization is practically manic. Whenever Madame gave a recipe, which wasn't often, she qualified all measurements of dairy products by stressing "only good unpasteurized milk and cream can be used." She was equally adamant about eggs laid by chickens raised on commercial fish powders. The only eggs allowed in the kitchen come from the nearby village of Chaperon, where the Bise edicts on care and feeding of poultry are law. A Bise cousin lives there and makes weekly rounds collecting all available eggs; *le patron* contracts to buy Chaperon's entire yearly supply. (During the months when the inn is closed—October to April—he takes the eggs anyway and resells them in the Annecy market.) Among the few foods not of local origin are the crayfish which come from Italy, Czechoslovakia, and the choicest from Poland. These are shipped alive and kept happy in a garden pond filled with cool lake water until needed.

During the season, meals are served every day of the week. Reservations are honored—although not encouraged—as late as ten-thirty at night. Tireless amiability permeates the inn even when eight waiters have to cope with a hundred and twenty guests for Sunday lunch and nearly as many for dinner. The Bise family and staff seem to share an enthusiasm for perfection. Between them there is an overall sense of camaraderie. This isn't to say that the Bises would ever speak of each other publicly on a first-name basis, but it does mean that René Bise, the *maître d'hôtel*, thinks nothing of helping waiters carry away the previous night's debris, bottles, or general garbage.

Although some guests have their breakfast beside the lake, most of them prefer to have it in their rooms. They may be certain that ten minutes after they have telephoned their wishes, trays will arrive at the door carried up stiff flights of stairs by handsome women who happen to be married to the young cooks and waiters. There is pungent coffee, thick slices of golden toast made from loaves of brioche, heathery honey or wild-strawberry jam.

For the day's amusements one can rent a boat to sail or row, or a *pédalo*, a kind of bicycle on pontoons. Talloires has its Roman inscriptions and eleventh-century hostels. Annecy boasts of a fourteenth-century castle and canals that ribbon through the old town and are spanned by toy bridges—lined with potted white petunias and red geraniums—under which sail flotillas of swans.

By nightfall the air *chez Bise* seems scented with general benevolence. After dinner the waiter suggests a *digestive*. Perhaps one of either local favorites, Marc de Savoie or Chartreuse, or *eau de vie de poire* or Mirabelle, or brandy. There is still time for a fifteen-minute stroll along the lakeshore before the church bells ring twelve. The swans and their cygnets sleep beside the boat dock undisturbed by faint sounds of music spilling out of the bar at the Hotel de l'Abbaye. The chances are that the eleven rooms at the Auberge du Père Bise will be dark within a half-hour. Insomnia belongs to another world. It has been said that "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." Amen.

Harper's Magazine, June 1966



Mr. White and Mr. Blue

Notes on the New Middle Class

by John Brooks

The new middle class is not the cohesive, conformist mass that it is cracked up to be. For all its external similarities, it is a society of blessed and surprising contradictions.

That extraordinary institution, the income tax, is both a leading actor in and a painstaking recorder of the drama of social change. By extracting revenue from citizens at progressive rates that are, always in theory and some of the time in practice, scaled according to ability to pay, it has a certain cumulative leveling effect between the rich and the poor. Meanwhile, by requiring everyone who gets more than a pittance of annual income to report in great detail the precise amount and kind of income he gets, it provides the government with a mine of information far more accurate than can be derived from census or polls, about how much money how many Americans take in.

In 1939, somewhat over four million Americans, out of 130 million, declared income in any amount above $2,000 for the year. In 1960 over 25 million, out of 180 million declared more than—not $2,000, but $5,000.

In 1939, 200,000 persons declared more than $10,000, and 42,500—a fair-sized football crowd—more than $25,000. In 1960, five and a third million declared over $10,000, more than a half-million over $25,000.

In 1939, the nation's two-thirds of a million richest taxpayers accounted for 90 per cent of all income-tax money collected. In 1960, it took the top 32 million taxpayers to provide that percentage.

To a certain extent, these figures reflect changes in the tax laws themselves. Much more, though, they attest to what must be one of the most dramatic redistributions of income that any nation ever went through in so short a time. The very rich we still have with us, but they are increasingly insignificant as to relative numbers and relative

economic importance (though the political importance of the long-established rich, oddly enough, may be rising); the moderately rich have increased in number moderately; the distinctly well-to-do have become commonplace; and the comfortably off have become our great central mass. Strikingly, too, the less-than-comfortably off have in recent years been declining sharply; from 1952 to 1961 returns declaring less than $5,000 decreased from forty-three million to thirty-three million, while the national population was rising from under 160 million to over 180 million. Like the farm, the low-income brackets seem to be in the process of being depopulated.

A New Breed of Rich

Various commentators have contended that the national economic leveling has been far less marked and less socially significant than is generally believed; a few have been so rash as to talk about the "myth" of income redistribution, and one, the late C. Wright Mills, stubbornly insisted that a small "power elite," consisting chiefly of business, political, and military men, but including, curiously enough, café-society celebrities, still rules the nation. Such analyses seem to me questionable.

There is no denying, though, that the redistribution has been laggard, scandalously so, in reaching to the two extremes of the economic spectrum. The very rich and the very poor clearly survive as important elements in our national life.

A great deal is written today about the very poor, very little about the very rich. Let us look for a moment at the rich.



Probably over five thousand new millionaires were created annually in the decade 1955-65, and the 1965 national millionaire population has been estimated at 90,000. What has changed equally dramatically is the nature of the new millionaire as against the old one. From post-Civil War days, and to a great extent as late as the 1930s, the millionaire characteristically thought of himself as an empire builder, changing the face of his land with his railroads or skyscrapers or automobiles, shaping the lives of his employees in ways that he fondly assumed to be benevolent, living in baronial splendor and isolation from the eyes of the vulgar throng. The postwar millionaire is quite another matter. He makes his money by manipulations—buying and selling existing companies, engaging in intricate speculations in convertible debentures and the like—that often change little or nothing except his wealth in relation to that of others.

The new millionaire lives in luxury, to be sure, but not in either isolation or splendor; he prides himself on his low hedge and the democratic accessibility of his premises. Above all—with a few spectacular exceptions like the late Robert R. Young, whose drive in life seemed to be a sort of nostalgia for the piratical days of the Fisks, Vanderbilts, and Harrimans—he is not interested in power as such; it is a convenient by-product of money that may make it easier for him to make still more money, but beyond that it is almost irrelevant to him.

At times it seems that today's millionaire is not much interested even in money. He usually does not know much about how to spend it, and apart from learning to buy the works of thoroughly accepted artists, he does not have much time or inclination to widen his horizons. He sees himself—as he has told me himself time and time again over the past fifteen years—as a player in a game of which the object is to outwit the other players and the tax laws, and he devotes himself to the game for its own sake day in and day out, with a sort of monkish intensity. Occasionally in a fit of boredom or conscientiousness, if he can't pull off the standard rich man's leap into government service he quits the game in middle life and suddenly takes up something of obvious social utility like professional philanthropy, teaching, or even medicine; but as often as not, his old addiction soon grips him and he goes back to making more money. Far from feeling superior to or contemptuous of the rest of society, he yearns for greater acceptance by it—in particular, by intellectual and artistic society. Sometimes he appears almost as a wistful and pathetic character. It is a further cry than we often realize from the Robber Baron to the Wheeler-Dealer, and the former would have a cer-

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John Brooks has portrayed the American business world in "The Fate of the Edsel" and other books. He is a novelist, too ("The Big Wheel") and a staff writer at "The New Yorker." This article is adapted from his next book, "The Great Leap: From the Old World of 1939 to the New Era," to be published by Harper & Row in the fall.

tain justification in scorning the latter as just a ribbon clerk at heart. When it comes to millionaires, in short, they aren't what they used to be; the social leveling has been even more pronounced th[illegible]

The Quarrels Within

The temptation is overwhelming to assume that the middle class's approach to universality somehow implies an approach to homogeneity. The fact is that the new middle class is a hotbed of cultural and ideological differences and disputes.

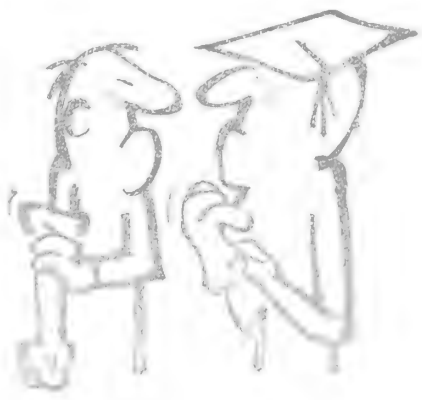
Politically, the middle class has no party. Its traditional affiliation with the Republicans had been severed well before 1939—to be specific, in 1932, as a result of the Crash and the Depression. The Democrats, aided by hard times, war, and postwar prosperity, held it fairly well in line for twenty years after that, but then it got too big and too prosperous for them to hang onto any longer; and the subsequent eight-year hegemony of the Republicans was based largely on the personality of a single man, Eisenhower. The middle class was overwhelmingly Republican in 1956 and overwhelmingly Democratic in 1964. Its chief political characteristics now seem to be its independence of parties and its tendency to vote on men rather than on issues. Of course, it can be argued that these characteristics really reflect homogeneity, since the issues between the two main parties are usually not nearly so clearcut now as they were in the 1930s. But surely this cannot be said of the [illegible] fight in the early 1950s over McCarthyism—a fight that was very largely a middle-class affair.

The fight was not really about the menace of communism at all, but rather about the deep gulf of suspicion, distrust, and even hatred between various segments of the middle class—on the one hand, a coalition of the intellectual, the civic-minded, and socially assured, [illegible] confined to the East and West [illegible] ters and on the other hand, a coalition of the rural, the less-educated, and the more re- [illegible] place of residence.

[illegible] ic issue; members of the rich, the near rich, the well-off, and the struggling were to be found on both sides. In retrospect the quarrel seems to have been about an issue so long-established in American life that it was a main theme in Mark Twain's work, and considered so disreputable, not to say childish, in modern society that it had to be kept covert: that is, the question of whether anyone is better than anyone else by virtue of education.

And what a quarrel it was!—precisely because this issue is a generally acknowledged sore point, a disreputable social disease, of the new middle class. From the heyday of European immigration through the boom of the 'twenties, there was a strong consensus in favor of the idea that education conferred automatic superiority; the reform movement of the 'thirties, with its idealization of the untutored manual worker, almost reversed the consensus; and the immediate legacy of the vastly increased availability of education in the postwar years was this outbreak of envy on one side and scorn on the other. If everyone was to be somebody, to paraphrase *The Gondoliers*, then who would be anybody? Communism, demagoguery, trial-by-smear were and are real issues—but the McCarthy fight was, I suggest, at bottom less abstract.

Nor has the rise of the middle class ended regional differences. The old, slyly-expressed hostilities between the regions have changed surprisingly little, and where they have changed, it has usually been in the direction of divergence rather than concurrence. The Texan, notoriously, is more Texan now than ever—and especially when he finds a foil in somebody from the "effete East." The Nevadan, with his sense of open space combined with a feeling of being federally hemmed in that stems from the fact that the national government owns the lion's share of his state's land, has a difficult time agreeing on anything with a fellow-member of the middle class (or the Republican or Democratic party) from a crowded industrial state like New Jersey or Pennsylvania. The Chicago businessman is still as anxious as ever to convince you that in no sense but population is his bailiwick "the second city" to New York. The Colorado gas-station attendant still looks pityingly at the misguided owner of a malfunctioning foreign car with a New York license plate (although the Volkswagen is an exception—for some reason, it is socially acceptable to mechanics from coast to coast). And, of course,



a common economic status has done nothing at all to dampen the progressive exacerbation of differences on the race issue between the middle classes of North and South.

The middle class has not come to *feel* like a class; its growth up to now has not brought to it the slightest sense of identity or solidarity on a national level. And not only regionalism divides it. Social differences based on family and community tradition sometimes appear to become firmer as economic differences disappear. We fight against homogeneity with a tenacity so great that it seems to stem from a national instinct.

For a couple of decades I have spent part of every year living at an East Coast summer resort. Rather, it has become a summer resort; when



I moved there it was primarily a light manufacturing town beyond New York City commuting range, dominated by a small but strong business and professional middle class with a rich sense of the local past.

For the first few years, the "summer people" with their quaint city ways were accepted without question as amusing eccentrics who were good for local commerce. As the newcomers' numbers increased, two things began to happen: the local middle class began to enlarge, partly because of the influx of city money, and its social relations with the city people began to deteriorate. Jokes about summer people became local staples—and vice versa. First covertly and then less so, some local stores maintained two price scales, one for locals and one for summer people. New distinctions of almost theological nicety began to appear: if summer people stayed for the winter, far from becoming ordinary residents, they found themselves "year-round summer people." Some of this newfound reserve, to be sure, stemmed from direct political competition—a few of the summer people had been trying to move in and run things—but for the most part, I feel sure, it stemmed from the local people's fierce drive, often perhaps unconscious, to save themselves from being absorbed into a faceless and colorless mass. They wanted to have their affluence and keep their pawkiness—and to a great extent they seemed to be succeeding.

Their Two-color Collars

The greatest split within the middle class is between white-collar and blue-collar. It has become popular to assume the contrary; the U. S. Department of Labor itself asserted in 1959 that "the wage earner's way of life is well-nigh indistinguishable from that of his salaried co-citizens. Their homes, their cars, their baby-sitters, the style of the clothes their wives wear, the food they eat, the bank where they establish credit . . . are alike and are becoming more nearly identical." But this view—an appealing one, surely, with its democratic implications—is coming to be looked upon by many observers as largely a myth.

Dr. Mirra Komarovsky of Barnard College, reporting in 1964 on a study of sixty working-class married couples, said that she had found the entry of skilled and semi-skilled workers into the economic middle class to have been rather strikingly unaccompanied by adoption of middle-class manners and tastes. The physical surroundings of her subjects were middle-class enough—pleasant if modest houses duly equipped with modern furniture, washing machines, and television sets—but their values and attitudes Dr. Komarovsky found "reminiscent of the past," and reflecting a life "insulated from contemporary currents of thought." For example, in bringing up their children they relied for guidance certainly not on Freud and generally not on Dr. Benjamin Spock either, but on the methods used by their grandmothers. Their social life was confined to two or three other couples. The wives did not expect the husbands to help with household chores—nor did they expect to be invited along when the husband went out of an evening. "As the interviews progressed," wrote Dr. Komarovsky, "I felt further and further removed from the world of the twentieth century. . . . From all appearances, the working-class style of life—its values, attitudes, institutions—remains in many respects quite distinct from the dominant patterns of contemporary American society."

All sorts of trivial but telling habits of life can be cited as pointing the contrast. Let us imagine for a moment two families, each consisting of a couple in their late twenties and two or three small children, living side by side in one of the longer-



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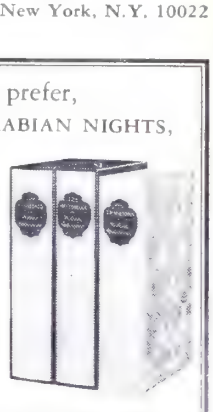
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established and therefore more heterogeneous suburbs. Mr. White is of course a white-collar man—an employee of a book-publishing firm, say—and the Whites live in a rambling old house from the 1920s that they picked up for practically nothing when it was on the verge of falling to pieces, and have diligently "done over," almost entirely with their own hands. Mr. Blue next door is a garage mechanic, and his house is a small, trim rancher less than five years old. Mrs. White buys her clothes in the city, scanning the sales and discount stores for copies of Paris fashions; the local dress shop is good enough for Mrs. Blue. The Blues' quarter acre of lawn looks like a putting green, and Mr. Blue manicures it with a sit-down power mower; the White's lawn is studded with gray spots and weeds, and when Mr. White cuts it, he does so with a hand-pushed machine (wearing Madras shorts, which Blue wouldn't be caught dead in). The Blue car is a three-year-old Chevrolet, the White car a timeless Volkswagen.

Both families consume alcohol moderately but in totally different pattern: the Whites have a cocktail or two daily, with some ceremony, often outdoors in full view of the neighbors, and they discuss their drinking freely, while the Blues abstain through the week except for Mr. Blue's occasional beer for TV-watching, and on Saturday night they sometimes get moderately drunk on boilermakers, behind drawn blinds, with a certain furtiveness. The Blues flaunt their knowingness about TV-program characters; as for the Whites, TV-watching is the thing *they* do furtively.

The Blues shout to each other, from room to room of their house or from corner to corner of their lot, without self-consciousness; the Whites modulate their voices to the point where they sometimes can't hear each other. When her children were under two years old Mrs. White sometimes let them play naked in the backyard wading pool, a practice that moved the Blues to ill-suppressed titters, though not to outrage. The Whites, naturally enough, have many books, and indeed, use books as the main decorative motif of their living room; the Blues haven't a book in the house, and even the occasional ones that Mr. White presses on them as a gift soon disappear mysteriously. Once every two years the Whites pay off their social debts by having a fairly large outdoor cocktail party; the Blues, pretending with elaborate politeness to be otherwise engaged in their own backyard, watch over the hedge with tolerant amusement. Here, in sum, are two families with hardly anything in common except their citizenship—yet their respective family incomes are practically identical, in the neighborhood of $8,000 a year. They share, in fact, inarguable membership in the middle class.

It is true that Mr. White's *expectations* of income are far higher than Mr. Blue's and that those expectations, along with his different education and background, color his whole view of his life. The blue-collar man has expectations, too, but they are largely illusory—and, perhaps sadly for him, he halfway knows it.

How Labor Lost Part of Its Soul

The kind of "getting ahead" that most blue-collar workers have settled for in the postwar world has consisted of receiving more money for the same work or less work, as a result of a rapidly rising wage scale, brought about by general prosperity in conjunction with the effective efforts of the unions. And how the unions have changed in the process of becoming so successful!

In 1939, although not yet anywhere nearly so powerful as they were to become, they were, in a sense, in their glory. The great organizing drives of the Depression years had pushed up union membership from under three million in 1933 to almost nine million in 1939. But as significant as the numbers was the élan. Capitalistic company management, the workingman could still legitimately assume, was the enemy. Didn't it still often use finks to spy on the union and goons to break the heads of pickets? Against this enemy, the union was the worker's shield and buckler. "You can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union," the popular labor song of the time went. The formation of the CIO in 1938 had crystallized the trend of the labor movement toward militant, politically oriented industrial unionism and away from the traditional small-shop trade unionism. Unionism, in short, was a social and moral force. The production-line worker didn't dream of having the right to get spiritual satisfaction from his job; apart from his religion, he expected to get that from the union.

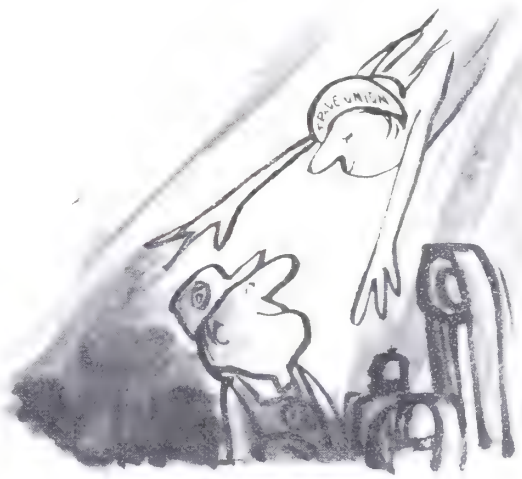
The next two decades were to see the really big growth of the labor movement—and its spiritual decline. By 1945, union membership nationally was up to 14,800,000, and in 1956 it stood at about 18,500,000. There it leveled off, and a bit later began to turn downward. Between 1960 and 1962, unions suffered a net loss of nearly half a million members; between 1955 and 1962 the proportion of the total labor force that belonged to unions decreased from 24.4 per cent to 22.2 per cent. Such an old friend of labor as Murray Kempton began to speak of the twilight of the American labor movement.

And figures do not begin to tell the story of the reversal; in fact, the decline of unionism *as an idea* had been going on long before the number of members had turned downward. Seen in hindsight, the decline had begun as early as during wartime, when unions, for good or ill, had tended to drop their social and political goals, their dream of remodeling an America nearer to their hearts' desire, to concentrate exclusively on "market unionism"—getting more pay for less work. In the postwar period they continued this policy, with superbly effective results. But in the process they became, to the rank-and-file member, merely an enormous bargaining agent with whom he felt not much more identity than he did with the corporation itself.

How did labor come to lose so much of its soul? By its success in bargaining with the Devil, an old-fashioned moralist might say. But there is more to it than that. For one thing, part of the process has been a tendency of the Devil to become less and less devilish: while the corporations grew fat, they tended to become more bland and benevolent; management goons and spies largely vanished from the scene, and many postwar pay raises were granted almost voluntarily, not so much in concession to union power as out of concern about the company's "image" and the desire to create new potential customers. The labor authority Solomon Barkin insists that union militancy is not dead, and he cites how in 1959 the whole labor movement rallied to the support of the steel workers in their strike. He attributes the numerical decline of union membership largely to such factors as the shrinkage of employment, brought about by automation, in well-organized industries; the tendency of industry to move its plants from the East and Midwest, where unions have been strong, to the South, where they have not; and the loss of interest in unionism on the part of white-collar workers.

Again, there is, I believe, still more to it than that. Part of it has to do with the union member's relationship with his leaders. In the old days those leaders were young, fiery, underpaid, ascetic, radical—a surprising number of them were Marxists of one sort or another—and intellectual. Nowadays, whether they are the same men twenty-five years later or different men, they are inclined to be old, highly paid, high-living, often self-seeking, public-relations-conscious, politically neuter, unintellectual—taking on, as Daniel Bell has said, "the grossest features of a business society." Most of the serious intellectuals have long since deserted the labor movement; Herbert Hill has written, "Ever since World War II, it has been estranging the people who produce, distribute, and conspicuously consume ideas. . . . Many of them no longer regard the labor movement as protector of the underdog." It is significant that the great issue of the United Steelworkers' 1965 presidential election was the alleged "tuxedo unionism" of the incumbent of many years, David J. McDonald—a man who, his opponent maintained (and won by doing so), had become fonder of associating with big-business executives and government officials at Twenty One or the Stork Club than meeting with rank-and-file members in union halls.

And there is perhaps also another reason for this drastic loss of spiritual commitment of blue-



collar union members to their unions. Television, movies, magazines—the whole world of what is grossly called mass communications—have sold him a bill of goods: he belongs to the middle class now, by the unimpeachable evidence of his weekly paycheck, his quasi-possessions, his installment-buying contracts—so he should believe in middle-class ideals, which assuredly do not include the ambition to belong to an embattled working class. "If one can pay one's bills and meet the installments on the house, the car, or a new refrigerator and still save a little money, then one is moving forward," the sociologist Ely Chinoy comments of the automobile workers. "They have to a large extent retained the form but lost the substance of the American tradition of opportunity." Indeed, they hew to the form far more now than they did in 1939, when it was an estate of honor and perhaps of nobility to be a "working stiff," or even—to use a word now gone from American life—a proletarian.

So in officially joining the middle class the blue-collar man has largely kept his cultural style, gained in material comforts, and lost his ideological fire—and with the last, one fears, some of his self-respect.

The New Books

Sad, Sinister, and Sane: Some New Novels

by Paul Pickrel

Gentlemen in Their Season, by Gabriel Fielding. Morrow, $5.95.
Quondam, by David Pryce-Jones. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.50.
Up Above the World, by Paul Bowles. Simon & Schuster, $4.95.
Despair, by Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam, $5.
A Country of Strangers, by Conrad Richter. Knopf, $3.95.

Of the novels that have come out of England in the last fifteen years, none that I have read has made a more powerful or a more lasting impression on me than *In the Time of Greenbloom*, by the man who writes under the name of Gabriel Fielding. The book did not find a large audience in this country, though now that it is available in paperback it seems to be reaching more readers; and Fielding's reputation has grown very slowly, partly because his subsequent books have been so various in style and treatment that a reader who likes one of them may find the next not at all to his taste, but partly too because the books have been of decidedly uneven quality. But Fielding's new novel, *Gentlemen in Their Season*, is one of his better performances; certainly this is Fielding in his best vein.

The book is a study of lukewarmness. The main character, Randall Coles, is a middle-aged, middle-class man who calls himself a humanist. Neither happy nor miserable, he belongs to the army of those Eliot characterized as "living, and partly living," the army of dabblers. In fact it is his gift for dabbling that enables him to make a comfortable living and occupy a certain status in society; he can hold a fairly important job in the religious broadcasting division of the BBC for the very reason that he has no convictions to get in his way; he is tolerant of all the religious groups he must deal with and fair in allocating time among different beliefs because none of them matters in the least to him.

In human relations too Coles is a dabbler. His marriage to an old Girton girl turned suburban housewife bumbles along on a level of tedious high-mindedness; his best friend is another man of about the same age and position and marital torpor, but a Catholic (though a poor one) in search of definition, more passionate and more committed and more vagrant than Coles, but useful to him because he at least gives him something to bump his head against occasionally in his amorphous world.

But Coles's most fateful dabbling is his "prison visiting." In what he would probably call a humane concern for society's unfortunates, though it it is really a desire to share vicariously in the lives of men who have had the courage and passion to act in ways that he would never dare, Coles becomes a regular visitor to a prisoner named Hotchkis, a man who is serving seven years for killing his best friend when he found out that the friend had committed adultery with his wife. Coles plays around on the edges of Hotchkis's world, bringing him supplies, taking messages to his wife, finally drifting into the same relation with her for which her husband had killed his best friend years before.

Although it may be a little unfair to give away so much of the story, the fact that Coles emerges from the whole experience essentially unscathed, his lukewarmness never varying by more than a few degrees either way, has to be revealed because it is the problem of the novel. Fielding has tried a very bold experiment here; he has put at the center of his story a character whose sin is indifference, imperviousness to any genuine experience beyond the harm it may do his job or reputation or person. And the reader longs for some retribution that will damn Coles or some revelation that will save him, and when neither occurs the ending seems unsatisfactory. Yet on reflection one sees that Coles's damnation is all the greater because he is beyond retribution or revelation. Psychologically and morally Coles is a completely convincing character, a terrifyingly accurate representative of contemporary indifference, but he has little narrative interest, because narrative interest results from the interaction of character and event, and Coles cannot or will not interact with the events of his life except in a superficial, skin-saving way.

But the experiment of putting such a figure at the center of a novel was certainly worth making, and Fielding more than compensates for the irresolution of the narrative by his fine intelligence, his wonderful sense of how people really live, the depth of his moral concern, his supple literacy, and his comic gift.

Another English novelist, David Pryce-Jones, is considerably younger than Fielding and much nearer to the beginning of his career, yet his new

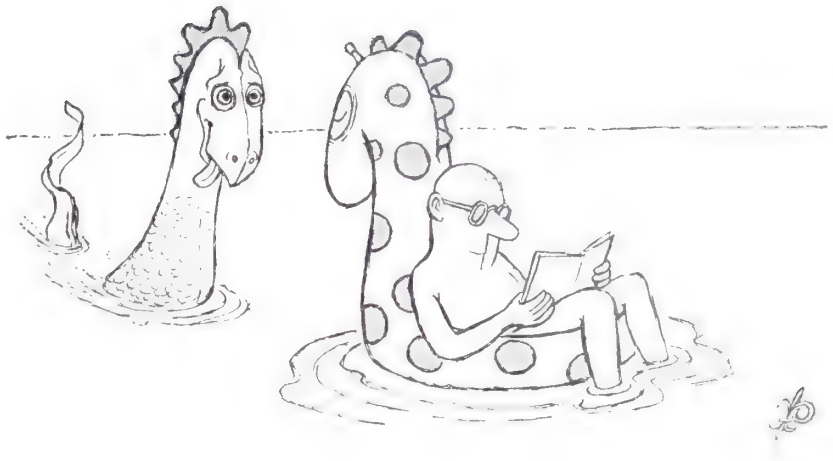
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Mr. Pickrel, who has taught English at Yale for many years, will be a professor at Smith beginning in September. He has been reviewing books for "Harper's" since 1954.

novel, *Quondam*, seems more old-fashioned. The book takes its title from the name of a beautiful old country house on the brink of demolition, reminiscent of the old houses that figure as the backgrounds of so many of Evelyn Waugh's early novels, and the motley group of characters who occupy the foreground, with a few changes in style of dress and language, might easily come out of a novel written by the young Waugh or Aldous Huxley.

They include the mysterious millionaire Gervase, who has grown rich from unscrupulous real-estate deals and who buys Quondam from its last, impoverished aristocratic owners; his equally mysterious friend, an internationally famous playwright; his beautiful, willful daughter; the serious young man who has turned his back on a conventionally successful academic career to become a writer; and an assortment of comic landladies, dowagers, and what used to be called "bright young things." The events are mostly of the comically disastrous variety—a great party at Quondam that is supposed to restore its elegance and actually ends as a shapeless and sodden brawl, and a final drama festival that combines various mishaps and absurdities with a surprise ending.

Pryce-Jones handles all this with more than competence; he is a clever and inventive young man, and many passages in his book are entertaining. But it is hard to avoid the impression that he is too dependent on a kind of novel that the English have been writing a little too long and a little too well, and that he will be a great deal better novelist when he finds a more individual form and tone.



It has been ten years since the American writer Paul Bowles published his last novel, but those who have read *The Sheltering Sky* and *Let It Come Down* will soon recognize in his new book, *Up Above the World*, the mastery of sinister atmosphere that made his earlier books unforgettable.

The setting this time is Central America, rather than North Africa, but the story begins in a characteristically offhand way—a retired physician and his much-younger wife who devote their time to traveling strike up a shipboard acquaintance with a rather silly and certainly harmless Canadian woman of a certain age. She tells them that she is on her way to see her son in the city they all expect to visit; after their first night in port she dies in ambiguous circumstances. The physician and his wife proceed to the capital city and soon find themselves objects of the most flattering attention from a very rich and handsome young man, who turns out to be the son of their dead Canadian friend. Gradually—but relentlessly—the travelers are drawn into the young man's net; they begin to suffer mysterious illnesses, confusions of identity and time, disorientations. This is the sort of thing that Bowles has always been able to render superbly—the encroachment of the sinister upon the beautiful twilight zones of consciousness, the drift toward disintegration—and he renders it superbly here. Yet *Up Above the World* is a little less successful than the best of the earlier novels, primarily, I think, because the destruction of the physician and his wife in the exotic setting is *imposed* upon them (through drugs and the like), rather than resulting from their discovery in that setting of unexpected possibilities of destruction in themselves. Consequently the book seems a little more mechanical and contrived than, say, *The Sheltering Sky*. Yet it has always been the repulsively fascinating atmosphere of Bowles's books that has held the reader, and at least through the central part of *Up Above the World* that atmosphere is very vividly present.

Despair is the latest of Vladimir Nabokov's resurrections from his literary past. Originally written in Russian in 1932 and first translated into English a few years later, it has now been revised and retranslated. (All this is amusingly described in a very entertaining foreword Nabokov has supplied.)

The novel itself is a typical piece of Nabokov's diabolical ingenuity. The main character, who tells his own story, is a White Russian living in Berlin named Hermann, who is married to a stupid wife and engaged in a failing business as a manufacturer of chocolate. Partly to retrieve his fortunes but partly because he is the kind of man he is (in the foreword Nabokov calls him a "neurotic scoundrel," which seems a bit generous), Hermann hatches a scheme to make it look as if he has been murdered and then to escape to France and live on his own life insurance.

Naturally the prose in which Hermann tells of his stratagems is at least as wildly inventive as the stratagems themselves; the rather nasty fun of the book lies in its insane resourcefulness both in language and action, and the ending is as brilliant a contrivance as any novelist has hit upon to get himself out of a corner in a long, long time.

Nothing could be further from the sophisticated devilries of Nabokov and Bowles (different as they are from each other) than the work of Conrad Richter. In fact Richter's stories have almost nothing to do with the contemporary novel; they have the quality of a folktale, of something long remembered and passed from teller to teller until they were at last written down by a writer nearly anonymous.

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gers, could easily be, and in time will certainly become, a book for children; yet no adult with the slightest interest in the American past could read it without being touched. The story is simplicity itself. A little white girl is taken by the Indians from her home in what is now Pennsylvania; she grows up as an Indian, marries an Indian brave and has a child by him, and then is discovered by a French missionary who tentatively identifies her and with considerable difficulty (and much against her will) aranges for her return home. When she arrives there she finds no place for herself; no longer either Indian or white, she is condemned to be a wanderer in a country of strangers.

It is an austere little story, spare in its details, innocent of theatricality, and it will almost certainly take its place as a permanent part of our picture of Colonial America.

Latin America: The Shadow of Coming Events

by Thomas Aitken, Jr.

Latin America, by Tad Szulc. Atheneum, $3.95.
U. S. Policy in Latin America, by Edwin Lieuwen. Praeger, $4.95; paperback, $1.75.
Diagnosis of the Brazilian Crisis, by Celso Furtado. University of California Press, $5.

American views on Latin America have long been like a sleepy voyage across sunny seas, with awareness sharpened by sudden squalls. The lengthening shelf of books on the subject is a description of indigenous charms under bright skies, peppered with increasingly worried reports on crises. Each crisis spawns its own comment, some new, some like television's summer repeat shows.

The current situations in the Dominican Republic and in Brazil have encouraged new books on the crisis keynote, with, to be sure, notable improvements over their predecessors. But the design of former writers influences the new story because an aging attitude persists: Latin America still needs to be reported and explained but has nothing to tell us. Now, however, as we face an era of new relationships with emerging influences in Asia and Africa, I wonder whether Latin America's past or present doesn't hold some lessons for Americans.

Tad Szulc, the *New York Times'* resourceful reporter of foreign affairs, spent ten years in a number of Latin-American countries before the Dominican revolution exploded. His discussion in *Latin America* is a lucid introduction to the history, problems and prospects of these nations. His best writing is in his eye-witness account of the Dominican action but it is his comment on the Latin-American syndrome that makes the book—although the path to his conclusions is studded with such clichés as the reminder that Latin America is a group of diverse and separate nations, not a group of states to be lumped generically south of the border. There are also statements like, "If there is a single great fact about Latin America today, it is that her people are no longer prepared to accept the status quo of misery."

Szulc moves on to new ground when he suggests that the new dictators are motivated more by social consciousness than power seeking, and wonders whether they might not now be more effective than the leaders of fragile democracies. Is it possible that the American military missions which have been placed in all Latin-American countries since World War II may have indoctrinated their hosts with laudable deftness?

The *Times* writer points out three solutions to the Latin-American problem—agricultural and land reform; economic and industrial development to create a substantial middle class;

Mr. Aitken's book, "A Foreign Policy for American Business," reflected his fourteen years' experience as representative in Latin America of a United States advertising concern.

·th control—and forecasts Southern ·misphere moves to the left of cen·, with foreign policies oriented ore to Asia and Africa than the ited States.

If Mr. Szulc's prediction is valid, servers of the world scene might ll initiate their studies of Latin nerica with Edwin Lieuwen's *U. S. licy in Latin America*, an updated rrative of the United States' diplo·atic relationship with the Latin·nerican group. Mr. Lieuwen, who s lived in Latin America and writ·n about it before, also warns us that e are dealing with individual nations t an amorphous geographical area, en proceeds to treat it as such.

As if to refute Mr. Lieuwen's im·ication of homogeneity, *Diagnosis the Brazilian Crisis*, by Celso Fur·do, is a distinctive analysis of the ly Portuguese-speaking nation on e continent. The writer is a dis·nguished economist now spending a luntary exile from Brazil while aching at the University of Paris. e was one of the first master plan·rs for the Brazilian northwest, the ast bowl of misery which Castro once oped to exploit but which emerged ·iefly from its agony by cultivating gar to fill the void left by Cuba's iling crops.

Dr. Furtado's scholarly discussion of nineteenth-century economic ideology and its warped evolution into the current Brazilian scheme lumbers through heavily translated academese to reach conclusions warning of violence in his beset homeland. His statement of the issue, ominously underlined, points out: "Today, the activities of the working masses, both urban and rural, are of fundamental importance to the economic and social development of the country. This means that such activities must be incorporated into the political process. Such broadening of the political basis is essential. . . ." To this problem, in Furtado's words: "The solution may be in the direction of disintegration, leading to a resumption of an open revolutionary process, or domination by a minority group who would impose a new system of compromises with the working masses, at the expense of sacrifices by some part of the ruling class."

The hope remains that offstage there is a new writer about Latin America who will point to the lessons of the United States' involvement with its southerly neighbors as guidelines to better understanding the coming relationships with new Asian and African nations—who, in their way, are already repeating many of the Latin-American gyrations of growth.

Hemingway Gossip

by Robert Hatch

apa Hemingway, by A. E. Hotchner. andom House, $5.95.

·he role of Boswell is not edifying—small man hanging about with his reat contemporary, running his ·rands, boosting his ego, putting up ith his foibles, never taking offense his abuse; and remembering, re·embering against the moment when e can trot to his desk and set it all own in the glow of reflected glory. he method, it is true, won immortal·y for Boswell himself, but Boswell as a genius and Johnson a public onument that served him for subject atter. Hotchner and Hemingway do ot fill those parts.

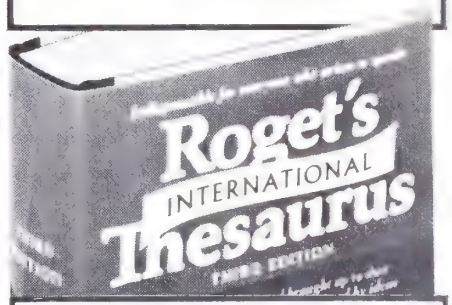
We forgive Boswell much because he glorified our language. Hotchner writes in the exhausted spritely prose of mass-media journalism. The Hôtel du Cité in Carcassone is "one of the most unique and beautiful hotels in Europe. It has a medieval atmosphere. . . ." On a journey east across Texas the Hemingway party drives through a "countryside with a profusive variety of spring flowers" and (on the next page) Mary Hemingway has occasion "to effuse over the vari-

Mr. Hatch, who is managing editor of "The Nation," is well known also as a movie, drama, and book critic.

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ety and beauty." In Paris, "Bertin, the maestro of that boîte [the Little Bar of the Ritz] . . . handed Ernest a list of eight horses he had brained out as winners." Did Ingrid Bergman really say, "I loved much of Hollywood while I was there and I know how much I owe them. But life is short and the years run away and you must do everything you really want to. . . . I would like to perform elsewhere now, places I have never been to." A famous movie actress is not necessarily a gifted conversationalist, but how could anyone possibly remember such stuff, and how does it happen that the subsidiary characters in the book all talk this pulpy Hotchnerese?

Hotchner met Hemingway in 1948 and saw him off and on in Havana, New York, Paris, Spain, Italy, and Ketchum, Idaho, until Hemingway's suicide in 1961. Those were the years of decline, and during them Hemingway may have expressed himself privately in a style of arch illiteracy, interspersed with pseudo-philosophic aphorisms and pretentious sporting vernacular. But even if Hotchner got it all down accurately (Hemingway allowed him to use a tape recorder), it is still appalling that he never recognizes how appalling it all is. I get the feeling that Hemingway lapsed into this lingo in moments of self-mockery; that Hotchner thought it wonderfully colorful and strung it together as the true Hemingway speech.

In a foreword, Hotchner says of Hemingway's suicide: "I was his close friend for fourteen years, right up to the day he died. I knew about his life: the adventures, the conversations, the dreams and disillusions, the triumphs and defeats of this complicated, unique, humorous, intense, fun-loving man who was Ernest Hemingway but I cannot tell you why."

No, of course he cannot: a man who would write that way of a man he presumably admired could not possibly understand why a "winner of the Nobel Prize and the Pulitzer Prize, a soldier of fortune, with a home in Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains . . . an apartment in New York, a specially rigged yacht to fish the Gulf Stream, an available apartment at the Ritz in Paris and the Gritti in Venice"—why a man with all those laurels and all that dough should shoot himself. And it is dangerous to form an opinion on the subject from the data provided by this Hearst-trained feature writer turned television dramatist. But at least the account he gives is that of a man fleeing the specter of self-destruction for almost fifteen years. The hectic euphoria, the catastrophic depressions, the impetuous rushing about from continent to continent, the elaborately planned holidays that are never as good as holidays remembered, the need for entourage and the inability to retain friends (there is a horrible paragraph in which Hotchner smugly itemizes the trivial reasons why Hemingway banished Kenneth Tynan, Peter Viertel, Spencer Tracy, Leland Hayward, and others from the inner circle)—these are all signs that the man was sick of heart and mind. But how could Hemingway accept the friendship of an Englishman named Belville who had flown for Franco in the Civil War? Hotchner owes his friend's memory an explanation of the flat statement that he did.

The muscular exhibitionism, the cult of danger, the idolatry of champions, the sour ridicule of fellow writers, the self-doubt, self-accusation, jealousy, and suspicion—we have had them all before, primarily from Hemingway himself. But toward the end of the book, Hotchner records a passage which, if not new, is at least a memorable epitome of the tragic deficiencies in Hemingway's view of life. Hotchner had been trying to rally him out of a depression, pointing out that his achievements had not been small and suggesting that the time had perhaps come when he might honorably retire. Hemingway replied: "Retire? How the hell can a writer retire? DiMaggio put his records in the book and so did Ted Williams, and then on a particularly good day, with good days getting rarer, they hung up their shoes. So did Marciano. That's the way a champ should go out. Like Antonio. But unlike your baseball player and your prizefighter and your matador, how does a writer retire? No one accepts that his legs are shot or the whiplash gone from his reflexes. Everywhere he goes he hears the same goddamn question—What are you working on?" This was said at a time when Hemingway was not always lucid; but it is lucid—and final.

The relationship was partly business: the men first met when *Cosmopolitan* sent Hotchner to Havana to interview Hemingway, and in later years Hotchner converted Hemingway's short stories to television and also acted as his intermediary with editors and film producers. But as the years passed, the relationship became increasingly personal. Hemingway depended on Hotchner; as he said, there weren't many of the old gang left. It is hard to like a man who repeats what the other fellow said when they were drinking the night away, and harder still when the other fellow has a salable reputation. Still, Hotchner's sensation-ridden book might be acceptable if it deepened one's understanding of Hemingway. But for all its relentless detail (particularly of the final period of encroaching madness), *Papa Hemingway* is superficial. It adds gossip, not insight, to the Hemingway legend.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

A Dam for Nothing, by Leslie Stephan.

It's high time we had a book like this—a quietly amused spoof, a nicely understated satire not only on Americans going out to save the world, but on the people they go out to save. Yet there's not a mean word in the book. One has the feeling that here is a young woman very possibly dedicated to the do-gooders of the world whose thoroughly irrepressible sense of the ridiculous simply won't let her up.

A Mr. and Mrs. Calabash are sent by our government to a country (any country) in the Middle East where they are to bring food, medicine, and comfort to the natives and drive out communism along the way. They meet the Ruler sitting under the palm trees in his garden, and get permission to head for the backcountry. They are driven off (in a Cadillac, of course) and after a while the car breaks down for good at a place called Nothing. Soon they are distributing aspirin and feeding babies like mad, and some months and many adventures later they persuade the local folk to stir themselves and build a dam against

perennial drought. Well, they ld it; in due course the Calabashes ve (for the jungles of the Punjab). e final paragraph is a fair sample he delicious tone of this first novel:

As for life in the village of Nothing, it went on pretty much as before. The dam was very successful the first year, and the men had a lot of fun with the spill-gate, letting the water rush through. The second year there were some loosened rocks that ought to have been replaced and weren't, and some silt that should have been cleaned out and wasn't. Very gradually the dam went to pieces, but so gradually that the villagers had plenty of time to get used to no dam again by the time there wasn't one. It lasted about as long as the striped awning, which hung so gaily on the tea-house poles, bleaching and ripping in the sun and wind.... But one thing can be said for it all: what a story it made, to be told in the evenings by the tea-house.

Viking, $4.50

ıe Call of the Sea, by Jan de Harg.

Here in one volume are now colcted two of Mr. de Hartog's best-ıown and most-loved novels of the a and one personal memoir so full of ırrative quality that one can well roup the whole under "fiction." The ıoks are *The Lost Sea*, *The Distant hore*, and *A Sailor's Life*. A welcome ıon to old de Hartog fans and potenal new ones. Atheneum, $6.95

Nonfiction

he Struggle for Survival 1940-1965, y Lord Moran.

Lord Moran, when he was appointed hurchill's doctor in the spring of 940, was Sir Charles Wilson, Presient of the Royal College of Physians. He is also, as will become pparent to anyone who reads these emoirs based on the journals he kept the time, a very remarkable man in any other ways, not the least of hich is his delightful literary style. e is the author of *Anatomy of Courge* (1945) and one quiet passage ated August 7, 1942, when they were Africa in the midst of the war, unstentatiously suggests a good deal of ıe temper of the author and why he as such a good doctor in more than edical ways for this particular atient:

I have discovered that when the rest of the party go off to change for dinner, Smuts comes out on the lawn and sits by himself for perhaps half an hour. Tonight I joined him, and when he quoted from *The Ring and the Book* and found that I could carry on where he left off, he began to speak about many things.

Lord Moran went everywhere with Churchill during the war and after—all the great meetings, through all the dark days and the great ones, the despondent years when he was out of office afterwards, and the years when Sir Winston's mind and strength were failing, and here now is the precious intimate record, by the perfect chronicler. Book of the Month, June.

Houghton Mifflin, $10

Two Under the Indian Sun, by Jon and Rumer Godden.

This story of the five years (1914-19) that the Godden sisters as girls of seven and six spent in India with their family (they had just finished a horrible year at school in England) has an indefinable but almost tactual charm. For those who have read, as I happily have, a great many of the books each has written, there is pleasure in recognizing backgrounds and sometimes episodes that appeared in the novels. For everyone there is the delight of reading not only of the life and sights and sounds and smells of India as they existed then, but of the leisurely domestic side of the forever vanished world of Englishmen in India. The two little girls, now distinguished authors, are able today to remember in tranquillity, and to evoke the moment with passion. Over it all is the sense of weaving, flowing time and timelessness which always threads especially through much of Rumer Godden's work (*Take Three Tenses*, *China Court*). In one of those books she quotes Chaucer's line about life being a "thinne subtil knittinge of thinges," and here we have, in a very modern book a richly patterned knitting of a sense of place and family and of time long gone. It has the quality of a dream, but a dream firmly bedded in earth.

Viking, $5.50

A Very Easy Death, by Simone de Beauvoir.

It is often unfair to quote the final lines of a book, but it is also difficult

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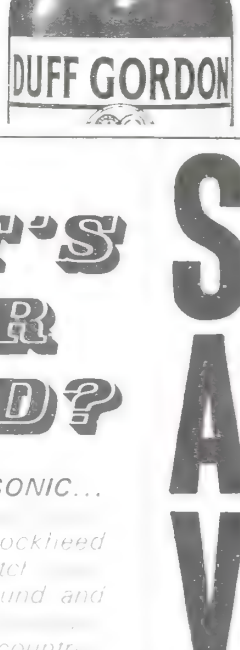
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to explain why anyone should find t important to read an account of a daughter's impressions of the fi l weeks of her mother's dying of c - cer. Obviously when Madame de Be - voir writes it it becomes not on y intense personal history but inclu s much of life as well. What she says t the end is: "There is no such thing s a natural death: nothing that happe s to man is ever natural, since his pr - ence calls the world into questi . All men must die: but for every m n his death is an accident and, even f he knows it and consents to it, n unjustifiable violation." It is su n challenging and thought-provoki statements as these—whatever o feels about Madame de Beauvoir a l her relations with her mother—th explain why reading the book b comes a vivid and enriching expe - ence. One feels it is as shocking honest as the author could make it a the honest pain of the effort sho through and lends a powerful validi to its revelations.

Putnam, $3.

The City Within a City: The R mance of Rockefeller Center. David Loth.

The story of the building and mai taining of Rockefeller Center fro the time John D., Jr., rented the lan from Columbia University in 192 ($3.3 million a year, for twenty-fou years was the agreement, and the came the Depression). As the autho says, "It would be hard to imagine worse time to be holding the bag fo a loftily cultural, magnificently ex travagant, utterly doomed buildin project." Then the Metropolita Opera, around whom it had all bee planned, bowed out. . . . But Rocke feller persevered, and in spite of out spoken criticism of its motives an aesthetics by such men as Lewi Mumford and Walter Lippmann, th Center seemed to please the peopl and this "first group of skyscraper ever to be planned as a group" becam the forerunner of much city planning everywhere. Here is the whole story from Russell Markert's Rockettes, th skating rink, the first Christmas tree down to the new *Time & Life* build ing. An interesting history of a finan cial, social, and cultural enterpris that is familiar to almost all out-of-town visitors as well as to local New Yorkers. Morrow, $3.9



Words, Music, and Sweet Eroticism

by Robert Kotlowitz

Three Brass Bands on Three Balconies • That Was the Year That Was—Taped Alive • A Movie Called "Dear John"

No one has ever accused the New York City Opera of being shy. In its twenty-two-year existence as the city's only rival to the Metropolitan, it has mounted 118 productions, of which twelve were world premieres, ten were American premieres, and another ten were being staged for the first time in New York. Of the total, 75 have been sung in English, which may not prove that opera in English is aesthetically desirable but certainly indicates that there is an audience for it. In addition, three operas have been done in Spanish (hardly a stereotyped operatic language), two in Russian, and two more in, of all things, Latin (Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*).

Among the oddities that have adorned the repertoire from time to time have been Wolf-Ferrari's *Four Ruffians*, Tchaikovsky's *The Golden Slippers*, Jerome Moross's *Gentlemen, Be Seated* (a nervy attempt at resuscitating the minstrel show), and Mozart's *Impresario*, along with standard warhorse fare. There have also been ambitious tries at operas like *Wozzeck, Cenerentola, The Love for Three Oranges, Louise*, and *Der Rosenkavalier*, a few of which set the standard for all future productions of the work.

But above all there has been a persisting attachment to twentieth-century opera, and it is safe to say that without the New York City Opera, this country would have heard few European operas composed since 1930 and fewer American. The further fact is that there probably would be no contemporary American opera without the company (backed, it must be added, by a generous Ford Foundation grant for commissioning native works). It was at the New York City Center alone that audiences have had the opportunity to hear the theater works of American composers* on a continuing basis.

In purely statistical terms, the story is overwhelming. In artistic terms, under Julius Rudel's direction (and previously, whatever their failures, under Erich Leinsdorf, Joseph Rosenstock, Laszlo Halasz, and always under the benign, energetic financial manipulating of Morton Baum) the influence of the company has been incalculable and its place in New York cultural life, and indeed in the cultural life of the whole country through its national tours, established, we hope, permanently. As for the singers themselves, more than one has gone on to the more glamorous expanses at the Metropolitan, only to reserve the right to return home, where the opportunity to sing nonstandard roles is one of the elementary and most attractive facts about the company.

This spring the company moved from the City Center to its new home in the New York State Theater in Lincoln Center. Not surprisingly, its first performance there was a North American premiere; the work was *Don Rodrigo* by Alberto Ginastera, Argentina's leading composer. The opera received the full treatment: handsome costumes; a functional set framed by four poles on which the figures of languid saints brooded throughout the opera's nine scenes; swift, compressed staging by Tito Capobianco, the director; and rewarding evidence from every member of the cast, as well as the orchestra, of the fact that at last a new opera had been rehearsed to within an inch of its life.

But ah, the libretto. Its story involves a young eighth-century nobleman who, after being crowned king of Spain, marries his country in a ceremony that is mystically consecrated onstage. This match does not bring much in the way of personal happiness; there is, for one thing, the whole problem of the marriage bed. Don Rodrigo, deprived of normal husbandly satisfactions, catches sight of his ward, Florinda (who is also the daughter of a comrade-in-arms) at her outdoor bath. He sets out to seduce her and of course succeeds. But Florinda must have her revenge and calls her father and his troops from Africa; thousands of soldiers die in battle over the issue of Florinda's maidenhead. A bit later, in a final scene, Don Rodrigo also dies, for unexplained reasons. Alejandro Casona is the man who put this story together, and the mere idea of sex seems to derange him as easily as it deranges other poet-dramatists.

The dramatic warmth of opera is mainly shed by characters who bear some resemblance to actual human

*Among them, Gian-Carlo Menotti, William Grant Still, David N. Tamkin, Marc Blitzstein, Aaron Copland, Carlisle Floyd, Douglas Moore, Marc Bucci, Leonard Bernstein, Robert Kurka, Lee Hoiby, Norman Dello Joio, Hugo Weisgall, Robert Ward, Abraham Ellstein, George Gershwin, Jack Beeson, Ned Rorem, and Jerome Kern.

beings: Tosca, Mimi, Wozzeck, Rigoletto, the Marschallin, even the fragile, slightly absurd Butterfly, it is they who spark our human responses and enliven the stage for as long as they occupy it. Spain—idealized and worshiped—is the only real character in *Don Rodrigo*; all the people are mere containers for human voices. In purely dramatic terms, there are few organic links in the narrative; one thing in *Don Rodrigo* does not necessarily lead to another. The opera's main impact is made through the highly skilled use of the techniques of pageantry: big choruses, immense sounds (at one point, there were three brass bands playing in three different balconies, in addition to the full orchestra in the pit), waving banners, stately processionals. Of real life (even operatic "real life") there was hardly a sign.

Ginastera has composed a score that, considered purely as craft, is masterfully professional and sometimes stunning in its effects. He seems to know how to do anything he wants with an orchestra. But often, what happens in the pit does not seem to relate to the supposed emotional or psychological states of the singers, and with the fairly consistent use of atonality throughout the opera, a dreadful monotony finally takes hold. As the opera moves on, the music itself begins to blur and lose its outline; one moment soon begins to sound exactly like the next. The real problem for Ginastera's score, however, is that it is about very little at all, dramatically, which is not enough in an opera demanding almost the entire available resources of this company.

The performers sang with almost unbelievable assurance, and in the scene called "Love" (each of the opera's nine scenes has its own title) the women made beautiful, light, liquid sounds as Florinda took her bath. Jeannine Crader, among the principals, was impressive as Florinda, and so was Placido Domingo as Don Rodrigo; his bright tenor made every Spanish word ring like crystal even though their meaning remained dim.

The New York City Opera also marked its opening season at Lincoln Center with the first staged performance in the city of Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*. The opera was a long time arriving on a New York stage but turned out to be worth the wait. This long, strongly lyric work about a group of Carmelite nuns caught in the French Revolution moves straight for its violent (and derivative) climax, in which the nuns walk to their execution singing the "Salve Regina," their voices dropping off one by one as the guillotine does its grisly job. It's surefire stuff, guaranteed to shake down an audience emotionally, as Puccini proved in the "Te Deum" in *Tosca*, and that is just what it did at Lincoln Center; it was too much to resist.

The opera's English text did not enhance the performance. As long as the singers were pronouncing the French names in the French way, they might just as well have sung the whole opera in French; all operas, in any case, should be sung in the languages in which they were written. Verdi in English is quite another matter from Verdi in Italian, and so, in their own tongues, are Wagner, Strauss, Moussorgsky, and George Gershwin. Besides, diction in the opera house is an insoluble problem. I understood approximately one quarter of the words in *Dialogues of the Carmelites* and many of those were the names of characters. The singers were not lazy or incompetent or even badly trained. It is simply that diction is primarily a matter of voice texture. Certain kinds of singing voices will never project a comprehensible sentence. Light, clear voices are best; but have pity on the poor, thick-voiced, rumbling baritone or bass intent on producing a big, rounded tone to fill the house.

At the conclusion of the season, Julius Rudel announced that on September 27, 1966, the company would offer its first performance of Handel's *Julius Caesar*, and new productions during the season of *La Traviata* and *The Magic Flute*. Only eleven days earlier, the Met will open its new house, just a hundred yards or so on the diagonal from the New York City Opera, with the premiere of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra;* later in the season it will also have new productions of *La Traviata* and *The Magic Flute*. Rudolf Bing, the Met's manager, has already called a foul and plans to bring the whole matter of conflict up with the Lincoln Center Council. In the welter of accusations and indignantly innocent replies that have already begun to appear in the daily press, an open feeling of competition between the two companies is now apparent, and from it at least one sure thing will emerge: benefits for the audience.

At the hungry i

The totally nonoperatic voice of Tom Lehrer, unlike those of Mr. Rudel's charges, comes straight into the world through his nose. By necessity, its sound is unassuming, its style modest. What it says is another matter altogether. Words are what interest Mr. Lehrer, the more acerbic the better; the good news is that his most recent (and acerbic) words and tunes have been caught on an LP taped from a live performance at San Francisco's hungry i.

The title of the LP is *That Was the Year That Was* (Reprise R6179, mono; RS6179, stereo), the year being 1965, but according to the subjects Mr. Lehrer faces on it, its problems are as much with us as they were six months ago. They include the proliferation of the A-bomb, the evaporation of Hubert Humphrey as a political presence, and the complexities of The New Math. Out of the dozen or more songs in the album, at least four offer examples of the best lyrics now being written in this country. One appraises National Brotherhood Week ("Oh, the Catholics hate the Protestants, and the Protestants hate the Catholics, and the Hindus hate the Moslems, while everyone hates the Jews"); a second warns European tourists here for their first U. S. visit about our pollution problem; another describes the ideological wanderings of the peripatetic scientist from Germany, Wernher Von Braun; and the last, a not-so-dainty number called "The Vatican Rag," is an attempt at updating the Catholic liturgy in light of Vatican II. "Ave Maria, Gee it's good to see ya" is one snappy example of its point-of-view.

I am told that this is a popular LP in several advanced high schools around the nation and I know of at least one private lower school in New York that offers it for recreational purposes in music class. (That speaks well for contemporary education; in my day, the only recordings we heard in music class were of Lawrence Tibbett singing "Mandalay" or the Philadelphia Orchestra playing "Fin-

a," both of which were expected
ause an appreciation of finer
gs to bloom tenderly among us.)
That Was the Year That Was is
ational in a secondary sense only.
t it is therapeutic. Then it is
y. I hope its success will entice
Lehrer to remain in show busi-
. while leaving him enough time
anage his campus commitments
Harvard math teacher. He is ob-
sly needed in both places.

The Actual Thing

ar John is a Swedish movie, writ-
and delicately directed by Lars
nus Lindgren, about a lonely sea
ain on leave in a provincial town.
re he meets and falls in love with
itress, and she with him; she has
ughter and is unmarried. The film
bout the way these vulnerable
ple learn to trust each other.
Much has been made of the erotic
re of the movie, and a good thing,
for it is very sweet eroticism;
is the salve that heals the wounds
these two unselfconscious lovers.
ed they provide us with a pleasant,
n educative shock, but little they
can evoke in us quite the emotion
what they do. It is simply that they
monosyllabic people who have dif-
lty talking about anything beyond
mselves, and direct talk about
mselves brings little but pain.
hout sex, they are almost in dan-
of becoming bores. As the cap-
n, Jarl Kulle gives a strong but
tle performance that perfectly
gests every instinct and shadowed
od of his character; as the girl,
ristina Schollin almost matches
n, but she makes less of her wait-
s in purely human terms. Kulle can
nd in front of a mirror and admire
bare chest and flat stomach and
nain likable.
We are not used to tender sex in the
vies, where our memories are of
gney mashing a grapefruit into
e Murray's face or of Cary Grant
bling coyly at Grace Kelly's appar-
ly bloodless earlobes while fire-
rks start up in the distance. There
no grapefruits in *Dear John*, nor
s a single earlobe get chewed, but
the actual thing there is a great
l, mostly in terms of how much joy
midst a certain anguish—two deft,
did, knowing, and compliant lovers
create in bed. [ ]



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Music in the Round

by Discus

Does Anybody Need the Avant-garde?

Some cool reflections on their bleeps, white noise, whooshes, pops, and gurgles.

Most of us know, or think we know, what music is. Nobody has ever worked up an airtight definition (no more than anybody has ever worked up an airtight definition of art, or of beauty, or of God), but at least music does deal with tones, and with rhythms, and with organizations of those tones and rhythms toward an aesthetic end. At least, that is what music has done up to now. But along comes a disc containing John Cage's **Variation IV** (Everest 6132, mono; 3132, stereo), and the rules not only refuse to make sense. They do not even faintly apply.

Cage represents nihilism, and he is the farthest-out of the avant-garde, a veritable musical quasar. He illustrates a kind of breakup through which certain kinds of art—and, indeed, some of the physical sciences, especially molecular physics—have been passing. The end of the second world war saw the post-Webern school come into being. This is music that may sound disconnected, but it is really music of rigid control, in which the initial series, or tone row, and all other musical elements—pitch, rhythms, silences, dynamics—are subjected to a total organization. Cage passed through a post-Webern style of writing. He also tinkered around with electronic music, and still does. But his most important contribution, if that is what it can be called, is music of chance. This has made him famous in the avant-garde, and he is an especially strong influence on the European musical scene, where he is held just below Divinity.

In chance music, anything goes. The performer is at least as important as the composer, for he is given complete leeway. He can start a composition anywhere, play it as he wishes, make it as long or as short as he desires, use any combination of instruments. Some years back, Cage had a piece in which a bunch of radio sets was simultaneously tuned to different stations. That is child's play compared with *Variation IV*, which is recorded from a live performance at the Feigen-Palmer Gallery in Los Angeles. It is in four sections (prefaced by a speech introducing the work). The first is called *Arrivals (7 P.M. to 8 P.M.)*; the next is *Small Talk (8 P.M. to 9 P.M.)*; then follow *After Three Martinis (9 P.M. to 10 P.M.)* and *Departures (10 P.M. to 11 P.M.)*. The disc does not run four hours, though. The introductory speech excepted, about a half-hour is used.

At Best . . .

Cage and his associate, David Tudor, set up a network of microphones all over the gallery, and even out in the street, to pick up traffic noises. Various operators, under the supervision of Cage and Tudor, picked up sounds, mixed them and ran them through a central source. Radio broadcasts, conversation, some prerecorded tape, everything is mixed in a wild tonal montage.

It's Dada. It's sound for sound's sake. It's high camp. It's ear-grating and annoying. It's social commentary. It's infuriating. But is it music? Cage and his followers say yes. They invoke fearsome terms: cybernetics, game theory, Heisenberg, uncertainty, existentialism, DNA, the laser. Before these we are supposed to crouch and shudder. The Mage has spoken: John Cage, deadpan, in his wizard's robes, waving a wand with a G clef among runes that convey the mystery of scientific formulae.

But you know something? We're being had. The formulae do not make sense, the G clef is equally meaningless, and what remains is the work of precocious children trying to shock their elders by using naughty words. Cage, though, is clever about it. He operates in an Orwellian ambience: black is white, anti-art is art; but also white is black, and art is anti-art. He won't disagree. He merely smiles his Buddha smile and says noise is music. But just because he says it doesn't necessarily make it so. At best, a work like *Variation IV* is a joke, made *pour épater le bourgeois*. As such it has a certain value. But jokes are deadly when stretched beyond the point of no return. Cage's joke, after ten minutes or so, ends up a ghastly bore: the same textures, the same basic lack of imagination and even humor, the same pathetic little devices repeated again and again. It is a kind of art that can appeal only to the jaded or to the super-chic to whom only the latest sensation has any validity, and that only as long as the Crowd goes along. Next day, new sensations. And you can be sure that Cage will always be on hand to provide next day's new sensation. He's a canny boy.

The trouble with most of the avant-garde in music is that their vocabulary actually seems to be decreasing in direct ratio to the opening of new tonal media. Electronic music is a case in point, and specifically the electronic music contained on a Turnabout disc (4046, mono; 34046, stereo) that presents Ilhan Mimaroglu's **Agony**, Luciano Berio's **Visage**, and Cage's **Fontana Mix**. Now, with electronic music a composer can quite literally do anything. He can synthesize his own sounds. He can use sounds from nature and manipulate them any way



desires. He may use electronic
ıds on their own or combine them
ı orthodox musical instruments.
eriments along all of these lines
e been made, most commonly with
human voice.

The Party Line

ıt most composers of electronic
sic seem to be in a total rut, fool-
around with much the same
ps, white noise, whooshes, pops,
gurgles. Instead of the medium
ng expanded, it is being pushed in.
Mimaroglu piece, assembled in
w York's Columbia-Princeton elec-
nic-music laboratory, is an un-
nted, conventional work of its
d: the same old sounds, the same
techniques. Cage's piece is a col-
e that uses the human voice in ad-
ion to electronic sounds, assembled
a random manner, and again a
ty-line work rather than a real in-
tigation of the medium's potential-
s. Berio's *Visage* relies heavily on
human voice. He calls it "a meta-
or of vocal behavior," and has ma-
ulated sounds of laughter, weep-
, speech, singing. It produces
nething that sounds like a spastic
extremis.
All of these composers are looking
r something. None has come near
ding it. Presumably their aim is in-
sified experience—the aim of every
ator. But a pretty big vision is
eded for intensified experience, and
e trouble with pieces like these is
at they indicate small talents look-
g around for something to light on.
ey also demonstrate the curious po-
ion in which so many composers
day find themselves. Composers are
ced with a terrible dilemma, and
ere is no indication that anybody
day is big enough to take care of it.

Some 300

may be that the dilemma is insol-
le. If it is true that conventional
rmonic resources are depleted—
ough the music of Benjamin Brit-
n, Shostakovich, and others who
ork in a "natural" idiom has
hieved international recognition, a
ct that the avant-garde scornfully
smisses—if it is true, then the music
the experimenters must be the
usic of the future. But theirs is a
usic that the public simply refuses

Oh, if you could only taste words!

(Then J&B's job would be much easier)

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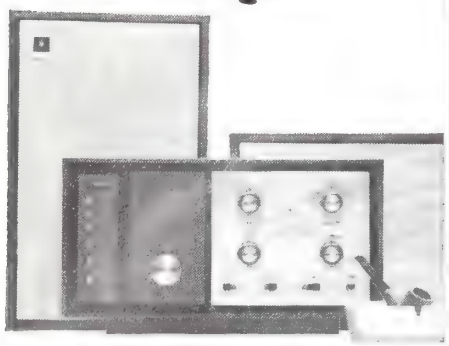
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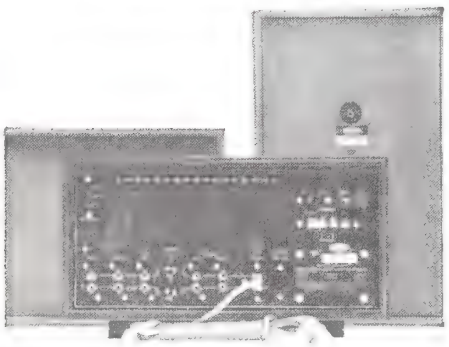
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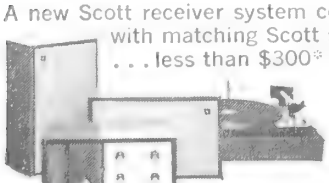


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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

to accept. It won't even, for the most part, accept Schoenberg and his school, much less Cage, Stockhausen, and Boulez. Thus the avant-garde finds itself working in a vacuum. Cage, the supersalesman of the bunch, has gotten a good deal of publicity for himself by virtue of stunts that make great newspaper copy. Nearly all of the others who have discarded tonality, who write athematic, arhythmic, aharmonic music, have no following except each other. And this despite constant lobbying, despite the support of major European music publishers, despite some strong critical support. The audience for the musical avant-garde in New York is estimated at some 300, and one can believe it. The same faces show up for each event.

Composers themselves are terribly worried about the problem, and they have long symposia discussing it. They comfort themselves by saying that it always takes time before the avant-garde is accepted. They talk about the cultural lag. They worry about the lack of musicians trained in their idiom (theirs is music of enormous difficulty and complexity, and only a handful can begin to touch it). They talk about everything but the central fact that they may be on the wrong track.

And Also . .

Mussorgsky: Songs and Dances of Death; Brahms: Vier ernste Gesänge. George London, bass-baritone, and Leo Taubman, piano. Columbia ML 6134 (mono), MS 6734 (stereo).

London sings the Mussorgsky in Russian and the Brahms in German. He is an intelligent and intense artist, and goes directly to the heart of the musical matter. But it cannot be said that his voice any longer is pleasant to hear. It has developed a pronounced waver, and the singing is full of strain and effort.

Boyce: Eight Symphonies. Solisti di Zagreb conducted by Antonio Janigro. Bach Guild 668 (mono), 70668 (stereo).

William Boyce (1710-79) was a British composer who lives only through these eight little works. They are very fine pieces, too, and—with the suggestions of hornpipes and other dances—very British. Strong, straightforward performances here, and unusually realistic recorded sound.

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Porte

John Handy was a sensation of the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1965 a[nd], listening to this recording of his p[er]formance there, one can well see wh[y]. He is a proper product of the tim[e], with all the strength which comes f[rom] tradition and all the added streng[th] which comes of breaking with it. [If] the talk of "something new" in ja[zz] strikes you as insubstantial, here [is] where to look for its substance.

Handy is an alto saxophonist w[ho] played with Mingus, and there is t[he] mark of Mingus—outward raucou[s]ness, inward clarity and calm—in [what] he does. He has absorbed and go[ne] forward; it is notable how much ar[t], fice and incorporation the appare[nt] directness of his work conceals. T[he] casualness conceals hard schoolin[g], the absence of formula conceals a [de]preciation of how many other form[s] las are there—and there to be avoide[d].

At the time of the Monterey Fes[ti]val Handy's group consisted of hi[m]self, a rhythm section of two gifte[d] Canadians (on drum and double bass) a guitarist and an amplified (electro[n]ically) violinist. They are wedde[d], welded, unanimous in acceptance [of] a style, single-voiced in their expre[s]sion of a common personality unde[r] Handy's name.

The hallmarks of it are variety an[d] range: within one piece there are u[n]expected switches from written to in[-]provised, within a single solo [in] Handy's own there are shifts fro[m] "modern" squeaks and honks t[o] lovely, fat, silky "commercial" tone[s]. One moment he or his colleagues ar[e] drawing on a 1930s dance band, th[e] next on a flamenco guitarist—it is a[ll] the same, all universal human ra[w] material, all grist to one mind's mil[l].

With Handy, the far-out avant[-]garde in jazz has won back its melodi[c] melancholy. This music sings: it i[s] not afraid of sentiment and (peris[h] the thought!) sweetness of sound. I[t] is complex beyond the perception of [a] (like me) innocent listener but, lis[-]tening, he will not risk losing his in[-]nocence. If this isn't the mainstrea[m] of jazz, it is a channel where the ce[n]tral currents flow.

John Handy. Recorded at the Mont[e]rey Festival. Columbia CS 9262.